

SOLD FOR A DOLLAR.

Leonard Haley had the tooth-ache. That fact was undeniable. Equally undeniable was the fact that it was a pretty bad one—may be that gentleman himself had been questioned about it, he would have insisted on it that no human being had ever been under the sway of such a painful pain before—that it was impossible to endure such agony five minutes—and in this the face of the fact, that he had been suffering its red-hot tortures for fifteen minutes, and was still sufficiently alive to swear like a trooper at each extra twinge.

All day long the tooth had "growled," and now, in this dismal little rainy town, where he was to spend the night, it had begun to ache at full swing.

Leonard Haley's teeth were his pride, and he hated to lose them; but being a man of prompt action, he made up his mind that having it out was preferable to the death which would inevitably overtake him, should he suffer until morning.

Knowing there was no dentist in the town he determined to call upon the kindly offices of the first physician.

"Where does the nearest doctor live?" he enquired of the landlady.

"Just across the street, but—"

Before he could go further, however, the agonized victim was half way across the street.

There upon the door a plate made of soap, "so that he who runs (on a dark night) may read," Haley saw the legend in black letters:

"Dr. E. Middleton."

"Is Dr. Middleton in?" demanded he of the girl who answered his summons, with such fierceness, that she fell back, fearing him an escaped lunatic.

"Yes, sir, yes, sir."

"Then what are you staring at?"

"Nawthin' sur. Walk into the office," answered Margaret, with her politest manner, feeling that any other course placed her in imminent danger of being scalped.

Obedient to her order he walked into the office without further ceremony.

Instead of the doctor, however, was a young girl reading a book. She rose politely, and acknowledging his presence handed him a chair.

She waited a second with an expectant look upon her face, and then asked, in a sweet, clear voice:

"Can I do anything for you? You seem to be suffering."

"No, thank you. I want to see your father."

This was at random, of course, but then, Haley was not in condition to be very loud, or anything else that was rational.

"My father?" echoed the girl with wonder in her voice. "Why, he has been dead ten years."

"I mean Dr. Middleton. I beg your pardon for assuming that he was your father, but this confounded tooth-ache makes me forget everything, my manners included."

A burst of soft merriment made him look angrily at this girl who dared to laugh while he was in such misery.

"It is now my turn to ask your pardon. But I think you will understand my laughing, and excuse it. I am Dr. Middleton. Now can I do anything for you?"

It was Haley's turn to fall back a step or two, or he would have done so but that he had seated himself at once on entering the office. But it is no exaggeration to say that his misery was swallowed up in the momentary shock of amusement.

"But, good heavens—I hate women doctors and I want this tooth out," he replied angrily, as if he resented her sex, and considered himself personally aggrieved thereby.

"I'm sorry, but I don't see how I can help it now," demurely answered Dr. Middleton.

"Help what?" asked Haley. "Being a woman doctor? He knew that she was laughing at him, though never a ghost of a smile was on her face, and she shook her head gravely, as though she deprecated the circumstance.

"Where is the next doctor, or is she a woman, too?" asked Haley, impatiently.

"No, she is a man, and has a dwelling house about two blocks away, but is at present in bed with the night. If you'd wait till about noon to-morrow," the suggested, awkwardly, in a questioning tone.

"Heaven! wait till noon! why don't you suggest my waiting till doomsday?" he replied, savagely. "Is there no other?"

"Yes, one other. Dr. Alfred."

"He is a man, too—But—"

"But what? Tell me quick. Good gracious woman, did you ever have the tooth-ache! Hurry up and relieve me."

"I am perfectly willing to be of any service. Dr. Alfred who is your only remaining hope, is sick in bed. Still you might try. If not come back and I'll lend you my forceps so that you may pull it yourself."

Haley shut out the door, muttering to himself, "A woman doctor! Humph! wanted the job herself likely. I bet I'll find somebody to take out this confounded man of pain. Lend me her forceps, indeed! A woman that will stand and laugh at a man in his misery must be a perfect fiend."

But then, what could be expected of a woman who would study medicine. Muttering to himself he wandered up and down the muddy streets, but all to no purpose.

Misery finally brought him back to Dr. Middleton's door.

"I've come to you to lend me your forceps. I'm going to get some man to pull this thing."

Dr. Middleton hesitated a moment, then said, bravely:

"I offered you my forceps in a spirit of mischief, well knowing you would never undertake the thing yourself. But I can't put them in the hands of an ignorant person. I am too much of a physician not to be aware of the grave results that might follow from judicious use of them. Yet I hate to refuse you, for I know you are in much misery, and it seems as if I wanted to do it myself."

Haley could not help admiring the brave manner in which this little lady faced an unpleasant situation.

"Can you really do it? You don't look strong enough."

"I can really do it, and I am strong enough."

"You won't hurt me?"

"That I cannot promise. I will not hurt you unnecessarily."

Doubtfully eyeing the doctor, Leonard took his seat and prepared for the operation which he perceived himself could not be much worse than the misery he was already suffering.

In a few minutes he was over, but so was Haley, for the sudden revulsion caused him to faint.

In a moment he came to himself to find soft hands bathing his head. "Am I dead?" he murmured.

"O, no," gaily answered the doctor. "People don't ask questions when they are dead."

Haley sat up straight and looked around in bewilderment. Suddenly it all came to him, and he exclaimed:

"By Jove! You're a plucky one! The doctor laughed, and seated herself at some little distance, while he recovered his equilibrium.

"May I ask you, Mr.—"

"Haley," supplemented Leonard.

"Thank you. May I ask you, Mr. Haley, why you dislike Mr. Haley?"

"It is, madam, though it sounds ungracious in me to say so."

"But on what principle, Mr. Haley?" persisted the doctor. "Are you acquainted with many of my profession who have proved unworthy the trust

placed in them?"

"Good gracious! No! I don't know one. Never would become acquainted with them."

"Ah, then, I understand, Mr. Haley. It is prejudice, not principle."

"John," touching her lap-bell, "get Jerry ready, now. I'm off."

"Are you going on such a night as this?" exclaimed Haley, in amazement.

"Why not? Is it not my business to do it?"

"By Jove! but I thought women only kind of half did these things."

"I never half do anything I undertake, or I should perhaps have left half your tooth in, in respect with dignity."

"And now I must also wholly dismiss you, as there is a sick baby waiting me two miles away."

Bewildered Haley went over to the hotel. But weakness overcame him, and he lay down, and slept soon had possession of him.

Waking away to Boston next day, Haley was suddenly struck with an idea that caused him to crimson, and strike his knee vigorously.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed aloud, regardless of surroundings. "I never offered the woman a cent for what she did. What must she think of me! The idea of going into a doctor's office abusing her whole tribe, and after she did her level best for me, never mentioned money to her. Well, what must she think of me?"

And the thought of Elizabeth Middleton's mirth-filled eyes, as she no doubt enjoyed the situation, was almost as hard to bear as the tooth-ache had been.

"I'll send it to her as soon as I get to Boston," he muttered.

Sitting down in his room to send the desired money, he found himself in a quandary. He had nothing, but a five dollar gold piece and a twenty dollar bill. Besides he did not know what her charges were. To offer her too little was shameful. To offer her too much looked like charity. Further, if he sent it by mail, he would never know whether she received it, unless he asked her to acknowledge it, and if he did that, asked a woman to acknowledge the receipt of a dollar bill, he would look mean.

Altogether, he found himself caring for the opinion of this much-to-be-despised "woman doctor," although he told himself he did not care a red cent what she thought.

He settled it that he would go down specially and see her and pay his bill in the course of three or four days, and "be done with her."

But before he had a chance, important business took him to Europe, and the annoying matter was swallowed up in matters of greater importance.

After three months of hard work he sat down upon the deck of British ships to rest. Nothing but haste and confusion of voices around him, there came to him from some little distance away, one "good-bye" that affected him strangely. Turning to note the owner, he saw a face strangely familiar, curiously unknown. Upon the arm of the young girl leaned a sweet-faced, white-haired old lady.

"Be careful, mother," said the voice he knew, "you will fall. But the warning came too late. The old lady tripped and fell directly into Haley's arms, spread to catch her.

"Thank you, sir, oh thank you!" exclaimed the daughter, in a frightened voice. "Mother, dear, are you hurt?"

"Not at all, Elaine," but the mother trembled still with fright.

"Let me take your mother down stairs," said Haley, earnestly.

At the sound of his voice the daughter started (she had not looked at him before) and looked at him quickly.

"Thank you, Mr. Haley," she said, with a smile, "I shall be glad to have you help me."

"Dr. Middleton!" exclaimed Haley, enlightened at last, as to the resemblance and voice which had baffled him. The voyage was a beautiful one, and the voyage so strangely thrown together, and knowing no one else, found much to say to each other. The resemblance of Haley's mother, indeed, loved, and bitterly mourned, when last two years before, she thought of what her father had been, and he lived to be strong and tall and tender as this young man was, drew Haley's attention to the resemblance.

Many times Haley wished he could speak of that thoughtless act of his, but Elaine would not hear of it, and he knew that unless something extraordinary happened, he must forever go round in his mind, that Haley had one peculiarity—a hatred of small obligations—and this made him uncomfortable under the present circumstance.

A few days more, and they parted in New York, with an earnest invitation from Mrs. Middleton to come and see them as an invitation hastily accepted by Haley.

"Really," he said to himself, "I must go down and see the dear old lady soon." And "soon" proved to be at the end of a week. Week followed week, and with it, every Wednesday evening with unaltered regularity, was Haley found at Middleton's, visiting the old lady. Elaine fitted in and out and paid no particular attention to him. But her mother noticed with a smile that lately, on Wednesdays, Elaine seemed in somewhat of a hurry, and managed to get through with her regular visits earlier in the day, so as to give her evenings only to "casuals."

One evening when Mrs. Middleton was too sick to see him. A sudden resolve fired Haley.

"Dr. Middleton," said he, bravely, looking at her with his honest eyes, "I owe you a debt. Wait!" as he was about to interrupt him.

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perfect right, if you prefer—and his hand sought his pocket-book.

"No, never, mind," she replied, laughing. "A fair exchange is no robbery."

To think that I should have sold myself for a dollar, exclaimed Haley dolefully.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

GENERAL NOTES AND NEWS

A Postmaster's Opinion.

"I have great pleasure in certifying to the usefulness of Hayard's Yellow Oil," writes Dr. Kavanagh, Postmaster of U. S. 11th, Ont. "Having used it for soreness of the throat, colds, lumps, etc., I find nothing equal to it."

"By Jove!" he exclaimed aloud, regardless of surroundings. "I never offered the woman a cent for what she did. What must she think of me! The idea of going into a doctor's office abusing her whole tribe, and after she did her level best for me, never mentioned money to her. Well, what must she think of me?"

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GENERAL BUSINESS.

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for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is superior to any prescription known to me." E. A. ANDERSON, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without dangerous medication.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

Fire, Marine & Life

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"Fire Insurance Association, Limited,"

"Lancashire Insurance Company"

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"Norwich Union Fire Insurance Society"

AMERICAN.

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The Royal Canadian Assurance Company of Montreal

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Risks taken on Vessels, Cargoes, Freight and Disbursements! Sterling Certificates issued, if required, in the following Marine Insurance Companies:

Boston Marine Insurance Company of Boston

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