

DOCTOR BULLIED KING

STORIES OF SOME UNCONVENTIONAL PHYSICIANS.

Great Old-Time Doctors Who Were No Respectors of Persons.

"Pray, Sir Richard, may I eat a muffin?" a lady patient once asked the great Dr. Jebb, who was almost as famed for his rudeness as for his medical skill.

"Yes, madam; 'tis the very best thing you can take."

"Oh, dear Sir Richard, I am glad of that. The other day you said it was the worst thing in the world for me."

"Good, madam. I said so last Tuesday. This isn't Tuesday, is it?"

This was not precisely a polite answer, but it was courtesy itself compared with the retort of Sir Richard to another patient who asked him, "And what may I eat, doctor?"

"Oh, anything you like," came the gruff answer, for Jebb was in one of his worst moods. "Try grass; that's the food asses prefer."

It was the same physician, too, who once contemptuously advised a lady patient to eat boiled turnips.

"But, doctor," the lady replied, "I simply cannot bear boiled turnips."

"Then, madam, you must have a remarkably vitiated appetite."

Dr. Radcliffe, another great old-time physician, was no respecter of persons, and could be just as rude to a king as to a carpenter. Once when King William showed him his ankles swollen with dropsy, Radcliffe exclaimed, "I wouldn't have your Majesty's legs for the three kingdoms," and on another occasion, when the King failed to carry out

CERTAIN INSTRUCTIONS.

he had given, Radcliffe said, angrily, "You seem to forget, sir, that in this case it is for me to command and for you to obey."

Dr. Abernethy's often quoted advice to an indolent bon vivant, "Live on sixpence a day—and earn it, sir," had at least sound sense to it, but there is redemption in his rudeness; but there is little to be said in defence of an answer a Court physician once sent to the Princess Anne. The Princess, being taken ill, sent an urgent summons to the doctor to attend her; but the man of medicine was engaged in disposing of a bottle of wine in a tavern.

A little later a second messenger arrived with a still more urgent summons; whereupon the doctor, upon whom the wine had begun to take effect, sent back this message: "Tell Her Royal Highness that her distemper is nothing but the vapors. She's in as good a state of health as any woman breathing—only she can't make up her mind to believe it."

A story is told of a quite unintentional rudeness on the part of a Dr. Freind which had an amusing sequel. Freind was one day sum-

moned to attend a lady of high rank, but, having drunk not wisely, all he could do when he entered the sick-room was to exclaim in confusion, as he realized his condition, "Drunk—drunk—drunk," before stumbling out of the room.

Fortunately for him his unconscious diagnosis was the correct one; for on the following day, when he was sadly debating what apology he should send to his distinguished patient for presenting himself to her in such a condition, he received a note from the lady enclosing

A HANDSOME FEE

and begging him not to reveal to anyone the state in which he had found her.

Not infrequently these rude physicians of past generations met their match. Once when a noble patient remonstrated with Dr. Jebb on his unnecessary brusqueness, the doctor gruffly replied, "Oh, that's my way!"

"Oh, is it?" answered his lordship, as he pointed to the door! "Very well; and now may I beg you to make that your way."

"I had heard of your rudeness before I came, sir," a lady once said indignantly to Abernethy, "but was scarcely prepared for such treatment. What am I to do with this?" holding out the prescription.

"Anything you like," snapped the great surgeon. "Put it in the fire, if you please."

In a moment the prescription was reduced to ashes and the lady had bowed herself of the room.

In another case a lady scored equally, although in a different way, over the rough, if good natured, Scotsman. One day she entered his surgery and, without a word, showed him an injured finger. Abernethy dressed the wound in silence and the lady put down his fee and walked out, not a single word having been uttered by surgeon or patient. A few days later she called again and offered her finger for inspection.

"Better?" growled the surgeon.

"Better," answered the lady, and that was all that passed between them. Again and again she came, and the same two words sufficed; at last she showed him the finger free from bandages.

"Well?" queried Abernethy.

"Well," exclaimed the lady, "and 'pon my word," exclaimed the surgeon, conquered at last, "you are the most sensible woman I ever met in my life."—London Answers.

IVORY FROM SIBERIA.

Skeletons of Mastodons Found in Rivers and Swamps.

Siberia furnishes a large quantity of ivory to the markets of the world, but the production of it belongs to another age and to a species of animal that does not now exist. The ivory is cut from the tusks of mastodons, whose skeletons are found frozen in masses of ice or buried in the mud of Siberian rivers and swamps. The northern portion of the country abounds in extensive bogs, which are called urmans. In these are found the tusks of the mastodon, from which it is inferred that these animals

Dickman's Den

THERE was ever so much to do at Carmouste, near Dundee, Scotland, where Roy Mortimer was spending a few weeks with his Aunt Abigail. A golf course lay by the sea, extending over grassy reaches. And, then, it was very interesting, indeed, to walk among the sandhills, which were covered with fine yellow sand blown by the wind into little wavelets and sand dunes. And among tufts of reeds sea-gulls made their nests—little holes in the sand, over which the birds flew, screaming warningly when people came too near the nests. Sometimes, too, the gulls were disturbed by the target practice of the volunteers at Barry. Roy found on the sand a 40-pound shot, and very heavy it was to carry home, too.

But most enjoyable of all was a trip along the coast among caves and cliffs. Those at Abroath were especially fascinating. Under the guidance of his cousin, Emma, who had often explored these cavernous recesses, he was shown Mason's Cave, after having examined the rock called the Devil's Head. At the end of this cave, which ran back about 100 yards, there was a bubbling spring of clear, cold water.

"Suppose we lunch here," suggested Roy, setting down the lunch basket, which by this time had grown unmanageably heavy, and handing his cousin a drink from the spring.

"There's a cave nearby that is much more interesting," Emma said.

So they trudged to Dickman's Den. A little channel from the sea ran up to it, and Emma said, "In the cave we spend a little time in the past used to bring their goods illegally to land, under the very noses of the coast guardsmen."

Having enjoyed luncheon, the two began to grow very tiresome, however. Roy strolled toward the rear of the cave, and he picked up a fragment of stone and flung it carelessly toward the wall. To his great surprise, the stone, instead of rebounding, seemed to have gone right through the wall. Roy walked quickly toward the spot at which he had aimed. Here he found, by lighting a match, which lit up the dark, gloomy walls, that a tiny round door seemed to have been let into the rock. It must have rotted because of great age, inasmuch as the stone had crashed through it so readily.

"Come on; let's see what this place is!" cried he, excitedly, to his cousin.

With a large rock he succeeded in battering in the rest of the door, effecting a large enough entrance. From the

apartment beyond there came such a rush of evil-smelling gas that the boy and girl were almost overcome. Roy wisely took some paper from the lunch basket, and, after lighting it, tossed it into the secret chamber.

When it was safe for them to venture in, they crawled through the little door, finding themselves in a room apparently cleft from the solid rock, about eight feet square and seven feet high.

All at once Roy discovered, by means of the lighted paper which he carried, an old chest in one corner. It was a matter of only a few moments for him to drag it out through the door into the main cave. Again the large rock was utilized to break in the lid. Although



rather difficult, this was at last accomplished. Then, exposed to the eyes of the astonished boy and girl were all manner of rich silks and fabrics, carefully bundled and wrapped in oiled silks.

Delighted with their discovery, they took some of the goods, putting the chest back where they had found it, and started for home, now that it had stopped raining.

"I'll bet the things were left by smugglers," declared Roy. And so said the guardsmen when Roy showed them the samples of the goods contained in the chest and reported where the rest of the goods were.

Of course, the chest of silks was confiscated by the government, but Roy and Emma felt more than repaid by their adventure and by the commitments of the coast guardsmen.

lost their lives by venturing upon a surface that would not bear their weight. Of this region and its products Dr. Charles Wenyon writes:

"Even to wild animals these urmans are forbidden ground. The nimble stepping, broad-footed reindeer can sometimes cross them safely in the summer time, but most other large animals attempting to do so would be quickly engulfed, and this may be a partial explanation of the remains of mammoth and rhinoceros, which are so abundant and so widely diffused through these northern marsh lands of Siberia."

"In many cases the remains are so fresh and well preserved with their dark shaggy hair and under wool of reddish brown, their tufted ears and long curved tusks, that all the aborigines and even some of the Russian settlers persist in the belief that they are specimens of animals which still live, burrowing

underground like moles, and which die the instant they are admitted to the light.

"Tusks which have been long or repeatedly exposed to the air are brittle and unserviceable, but those which have remained buried in the ice retain the qualities of recent ivory, and are a valuable article of merchandise. There is a great market for these mammoth tusks at 'Kamsk', on the sea, from which they find their way to the workshops of European Russia, and even to the ivory carvers of Canton."

NOVEL POSTAL SERVICE.

run from one box to another; and at the end of each circuit the letters are handed over for immediate delivery.

In Milan letters are now collected from the street pillar-boxes by an electric travelling post-office over a journey of fifteen miles; sorting and stamping are done during the

HORDES OF BIRDS.

Flocks So Great That Farmers Have Not Planted.

The eastern countries of England are suffering as the rest of the country will suffer, from such a plague of starlings as has never been known, says the London Daily Mail.

The long and steady east wind which has brought unusual hosts of migrants safe across the North Sea has especially favored the short-winged starling. In places in the neighborhood of King's Lynn farmers are refraining from sowing their corn because they say it is useless before the onset of these hordes.

Shooting them is useless. The flock at which you fire swing around and settle close behind you, and however many are killed the loss makes no apparent gap in the numbers, and the birds are almost without the instinct of self-preservation.

Starlings are not the only birds in exceptional force. The wild geese, whose persistent affection for Lore Leicester's estate is one of the strangest phenomena in local migration, having arrived in thousands. Their wild chattering can be heard from a great distance, and now and again they can be seen in a great cloud in the air at several miles distance. The voracity of this multitude is so great that they will ruin some of the best grazing marshes in the district, quite stripping it of young grass before they get back across the seas.

Nowhere in England is to be seen a spectacle quite so strange as this noisy host of great birds, which are regarded as almost sacred and left unmolested for the great part of their stay.

The east winds which have saved these and other birds from all the perils of the journey across the North Sea have rather diminished the usual number of snipe and woodcock, which seem to have flown straight across to Ireland and the west coast. But nearly all other birds are exceptionally numerous, though none in nearly such quantity as the starlings, which have no friend left in the eastern countries.

HORSES IN BATTLE.

Arabian horses show remarkable courage in battle. It is said that when a horse of this breed finds himself wounded, and knows instinctively that he will not be able to carry his rider much longer, he quickly retires, bearing his master to a place of safety while he has not sufficient strength. But if, on the other hand, the rider is wounded and falls to the ground, the faithful animal remains beside him, unmindful of danger, neighing until assistance is brought.

NOT FASTIDIOUS.

"Every bit of food on this table," said the serving lady to Lamson, as he sat down to eat at the church supper, "was cooked by your wife."

"Oh, I don't mind," rejoined Lamson, faintly. "I'm not a bit hungry, anyway!"

SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS' FEUDS.

Dush Vendetta That Is the Cause of Many Crimes.

Miss Young, of the South Sea Island Evangelical Mission, who has recently returned to Brisbane, Australia, after four months among Solomon Island natives, has many interesting things to relate as to their customs, says the London Standard. Native murders, it appears, are of frequent occurrence, but a great many are the result of feuds between different tribes.

Two Christian boys belonging to the mission at Malo were brutally done to death, and another Christian native at Fiu was also murdered. The crimes were unprovoked, but were committed because the islanders believed in having a life for a life. If a man belonging to a tribe is killed by another tribe there is no peace until the death is avenged, and it generally happens that the offending tribe falls a victim. The native who was killed at Fiu left the mission station accompanied by a child to visit his garden some distance away. The bushmen came down, chatted with him, and they ate food together. Then the bushmen suddenly turned on him and killed him to avenge a murder committed by his tribe some time previously.

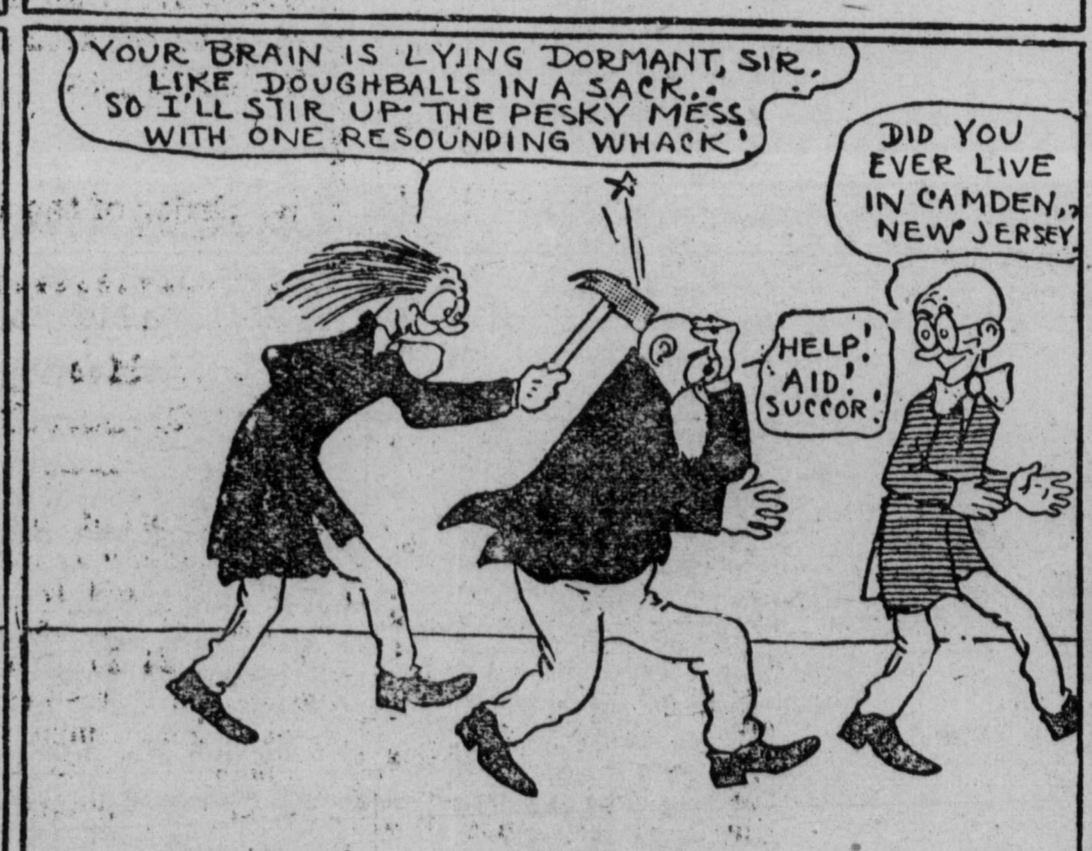
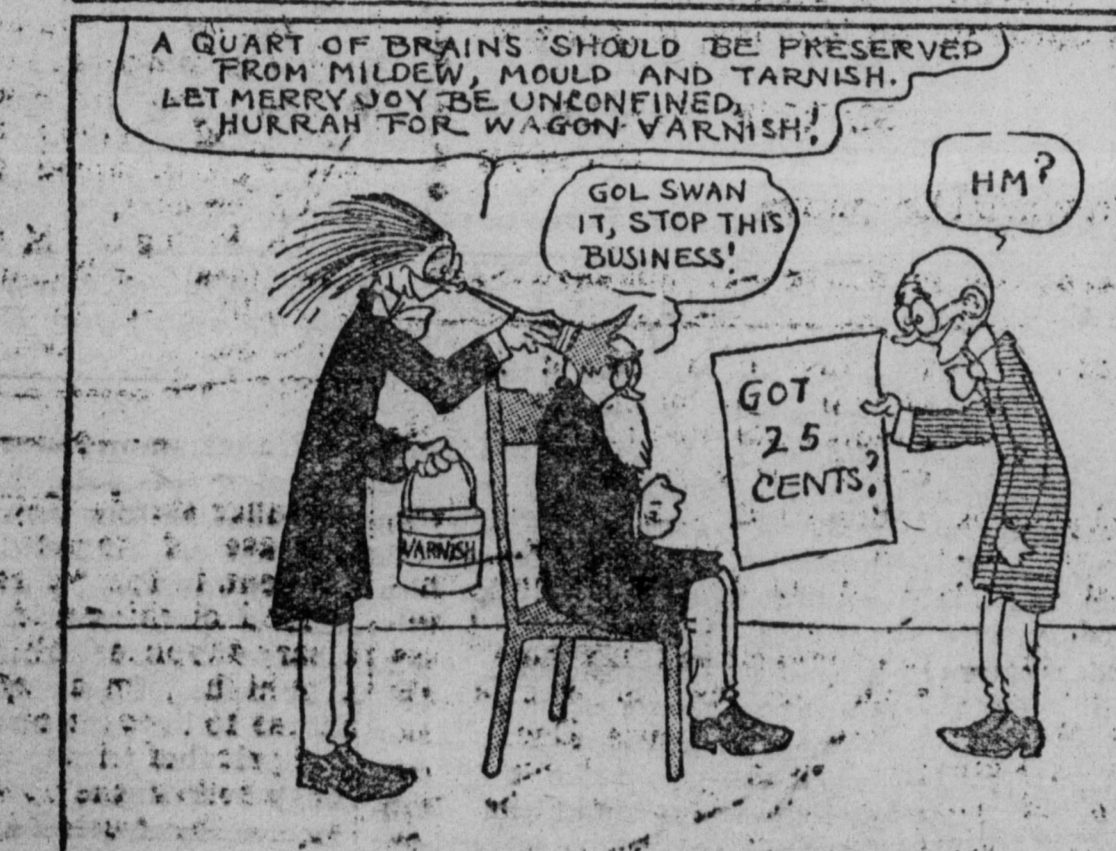
On another occasion, at Onepelu, the head station of the mission, a native came and associated with the Christian boys and shortly before daylight one morning this man secured an axe, struck a Christian boy on the head and ran away. The injured boy was attended by a woman missionary and subsequently recovered.

Miss Young adds that a young Kanaka of about 18 years was recently brought from an adjoining island, but it was found necessary to send him away to another station. It appears that some years ago the tribe from which the boy was taken had murdered a man belonging to a bush tribe near the station. How the natives got to know the boy was there is a mystery, but nevertheless it became known. One day a native who had not been near the mission station for a year suddenly made his appearance. The boy was carefully watched and at night slept in a room occupied by a missionary, but he became so terrified that it was necessary to send him elsewhere.

Miss Young says that the authorities are doing all they can to prevent the importation of rifles and ammunition, but for all that the bushmen become possessed of rifles. Some of the firearms are of a very old pattern. They are certainly not supplied by white traders, who are too much concerned about their own safety to supply the natives with weapons of destruction. It is alleged that some of the boys ship to New Guinea and while there buy rifles and ammunition. It has happened that some of the boys when searched have had ammunition in their possession.

A woman can always tell from the way her husband shakes down the furnace whether or not he's in good humor.

JINGLING JOHNSON—HE PLUNGES FULL TILT INTO PHRENOLOGY



Boasted