

a surgeon, while with one thousand a physician can live and save money. Besides, to get a living practice in a city takes about eight years, in a town, four, and in a village only one or two.

*Scene First.*—And so it comes about that the curtain rises on our graduate as he hangs out his shingle at the cross-roads, and hires a front and a bed room for himself and a stall for his horse. While he is waiting for calls, we will consider his environment and his preparation for the life he is to lead. Around him stretches the country as God made it and as man is trying to improve it. The roads he will soon learn to follow in the dark, as yet know nothing of the improvements suggested by the late Mr. Macadam. They curve and wander in search of the easiest grades, and at times they end in squirrel tracks that run up the trees. The forest primeval borders the clearing on each farm lot, and the houses are of frame or log. Scattered here and there are little villages like the one in which he has located "houses clustering like chicks around the mother's church roof," as Lowell happily puts it. He may have a dozen of such hamlets within what is to be his sphere of influence. His college text-books are his library, a hand satchel is ample for all his instruments, while a shelf or two contains his slender stock of drugs. The money saved from school teaching was just enough to get him through the council, so from his father's farm a horse is spared, or one is bought on a slow note with paternal backing. This steed is not apt to be one that will get up an epidemic of paralysis among those who watch him travel. At first a saddle is bought, later a buckboard and cutter have to be procured. A buggy only puts in an appearance when some of the rocks are off the road, and another kind begin to pile up in the doctor's pocket, replacing the vacuum he has so long harbored there.

*Scene Second*, two years later.—The first novelty of caring for sick folk has worn off, and our doctor is winning his way to the confidence of the community, but of late into his life a new and strange unrest has come. His first diagnosis of his own disease is, "A subacute nostalgia." Very soon the symptoms point in quite another direction. It is not his old home he is longing for, but the new one he is to build. The lights that gleam across the snow from happy firesides make him feel more and more his isolation. His boarding-house loses its attractiveness, and about this time he begins to make certain calls that do not go down on his visiting list. At first he seeks excuse for these, but later he is somehow expected, and he is too thoroughly a gentleman to disappoint a lady. Before very long someone goes driving with him, and sits tucked up in the cutter while he makes his visits. The most widely spread of all maladies is upon him. You gentlemen, who study vital statistics, are well aware that more fall in love than in war. But the doctor does not fall in love. He walks right in with his eyes open, guided