

the act of deglutition, look up dumbly with their mouths full, and try to convey a look of utter ecstasy with their eyes, while with a quivering gesture they brandish a fork or spoon in one hand, as much as to intimate that they never saw the like of it before. There were a good many mercantile travellers present, but I do not think that I like them very much. Many of them wore upon their persons as much shining metal ornamentation as a horse, but I usually found them somewhat more noisy than the larger animal.

In the morning Champney, the colleague of my absent friend, drove over from Antrium and continued the initiation commenced by the editor. I spoke to him with ardent enthusiasm about the getting of herbs and simples (what are simples, anyway?), but he dismissed this at once. The way now, it seems, for the country practitioner is to get tablets, which you take with you in a little satchel made for the purpose, with bottles inside. These tablets you dissolve in water in a tea cup at each house, from which the patient takes a sup every hour or so until you come next time. But in Hawthorne's romance the doctor did not have tablets, but only roots, which he used to get himself. What I afterwards found of more importance than the drugs was the nursing. But in the country there are few women, however good their intentions, who have learned the niceties of a trained nurse, especially in the matter of nourishment, and I had much difficulty for a time in hitting upon a plan whereby I could regulate the patient's diet and know exactly what he was getting. It is customary for the neighbors to bring in all manner of ill-timed dainties, which are sometimes almost sufficient to despatch the patient. It was at this time that I began to use Horlick's Malted Milk extensively, and though I had often found it of use in city practice, I soon regarded it as indispensable in the country. It is so simple to prepare that the attendant cannot possibly make any error, and by making a sweeping order that absolutely nothing else shall pass the patient's lips, the physician can drive away with some sense of assurance. In several cases of senile decay, where the patient was simply starving to death for lack of food that he could assimilate, the malted milk got them on their feet again.

I told Champney what literature and art had done for the aged country doctor, but he informed me that there were no medical valetudinarians thereabouts. The only old man was a charlatan of the name of Grubb, whom we, of course, could not recognize. Old Grubb had a white beard fifteen inches long and looked very patriarchal. But he was not a very nice old man. He gave brownish herbs, like in the story books, only they were not good herbs, and he was himself becoming disaffected with them, and seemed to have a preference for modern scientific methods, and had privately constructed a wonderful apparatus out of a disused sewing