

will eat cheese, although he knows it never agrees with him; and shortly before church time it began to make trouble for the poor man.

When I came downstairs—Amy did not go to church that day, which, in the light of what came afterwards, was a fortunate thing—I found the deacon in his best black suit, sitting on the kitchen sofa with his hands clasped over his stomach and a most mournful expression of countenance.

"I—ah have a bad attack of cramps, Juliana," he said with a groan. "They come on just as sudden. I—ah wish you would fix me up a dose of ginger tea."

"There isn't a drop of hot water in the house," I said, "but I'll see what I can get you."

The deacon, with sundry dismal groans, followed me into the pantry. While I was measuring out the ginger he spied a big black bottle away up on the top shelf.

"Why, there is the very thing!" he exclaimed joyfully. "Mr. Johnson's painkiller!—why didn't I think of it before?"

I felt dubious about the painkiller, for I don't believe in messing with medicines you don't know anything about, though goodness knows Mr. Johnson used enough of it, and it seemed to agree with him fine. He was a young artist who had boarded with us the summer before and a real nice, jolly, off-handed young fellow he

was. We all liked him and he got on extra well with the deacon, agreeing with him in everything, especially as regards temperance. He wasn't strong though, poor young man, and soon after he came he told us he was subject to stomach trouble and had to take a dose of painkiller after every meal and sometimes between meals. He kept his bottle of it in the pantry and I thought him a real good hand to take medicine, for he never made any faces swallowing that painkiller. He said it was a special mixture, tonic and painkiller

combined, that his doctor had ordered for him, and it wasn't hard to take. He went away in a hurry one day in consequence of a telegram saying his mother was ill, and he forgot his bottle of tonic—a new one he had just begun on. It had been standing there on the pantry shelf ever since.

The deacon

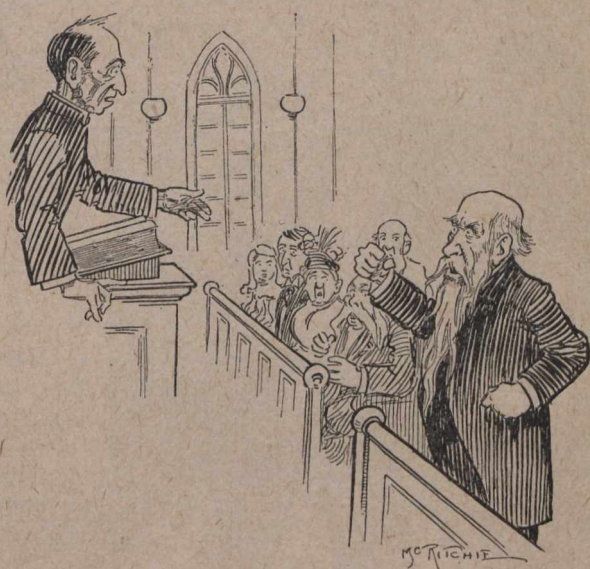
climbed up on a chair, got it down opened it, and sniffed at it.

"I kind of like the smell," he said, as he poured out a glassful, same as he'd seen Mr. Johnson do.

"I wouldn't take too much of it," I said warningly. "You don't know how it might agree with you."

But the deacon thought he knew, and he drank it all down and smacked his lips.

"That is the nicest kind of painkiller I—ah ever tasted, Juliana," he said. "It has a real appetizing flavor. I—ah



"I TELL YOU, PREACHER, THAT ISN'T TRUE," HE SHOUTED.