

Homoepathic Doses for Melancholia.

Prescribed by Dr. Merry Thought.

In the Days of Less.

The coatless man puts a careless arm
'Round the waist of the hatless girl,
As over the dustless and mudless roads
In a horseless carriage they whirl.

Like a leadless bullet from hammerless
gun.

By smokeless powder driven,
They fly to taste the speechless joy
By endless union given.

Though the only lunch his coinless purs
Affords to them the means
Is a tasteless meal of boneless cod,
With a "side" of stringless beans,

He pulls a tobaccoless cigarette
And laughs a mirthless laugh
When papa tries to coax her back
By wireless telegraph.

When Doctors Agree.

(Jas. R. Perry, in Harper's.)



R. Tecumseh Clay had never travelled on a railroad pass, though he had often wished that he might. So when Dr. Erasmus Evans, who had an annual pass on the A. B. & C. road, offered to let Mr. Clay use it, the offer was eagerly accepted.

"The pass is non-transferable," said Dr. Evans, "but that won't make any difference. Just pretend you are me if the conductor says anything, but he won't."

Mr. Clay took the night train, due in St. Louis next morning. He awaited the advent of the train conductor in some trepidation, wondering to what extent he might have to prevaricate should the official prove to be of the extra inquisitive type. Mr. Clay didn't like to lie and hoped the conductor wouldn't make him. At the same time he was a determined man, and did not intend that a fib or two should stand in the way of a free ride. Besides, the safety of the doctor's pass might be imperiled if he exhibited any weakness or confusion during the possible cross-examination.

But when the conductor appeared he merely read the name on the proffered pass, returned it to Mr. Clay, and went on, leaving Mr. Clay rejoicing. Not even the slightest and snowiest of fibs had he had to utter. So Mr. Clay, with a pleasant consciousness of both thrift and rectitude, settled comfortably back on the cushions in his section of the sleeper; and presently, having let the chocolate-faced porter make up his berth, he crawled in to such slumber as the rushing train might permit.

About midnight he was aroused by a voice at the curtains of his berth. "Doctor!" it said. "Doctor! wake up! A man in the next car has been taken sick, and needs something done."

It was the conductor, who had noticed that the name on the pass carried an M.D.

"All right. I'll be out in a moment," answered Mr. Clay, with a promptitude that surprised even himself. "The dickens!" he muttered, when the conductor had departed. "Why didn't Evans tell me that doctors are called up in the middle of the night on sleeping-

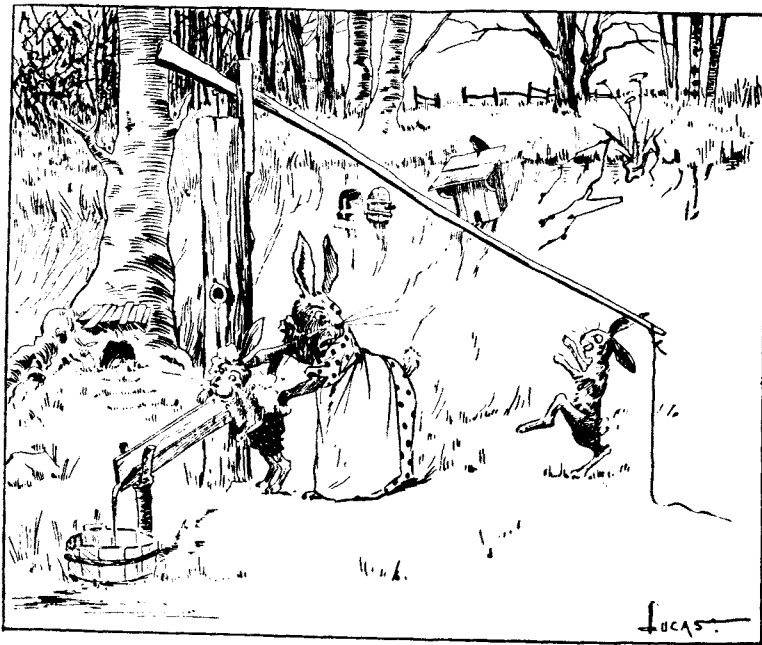
cars just the same as anywhere else? I'd have let him keep his pass and paid my fare if I'd known. There's nothing to do, though, but go and see the man. If he's really sick enough to need a doctor I'm sorry for him."

Mr. Clay, having dressed hastily, made his way into the next car, and was conducted to the patient. With commendable gravity he felt of the man's pulse, placed his hand on his chest, and counted the respirations and then asked to see his tongue. This done, he stood for a moment gazing contemplatively upon

may die for lack of a little medical skill. But I can't confess that I'm no doctor; I've got to bluff it out."

"There's another doctor in the forward car, sir," said the conductor as Mr. Clay appeared. "The patient's friends are getting kind o' nervous, and thought perhaps you'd like to consult with him. I'll rout him out if you think best."

"Very well, if the patient's friends desire it," answered Mr. Clay, both relieved and annoyed. "That doctor will see through me in about thirty seconds," he reflected, gloomily. "I wonder if it would kill a man to jump off the train; it's going pretty fast."



QUITE DANGEROUS.

Bunny, Jr.—Mamma, ain't you afraid my cotton tail will shrink?

the luckless patient. The bystanders thought he was pondering deeply; he was really wondering what he should do next. Then—it came like an inspiration; he had seen Dr. Evans do it one time—he lifted the patient's hand and studied his finger-nails in a meditative manner.

"Have you some whiskey?" he asked, turning to the conductor.

"Yes, sir; I can get some," was the answer.

"Very good! Give him two teaspoonfuls in half a glass of water, and repeat the dose at the end of an hour. I haven't my medicine-case with me, unfortunately, and can't prescribe just as I'd like to. But the whiskey will act as a—"

What sort of an actor the whiskey would prove he evidently regarded as of no great importance to his listeners, for he broke off, and remarked that he was sorry he hadn't his thermometer with him; he would like to take the patient's temperature. He evidently had some fever. "But give him the whiskey as directed," he concluded, with brisk decisiveness, "and if there should be a change for the worst let me know."

Back in the privacy of his berth once more Mr. Clay smiled broadly, and then sighed deeply. "Poor fellow," he thought. "I hope it's nothing serious."

"Doctor!" called a voice, just as he was dozing off. "The man seems to be getting worse. I guess you'd better take another look at him."

"All right," answered Mr. Clay, cheerfully, but groaning inwardly. "I wish," he muttered, "that confounded old pass had been taken up and cancelled before it ever fell into my hands! What the deuce am I to do, anyway? The man

But Mr. Clay did nothing so rash as that. He was gazing calmly at the patient when the consulting doctor arrived. "This is Dr. Evans, Dr. Brown," said the conductor, guiltless of intentional falsehood.

The two professional men bowed gravely to each other. Dr. Brown had brought a small medicine-case with him, which he set down in the aisle. "Well, Dr. Evans, what are the symptoms?" he asked.

"Just take a look at him and see what you think, Dr. Brown," replied Mr. Clay, with admirable self-possession.

Dr. Brown drew a fever thermometer from his pocket, shook the fluid down with a quick professional jerk, and inserted the end under the patient's tongue. Then he felt his pulse, and Mr. Clay noted with envy that he did not look at his watch, as he himself had done. Mr. Clay recalled that Dr. Evans seldom looked at his watch while counting a patient's pulse.

"What has been done for the relief of the patient, Dr. Evans?" asked the consulting physician, as he withdrew the thermometer and silently studied the temperature registered.

Mr. Clay told him. Doctors had disagreed before and they might as well do so again, reflected the unhappy Clay. Besides, there was nothing to do but tell him.

Dr. Brown made no comment for a moment. Presently, to Mr. Clay's relief and astonishment, he said: "Well, I think you did the right thing. I should advise continuing the treatment through the night, and if the patient has not improved by morning we can decide upon further treatment."

The next morning the patient was reported much better, and Mr. Clay's heart overflowed with gratitude. As he left the train he met Dr. Brown. They passed through the station together, and as they were about to part on the street, Mr. Clay said with a confidential smile:

"Between you and me, doctor, I'm not a physician at all. I couldn't tell the conductor, though, because I am travelling on a physician's pass."

Dr. Brown's lips twitched and he held out a cordial hand. "I brought along this medicine-case," he said, "just as a bit of a bluff. I'm no more of a physician than you are, but I'm travelling on Dr. Brown's pass!"

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Elegy Written in a Country Golf Links.

Beneath these rugged elms, that maple's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a Moldering heap,
Each in his last, eternal bunker laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

Oft to the harvest did their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke—
Ah, but they had no mashies then to wield,
They never learned to use the Vardon stroke.

The poor old souls, they only lived to toil,
To sow and reap and die, at last, obscure;
They never with their niblicks tore the soil—
How sad the golfless annals of the poor!

The pomp of power may once have thrilled the souls
Of unenlightened men—to-day it sinks
Beneath the saving grace of eighteen holes!

The paths of glory lead but to the links.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart that would have quickened to the game;
And that the lovely baffly night have swayed,
To Colonel Bogie's everlasting shame.

Full many a hole was passed by them unseen,
Because no fluttering flag was hoisted there;
Full many a smooth and sacred putting green
They tore up with the plough and didn't care.

Some village Taylor who, with dauntless breast,
Could wang the flail or swing the heavy maul;
Some mute, inglorious Travis here may rest,
Some Harriman who never lost a ball.

Far from the eager foursome's nable strife
They leveled bunkers and they piled the hay,
Content to go uncaddied all through life,
And never were two up with one to play.

No further seek their hardships to disclose,
Nor stand in wonder at their lack of worth;
Here in these bunkers let their dust repose—
They didn't know St. Andrews was on earth!