

asperities of life and lessens the annoyances of practice. As anatomists you know how close to the fountain of tears are to be found the ripples of laughter that run around the eyes. So sorrow and mirth go close linked all through life. A messenger calls when he is out and says, "I got some medishin from the Doctor, and I want to insult him about it." Is it a case of sciatica? The old man says that "a ball of hot wind keeps running from his hinch to his hock." And the Irish woman who wishes to save his feelings and cannot report improvement, says, "Doctor, I have given little Patsy all your medicine, and he is no worse thin."

Night-calls and bad roads have long been recognized as chief factors in a country doctor's misery. When worn out and half sick, a call at bedtime or later comes with a sense of personal affront, and its bearer is looked upon as one far gone from original righteousness. Whitecomb Riley knew of this when he wrote:

"May be dead of winter,—makes no odds to Doc,  
He's got to face the weather ef it takes the hide off,  
'Cause he'll not lie out of goin' and P'etend he's sick hisse'f like  
some  
'At I could name 'at folks might send for and they'd never come.'"

We know (but others do not) that the really necessary calls that a physician receives would hardly suffice to keep up his horses. Besides that, it is the dead beats who are most imperative, and most untimely in their calls, and who take care to know nothing of the symptoms, lest medicine be sent and the visit be deferred until the morning. You are wanted "Just as quick as you can get there," and when you do get there the "black diphthery" is a follicular tonsillitis, or the "erysipelas" is a nettle rash. There was a prophet in the land of Uz who sat patient and self-poised as the messengers with evil tidings came to him thick and fast. Either we are not his lineal descendants, or this old patriarch failed to transmit to us the secret of his calm philosophy. When such calls come, the country doctor does not always appear to the best advantage before his family, as he starts out on the road. But starlight, and let me whisper, a quiet smoke, are capital sedatives, and long before the patient's house is reached, the ruffled temper is smooth again, and the instinct of helpfulness dominates him.

If the Litany could be lengthened to read

"From country roads in spring and fall,  
Good Lord, deliver us all,"

physicians might attend church more regularly, and would join with fervor in this part of the service, if in no other. Of such a highway Mark Twain once wrote that if he ever went to the place of eternal torment, he wanted to go over that road, as then he would be glad when he got to his destination! Oh, the mud, the unutter-