

THE YOUNG DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION.

BY ABEL KING.

Young Mr. Frederick Jones has been three years at college studying for a doctor's degree. His father is a farmer, not much richer or poorer than thousands of others. Young Mr. Frederick never felt much of the hardships of the farm, having attended school pretty regularly till his entrance to college. There, among many richer than himself, he got into ways of spending money rather freely, although he might have known, had he thought, that his father earned it hard enough. One night as he was going out for some "fun," he received a letter, not very gracefully directed, with the stamp on the wrong corner. "From home I guess," he muttered, and thrust it quickly in his pocket. That night when he came back to his room he thought of his letter, and taking it from his pocket, and smoothing it out, he read something very nearly like the following:

DEAR Freddy, I'm thinkin' of writin' a few lines to you to-night, to tell you we're all still livin', and things is mostly all right. Only mother's ailin' a little, and often I feel afraid.

For though she's not givin' to complain', 'Twas only last night she said:

"If I only could see my Freddy

Away from that godless set,

And safely started somewhere,

I wouldn't half so fret.

But I often think he'll get harden'd,

And maybe wild and bad,

And I know that I'll soon be goin'."

I tell you I did feel sad!

And help is so scarce and uncertain,

And wages a regular fright,

That she and poor Kitty are nearly kill'd

A slavin' from morn till night.

Poor Kitty last night was a cryin'

And sayin' 'twas nothin' but work,

And not a minute for anything else—

Might as well be a slave or a Turk.

But I told her we mightn't expect much

Of pleasure this side the grave;—

If we only can earn some beyond it,

It'll cheer us up to be brave.

But I mustn't be writin' so mournful,

For likely you're lonely enough;

Though they do say you fellows are jolly,

But likely that's only stuff.

The grain didn't turn out extra—

(I think 'twas the rust or the fly)

The wheat was shrunken and shrivell'd,—

A chance if it sells by and by.

They may say that we farmers are stingy,

And work twice as hard as we need;

But I tell you when crops are a failure,

And don't yield more than the seed,

That you've got to be savin' and careful,

And lend your own back to the work,

Or you'll find yourself safe in a mortgage,

Which isn't so easy to shirk.

And that colt that I promised to give you

When you got to be M. D.,

Kicked over just in the pasture

For no reason I could see.

But never you mind the fellar—

There's plenty more to be got—

If I don't have another waitin',

You may give it to me hot.

I think I must close this letter,—

My fingers are cramped and sore;

They can hold a pitchfork better

As I think I've said afore.

But there's one thing I might mention,—

I've a pain in my breast of nights,

Kind of around my heart it seems—

You might say next time you write

If you know of what'll help it

(You're learning about all such.)

I would have been to a doctor,

But goodness, they charge so much!

So if you'd please to remember

I'd give your medicine a try.

Mother and Kitty they send best love

And join in sayin' Good Bye.

I'm afraid if Freddy's chum hadn't been snoring in bed before that young man was through reading this simple epistle, he would have noticed a very unusual amount of moisture in Freddy's eyes. For Frederick Jones really wasn't a bad boy at heart. And after the tears had dried in his eyes, he set to work on an answer; then going to his trunk he took out fifty dollars from a pretty comfortable store and enclosed it with the following:—

Dear father, I've read your kind letter;

I'm so sorry that mother's not well,

But tell her I'm bound to do better—

I'm quite through with acting the swell;

I really can't tell what gets in one

When left in this haugnable place,

But if in the past you've not been one, You're apt to turn out a scrapegrace. And money don't seem the same metal. That's so hard to be got on the farm, When your old father's ready to settle. The bills that come round to a charm. I tell you my eyes were a-swimming, Why, I should be ashamed to say, When I thought of you and the women A toiling from day to day. And how I was spending so freely. The money you earn'd hard and slow— When I thought it all over I really Felt meaner than you can know. I send you enclosed in this letter What I think will ease your breast; I'm sure that I'll be better Just doing with the rest. Just take those fifty dollars And put a man in your place, And begin to wear white collars, And get a smile on your face. And cheer up mother and Kitty. And tell them I'll soon be home; That I'll leave behind the city, And its vile ways when I come. So try your son's prescription, If it wont cure give me the lie— With love of every description, For the present I say, Good Bye.

OUR OLD MAMMY.

A BIT OF ROMANCE UNEARTHED ON A STREET CAR.

WHAT'S that for?" asked a *Free Press* man, as he saw a car driver on Woodward Avenue take a nickel from his pocket and pass it into the fare box.

"For her."

"What her?"

The car stopped and the driver got down with a "Good morning, mammy!" and assisted an old woman of 70 to enter the car.

"Did you pay for her?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Well, the story runs back for almost two years," he said, as he picked up his lines. "I reckon you know Bill—?"

"Yes."

"Well, two years ago he was one of the toughest men in Detroit. He drank, swore, gambled and had all the other vices lying around loose. I tell you, he was a terror when off duty and on a spree. He was getting so bad on his car that another week would have bounced him, but something happened."

"What?"

"He was coming up one evening, half drunk and full of evil, and somewhere about Davenport Street he lurched over the dash-board. He caught and was dragged, and the horse began to kick and run. That old woman there was the only passenger on the car, and when she saw the accident she came out, grabbed the flying lines with one hand and the brake with the other, and looking down upon Bill she called out:

"Oh! Lord! help me to save him. He's a wicked young man and not fit to die!"

"Well, she stopped that car and held to the horse until some one came along and helped Bill out of his fix, and she was all the time calling him 'Poor boy' and 'My son,' thanking God he was not killed. He had a close call, though, and it was a solemn warning. From that night he hasn't taken a drink, and no driver on this line has a cleaner mouth or is taking better care of himself."

"And the old woman?"

"She lives away out along with a daughter. Mary's the dollar Bill has sent after her since that night in the

way of clothes and provisions, and he'll never forget her. The story came to the rest of us after awhile, and we've sort of adopted her as 'Our Old Mammy.' We help her on and off, pay her nickel out of our own pockets, and when the car isn't too full we have a chat with her. She likes us all, and we wouldn't trade her off for the whole line. It's a bit of romance among ourselves, you see."

"Yes. Did she ever talk to you?"

"Did she? She sat right there on that stool one day two months ago and said:

"My son, let drink alone! It robs the pocket, cheats the brain, and leaves you friendless! Don't swear! oaths go with a vicious soul! Keep your temper. The man who can't control his temper is no better than a caged wolf!"

"She said that with her blue eyes reading my soul and her voice trembling with earnestness, and every word went right to my heart and lodged there. She's had something to say to most of the boys, and I reckon each one is the better for it. Curious, ain't it, how we found our old mammy, and maybe you'll believe with some of the rest of us that Providence had a hand in it."

ONLY A BABY.

ONE sultry day last summer, at a time when children of the poorer class in Philadelphia were dying by the scores every week, a bloated old man staggered up the steps of a physician's dwelling. The boys shouted after him, "Old Bourbon," the name by which he had been known in the locality in which he lived for many years.

"The baby's worse," he said, standing hat in hand when he met the doctor coming out.

"You've been here for me every day for a week," explained the doctor. "I can't go to-day. I told the child's mother there was no chance this morning. It was dying then."

"Won't you come now?"

"No; I have not a minute to spare. There are patients waiting whom I can help."

"Old Bourbon" followed him to his carriage door, twisting his rag of a hat in his shaking hands. "She's—she's all I've got, doctor."

But the doctor, with a pitying nod, drove away, and the old man, nearly sobered by his keen distress, crept home to the attic where his little grandchild lay dying. Whatever nursing or kindness little Mary had known, had come from "Old Bourbon." Her mother had six other children, and went out washing every day. The poor old drunkard and the innocent baby were left to form a strange friendship for each other. She called for him now feebly, as she lay on her mother's lap.

"Daddy! daddy! Come to me!"

He knelt down and put his finger into the tiny withered hand. The tears ran down his bloated cheeks.

"God, leave her to me! God, leave her to me!" he muttered.

"Daddy, come to Mary!" she cried once more, and then the little soul, whose taste of life had been so bitter, passed on into the unseen.

It was only a baby. Its mother, who had six other half-starved children to feed, shed but a few tears over it. The doctor sent in a certificate of

its death with a dozen others. In the weekly bill of mortality there was an item, "Of cholera infantum, seventy." That was all. Her record was ended. The world was done with her.

But an old trembling man crept next Sunday into the back pew of the little mission church, not far from the attic in which he lived. He stopped the clergyman when service was over.

"Why, is this you, Bour—I beg your pardon. What is your real name?"

"John Black, sir. I want to take my name again. I'm thinking of signin' the pledge'n' pullin' up for the rest of the time left," stammered the poor wretch.

The clergyman was wise and helpful. John did "pull up." He lived but a few months after that, but he did what he could to live a decent, honest, Christian life in that time.

"The Lord is merciful, John," his friend said to him, as he lay dying.

"I know it, sir. I'm not much acquainted with him. But I've been tryin' to foller little Mary. I hear her always cryin', 'Daddy, come to.' me I'm comin'. An' I reckon he'll not turn me back."

Even the baby had its work to do, and had done it.—*Exchange.*

A BAND-OF-HOPE BOY.

CHARLIE was a Band-of-Hope boy. But some of his mates were not, and they laughed and jeered at his badge. The next meeting he refused to wear it.

"Just for one hour, Charlie."

"No. Please, please don't make me."

I let him go without it, but thought how sad it is that good boys are ashamed of goodness and bad boys are ashamed of badness.

Bad boys think it manly to smoke and swear and say bad words; and by and by they will drink. Yet of the jeers of such boys good boys are afraid!

Before the next meeting Charlie walked up to me.

"I shall wear my badge to-day."

I took it up.

"Pin it good and strong. I am going to wear it until I go to bed. There, now!"

As I pinned it he said, "The fellows were tickled last time, I tell you! I'll show 'em this time I ain't to be dared by them. Well, I guess not!"

He wore it until bed-time. As I took it off he said, "There hasn't a fellow dared to-day! You know Jim's always laughing at me. Just as quick as I got my badge on I went to him and said, 'You had better go the Band of Hope to-day.' He waited a minute, and said, 'Well, I will;' and Mrs. D. spoke to him, and smiled, and said she's glad to see him; and he says he's going to join it. And we went and asked his mamma, and she is just as glad as she can be."

"I am very glad that you have dared to do right."

"Yes, I've found out how to stop 'em. Show you ain't afraid of 'em—that's the way to do it."

Yes, that's the way to do it.—*Temperance Banner.*

THE REV. MR. SHIP married four couples in fifteen minutes, which is at the rate of sixteen knots per hour for that Ship.