

**THE WHITE RIVER COUNTRY.**

In the opinion of one who has traveled much and observed closely, the most truly and rightfully contented people in the United States to-day are the small landowners in what is known as the Upper White River Country, anywhere from Newport, Ark., to Carthage, Mo. They are contented because their surroundings are ideal and, until recently, the great, useless, disquieting world, with its artificial needs and inadequate compensations, has been to them but little more than a dream. Here, still contented, and by reason of their very rarity at this day and time more delectable than in the past, are the conditions which have appeared with irresistible force to the Independent-splitted Anglo-Saxon. Every man in the supreme ruler of his own little principality; acknowledging no master save the law—and possibly his feminine helper; cringing to no employer; asking no favors from the world, save those that his neighbors freely extend and expect as freely in return. He lives in a latitude where the extremes of heat or cold are never known, and at an altitude that insures perfect health. The richest bounty of Nature has been showered upon him with unparading hand, but it is a question whether he more than dimly realizes the fact. He accepts as a matter of course the fertile soil which produces in abundance every cultivable growth common to the north temperate zone, the surrounding forests of valuable woods and the underlying strata of precious minerals, the springs and streams of transcendent purity on every hand, the wealth of fish and game at his very door, such as less favored mortals annually travel hundreds of miles to find. He is contented, but small credit is his for that, for how could he well be otherwise than content?

It is sad that such idealistic conditions are so rare, but it is written that the present possessors of this favored land must soon give place to others more appreciative of its incomparable beauty. A raft-trail is rapidly cutting its way through the best of this region, and the unaccustomed rustle of bank notes and clink of coin will eventually tinge the hill-slopes in purple with its bluish light. So it has always been in the world's history—the good things that are ours without price inevitably pass from our hands, before we are to understand their value. The White River country will shortly be entered anew by a class of Immigr better capable of judging its possibilities—the men who seek more homes where the "lay of the land" will effectually prevent crowding by too close neighbors, where their cattle can fatten on free ranges, where the wealth of forest and mineral awaits development by intelligent workers; and where the game and fish offer enjoyable recreation to all who have leisure and inclination for sport.

**Immense Leaves of Palm.**  
The palm family bears longer leaves than any other known tree. The large palm existing on the banks of the Amazon, has leaves which reach from 35 to 50 feet in length, and 10 to 12 feet in breadth. Specimens of the tallest palm of the Caylon, has been met with 20 feet long and 18 feet broad. These leaves are used by the natives to make tents, and, thus employed, they make very efficient shelters from rain. The leaves of the double coconut palm are often 20 feet long and several wide. The leaves of the cannibal tree of Australia resembling broad leaves, are frequently 15 feet long, 20 inches broad and 1 1/2 feet thick at the base. These boardlike leaves all shoot out at the top and hang down so as to form a sort of umbrella around the stem. The umbrella tree of Ceylon has leaves of such enormous size that a single one will cover from 15 to 20 men, and often serves as a canopy to a boat, or a tent for soldiers. A specimen leaf taken to England measured 28 feet long.

**England Mourns Dairy Butters.**  
The London Times asserts that genuine dairy butter is a thing past praying for. Four-fifths of the population of London, the Times asserts, have never seen it in their lives. Those who know what it is have great difficulty in procuring it, and cannot obtain it in many cases at any price. What is called genuine butter in London, the Times says, is blended and reworked butter.

**Free Use of Modern Trousers.**  
Trousers, in their present shape, were introduced into the British army in 1813 and treated as illegitimate

**Lavender Creighton's Lovers**  
By OLIVIA B. STROHM

(Copyright, 1898, by Olivia B. Strohm.)  
CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

Before Gerald could speak the haughty nial, his companion added: "Then see you did not, Mr. Winslow, send those forces to the Independent-splitted Anglo-Saxon. Every man in the supreme ruler of his own little principality; acknowledging no master save the law—and possibly his feminine helper; cringing to no employer; asking no favors from the world, save those that his neighbors freely extend and expect as freely in return. He lives in a latitude where the extremes of heat or cold are never known, and at an altitude that insures perfect health. The richest bounty of Nature has been showered upon him with unparading hand, but it is a question whether he more than dimly realizes the fact. He accepts as a matter of course the fertile soil which produces in abundance every cultivable growth common to the north temperate zone, the surrounding forests of valuable woods and the underlying strata of precious minerals, the springs and streams of transcendent purity on every hand, the wealth of fish and game at his very door, such as less favored mortals annually travel hundreds of miles to find. He is contented, but small credit is his for that, for how could he well be otherwise than content?"

It is sad that such idealistic conditions are so rare, but it is written that the present possessors of this favored land must soon give place to others more appreciative of its incomparable beauty. A raft-trail is rapidly cutting its way through the best of this region, and the unaccustomed rustle of bank notes and clink of coin will eventually tinge the hill-slopes in purple with its bluish light. So it has always been in the world's history—the good things that are ours without price inevitably pass from our hands, before we are to understand their value. The White River country will shortly be entered anew by a class of Immigr better capable of judging its possibilities—the men who seek more homes where the "lay of the land" will effectually prevent crowding by too close neighbors, where their cattle can fatten on free ranges, where the wealth of forest and mineral awaits development by intelligent workers; and where the game and fish offer enjoyable recreation to all who have leisure and inclination for sport.

**Immense Leaves of Palm.**  
The palm family bears longer leaves than any other known tree. The large palm existing on the banks of the Amazon, has leaves which reach from 35 to 50 feet in length, and 10 to 12 feet in breadth. Specimens of the tallest palm of the Caylon, has been met with 20 feet long and 18 feet broad. These leaves are used by the natives to make tents, and, thus employed, they make very efficient shelters from rain. The leaves of the double coconut palm are often 20 feet long and several wide. The leaves of the cannibal tree of Australia resembling broad leaves, are frequently 15 feet long, 20 inches broad and 1 1/2 feet thick at the base. These boardlike leaves all shoot out at the top and hang down so as to form a sort of umbrella around the stem. The umbrella tree of Ceylon has leaves of such enormous size that a single one will cover from 15 to 20 men, and often serves as a canopy to a boat, or a tent for soldiers. A specimen leaf taken to England measured 28 feet long.

**England Mourns Dairy Butters.**  
The London Times asserts that genuine dairy butter is a thing past praying for. Four-fifths of the population of London, the Times asserts, have never seen it in their lives. Those who know what it is have great difficulty in procuring it, and cannot obtain it in many cases at any price. What is called genuine butter in London, the Times says, is blended and reworked butter.

**Free Use of Modern Trousers.**  
Trousers, in their present shape, were introduced into the British army in 1813 and treated as illegitimate

best and walked with lagged step the forest way to the clearing above. To their surprise, the cabin was lighted, and the household pair. As their steps sounded on the gravel path, Anna came to the door, her bonny eyes framed against the candle-lit wall. "To 'Gawd's sake,' what 'yar'll be?"

On his knees by the bed where her mother lay in a stupor, knelt her father, and all the rebellion of this young, untried man, was in his eyes. He prayed, she heard the words: "Strength to bear it!" "Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me," and anguish contended with a fierce, unknown power. "Father, father," she cried, "Do something! Don't pray for comfort, if 'tis to be!"

"Yes, we think she will get well," said the doctor, "and you must take some of the—er—tincture, the fruit—the flowers, they have given her much pleasure."

For this advice Lavender had left nothing undone that could aid his cause. Not a day passed but his canoe was moored at the landing-place, while its owner brought some gift or word of sympathy to the lonely cabin. And this tireless attention had not without its effect upon the girl—at all times impressionable, and now more than ever, with a heart saddened, a spirit cheered by solitary brooding. And under all, and actuating her more than she knew, was the bitter current of disappointment in Winslow. Where he was concerned nothing had come to pass according to her fancy's planing, and against all this frustration of hope, her maiden pride revolted.

The regret was all the more poignant, too, that she could not admit it to herself. And Gonzaga was not slow to profit by this reaction. He understood the value of a counter tendency which might lead toward himself as the first lodgment for her shaken faith. Crushed and weary, he spent the night of watching, Mr. Creighton staggered out of doors to the starway that led above. But first he stooped over the bed to kiss the unresponsive lips. A faint sigh was heard.

"See, Lavender, a good sign. Perhaps you have brought her out of the valley, my brave child."  
The sun was high when Gerald returned to the sick room. When Lavender went to greet them, the light dazzled her, and she staggered as she led the way to the sick-room.

When, later, she followed the doctor out to where the pony waited, and asked his opinion timidly, he said: "The case is a grave one, but there is no sense in giving up. The fever is what the people here call the 'seasoning,' and is apt to follow the change to this climate. Your mother was in the swamps-land, too, I understand, near the Mississippi, and I trust she recovered." "I desired her."

When she thanked him for favors to her mother, he protested: "Speak not of favors to your slave, you know of her, and I hope you know what promise it is ever on my lips to break."

"Yes, back east, back to her old home. I am sure this climate will never agree with her. She may recover, but I can never have a share in this judgment," he said, encouragingly. "Then let her stay, saying she would call again, and I will have a share in her through," he said, encouragingly.

Returning, Lavender found America at the bedside. "You lay down, and get some rest," he said, "I'll watch you."

"Is it so, daughter? But how?"  
"And Lavender would evade her question, with vague smiles and a teasing shake of the head, and then go out under the trees, deep in the heart of the wood, and pray—pray with fervor that was more demand than supplication. The clenching fists and closed shut teeth belied the pleading words. A mortal power had surely spurred no clamorous a suppliant."

And one day Gonzaga found her thus—alone in the forest. She saw him coming, and advanced to meet him, smiling faintly. He took her hand in an ardent pressure, looking so long into her eyes that they dropped bashfully. "I am glad to see you taking a little rest and fresh air," he said, "I stopped at the house. They tell me the lady is better."

"Yes, we think she will get well," said the doctor, "and you must take some of the—er—tincture, the fruit—the flowers, they have given her much pleasure."

For this advice Lavender had left nothing undone that could aid his cause. Not a day passed but his canoe was moored at the landing-place, while its owner brought some gift or word of sympathy to the lonely cabin. And this tireless attention had not without its effect upon the girl—at all times impressionable, and now more than ever, with a heart saddened, a spirit cheered by solitary brooding. And under all, and actuating her more than she knew, was the bitter current of disappointment in Winslow. Where he was concerned nothing had come to pass according to her fancy's planing, and against all this frustration of hope, her maiden pride revolted.

The regret was all the more poignant, too, that she could not admit it to herself. And Gonzaga was not slow to profit by this reaction. He understood the value of a counter tendency which might lead toward himself as the first lodgment for her shaken faith. Crushed and weary, he spent the night of watching, Mr. Creighton staggered out of doors to the starway that led above. But first he stooped over the bed to kiss the unresponsive lips. A faint sigh was heard.

"See, Lavender, a good sign. Perhaps you have brought her out of the valley, my brave child."  
The sun was high when Gerald returned to the sick room. When Lavender went to greet them, the light dazzled her, and she staggered as she led the way to the sick-room.

When, later, she followed the doctor out to where the pony waited, and asked his opinion timidly, he said: "The case is a grave one, but there is no sense in giving up. The fever is what the people here call the 'seasoning,' and is apt to follow the change to this climate. Your mother was in the swamps-land, too, I understand, near the Mississippi, and I trust she recovered." "I desired her."

When she thanked him for favors to her mother, he protested: "Speak not of favors to your slave, you know of her, and I hope you know what promise it is ever on my lips to break."

"Yes, back east, back to her old home. I am sure this climate will never agree with her. She may recover, but I can never have a share in this judgment," he said, encouragingly. "Then let her stay, saying she would call again, and I will have a share in her through," he said, encouragingly.

Returning, Lavender found America at the bedside. "You lay down, and get some rest," he said, "I'll watch you."

**WAS AN AUTOCRAT.**

**COUNTRY DOCTOR RULED WITH ROD OF IRON.**

**Disobedience to His Orders Met with Sharp and Decisive Action—Had Curative Methods All His Own.**

A party of men were discussing the passing of the old-time country doctor before the advance of modern science, and one of them told some stories of a practitioner of this type who "has the terror of his boyhood days."

"He was a curious old autocrat, with curative methods all his own," said the gentleman. "I remember a boy chum of mine became afflicted with a large swelling or abscess in his throat, which was growing rapidly and threatening to make breathing impossible."

"Dr. X— was called in. After examining the patient, he turned to the mother with the command to bring him a red-hot poker. As he was never mentioned or disobeyed, the woman fastened to heat one in the kitchen fire."

"When she brought it to the sick room the doctor grabbed it and advanced to the bedside with the gleam of steel pointed at the boy's head. 'Open your mouth, sir,' he commanded."

"The boy did open his mouth to emit a terrified shriek—which broke the abscess and saved his life. 'I have said that Dr. X— was never disobeyed, but I recollect now one occasion on which a family physician set his orders at defiance. You see, he was really more intelligent than the run of way out country doctors if those days. He went to Holland for a year of study when by was young and brought back some advanced ideas, one of which was the efficacy of fresh air."

"You know how country people close the windows of a sick room, for. On the occasion in question the patient was down with fever. Entering the room Dr. X— raised both windows, ordering that they be left so."

"The women who were nursing made no objection at the time, out no sooner had the doctor departed than they hastened to close the windows. Some distance off Dr. X— happened to look around and beheld what they had done."

"He turned his horse, drove back to the house, entered the front door, and, without so much as a glance at the staff, walked into the sick room, lifted the thick knobbed cane which he always carried, and deliberately smashed the one pane of glass after another, until all were demolished. Then, without a word, or so much as a look to right or left, he strode from the room and drove away."

**WAS AN AUTOCRAT.**

**COUNTRY DOCTOR RULED WITH ROD OF IRON.**

**Disobedience to His Orders Met with Sharp and Decisive Action—Had Curative Methods All His Own.**

A party of men were discussing the passing of the old-time country doctor before the advance of modern science, and one of them told some stories of a practitioner of this type who "has the terror of his boyhood days."

"He was a curious old autocrat, with curative methods all his own," said the gentleman. "I remember a boy chum of mine became afflicted with a large swelling or abscess in his throat, which was growing rapidly and threatening to make breathing impossible."

"Dr. X— was called in. After examining the patient, he turned to the mother with the command to bring him a red-hot poker. As he was never mentioned or disobeyed, the woman fastened to heat one in the kitchen fire."

"When she brought it to the sick room the doctor grabbed it and advanced to the bedside with the gleam of steel pointed at the boy's head. 'Open your mouth, sir,' he commanded."

"The boy did open his mouth to emit a terrified shriek—which broke the abscess and saved his life. 'I have said that Dr. X— was never disobeyed, but I recollect now one occasion on which a family physician set his orders at defiance. You see, he was really more intelligent than the run of way out country doctors if those days. He went to Holland for a year of study when by was young and brought back some advanced ideas, one of which was the efficacy of fresh air."

"You know how country people close the windows of a sick room, for. On the occasion in question the patient was down with fever. Entering the room Dr. X— raised both windows, ordering that they be left so."

"The women who were nursing made no objection at the time, out no sooner had the doctor departed than they hastened to close the windows. Some distance off Dr. X— happened to look around and beheld what they had done."

"He turned his horse, drove back to the house, entered the front door, and, without so much as a glance at the staff, walked into the sick room, lifted the thick knobbed cane which he always carried, and deliberately smashed the one pane of glass after another, until all were demolished. Then, without a word, or so much as a look to right or left, he strode from the room and drove away."

**WAS AN AUTOCRAT.**

**COUNTRY DOCTOR RULED WITH ROD OF IRON.**

**Disobedience to His Orders Met with Sharp and Decisive Action—Had Curative Methods All His Own.**

A party of men were discussing the passing of the old-time country doctor before the advance of modern science, and one of them told some stories of a practitioner of this type who "has the terror of his boyhood days."

"He was a curious old autocrat, with curative methods all his own," said the gentleman. "I remember a boy chum of mine became afflicted with a large swelling or abscess in his throat, which was growing rapidly and threatening to make breathing impossible."

"Dr. X— was called in. After examining the patient, he turned to the mother with the command to bring him a red-hot poker. As he was never mentioned or disobeyed, the woman fastened to heat one in the kitchen fire."

"When she brought it to the sick room the doctor grabbed it and advanced to the bedside with the gleam of steel pointed at the boy's head. 'Open your mouth, sir,' he commanded."

"The boy did open his mouth to emit a terrified shriek—which broke the abscess and saved his life. 'I have said that Dr. X— was never disobeyed, but I recollect now one occasion on which a family physician set his orders at defiance. You see, he was really more intelligent than the run of way out country doctors if those days. He went to Holland for a year of study when by was young and brought back some advanced ideas, one of which was the efficacy of fresh air."

"You know how country people close the windows of a sick room, for. On the occasion in question the patient was down with fever. Entering the room Dr. X— raised both windows, ordering that they be left so."

"The women who were nursing made no objection at the time, out no sooner had the doctor departed than they hastened to close the windows. Some distance off Dr. X— happened to look around and beheld what they had done."

"He turned his horse, drove back to the house, entered the front door, and, without so much as a glance at the staff, walked into the sick room, lifted the thick knobbed cane which he always carried, and deliberately smashed the one pane of glass after another, until all were demolished. Then, without a word, or so much as a look to right or left, he strode from the room and drove away."

**WAS AN AUTOCRAT.**

**COUNTRY DOCTOR RULED WITH ROD OF IRON.**

**Disobedience to His Orders Met with Sharp and Decisive Action—Had Curative Methods All His Own.**

A party of men were discussing the passing of the old-time country doctor before the advance of modern science, and one of them told some stories of a practitioner of this type who "has the terror of his boyhood days."

"He was a curious old autocrat, with curative methods all his own," said the gentleman. "I remember a boy chum of mine became afflicted with a large swelling or abscess in his throat, which was growing rapidly and threatening to make breathing impossible."

"Dr. X— was called in. After examining the patient, he turned to the mother with the command to bring him a red-hot poker. As he was never mentioned or disobeyed, the woman fastened to heat one in the kitchen fire."

"When she brought it to the sick room the doctor grabbed it and advanced to the bedside with the gleam of steel pointed at the boy's head. 'Open your mouth, sir,' he commanded."

"The boy did open his mouth to emit a terrified shriek—which broke the abscess and saved his life. 'I have said that Dr. X— was never disobeyed, but I recollect now one occasion on which a family physician set his orders at defiance. You see, he was really more intelligent than the run of way out country doctors if those days. He went to Holland for a year of study when by was young and brought back some advanced ideas, one of which was the efficacy of fresh air."

"You know how country people close the windows of a sick room, for. On the occasion in question the patient was down with fever. Entering the room Dr. X— raised both windows, ordering that they be left so."

"The women who were nursing made no objection at the time, out no sooner had the doctor departed than they hastened to close the windows. Some distance off Dr. X— happened to look around and beheld what they had done."

"He turned his horse, drove back to the house, entered the front door, and, without so much as a glance at the staff, walked into the sick room, lifted the thick knobbed cane which he always carried, and deliberately smashed the one pane of glass after another, until all were demolished. Then, without a word, or so much as a look to right or left, he strode from the room and drove away."

**WAS AN AUTOCRAT.**

**COUNTRY DOCTOR RULED WITH ROD OF IRON.**

**Disobedience to His Orders Met with Sharp and Decisive Action—Had Curative Methods All His Own.**

A party of men were discussing the passing of the old-time country doctor before the advance of modern science, and one of them told some stories of a practitioner of this type who "has the terror of his boyhood days."

"He was a curious old autocrat, with curative methods all his own," said the gentleman. "I remember a boy chum of mine became afflicted with a large swelling or abscess in his throat, which was growing rapidly and threatening to make breathing impossible."

"Dr. X— was called in. After examining the patient, he turned to the mother with the command to bring him a red-hot poker. As he was never mentioned or disobeyed, the woman fastened to heat one in the kitchen fire."

"When she brought it to the sick room the doctor grabbed it and advanced to the bedside with the gleam of steel pointed at the boy's head. 'Open your mouth, sir,' he commanded."

"The boy did open his mouth to emit a terrified shriek—which broke the abscess and saved his life. 'I have said that Dr. X— was never disobeyed, but I recollect now one occasion on which a family physician set his orders at defiance. You see, he was really more intelligent than the run of way out country doctors if those days. He went to Holland for a year of study when by was young and brought back some advanced ideas, one of which was the efficacy of fresh air."

"You know how country people close the windows of a sick room, for. On the occasion in question the patient was down with fever. Entering the room Dr. X— raised both windows, ordering that they be left so."

"The women who were nursing made no objection at the time, out no sooner had the doctor departed than they hastened to close the windows. Some distance off Dr. X— happened to look around and beheld what they had done."

"He turned his horse, drove back to the house, entered the front door, and, without so much as a glance at the staff, walked into the sick room, lifted the thick knobbed cane which he always carried, and deliberately smashed the one pane of glass after another, until all were demolished. Then, without a word, or so much as a look to right or left, he strode from the room and drove away."

**WAS AN AUTOCRAT.**

**COUNTRY DOCTOR RULED WITH ROD OF IRON.**

**Disobedience to His Orders Met with Sharp and Decisive Action—Had Curative Methods All His Own.**

A party of men were discussing the passing of the old-time country doctor before the advance of modern science, and one of them told some stories of a practitioner of this type who "has the terror of his boyhood days."

"He was a curious old autocrat, with curative methods all his own," said the gentleman. "I remember a boy chum of mine became afflicted with a large swelling or abscess in his throat, which was growing rapidly and threatening to make breathing impossible."

"Dr. X— was called in. After examining the patient, he turned to the mother with the command to bring him a red-hot poker. As he was never mentioned or disobeyed, the woman fastened to heat one in the kitchen fire."

"When she brought it to the sick room the doctor grabbed it and advanced to the bedside with the gleam of steel pointed at the boy's head. 'Open your mouth, sir,' he commanded."

"The boy did open his mouth to emit a terrified shriek—which broke the abscess and saved his life. 'I have said that Dr. X— was never disobeyed, but I recollect now one occasion on which a family physician set his orders at defiance. You see, he was really more intelligent than the run of way out country doctors if those days. He went to Holland for a year of study when by was young and brought back some advanced ideas, one of which was the efficacy of fresh air."

"You know how country people close the windows of a sick room, for. On the occasion in question the patient was down with fever. Entering the room Dr. X— raised both windows, ordering that they be left so."

"The women who were nursing made no objection at the time, out no sooner had the doctor departed than they hastened to close the windows. Some distance off Dr. X— happened to look around and beheld what they had done."

"He turned his horse, drove back to the house, entered the front door, and, without so much as a glance at the staff, walked into the sick room, lifted the thick knobbed cane which he always carried, and deliberately smashed the one pane of glass after another, until all were demolished. Then, without a word, or so much as a look to right or left, he strode from the room and drove away."

**WAS AN AUTOCRAT.**

**COUNTRY DOCTOR RULED WITH ROD OF IRON.**

**Disobedience to His Orders Met with Sharp and Decisive Action—Had Curative Methods All His Own.**

A party of men were discussing the passing of the old-time country doctor before the advance of modern science, and one of them told some stories of a practitioner of this type who "has the terror of his boyhood days."

"He was a curious old autocrat, with curative methods all his own," said the gentleman. "I remember a boy chum of mine became afflicted with a large swelling or abscess in his throat, which was growing rapidly and threatening to make breathing impossible."

"Dr. X— was called in. After examining the patient, he turned to the mother with the command to bring him a red-hot poker. As he was never mentioned or disobeyed, the woman fastened to heat one in the kitchen fire."

"When she brought it to the sick room the doctor grabbed it and advanced to the bedside with the gleam of steel pointed at the boy's head. 'Open your mouth, sir,' he commanded."

"The boy did open his mouth to emit a terrified shriek—which broke the abscess and saved his life. 'I have said that Dr. X— was never disobeyed, but I recollect now one occasion on which a family physician set his orders at defiance. You see, he was really more intelligent than the run of way out country doctors if those days. He went to Holland for a year of study when by was young and brought back some advanced ideas, one of which was the efficacy of fresh air."

"You know how country people close the windows of a sick room, for. On the occasion in question the patient was down with fever. Entering the room Dr. X— raised both windows, ordering that they be left so."

"The women who were nursing made no objection at the time, out no sooner had the doctor departed than they hastened to close the windows. Some distance off Dr. X— happened to look around and beheld what they had done."

"He turned his horse, drove back to the house, entered the front door, and, without so much as a glance at the staff, walked into the sick room, lifted the thick knobbed cane which he always carried, and deliberately smashed the one pane of glass after another, until all were demolished. Then, without a word, or so much as a look to right or left, he strode from the room and drove away."

**WAS AN AUTOCRAT.**

**COUNTRY DOCTOR RULED WITH ROD OF IRON.**

**Disobedience to His Orders Met with Sharp and Decisive Action—Had Curative Methods All His Own.**

A party of men were discussing the passing of the old-time country doctor before the advance of modern science, and one of them told some stories of a practitioner of this type who "has the terror of his boyhood days."

"He was a curious old autocrat, with curative methods all his own," said the gentleman. "I remember a boy chum of mine became afflicted with a large swelling or abscess in his throat, which was growing rapidly and threatening to make breathing impossible."

"Dr. X— was called in. After examining the patient, he turned to the mother with the command to bring him a red-hot poker. As he was never mentioned or disobeyed, the woman fastened to heat one in the kitchen fire."

"When she brought it to the sick room the doctor grabbed it and advanced to the bedside with the gleam of steel pointed at the boy's head. 'Open your mouth, sir,' he commanded."

"The boy did open his mouth to emit a terrified shriek—which broke the abscess and saved his life. 'I have said that Dr. X— was never disobeyed, but I recollect now one occasion on which a family physician set his orders at defiance. You see, he was really more intelligent than the run of way out country doctors if those days. He went to Holland for a year of study when by was young and brought back some advanced ideas, one of which was the efficacy of fresh air."

"You know how country people close the windows of a sick room, for. On the occasion in question the patient was down with fever. Entering the room Dr. X— raised both windows, ordering that they be left so."

"The women who were nursing made no objection at the time, out no sooner had the doctor departed than they hastened to close the windows. Some distance off Dr. X— happened to look around and beheld what they had done."

"He turned his horse, drove back to the house, entered the front door, and, without so much as a glance at the staff, walked into the sick room, lifted the thick knobbed cane which he always carried, and deliberately smashed the one pane of glass after another, until all were demolished. Then, without a word, or so much as a look to right or left, he strode from the room and drove away."

**WAS AN AUTOCRAT.**

**COUNTRY DOCTOR RULED WITH ROD OF IRON.**

**Disobedience to His Orders Met with Sharp and Decisive Action—Had Curative Methods All His Own.**

A party of men were discussing the passing of the old-time country doctor before the advance of modern science, and one of them told some stories of a practitioner of this type who "has the terror of his boyhood days."

"He was a curious old autocrat, with curative methods all his own," said the gentleman. "I remember a boy chum of mine became afflicted with a large swelling or abscess in his throat, which was growing rapidly and threatening to make breathing impossible."

"Dr. X— was called in. After examining the patient, he turned to the mother with the command to bring him a red-hot poker. As he was never mentioned or disobeyed, the woman fastened to heat one in the kitchen fire."

"When she