

SPRING WAKING.

A Snowdrift lay in the sweet dark ground. "Come out," said the Sun, "Come out!" But she lay quite still and she heard no sound; "Asleep," said the Sun, "No doubt!"

THE HERB DOCTOR.

Hetty Griswold lived in the little house beyond the pine woods on the Fairfax road. It was a bleak-looking house in winter, but when summer came the tangled front yard bloomed out gloriously. Over the front door was a sign that read, "Herb Doctor and Eclectic Physician."

Hetty looked steadily into her plate, and continued to eat as if she had no other thought. But once she glanced up, and her eyes were brimming. "I knew you was a kind of a doctor," said the wife. "Once I rode by here an' I see your sign over the door—"

Hetty also had risen, to open her little bundle and take an apron from it. She tied on the apron as if it were a panoply of war, and, so equipped, she might enter upon the service she understood. Mattie left her quite free, with a bright fire, and withdrew into Enoch's room; and Hetty found herself busy in her own kitchen, as it had used to be, cooking at the old stove, whose faint and crackling she remembered as if the other life had been of yesterday.

"Why, I ain't goin' anywheres," she demurred. "Besides, I don't ever crimp it." "You git up an' do it," said Hetty unflinchingly. "There was suthin' you used to do to it, slake, penicils or suthin'."

Then Hetty, a little at a time, began to clean house. Mattie was ready to drop with fatigue. She deserved the fate which came to her. The profoundest philosophers insist that we were meant for god happier and happier, until the end of life, and would so develop, except that we have "sought out many inventions."

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