

THE ROAD TO GRUMBLETOWN.

'Tis quite a safe and easy road That leads to Grumbletown, And those who wish can always find A chance to journey down.

Elisha the last rites of his own case, and settled down to the brief business of dying with what ease and dignity he might.

By Christmas the village had ratified Dr. Winthrop's choice of a successor. Those who had unwillingly, since his sickness, gone over to the venerable homeopathist, Dr. Williams, or to young Cleighton, joyfully brought back their pains and aches to the small brick house where two signs most conspicuously hung.

AB EPHEBUS.

Nefere Dr. Winthrop has reached three-score he knew that the rest was to be but labor and sorrow. At first he made flustered and restless plans to go to Montreal or New York, and find out certainly from some other physician who could judge impersonally, but his purse was less than light.

At this point, Leonard looked up with a strange, veiled expression, which if the Doctor had seen it might have made him suspect that his warning was not so unnecessary as he had hoped; but his eyelids had dropped with pain and weariness.

Then followed two cases at the Academy on the Hill, and the town grew interested and more out of patience than ever with French Hollow, chiding misfortune, and wickedness, and death upon them, from its humble position at their feet.

But Mrs. Shampline, the housekeeper, knew, and kept a hot meal ready for serving at any hour of the day or night. She had many relatives in the Hollow. The first distant tinkle of the sleigh-bells was a signal for heavy-footed haste in the kitchen.

One bitter day, at the four o'clock twilight, Dr. Leonard came in more wearily than usual, and, having made but sad work of his smile of greeting to the invalid, stood before the fire in somber abstraction, holding his stiff hands to the blaze while Mrs. Shampline's burry resounded through the house.

Dr. Leonard's foot touched a log, which rolled noisily forward on the hearth and demanded his attention to keep it from burning the rug. When this was adjusted, there was much to do in brushing up the cinders. But Dr. Winthrop did not forget.

"Who was it, Oscar?" The answer came slowly—"A little girl—from the Hill." "What little girl?"

"Lesty Moore," said Leonard at last, softly. Dr. Winthrop dropped his cards. His head sunk on his chest, his whole body became collapsed and feeble even beyond its habit.

"Lesty Moore! How is that possible? Wasn't it yesterday she came in with her Christmas doll?" "No, Doctor, that was two weeks ago."

"Is it epidemic?" "Is what epidemic?" "Diphtheria, of course." "It's nothing that we can't handle."

"Help me up." He had risen before a hand could reach him, but after wavering an instant sank back into Leonard's arms. "Miracles," he gasped, "are out of date."

Mrs. Shampline's sleek black head appeared. "Soopty ready, M'sieu," and Dr. Leonard hurried out. He was gone hardly five minutes, yet when he returned he hardly seemed in such haste as the swift disposal of his meal indicated.

Leonard stirred, beginning to draw on his overcoat, and the room was cleared of visions as a pool is cleared of reflections by a pebble cast, though the kind, dead hand on the living shoulder persisted strangely after the vanishing of other unreal things.

"I'll be back by midnight," he called back. "Good-by!" The snow crunched and squeaked under his feet as he ran down the walk to the waiting sleigh.

"Who is dead?" Dr. Leonard's foot touched a log, which rolled noisily forward on the hearth and demanded his attention to keep it from burning the rug. When this was adjusted, there was much to do in brushing up the cinders. But Dr. Winthrop did not forget.

out tasting, the spoonful of broth which he had been about to take, and sat very still for a long time. He was against the shadowy figure with its warning hand upon the broad shoulder.

At midnight Dr. Leonard came back, heavy-eyed and with dragging feet, to find the fire dead, while on the hearth Dr. Winthrop lay in a moaning heap, grasping a handful of ashes and the broken hypodermic. Having quickly administered the delayed prescription with an instrument from his own vest pocket, the young man held his patient in his arms until the breath came easily and the groaning ceased.

The yellow hand sought the firm and healthy one, clasping it strongly. "You know," said the Doctor, "I don't stand for that, Oscar."

"I've lost ten already. Ten in one week!" He turned his face away. "Ten," repeated Dr. Winthrop sadly. "Then he must know all names. Letty Moore, Leonard stopped. The tenth name made difficulty in his throat."

"These Hill people sneer at everything down there," he stammered. "She was the whitest—she was—Oh! I know what she was—and I couldn't save her. She cared, though. Labelle came between us with his crucifix and wafer, but she had looked at me—"

"For two reasons. The first is that I've taken a notion I'd like to hold up my head, over there, among those who bore the heaviest cross. The other is also sufficient in itself. The going without it will be my share—and all that I'm capable of accomplishing—in this trouble."

"Very likely," Dr. Winthrop knew how unlikely it was. "But I shall do it in any case." "But—do you want to make me worse than a murderer? You've no right to force me to accept such a sacrifice. Put yourself in my place."

"I promise—I've been doing." Leonard flung away to walk up and down the room, nervously twitching chairs out of his way, adjusting and readjusting trunks—muttering solemnly: "Look here. When I say I promise, I mean it."

"I don't think you lost. By and by—when you think it over—remember I thought it a very small price to pay—then you will be able to judge whether it was the only price."

The lamp went out, and he built the fire bright and so that the room was full of wavering light and shadow. Dr. Winthrop groaned heavily now and then. Once he said wistfully: "Oscar, don't you think that maybe—it might be tonight?"

"I think it is quite possible." With this possibility in mind he drew close to the great chair—and so, in the strong and cheerful fire-light, they spent the night.

"Yes, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death"—thus one triumphant voice—"shall fear no evil"—and passed like military mous. Another voice was more inclined to argument—perhaps it was even a little querulous.

"Keep the dates of the time each sow is to farrow." "Milk low in butter fat is also low in the total solids." "The pear is easily grown, but is very subject to blight."

"Ducks can be profitably bred for four years; geese can be bred for many years—for a period that seems incredible." "Those who have to buy hay may console themselves by recalling that in the spring of 1870 hay sold in New York at \$40 to \$48 per ton."

"The hog converts food into meat and food that is made healthy meat. Pure water, wholesome food and a clean place to drink and eat are the secrets of healthy meat." "But few patrons of harness races appreciate that years have been consumed in breeding and developing a field of harness horses capable of stepping three heats in 2:30 or better in their first engagement."

"The farmer who places a full-blooded bull at the head of his herd and uses a thoroughbred sire for six generations will bring the grade of his stock up nominally to full bloods. It is possible to establish a thoroughbred herd in twelve years by using registered sires."

"Wearing of One's Clothes.—The wearing of one's clothes means the proper putting on of clothes. The dressmaker and milliner may do their very best in turning out a woman properly, and then through careless indifference in putting on the clothes the whole effect is lost." "The little things in dress, like most little things, have a troublesome habit of growing into big things."

"It is said that an effectual cure for the ants that are the bane of many a good housekeeper is to melt together in an earthen vessel a quart of a pound of sulphur and two ounces of potash. When cold pulverize and sprinkle in the haunts of the sluggard's example. If the ants will not flee from this mixture be very sure the housekeeper will during the somewhat choky melting process."

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Women are ever dupes of the victims of their extreme sensitiveness.—Balzac.

The new coats for fall and winter are not only extremely picturesque, but exceedingly practical as well. Double and single-breasted effects are about equally favored.

The revival of these long, separate coats suitable for so many occasions makes a greater demand for silk as the fabric par excellence for evening costumes.

It does not show the dust readily, and while delicate, it is not too dressy for public conveniences in the evening. Big silver tassels are used in tipping the sleeves of many of the separate coats.

Those who wish a practical sort of wrap, older women especially, there is no better model shown than the long black broadcloth. Its softly finished lines make it an excellent thing for the home dressmaker, who knows by experience the trials of the severely tailored type of coat.

Skirt Tendencies.—Some changes in the skirt lines and the length of the skirts are reported from Paris, but these are incidental rather than radical changes, which will not materially affect the style of the skirt.

There is a tendency to eliminate pleats, and in their places put numerous gores after the fashion of the umbrella skirt of multi-gore flare and width.

The tendency, however, points to the great vogue of the pleated skirt in its several varieties. In other words, the pleated skirt will likely remain at the head of the list, since it is generally becoming to all figures and offers a greater trimming scope than most other models.

Wearing of One's Clothes.—The wearing of one's clothes means the proper putting on of clothes. The dressmaker and milliner may do their very best in turning out a woman properly, and then through careless indifference in putting on the clothes the whole effect is lost. The little things in dress, like most little things, have a troublesome habit of growing into big things. The colors for the business tailored suit should be chosen from the darker shades for obvious reasons. One grows less quickly tired of specious, and can easily be made with accessories suitable for many occasions. In choosing this gown for everyday wear much should be taken into consideration—ease, service, expense, and last, but by no means least, becomingness. Very useful is a short coat, when developed in white or dark blue serge or in one of the fashionable pin-stripes. The collars and cuffs are of blue linen, heavily braided. As they are basted, they may be easily taken off and washed. Big brass buttons are used in the double-breasted front. It is said that an effectual cure for the ants that are the bane of many a good housekeeper is to melt together in an earthen vessel a quart of a pound of sulphur and two ounces of potash. When cold pulverize and sprinkle in the haunts of the sluggard's example. If the ants will not flee from this mixture be very sure the housekeeper will during the somewhat choky melting process. Buckwheat is a crop which could be grown by most farmers with profit.