

THE DOCTOR'S PERIL.

What can detain him? For the hundredth time Alice Stanley asked the question as she looked anxiously from the window. The black February day promised to be succeeded by fitting night. The sky was overcast and the wind blew in fitful gusts. Down in the village, a few lights began to glow in the gray gloom. With a little shiver, Alice dropped the curtain. I hope John won't be called out to night. We haven't had a single evening for our own, have we, baby? bending over the cradle.

Baby open his eyes and cooed, extending his dimpled hands, and Alice bent to lift him just as she heard a step which set her heart beating, as in the days when John Stanley was Alice Dunbar's lover. He burst into the room with a cheerfulness and ease engendered by the comforting conviction that in his own castle he could shake off the subdued professional manner, which was sometimes a little galling.

You have kept us very long, John, but we have consoled ourselves by thinking we shall have you all the evening.

I hope so,—heartily. Its going to be a very bad night, and it can't be any one will be ill-natured enough to send for the doctor. It is hard, birdie, to have so lonesome an eyrie for you. When I remember how I coaxed you from your uncle's to this Western hotel,

Alice had been putting supper upon the table; but at this she dropped the dishes and flew at him.

You bad, wicked boy, she said, shaking him and covering his face with kisses, if ever you utter such treason again, I shall punish you dreadfully. Oh, John, when I think of the old days at my uncle's when my heart was chilled by coldness and neglect, am I wicked enough to thank God because my uncle betrayed his trust and fled; for but for that you never would have told me you loved me. John, dear, when I think of my happiness as your wife, I almost tremble lest something come to mar it.

Forgive me, Alice, but it was for your sake I regretted the loss of the luxuries you must miss.

As if I ever had any luxury that compared to precious, sweet boy, snatching him away and ending the discussion.

Supper over, Dr. Stanley ensconced himself in the great crimson arm-chair and enthroned his son upon his knee, while Alice dropped the red curtains after one shivering glance at the black night, then, bringing her sewing, prepared to hear all the doctor had gathered up in his day's tour around the three villages. A great sigh of content welled from Dr. Stanley's heart as he contemplated the cosy room, his wife's fair face, and the smiling little one on his knee. No crowned king ever enjoyed greater happiness than is compassed by these four walls, he thought.

He was deep in a funny story, when a sharp knock checked the laugh on Alice's lips, and her eyes grew anxious as the little maid entered with the always dreaded yellow envelope. Dr. Stanley tore it open quickly and read:

"Come at once. Bad smashup. DENISON."

He placed the boy in the cradle, and quietly began his preparations. Alice was silent; she knew it was useless to attempt to dissuade her husband from doing what he deemed his duty nor was she woman to do it, yet there was a sharp pain at her heart which impelled her to say as he tenderly kissed the child: It will be dreadful going to Lorimer to-night, John.

Oh, I can stand it. I will be back as soon as possible. And now, good-by, Alice.

As he flung open the door, a violent gust of wind blew the snow into their faces.

Oh, John, cried his wife, in uncontrollable agitation, don't go! I feel as though something terrible were menacing you. I cannot let you go, I cannot!

Alice, he said, almost sternly, I never knew you to give way to this nonsense before. Would you not despise me were I selfishly to consult my own ease when these poor unfortunates need my aid? Go in, that's a good girl; nothing is wrong but your nerves.

A hurried embrace and he was gone. Alice barred the door and returned to the sitting-room, summoning her hand-maiden for company, but Patty's presence proved small comfort, for after the most commendable endeavors to appear wide awake, she tumbled ignominiously on the floor.

Never mind, Patty, it is near 12 time we were all asleep.

Dr. Stanley walked rapidly down to the village, quickening his step to a run as he heard a train whistle. That must be the 10:15, he said. He reached the station, panting, just as the cars dashed past him.

Bound for Lorimer Doc? said the station agent with a laugh. You're pretty badly left.

So it seems, panted the doctor, and there's not another to-night. Do you know anything of the accident there?

No. Has there been an accident? the laugh dying out. It's too bad you are left.

Will you lend me your bay, Jackson? I can ride over there.

With pleasure, doctor, but you don't mean—

Yes I do, said Stanley, harnessing up the powerful animal.

But, my God, doctor, there isn't a worse stretch from here to Denver. A mountain road, along precipices and chasms. Why, you are mad to think of it, even if there weren't a blizzard raging. Don't do it, Dr. Stanley.

Nonsense, Jackson, this storm will soon lift. Wish me a safe passage—Good night.

Stanley pursued his way for some time with considerable rapidity until he gained the opening between the peaks, when he was obliged to proceed with extreme caution. The darkness was oppressive; the intensely fierce cold chilled his very heart, the biting wind blew in terrible gusts, which broke the snow into atoms so fine that breathing was rendered exceedingly difficult. Every particle struck his face like a fine splinter. At length he halted, trembling anxiously as he tried to shield the match while he consulted his watch. But it was impossible to fan the feeble light and he resumed his way muttering:—

I have lost my way, I should be at Truitt's now.

He knew that on each side were yawning chasms and clefts, but how near he came to death, God alone knew. The whirling snow filled eyes and ears and nose, and his cut and bleeding skin caused him indescribable agony. The wind had redoubled its violence. He leaned forward and sought to shield himself from its fury by clasping his arms around the horse's neck. At that instant, the animal halted trembling from head to feet.

My God, we are lost! burst from Stanley. He was benumbed with cold, his breath came in gasps, and he felt that unless he could urge his horse forward, he must succumb. He was just making the attempt, when it flashed upon him that the instinct of the animal was warning it against danger unknown to the man.

He backed the horse cautiously, and then dismounting began to walk backward and forward by the animal's side, while the fury of the storm increased, and his steps became weaker and more uncertain, and the belief that death was near grew stronger in Stanley's soul.

He was sinking into the lethargy of despair when like a dream of heaven came the thought of Alice and her child; Alice whom he had coaxed into this wild land only to let her drink of the cup of happiness that she might know the bitterness of its dregs. Doubtless she was praying for him now, poor girl. Then he pictured her watching for his coming, day after day, while the shadows fell heavily and more heavily upon her dear face, and at last, some traveler would stumble upon him—and then—

He could go no farther with his imaginings. His heart seemed bursting and with a great effort he cried: Oh, save me, save me! Not for my sake, O merciful Father, but theirs!

Stiddy thar, Zeke! cried a voice, as two men came from an abrupt opening, and toiled along through the drifts. Gracious, we was wise to make a camp in that ere cross cut, wasn't we?

You said that afore, growled the

other, giving a vicious cut to the mule he was driving and whistling to the dog. Hyar, hyar!

Hillo, its a man and a horse; well-if it ain't Jackson's Clinker and Doc Stanley! Whar's the flask? You look after the boss.

It was high noon when the cavalcade halted before Lorimer hotel, and Stanley, rather pale and shaken, was helped into Dr. Denison's office. A few words put Denison in possession of the reasons for Stanley's delay and after Denison had telegraphed to Alice, he said:

Now could you come and look on my patients? The bucket in the St. Julian broke and eight men were injured, among them the owner, who just had come here. This is his room. Hopeless I think.

With all his professional control, Stanley could not repress a start as he gazed upon the face of the man lying helplessly there.

John Stanley, said the man have you come to gloat over me?

No, Mr. Danbar, however much you injured my wife, she and I for gave you freely long ago.

James Dunbar looked steadily into the young man's face.

Stanley he said, then God whom I once knew has sent you to me. Send for a lawyer, I can restore to Alice some of her own.

That night the soul of James Dunbar passed to its account; and two days later, Dr. Stanley returned home.

The joy of Alice can be imagined but when in the cosy evening hour with wife and child beside him, Stanley told her of his meeting with her uncle, her eyes filled as she thought of the terrible ending of the ill-spent life. Dear John, she began, but he stopped her.

Wait, Alice, and simply and yet with unconscious eloquence he told her of his terrible night ride.

She wept and shivered, and held him as though fearing even now he might be taken from her. Then she seized the baby and devoured him with kisses.

But haven't you anything to say, Alice?

Oh, my darling let us thank God!—*Springfield Republican.*

HOW THE BABY FIRST BEGAN TO TALK.

Oh, George! cried young Mrs. Merry, running to meet her husband at the door: I've something the best to tell you.

No! said George; what is it?

Why, don't you think—the baby can talk! Yes, sir, actually talk! He's said ever and ever so many things. Come right into the nursery and hear him.

George went in.

Now, baby, said mamma, persuasively, talk some for papa. Say how do you do, papa?

Goo, goo, goo, says baby.

Hear him! shrieks mamma, ecstatically. Wasn't that just as plain as can be?

George says it is, and tries to think so, too.

Now say, I'm glad to see you, papa.

Do, da, boo, bee, boo.

Did you ever? cries mamma. He can just say everything! Now you precious little honey bunny boy, say, Are you well, papa?

Boo, ba, de, goo, goo.

There it is, said mamma. Did you ever know a child of his age who could really talk as he does? He can just say anything he wants to; can't you, you own dear little darling precious?

Goo, goo, dee, dee, bi, goo.

Hear that? He says, Of course I can, just as plainly as anybody could say it. Oh, George, it really worries me to have him so phenomenally bright. These very brilliant babies nearly always die young.

HOUSEHOLD.

BAKED REED-BIRDS.—Clean and draw them nicely, season to suit the taste, and wrap each bird separately in a piece of pure white paper which has been well greased with good butter; put them in a pan and bake in a store-oven, or, what is better, if you have it, an old-fashioned Dutch oven. But the best way, according to our mind, is to take, say, one dozen prime reed-birds and as many potatoes as nearly of one size as possible as you have birds. Split the potatoes in halves, leaving the skins on, and with a knife

hollow out the heart or center of each until the cavity is large enough to suit the taste and put it in the hollow of the potato, placing the two halves of each together and securing them in place by means of small skewers, using two for each potato. When all the birds are thus prepared put them into a pan and bake them in the oven. When done you will have a dish to boast of. The potatoes absorb all the juices and steam as they escape from the bird in the cooking, so that nothing of the flavor that belongs to it is lost.

SCALLOPED.—Take fresh or canned tomatoes, 1 qu.; butter, 1-4 lb.; bread-crumbs, 1 lb.; brown sugar, 2 oz.; pepper, 1 teaspoonful, salt, 3 teaspoonfuls; onion (grated) 1. Put a layer of bread in a baking-dish, then a layer of peeled, sliced tomatoes, and cover with bits of butter, a little of the onion, pepper, salt, and sugar; then another layer of bread, and so on, having the last layer of bread and leaving enough of the pepper, etc., to sprinkle over it. Bake canned tomatoes three quarters of an hour, and fresh ones twice as long.

Green tomatoes are excellent either fried or stewed with vinegar, brown sugar, and a high seasoning of salt, pepper, and powdered spice.

MILK AS A SUMMER DIET.—A very important element of summer diet is milk, but it must be taken in moderation and carefully. Drink it slowly in small mouthfuls, and if there be any tendency to dyspepsia beat the milk a few moments to break the butter-globules and render it easier of digestion. Skimmed milk and fresh buttermilk are infinitely preferable to ice water as cooling and refreshing summer drinks. Ice-water dyspepsia is a complaint which is very general, though its cause is but little understood.

BEAN SALAD.—Wax beans make a delicious salad. Choose young beans, remove the strings, break in inch-long pieces, and cook in salt and water. While still warm cover them with a dressing of oil, vinegar, salt and pepper. Be sure and remember in mixing salads the old saying: A spendthrift for oil, a miser for vinegar, a wise man for salt and a mad man for mixing. Use at least twice as much oil as vinegar.

WHITE FRUIT CAKE.—One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, one pound of butter, one pound blanched almonds, three pounds citron, one grated cocoanut, flour and beef suet chopped fine, five well-beaten eggs, half a nutmeg grated, a little ginger or spice and some salt; roll out the paste, put it into a cloth, fill it with gooseberries and sugar and let it boil three hours. This is an English recipe.

SPONGE BISCUITS FOR DESSERT.—Take half a pound of flour, three-fourths pound sifted sugar. Beat the whites of six eggs by themselves, add the beaten yolks and toss them together. Put in them a little grated lemon peel, then the sugar, and flit well with an egg whip. Stir in the flour with a wooden spoon and put the mixture in small patty-pans to bake, with sifted sugar to glaze, sprinkled over the top.

HARICOT MUTTON.—Make a good gravy by boiling the trimmings, seasoning with pepper and salt. Strain, add carrots, parsnips and onions previously boiled tender. Slice them in then pepper and salt the mutton, boil it brown, put into the gravy along with the vegetables and stew together.

A PIE FOR DYSPEPTICS.—Four tablespoonfuls of oatmeal to one pint of water; let it stand for a few hours until the meal is swelled. Then add two large apples pared and sliced, one cup of sugar, and one tablespoon of flour and a little salt. Mix all well together and bake in a buttered dish. This makes a very fine dish, which may be eaten safely by the sick or well.

GOOSEBERRY PUDDING.—Make a paste of flour with one teaspoonful of cream or tartar in it, and beat two minutes; one-half cup of cold water with one-half teaspoonful of soda and a little salt in it, stir thoroughly, then add one cup of flour. Flavor with lemon.

LILY CAKE.—Two cups of sugar and one cup of butter mix'd together, one cup of sweet milk, one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar, whites of five eggs. Flour, and frost with chocolate frosting.

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Yessum, I have. He's the man that shot pap.

Oh, is he? I thought he was a stranger. Go back and talk to him if you want to.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

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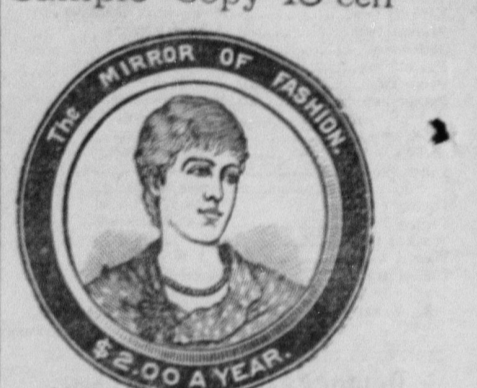
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