

The Doctor's Prescription.

"IF I COULD only find a four-leaved clover! Now I wonder who would come under it; nobody, probably—there's nobody to come; but then, if I were in town, I shouldn't be likely to find the clover, so it's about even. There's a pretty view of the interval; I mean to sketch it." And then she sat down on the grassy knoll, opened her sketch book, and attempted to carry her threat into execution. She worked away diligently for half an hour, when some one said over her shoulder, "You need somewhat heavier touches just there, if I may interpose. Don't you see how black the shadows fall?" "Dr. Gray!" cried Felicia. "How you startled me! How dare you look over my shoulder, sir? Don't you know how rude it is?" "How rude is it?" "So rude that if I weren't so glad to see you I should send you away. Where did you come from? Did you rain down with the sunbeams?" "Just now," he answered, "I came from Shell Beach, where my mother and sister and a few friends are wasting the summer hours; and there I heard that you were here."

would rather be a young man's slave than an old man's darling." "Which only shows your bad taste and inexperience. But you needn't worry; young or old, Dr. Arnold wouldn't waste a thought on such a chit as you—though you might thank your stars if he should—in spite of forty wigs." And Miss Sophy chuckled softly behind her tea-urn. "If he wouldn't waste a thought on me, why in the world do you try to make my mouth water? I'm sure I don't want to lead him into any such extravagance." Felicia placed her four-leaved clover over the front door that very night, and sat down to await the movements of Fate which we know are always stealthy and unexpected. Just now, certainly, Fate seemed in no hurry. A week passed without bringing any one in under the spell of the clover-leaf. Felicia had begun to despair, when a perfumed note from Dr. Gray arrived saying: "DEAR MISS FELICIA: Have you made the acquaintance of Dr. Arnold yet?—poor man. And how fares it with the four-leaved clover? I am delegated to present you with my sister's love—to which may I add my own?—and to request the pleasure of your company at Shell Beach any fine day this week. I should be most happy to call for you, but duty beckons in another direction. Yet I shall try to give myself a half-holiday should you consent to make it one. "Hopefully yours, "A. L. GRAY"

"Well," he said, after a pause, "when I marry I hope my wife will love nature." "I should rather she would love me, if I were you," she said, archly. "But wasn't it a joke? My drawing-master used to say to me, 'You are the most great big lover of de nature, Miss Felicie she do have; you do show of it in de every touch.'" "He was a flatterer," said Dr. Gray. "I thank you. Nobody can bring such an accusation against you." No one spoke for a full minute. "I think we had better go back to your mother," said Felicia then, somewhat crestfallen. "It must be almost time for Mr. Jones to come for me." "Oh, not so bad as that, I hope. I should give myself the pleasure of taking you home, but I have an engagement." "What a pity!" said Felicia, quite forgetting herself. "Where are you going?" "To see Miss Atherton?" "Oh!" cried Felicia, sharply, involuntarily, as if some one had struck her a blow, and biting her lips hard to keep the pain in. Miss Atherton had been a college flame of Dr. Gray's which his mother had succeeded in quenching; and here she was at Shell Beach, and here he was making engagements with her. "Is she—is she as beautiful as ever?" Felicia managed to ask. "Quite as beautiful." "Oh, how horrible it was! How she wished that she had not come to Shell Beach to spend the day, and to be made miserable! She would have been happier at home with her dream, though it were nothing but the dream of a dream. "I am quite anxious about her," Dr. Gray pursued. "Was he going to make her the confident of his love? It was more than flesh and blood could bear. "I thought," she faltered—"I thought that was all over," referring to his youthful fancy. "No, there has been a relapse," said the doctor, gravely, "and that, you know often proves fatal."

convinced I'm your Fate. I came in under the four-leaved clover." "So you did," laughed Felicia. "Has Miss Atherton—" remembering herself, and drawing away from the doctor's arms. "Yes, she has quite recovered; she rode out to-day for the first time." "Then she had been ill?" "After getting over a fever she had a relapse. I believe I told you before," he said, impatiently. "I believe you did; but I thought—that it was you who had a relapse. Thank you, Dr. Arnold, I will take your prescription."

The Blacksmith's Trick.

SOME time ago a gawky-looking individual entered a blacksmith's shop in a country town in Connecticut, and applied for a job in a voice in keeping with the stupidity of his physiognomy. His awkward, ungainly and uncouth personal appearance impressed the smiths with the idea that they saw before them an object of prospective merriment. So they quizzingly asked him if he could do all sorts of forging. Upon his answering affirmatively, the "boss," winking to the workmen, handed him a bar of cast-iron, and told him to try his hand at forging some horseshoes. The greeny, in his persevering efforts to make the treacherous metal stick afforded much amusement to the other smiths. When dinner-time came the greenhorn had not made much headway towards constructing a shoe, but he kept at work until the last man had gone to dinner; then suddenly dropping the bar of cast-iron, he made directly for one of the forges, and selected the best pair of tongs he could find, and in an incredibly short space of time, he had converted the jaws of the tongs into a perfect horse-shoe. Then he slipped along the next forge, and repeated the trick, and thus he left his compliments to the three forges. When the blacksmith and his three journeymen returned from dinner, they found the verdant-looking fellow astride of an anvil with a mournful, disconsolate, woe-begone countenance comical to behold. He was greeted with a boisterous shout of laughter, coupled with the inquiry "How do you get along making horseshoes? Ain't you sorry you learned the trade?" The object of their jest replied, "I've knocked out three shoes, all 'cept cutting off the spurs. Then he held the tongs or rather what were once before their tongs, before their astonished gaze. As the idea that they had been victimized gradually dawned on the minds of these disciples of Vulcan, their lengthened and ludicrous visages were interesting to behold. Like the profane man, when the hind board of his cart came out as he was driving up hill with a load of apples, and scattered his cargo along the road, so with them—swearing couldn't do justice to their feelings. It turned out that the verdant-looking chap was "boss" blacksmith in a New Haven shop, and was considered one of the best workmen in the country."

How a Clerk Got Promoted.

The Troy Times tells this story of Col. James H. Hooker, an eccentric character, who died in that city some twenty years ago: "A remarkable man was Col. Hooker, and very eccentric withal. At times he would fairly boil over with passion, and was very violent in his speech and action. Yet he was a just man, and directed his fury against what he believed to be wrong and rascally. It is related of him that having a dispute with one of his clerks, the latter would not yield the point in issue to him, whereupon the Colonel undertook to put his stubborn employee out of his office. But the clerk was too much for the irate Colonel, and in the melee the old man was laid upon his back, and his countenance rather unpleasantly tapped. Rising from his position, he proceeded to wash his battered countenance, brushed his clothes carefully, and, seating himself, asked the victorious clerk to come to him and report. Said he: "A pretty thing you've done, sir; got your self into a bad scrape; committed assault and battery; lied your employer. This shows that there's some stuff in you, miserable sinner, and now, you infernal scamp, I am going to pay you for it. You are discharged from the desk you now hold, and to-morrow morning I want you to take a place next to me, and hereafter act as my confidential clerk, with your salary increased \$250. That's all; now go about your business." The clerk thus promoted held the confidential position assigned him many years during the remainder of the Colonel's lifetime, and never had to whip his employer again to get an advance of salary."

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