In the Matter of Archie Gray.

BY WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE, IN THE BOHEMIAN.

SHE had been telling him about young Archie Gray, and he had been listening with that smiling condescension the successful lover of thirty feels toward the defeated lad of one and twenty.

"It was such a blow to him," she confided. "I was so sorry for the poor fellow that——"

"You promised to be a sister to him. Wasn't that it?" he interrupted.

"Don't laugh, Harry. You wouldn't if you had seen how hard he took it, and yet how nice he was about it. He said he didn't want me to reproach myself, that I hadn't given him any encouragement. He just loved me because he couldn't help it. Wasn't that a nice way of putting it? I don't believe you ever said anything as sweet as that to me."

"No, I suppose not," he murmured gloomily.

"He was so eager to convince me I could learn to love him that he grew quite eloquent."

"A very Daniel! A Daniel Webster come to court," he interpolated.

"In fact he wouldn't listen to an explanation. All I could say was yes and no at intervals."

"You said too much. All he wanted you to say was yes," he grinned.

"And then he told me that he loved me more than life, and that through all eternity he would care for none but me. Wasn't he silly?" she concluded softly. She did not think so, but she wanted him to contradict her.

"Very," assented the well-satisfied one cordially. "Ridiculous on the face of it. Nobody but a half-grown boy in the calf age——"

"Harry!" There was both sadness and reproof in the tone. "I didn't think you would say that—you of all men. Don't you remember when you told me that my eyes were——"

"For Heaven's sake don't mention it," he interrupted hastily, looking around in alarm. "Suppose somebody should hear. I never claimed to be perfect. Let bygones be bygones."

"And now you can't understand another talking the same way. Even if you have forgotten so soon it's not very nice to say so," she told him with a beseeching, wistful tenderness.

"But you asked me—and of course I had to tell the truth," he explained with unsmiling eyes.

"Oh, bother the truth! I hate people who are always telling it when it is unpleasant—for other people's good, of course."

"I hope the converse of the proposition is true—that you love those who are sparing of it. I have always found it wise to use it with the strictest economy. I quite agree with you that truth is a much over-rated virtue. Give me for choice one of the good-natured, kind-hearted liars."

They seemed to have come to the end of the road, conversationally speaking, and now she harked back to the order of the day.

"He's very much in earnest."

"So is my sister's baby when he cries," he murmured.

"And just the nicest boy I know."

"They can't both be the nicest. My sister says her child is the paragon of infants."

She asked pleasantly whether the child took after his uncle, and he informed her that he must diffidently admit such to be the case. She said "Oh!" An interjection is a very expressive part of speech.

The subject of Archibald Gray, Rejected Lover, seemed to fascinate her as a topic of conversation.

"He's not so very strong, either," was her next opening.

"Not at all young for a baby—ten months yesterday. He'll be a man before his mother," the unsympathetic one answered promptly.

"You know well enough I mean Archie Gray," she pouted.

"Oh, I beg pardon. Thought you were referring to my nephew. No, the other infant is not so very young. I don't know anybody who is growing older any faster than he is. But when it comes to considering him as a lover—wouldn't it be well to tell him to go get a reputation?"

"Thank you. I don't want a lover who is gray at the business without having been able to find a girl to marry him."

"Archie Bald Gray sounds ancient enough," he soliloquized.

She refused to be placated by his wretched pun and tilted her chin into the air a trifle further.

"One would think that a certain proficiency and delicacy in love-making would come to a man with experience," he suggested.

"I don't see it, sir. The first strong and abiding love of a true heart—"

"Was that what he said?" inquired the man with interest.

"Never mind, sir. I'm sorry I told you about him at all. I thought you would understand, but you seem quite heartless."

"I am. The organ in question is dangling at a young woman's belt—along with Archie's."

"You know you don't mean that," she said softly.

"Don't I? Thought I did."

"But I like you to pretend, even if you don't mean it. Do you find it much trouble?"

He leaned forward in his chair and smiled. "Not the slightest in the world. The hard thing is to keep away from the subject. When I am not saying it I'm looking it."

"Oh, I don't know. It led to you," she protested. "You are too hard on yourself."

She loked at him suspicously and his face was so serenely innocent that she convicted him on the spot of laughing at her. To punish him she recommenced on the R. L.

"Archie Gray says—"

"Hang Archie Gray!"

"I believe you're jealous," she ventured tentatively.

"I know I am," he smiled. "With youth, good looks, and plenty of cheek, how far can one not go?"

She moved over and rumpled his hair caressingly.

"You poor old shy, homely—"

"That's enough," he frowned severely. "I would have you know it is your future husband you are slandering, madam."

"And who has a better right than I? What do you suppose I am going to marry you for?"

"To get rid of me, I suppose," he answered meekly. "But be careful; I have not yet said the fatal word 'obey.' Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

She smiled sweetly at him. It was one of her ways when she was about to plant one of her darts.

"Archie Gray—"

He groaned. "Can't we talk about something more interesting than Archie?"

"As what?"

"My native modesty forbids——"

"You vain man!"

"Forbids me to believe for a moment——"

"You meant yourself. You know you did."

"That Archie and I——"

"You did, you did. There's no use trying to get out of it."

"Trot in the same class but while Archie's enslaver is here——"

"Hear, hear! Go on. You're doing nobly."

"Let us consign Archie and his memory to the limbo of—of——"

"Forgetfulness."

"Of forgetfulness, and drink the nectar of gods from Venus' eyes, for here in a single look all heaven lies."

He struggled to his feet from the deep chair and bowed with an elaborate imitation of old-time reverence over the little hand extended him to kiss.

She clapped her hands. "Bravo! Poetry, too. Eyes—lies. I didn't think you had it in you." Then, suspiciously, "I think you said something about experience a minute ago in connection with proficiency in—such things. At your age I suppose——"

She did not finish, but the implication was plain.

"Not very much," he said complacently. "I presume every man has to experiment a bit before he finds his other self. Happily nice girls don't go through that mill, however."

"Don't they?" She said it carelessly enough, but something in the tone struck him and he looked up in time to catch a curious little smile on her face.

"No, of course not," he said with emphasis.

She maintained an expressive silence.

"The average man makes light love a score of times, but we cannot conceive of the budding rose of woman in such a connection without feeling a sense of loss irreparable," he said with dignity.

"Do the men you speak of make love to each other?" she asked with a little laugh. "Or to each other's sisters?"

She looked at him with a swift, tantalizing smile that set him on the tenter-hooks of apprehension.

"What do you mean?" he asked suspiciously.

"I mean that men have not quite a monopoly on folly," she told him generously. "Doubtless we have all made our little slips."

Somehow he had lost his serene complacency, and she was wearing it with manifest enjoyment.

"I am not afraid of your slips," he laughed nervously. "I know you have been quite free from—from that sort of thing."

She smiled again and looked at him with a roguish challenge in her eyes. "How do you know?" the dimples in her cheek seemed to be asking.

"I have implicit confidence in you—the utmost confidence," he reiterated severely.

"So I had in you, but it seems I was wrong," she said demurely.

"That is quite different," he protested hotly. "In your case I should consider it desecration for—But what is the use of talking? You are only trying to tease me. We both know that."

He waited for her to reassure him, but she only laughed a gay little ripple of amusement.

"Such faith is really touching. It is beautiful, but you must remember we are not angels, only very human women. Besides, without us you men would find it impossible to—to carry on your flirtations."

He rose from his seat and began to walk nervously up and down the room, while she followed him with smiling eyes. Presently he stopped aggressively in front of her chair.

"Ella!"

"My Lord," she murmured, with hands folded meekly in front of her.

"Do you mean that you have ever done that sort of thing?"

"What sort of thing, my liege?"

"You know what I mean—the kind of thing that other girls do?"

Her face was radiant. "If you would explain more definitely——"

"Were you ever—kissed—for instance?"

Her eyes fluttered to the ground. He saw that she was blushing furiously and dared not look up.

"Were you?"

No answer.

"Were you, Ella?"

"Yes—once." It was so low he scarce caught the words.

"Tell me about it."

"There is not much to tell."

"Then you can tell it the easier."

"Better not ask."

"But I do ask. Please!"

"You will not like it."

"That is for me to judge."

"Well, we were—alone—in a parlor—and——"

"Yes?" His voice was strained.

"The usual thing happened."

"The usual thing?" he gasped.

"Yes, the usual preliminaries to the light love-making you have mentioned. If you have practiced it a score of times in order to acquire the—proficiency and delicacy—weren't they the words you used?—then you don't need me to specify."

"Go on," he comanded hoarsely.

"There really isn't much to tell. He said he never had met so sweet a girl as I was, that I was as pretty as I was good, and just the kind of girl he liked."

"And then?"

"Then he insisted on kissing me. I didn't much want to, but—"

"But you let him?"

"Well, he made such a point of it and I thought one kiss was no such great matter."

"Of course not."

"I told him that I wasn't in the habit of being kissed by young men, that I had never before, but—"

"But for this once—" he sneered bitterly.

"Yes, for just this once—I'm glad, dear, that you're able to understand and sympathize with me out of your abundant experience. I never would have dared to tell you but for that," she confided.

He groaned in spirit at the advantage his complacent idiocy had given her.

"Well, he would do it, so—not to be horrid—I let him, and then I—"

"Well?"

"He had the loveliest brown hair and eyes, and the dearest mouth. I think I must have been a teeny bit in love with him, for—"

"You don't get much forrarder," he cried impatiently.

"Promise not to be mad, Harry—I—kissed—him."

"I suppose that's all," he said with grim irony.

"Yes, that's all," she answered regretfully. "He couldn't stay any longer because his nurse had to take him walking. He was the sweetest little fellow, just turned five."

From sheer inability to express himself the well-satisfied one was silent. His emotions were a blend of anger, relief, delight, chagrin, shame. Presently he laughed ruefully, and said with apologetic air:

"Faith, my queen, 'twas a bad five minutes you gave me. I suppose the punishment was made to fit the crime."

"Exactly, sir. Don't you think you deserved it?" Then her laugh rang out gleefully. "You silly boy! Do you think if there had been anything of importance to tell I should have sat there and answered meekly all your impertinent questions?"

"I suppose I was an arrogant," he smiled.

She was counting the buttons on his coat, twisting them round and round, and he—well, under the circumstances he was willing to have the situation prolonged, even if he had to go home buttonless. He liked that air of proprietorship in a girl; that is, in the right girl, of course.

"The fact is you had worried me," he admitted.

"You thought me a brazen hussy?" she asked.

He smiled. "No, I didn't think that. I was in the anxious seat because I did not seem to be the first. Shouldn't be surprised if it was good for me. But I didn't think you had it in you, little rogue."

"You see I have. Better draw back while there is time."

"I can't. Fe'len in over my ears, and I don't even want to get out. Guess we belong, don't we, dear?"

She nodded. "Yes, we belong."

And if Archie Gray had seen what followed he would have groaned mightily in spirit.

JONAS LONG'S SONS.

Today the Great Four-Day Spring Sale Commences. This sale will give the people of Scranton an opportunity to save money and at the same time buy the new Spring Goods.

SPRING SALE 1901

Every item advertised during this great sale will be sold at from 10 to 50 per cent. below regular prices.

Red Price Ticket will make it easy to find the advertised goods.

Dress Goods.

All wool Novelty Dress Goods, in plain, mixed colors, plaids, checks, stripes and small neat designs, good variety of shades; considered good value at 34c. **Sale Price, 23 cents.**

Fine quality Wool Cashmere, 36 and 45 inches wide, specially adapted for shirt waists or house wrappers. It is a heavy quality with a soft, mellow finish, and comes in all the new spring shades. **Sale Price, 23 cents.**

54-inch all-wool Victoria Suiting, made of best yarn and guaranteed fast dye, in a beautiful line of colors. **Four-Day Sale Price, 45 cents.**

42-inch all-wool worsted Serges, steam sponged and shrunk, ready for use; guaranteed to wear; will not spot. Regular value, 60 cents. **Sale Price, 48 cents.**

50-inch Canadensis Whipcord, 48-inch Melrose Suitings in all the new spring shades, including black. Regular value, $1.25. **Sale Price, 89 cents.**

Silks.

24-inch Twill Foulards, $1.00 quality.
24-inch Satin Foulards, $1.25 quality.
21-inch Louisine, $1.25 quality.
24-inch Peau de Savant, $1.00 quality.
21-inch Colored Poplins, $1.00 quality.
21-inch Hemstitched Satin Stripe, $1.00 quality.

Special Four-Day Price, 89c

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Heavy Cord and Habitai Silk, also Silk Pongee Stripes, in white, red, pink, turquoise, grey, black and white; regular value, 50c. Sale price..... **39c**

45-inch all pure silk stripe satin Grenadines, in several widths and stripes. Sale price..... **89c**

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45-inch Black Grenadines, in plain and fancies, three styles in neat designs; regular value, $1.50. Sale price..... **69c**

Suitings—Special 63-inch heavy all wool Cheviot Serge, specially adapted for tailor gowns. Sale price..... **$1**

Tailor-Made Suits, Separate Skirts, Children's Reefer Coats.

Ladies' Black Pebble Cheviot Suits—Double breasted jackets, taffeta silk lined and silk faced, one-quarter inch taffeta bands, with six rows of stitching; skirts, percaline lined, graduated flounce and taffeta band, same as jacket. Real value of these suits is $15.00. Four days' sale price..... **$10**

Ladies' Eton Suits—Made of covert cloth; jacket is silk lined, has L'Aiglon collar, bishop sleeve; the skirt is of flounce design. This suit comes in blue, tan and grey. Regular value, $13.50. Sale price..... **$8.98**

Ladies' Separate Skirts—Made of imported Cheviot Serge, black only. This skirt is of the seven-gore cut, is made with full flare and has seven stitched bands of ribbon. Regular value is $10.00 Sale price..... **$6.98**

Children's Reefer Coats—This coat is made with sailor collar and is tastefully trimmed with braid; the colors are red, blue, brown and tan. Regular price is $2.00. Four days' sale price..... **$1.49**

Muslin Underwear.

Ladies' fine muslin Drawers, hemstitched with yoke band; good quality, well made; worth 19c. Sale price. **14c**

Ladies' fine cambric Corset Covers, square neck; worth 10c. Sale price..... **6c**

Ladies' seersucker Skirts, fast colors, made with double ruffle and tuck; worth 95c each. Sale price.... **69c**

Infants' fine Slips, made of fine cambric and long cloth, embroidered yoke gathered at the neck; French style. Regular price 25c. Sale price..... **20c**

Ribbons.

One and one-half inch extra quality Satin and Gros Grain Ribbons in all shades. Sale price..... **9c**

Two, and two and-one-half inch extra quality Satin and Gros Grain Ribbons in all shades. Sale price..... **13c**

Five inch all-silk metallic finish Taffeta Ribbons at the extraordinary sale price..... **15c**

Three and one-half inch extra quality Satin and Gros Grain Ribbons in all shades. Sale price..... **18c**

Linens, Etc.

Large assortment of White Goods ranging in value from 6 to 8 cents. Sale price..... **4¾c**

30-inch wide India Linen, a plain white, good loom. Regular value, 10c. Sale price..... **7c**

Bleached Twilled Crash, 18 inches wide. Four Days' Sale Price..... **2⅞c**

Carpets.

Nothing so interesting to housewives as this: Our entire line of Tapestry Brussels Carpet, made lined and laid, with a discount of 10 per cent. from regular prices during this Great Four-Day Spring Sale only.

Will also continue the special price for four days on Bigelow Body Brussels, made, laid and lined.. **$1.19**

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Table Damask, 58 inches, good, firmly woven cloth. Sale price,

23 cents.

Full size Honeycomb White Bedspread, Marseilles pattern. Four Days' Sale Price,

69 cents.

Jonas Long's Sons.

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We have imported from Holland 2,500 large **Hardy Hybrid Rose Bushes,** which we will give free to our customers

THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY,

Under the Following Conditions:

With a Purchase of $1.00, 1 Rose Bush
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No customer will receive more than 5 rose bushes. The quality and varieties are the most desirable two years old bushes that we are capable of selecting, and with proper care, will blossom this season.

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General Washington.
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MEARS & HAGEN, 415-417 Lacka. Avenue

FOR AND ABOUT DOCTORS.

The New Cult.

There's a wonderful doctor in Gooseberry town,
Named Agathe Alice Angelica Brown.
But what's in a name? Hath our Shakespeare not said
That the rose that is yellow or orange or red,
May be just as exquisite and delicate too,
As the rose that is purple or pea-green or blue?
It was so in this case. And yet Agathe Brown
Was proud of her name and her fame and her gown.
And she was linguacious and proud to parade
The position she held in that mighty crusade.
That she waged against doctors who fill you with drugs
From their marvelous boxes and bottles and jugs,
And it fell to my lot as I went up and down,
To stop over Sunday in Gooseberry town.
And it fell to my lot on that day to fall sick
With an ailment that harried me like the old Nick,
And as no other doctor was known in the town,
The great Agathe Alice Angelica Brown
Was summoned in haste and came to my room
Looking happy and sweet as a lotus in bloom,

Full-jeweled and cased in a mantle of fur,
And a robe to be envied by even Ben Hur.
And I told her straightway, and in words blunt and plain,
That I just wanted something to wallop my pain;
That I didn't care that (-) for the wrangle of schools,
And I cared a deal less for the college-bred fools,
With the grace of a mermaid she laid off her cloak,
And divested herself of her tippet and toque,
And sat down beside me, and, closing her eyes,
Looking wondrously solemn and witchingly wise,

She lapsed into silence—a virtue unknown
To some of her sex—and I stifled the groan
That rose to my lips like a wave of the sea,
From the ventral dissensions then raging in me,
For tormina tortured my intestals there
And made me just ready to curse and to swear,

I glowered at her, and she stalled back at me
As much as to say, "It's all right, don't you see?"
Until in mazement, I finally said—
"For heaven's sake, madam, don't wait till I'm dead,

But do something for me, this minute, right now,
This pain cuts up like a two-shoveled plow."
"Be silent and restful a moment," she said,
With a wave of her hand and a toss of her head.
Then relapsing again into silence, she sat
In magnificent pose like my grandmother's cat,
Then I blurted out hotly, and said in despair,
"Give me something to ease me; don't sit there and stare!
Bring a mule in to kick me; put a knife to my throat;
Get a battering ram or an old billy goat,

And batter my brains out; get a threshing machine
And thresh this thing out of my liver and spleen!
Do any old thing in the world and be quick;
Get up and do something; I tell you I'm sick!"
Then she opened her eyes and her half pouting lips
And smiled like the sun coming out of eclipse.
And she murmured and twittered in sweet winning ways,
Pinning roses of rhetoric onto each phrase,
'Till at last, quite confounded, I lay back and had
A horrid suspicion—The woman was mad!

For she rolled on in speech, like the waves of the sea,
And hurled the whole body of doctrine at me.
And wound up by saying: "There's nothing but that,
When you think you are sick, it is proof that you are not.
A little reflection will make it all plain:
That no man or woman can ever have pain;
It's a myth and delusion, a trick of your that,
When you think you have pain, it is proof you have not.
It is only depravity thwarting the truth,
Planting tares in the garden and highway of youth.

Coming back to first principles, now don't you see
There is nothing but that? And that that makes us free.
As free as the light, which is only a that,
For light is so gross that you know it is not,
The Immanent soul take cognition, you see,
And the Eminent goes; and these two thats agree.
So the reason is plain, and, it needs but a word
To show that your notion of pain is absurd.
To prove it, I'll hold you in that for a spell
And your notion will vanish, and all will be well."

When she rose, she looked round and said—Hold on to that
When you think you are sick, it is proof you are not."
Reattired, she stood for a moment or two,
Looking off into space—then without more ado
Shook her feathers and walked to the half-open door,
And paused on the threshold to tell me once more:
"You think you are sick, but you see you are not,
Just keep that in mind and just hold to the that."
Her steps died away and I heard them no more,
But the bartender came and looked in at the door.

And bowing profoundly, he said with a wink,
"When I has the colic, I takes a big drink.
A big horn of brandy, or hot whisky stew,
Is about the right thing, sir, I'm thinking, for you."
He brought me a pitcher of hot, steaming stuff,
And said there was more, if that wasn't enough.
And I filled myself up on the hell-broth he brought,
And have always rejoiced at the miracle wrought.
Next day I received from the doctor a note,
With a bill for ten dollars; and sat down and wrote,

"Tit for tat is a maxim as old as the sphinx;
I am quite well today, but I paid for the drinks.
Yet still I am mindful of all that you said
As you talked me to death on a pain tortured bed.
And what you there told me, of course, must be true,
So I hand your philosophy all back to you:
If I was not sick there was nothing to cure,
And that being so—then the fact is dead sure
Your bill is a humbug; there is nothing but that,
When you think you want money, it's proof you do not.

—W. Roby, M. D., in Medical Arena.

Why He Prospered.

A certain man was hanged, that he died. And he had two sons, honest men.

Now, one of the sons was a blacksmith. But the other became a physician. And after that their father had been taken from them these brothers made their homes in other lands.

And the blacksmith would have prospered. But it befell that one asked him how his father made end. And the blacksmith, looking angrily upon him, answered, "He was hung." For the blacksmith was an honest man.

Howbeit, presently, when a loiter was missing, men gathered and hanged the blacksmith, saying: "This man must take after his father." So the blacksmith did take after his father, but whether he caught up with him the tale telleth not.

And at the same time, in his own city, one inquired of the physician by what means his father died. And the physician covered his face and wept.

But while he wept he considered, saying within himself: "If I say, 'He was hanged,' then shall I shock this man and give him pain, and it is my office to relieve pain. Nevertheless I must tell the truth."

He said, therefore, "My father died of heart failure." And again he wept, the questioner weeping with him.

Then, this being told, men said, "Doubtless, since his father died of heart failure, this good physician and loving son hath made study of kindred diseases." So they resorted unto him.

And the physician became a specialist. And he looked at them who come, and coughed once and sneezed twice, and demanded one hundred dollars. And they gave gladly, for the physician was an honest man.—Lippincott's Medical Annual.

Taking Advantage of the Occasion.

There was a very ancient and learned medical man in Chicago, who had a very large following. One day a gentleman from Texas came to his office to be examined in order to find out whether something was the matter with him. When he came into the room he found all the chairs occupied. When he finally was ushered into the doctor's private office, he said: "Doctor, I have come from Texas in order to have you examine me." The doctor said: "Let me feel your pulse." The Texan then said: "Doctor, I am very much concerned about myself—" "Stick out your tongue." The man was very much disconcerted, but he waited until the doctor sat down and handed him a prescription with the words, "Two dollars, please." The Texan paid the two dollars, but didn't like it at all. He went downstairs to the drug store and said to the clerk, "Are there any first-class doctors in this town?" The clerk said, "There are half a dozen upstairs." "I have been there. I came all the way from Texas in order to be examined and find out whether there is anything the matter with me." The druggist looked at him and said: "There is a doctor here by the name of Billings, who has just begun practice; you had better go down and see him." The man went down and was unfortunate enough to tell Billings what treatment he had received at the other office. Billings then made him take off every stitch of clothing, chased him around the room, pounded him and pinched him, examined his heart, and his lungs, etc. He spent an hour and a half in examining the man. When he got through he said: "There is nothing the matter with you; you're all right." The man then said to him: "Doctor, you have made me the happiest man in the world; what is the bill?" Billings told him $100, which the man very gladly paid, thanking the doctor most profusely. —Exchange.

When Does the Doctor Sleep?

People forget that the doctor needs rest and sleep as well as his patron. In many cases a person taken sick will suffer all day and the doctor will be called late in the evening, perhaps just after he has retired after a long day's labor. He might just as well have been called in the afternoon or early evening.

The following little anecdote has two morals, and the readers of The Healthy Home are bright enough to appreciate both of them:

A Boston physician was called out of a sound slumber the other night to answer the telephone. "Hello! what is it?" he asked, little pleased at the idea of leaving his comfortable bed. "Baby is crying, doctor, what shall I do?" came across the wire. "Oh, perhaps it's a pin," suggested the doctor, recognizing the voice of a young mother, one of his patients. "No," was the reply: "I'm sure it can't be that." "Perhaps he has the colic," returned the doctor, with well simulated solicitude. "No, I don't think so," replied the mother, "he doesn't act that way." "Then perhaps he's hungry," as a last resort. "Oh, I'll see," came across the wire; and then all was still. The doctor went back to bed and was soon asleep again. About half an hour afterward he was awakened by the violent ringing of the telephone bell, jumping out of bed and placing the receiver to his ear, he was cheered by the following message: "You are right, doctor, baby was hungry."—Healthy Home.