

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

By Ian MacLaren.

I A GENERAL PRACTITIONER.

Drumtochy was accustomed to break every law of health, except wholesome food and fresh air, and yet had reduced the Psalmist's farthest limit to an average life-rate. Our men made no difference in their clothes for summer or winter, Drumsheugh and one or two of the larger farmers condescending to a topcoat on Sabbath, as a penalty of their position, and without regard to temperature. They wore their blacks at a funeral, refusing to cover them with anything, out of respect to the deceased, and standing longest in the kirkyard when the north wind was blowing across a hundred miles of snow. If the rain was pouring at the junction, then Drumtochy stood two minutes longer through sheer native dourness till each man had a cascade from the tail of his coat, and hazarded the suggestion, half-way to Kildrummie, that it had been "a bit scrowie;" a "scrowie" being as far short of a "shoor" as a "shoor" fell below "wee't."

This sustained defiance of the elements provoked occasional judgments in the shape of a "hoast" (cough), and the head of the house was then exhorted by his women folk to "change his feet" if he had happened to walk through a "urn" on his way home, and was pestered generally with sanitary precautions. It is right to add that the gudeman treated such advice with contempt, regarding it as suitable for the effeminity of towns, but not seriously intended for Drumtochy. Sandy Stewart "napped" stones on the road in his shirt sleeves, wet or fair, summer and winter, till he was persuaded to retire from active duty at eighty-five, and he spent ten years more in regretting his hastiness and criticising his successor. The ordinary course of life, with fine air and contented minds, was to do a full share of work till seventy, and then to look after "orra" (odd) jobs well into the eighties, and to "slip awa'" within sight of ninety. Persons above ninety were understood to be acquitting themselves with credit, and assumed airs of authority, brushing aside the opinions of seventy as immature, and confirming their conclusions with illustrations drawn from the end of last century.

When Hillocks' brother so far forgot himself as to "slip awa'" at sixty, that worthy man was scandalized, and offered laborious explanations at the "beeral."

"It's an awfu' business ony way ye look at it, an' a sair trial tae us a'. A' never heard tell o' sic a thing in oor family afore, an' it's no easy accountin' for't."

"The gudewife was sayin' he was never the same sin a weat night he lost himself on the muir and slept below a bush; but that's neither here nor there. A'm thinkin' he sapped his constitution tae tae years he was grievous (steward) about England. That was thirty years syne, but ye're never the same aifter that foreign climax."

Drumtochy listened patiently to Hillocks' apology, but was not satisfied.

"It's clean havers about the muir. Losh keep's (Lord keep us), we've a sleepit oot and never been a hair the waur."

"A' admit that England might hae done the job; it's no cannie stravagin' (strolling) ony way frae place tae place, but Drums never complained tae me as if he had been nippin' in the South."

The parish had, in fact, lost confidence in Drums after his wayward experiment with a potato-digging machine, which turned out a lamentable failure, and his premature departure confirmed our vague impression of his character.

"He's awa' noo," Drumsheugh summed up, after opinion had time to form; "an' there were waur folk than Drums, but there's nae doot he was a wee' flichty."

When illness had the audacity to attack a Drumtochy man, it was described as a "whup," and was treated by the men with a fine negligence. Hillocks was sitting in the post office one afternoon when I looked in for my letters, and the right side of his face was blazing red. His subject of discourse was the prospects of the turnip "breer," but he casually explained that he was waiting for medical advice.

"The gudewife is keepin' up a ding-dong frae mornin' till night aboot ma face and a'm fair deaved (deafened), so a'm watchin' for MacLure tae get a bottle as he comes west (west); yon's him noo."

The doctor made his diagnosis from horseback on sight, and stated the result with that admirable clearness which endeared him to Drumtochy.

"Confound ye, Hillocks, what are ye plouterin' about here for in the weat wi' a face like a boiled beet? Div ye no ken that ye've a titch o' the rose (erysipelas), and ocht tae be in the hoose? Gae hame wi' ye afore a' leave the bit, and send a haffin (half-grown; a child) for some medicine. Ye donner idiot, are ye-etlin' (intending) tae follow Drums afore yir time?" And the medical attendant of Drumtochy continued his invective till Hillocks started, and still pursued his retreating figure with medical directions of a simple and practical character.

"A'm watchin', an' petty ye if ye pit aff time. Keep yir bed the mornin', and dinna show yir face in the fields till a' see ye. A'll gie ye a cry on Monday—sic an' auld fule—but there's no ane o' them tae mind anither in the hale parish."

Hillocks' wife informed the kirkyard that the doctor "gied the gudeman an' awfu' clearin'"; and that Hillocks "was keepin' the hoose," which meant that the patient had tea breakfast, and at that time was wandering about the farm buildings in an easy undress with his head in a plaid.

It was impossible for a doctor to earn even the most modest competence from a people of such scandalous health, and so MacLure had annexed neighboring par-

ishes. His house—little more than a cottage—stood on the roadside among the pines towards the head of our Glen, and from this base of operations he dominated the wili glen that broke the wall of the Gramplians above Drumtochy—where the snowdrifts were twelve feet deep in winter, and the only way of passage at times was the channel of the river—and the moorland district westwards till he came to the Dunleith sphere of influence, where there were four doctors and a hydropathic. Drumtochy in its length, which was eight miles, and its breadth, which was four, lay in his hand; besides a glen behind, unknown to the world, which in the night time he visited at the risk of life, for the way thereto was across the big moor with its peat holes and treacherous bogs. And he held the land eastwards toward the Muirtoon so far as Geordie. The Drumtochy post travelled every day, and could carry word that the doctor was wanted. He did his best for the need of every man, woman, and child in this wild, straggling district, year in, year out, in the snow and in the heat, in the dark and in the light, without rest, and without holiday for forty years.

One horse could not do the work of this man, but we liked best to see him on his old white mare, who did the week after her master, and the passing of the two did our hearts good. It was not that he rode beautifully, for he broke every canon of art, flying with his arms, stooping till he seemed to be speaking into Jess's ears, and rising in the saddle beyond all necessity. But he could ride faster, stay longer in the saddle, and had a firmer grip with his knees, than any one I ever met, and it was all for mercy's sake. When the reapers in harvest time saw a figure whirling past in a cloud of dust, or the family at the foot of Glen Urtach, gathered round the fire on a winter's night, heard the rattle of a horse's hoofs on the road, or the shepherds, out after the sheep, traced a black speck moving across the snow to the upper glen, they knew it was the doctor, and, without being conscious of it, wished him God speed.

Before and behind his saddle were strapped the instruments and medicines the doctor might want, for he never knew what was before him. There were no specialists in Drumtochy, so this man had to do everything as best he could, and as quickly. He was chest doctor and doctor for every other organ as well; he was accoucheur and surgeon; he was oculist and aurist; he was dentist and chloroformist, besides being chemist and druggist. It was often told how he was far up Glen Urtach when the feeders of the threshing mill caught young Burnbrae, and how he only stopped to change horses at his house, and galloped all the way to Burnbrae, and flung himself off his horse and amputated the arm, and saved the lad's life.

"You wud hae thoct that every meenut was an hour," said Jamie Soutar, who had been at the threshing, "an' a'll never forget the puir lad lying as white as deith on the floor o' the lof, wi' his head on a sheaf, an' Burnbrae haudin' the bandage tight an' prayin' a' the while, and the mither greetin' in the corner."

"Will he never come?" she cries, an' a' heard the sound o' the horse's feet on the road a mile awa in the frosty air.

"The Lord be praised!" said Burnbrae, and a' slippit doon the ladder as the doctor came skeipin' intae the cloze, the foam frae his horse's mouth.

"What is he? we's a' that passed his lips an' in five meenuts he had him on the feedin' board, and wes at his work—sic wark, neeburs—but he did it weel. An' ae thing a' thoct rae thoctfu' o' him: he first set aff the laddie's mitier tae get a bed ready."

"Noo that's feenished, and his constitution 'ill dae the rest, and he carried the lad doon the ladder in his arms like a bairn and laid him in his bed, and waits aside him till he was sleepin', and then says he: 'Burnbrae, yir a' gey lad never tae say 'Collie, will ye lick?' for a hevna tasted meat for sixteen hours."

"It was mighty tae see him come intae the yaird that day, neeburs; the verra look o' him was victory."

Jamie's cynicism slipped off in the enthusiasm of this reminiscence, and he expressed the feeling of Drumtochy. No one sent for MacLure save in great straits, and the sight of him put courage in sinking hearts.

But this was not by the grace of his appearance, or the advantage of a good bedside manner. A tall, gaunt, loosely made man, without an ounce of superfluous flesh on his body, his face burned a dark brick color by constant exposure to the weather, red hair and beard turning grey, honest blue eyes that looked you ever in the face, huge hands with wrist bones like the shank of a ham, and a voice that hurled his salutations across two fields, he suggested the moor rather than the drawing-room. But what a clever hand it was in an operation, as delicate as a woman's; and what a kindly voice it was in the humble room where the shepherd's wife was weeping by her man's bedside. He was "ill pitten together" to begin with, but many of his physical defects were the penalties of his work, and endeared him to the Glen. That ugly scar that cut into his right eyebrow, and gave him such a sinister expression, was got one night Jess slipped on the ice and laid him insensible eight miles from home. His limp marked the big snowstorm in the fifties, when his horse missed the road in Glen Urtach, and they rolled together in a drift. MacLure escaped with a broken leg and the fracture of three ribs, but he never walked like other men again. He could not swing himself into the saddle without making two attempts and holding Jess's mane. Neither can you "warstle" through the peat bogs and snowdrifts for forty winters without a touch of rheumatism. But they were honorable scars, and for such risks of life men get the Victoria Cross in other fields. MacLure got nothing but the secret affection of the Glen, which knew that none had ever done one-tenth as much for it as this ungainly, twisted, battered figure, and I have seen a Drumtochy face soften at the sight of MacLure limping to his horse.

Mr. Hopps earned the ill-will of the Glen forever by criticising the doctor's dress, but indeed it would have filled any townsmen with amazement. Black he wore once a year, on Sacrament Sunday, and, if possible, at a funeral; topcoat or water-proof never. His jacket and waistcoat were rough homespun of Glen Urtach wool, which threw off the wet like a duck's back and below he was clad in shepherd's tartan trousers, which disappeared into unpolished riding boots. His shirt was grey flannel, and he was uncertain about a collar, but certain as to a tie which he never had, his

beard doing instead, and his hat was soft felt of four colors and seven different shapes. His point of distinction in dress was the trousers, and they were the subject of unending speculation.

"Some threeep (declare) that he's worn these eendential pair the last twenty year, an' a' mind mazel (myself) his gettin' a tear ahtin, when he was crossin' oor palin', and the mend's still vesieble."

"Ithers declare 'at he's get a wab o' clait, and hes a new pair made in Muirtoon since in the tward year maybe, and keeps them in the garden till the new look wears aff."

"For ma ain pairt," Soutar used to declare, "a' canna mak up my mind, but there's ae thing sure, the Glen wud not like tae see him without them: it wud be a shock to confidence. There's no muckle o' the cheek left, but ye can aye tell it, and when ye see thae breks comin' in ye ken that if human poepr can save yir bairn's life it 'ill be done."

The confidence of the Glen—and tributary states—was unbounded, and rested partly on long experience of the doctor's resources, and partly on his hereditary connection.

"His father was here afore him," Mrs. Macfadyen used to explain; "atween them they've hed the countryside for weel on tae a century; if MacLure disna understand oor constitution, wha dis, a wud like tae ask?"

For Drumtochy had his own constitution and a special throat disease, as became a parish which was quite self-contained between the woods and the hills, and not dependent on the lowlands either for its diseases or its doctors.

"He's a skilly man, Doctor MacLure," continued my friend Mrs. Macfadyen, whose judgment on sermons or any thing else was seldom at fault; "an' a' kind-hearted, though o' coorse he hes his faults like us a', an' he disna tribble the Kirk often."

"He aye can tell what's wrang wi' a body a' maistly he can put ye richt, an' there nae new-fangled wys wi' him: a blister for the outside an' Epsom salts for the inside dis his wark, an' they say there's no an herb on the hills he disna ken."

"If we're tae dee, we're tae dee; an' if we're tae live, we're tae live," concluded Elspeth, with sound Calvinistic logic; "but a'll say this for the doctor, that whether yir tae live or dee, he can aye keep up a shairp meisure on the skin."

"But he's no verra ceevil gin ye bring him when there's naethin' wrang," and Mrs. Macfadyen's face reflected another of Mr. Hopps' misadventures of which Hillocks held the copyright.

"Hopps' laddie ate grosrats (gooseberries) till they hed to sit up a' night wi' him, and naethin' wud do but they maun hae the doctor, an' he writes 'immediatly' on a slip o' paper."

"Weel, MacLure had been awa' nich wi' a shepherd's wife Dunleith wy, and he comes here without drawin' bridle, mud up tae the een."

"What's a dae here, Hillocks?" he cries; "it's no an accident, is't? and when he got aff his horse he cud hardly stand wi' stiffness and tire."

"It's nae o' us, doctor; it's Hopps' laddie; he's been eatin' ower mony berries."

"If he didna turn on me like a tiger. 'Div ye mean tae say—'"

"Weesht, weesht, an' I tried tae quiet him, for Hopps was comin' oot."

"Weel, doctor," begins he, as brisk as a magpie, "you're here at last; there's no hurry with you Scotchmen. My boy has been sick all night, and I've never had one wink of sleep. You might have come a little quicker that's all I've got to say."

"We're mair tae dae in Drumtochy than attend tae every bairn that hes a sair stomach, and a' saw MacLure was roosed. 'I'm astonished to hear you speak. Our doctor at home always says to Mrs. 'Opps, 'Look on me as a family friend, Mrs. 'Opps, and send for me though it be only a headache.'"

"He'd be mair sparin' o' his offers if he had four an' twenty mile tae look aifter. There's naething wrang wi' yir laddie but greed. Gie him a gude dose o' castor oil and stop his meat for a day, an' he 'ill be a' richt the morn."

"He'll not take castor oil, doctor. We have given up those barbarous medicines."

"Whatna kind o' medicines hae ye noo in the South?"

"Weel, you see, Dr. MacLure, we're homeopathists, and I've my little chest here," and oot Hopps comes wi' his boxy.

"Let's see't, an' MacLure sits doon and taks oot the bit bottles, and he reads the names wi' a laugh every time.

"Belladonna; did ye ever hear the like? Aconite; it coves a. Nux Vomica. What next? Weel, ma mannie, he says tae Hopps, 'it's a fine ploy, and ye'll better gang on wi' the Nux till it's done, and gie him ony ither o' the sweets he fancies."

"Noo, Hillocks, a' maun be aff tae see Drumsheugh's grievous (steward), for he's doon wi' the fever, an' it's tae be a teuch fecht (hard fight). A' hinna time tae wait for dinner; gie me some cheese an' cake in ma hand, and Jess 'ill tak a pail o' meal an' water."

"Fee; a'm no wantin' yir fees, man; we a' that boxy ye dinna need a doctor; na, na, gie yir siller tae some puir body, Maister Hopps, an' he was doon the road as hard as he cud lick."

His fees were pretty much what the folk chose to give him, and he collected them once a year at Kildrummie fair.

"Weel, doctor, what am a' awin' ye for the wife and bairn? Ye 'ill need three notes for that night ye stayed in the hoose an' a' the vesie'ts."

"Havers," MacLure would answer, "prices are low, a'm hearing; gie's thirty shillings."

"No, a'll no, or the wife 'ill take ma ears aff," and it was settled for two pounds.

Lord Kilspindie gave him a free house and fields, and one way or other, Drumsheugh told me, the doctor might get in about one hundred and fifty pounds a year, out of which he had to pay his old house-keeper's wages and a boy's, and keep two horses, besides the cost of instruments and books, which he bought through a friend in Edinburgh with much judgment.

from a theological and social standpoint, with such vigour and frankness that an attentive audience of Drumtochy men could hardly contain themselves.

Jamie Soutar was selling his pig at the time, and missed the meeting, but he hastened to condole with Milton, who was complaining everywhere of the doctor's language.

"Ye did richt tae resist him; it 'ill maybe roose the Glen tae mak a stand; he fair hauds them in bondage."

"Thirty shillings for twal vesie'ts, and him no mair than seven mile awa, an' a'm telt there werna mair than four at night."

"Ye 'ill hae the sympathy o' the Glen, for a' body kens yir as free wi' yir siller as yir tracts."

"West! Beware o' gude works ye offered him! Man, ye chose't weel, for he's been colleekin' sae money thae forty years, a'm fereed for him."

"A've often thoct oor doctor's little better than the Gude Samaritan, an' the Pharisees didna think muckle o' his chance aither in this world or that which is tae come."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BERLIN'S FIRE DEPARTMENT

Almost a Military Organization, the Members Having Daily Drills.

The Berlin fire department is the oldest professional organization of the kind on the continent, and, without a doubt, also the most efficient. It is organized on military lines, and the firemen as well as their officers have their regular daily drills. The progress within the last few years has been enormous and many novel appliances and machines, electric apparatus and other improvements have been introduced.

The "scaphander" is a suit of asbestos and rubber, with a helmet of rubber fitting hermetically upon the suit. A plate of glass, specially prepared to stand great heat without cracking, is embedded in the front of the helmet and allows the wearer to see plainly. With this suit a fireman can dash into fierce fire in spite of smoke, heat and flame. Air is supplied to the fireman as in a diver's helmet.

Several men of each station are supplied with smoke helmets, which protect against being overcome by smoke, and enable firemen to search all rooms in a burning house for people that are blinded or overcome. They also receive their supply of air from without.

In the way of life-saving apparatus no fire department is so complete as that of Berlin. In special carts they carry not only tools, ropes, appliances for climbing, chemical extinguishers, rubber cloths for jumping into, etc., but all things necessary for the first surgical help. Among other contents of the tool cart there is a "life-saving sack," which, for simplicity, efficiency and lightning speed of operation, outranks all other temporary or stable fire escapes. A fireman ascending an upper story from the outside by means of short ladders reaching to the window sill of the next floor above finds a faint form on the floor. The next minute he has unhooked the strong hempen sack he has slung across his body and over his shoulder. A rope is thrown down by him after being run through one of the rungs of the ladder, and within one minute after he entered the room through the window the human form is gliding through space and into the arms of a brawny fireman receiving the frightened sufferer. Four persons have been saved with two sacks on one line inside of three minutes. All signals are given with cornets, each company using a different pitch. The firemen get so used to the signals of their company that they can instantly recognize a signal not given by their own bugler.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Every great man is a unique. The Scipionism of Scipio is precisely that part which he could not borrow.—Emerson.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallows' wings; kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.—Shakespeare.

If happiness has not her seat and centre in the beast, we may be wise, or rich, or great, but never can be blest.—Burns.

Providence conceals itself in the details of human affairs, but becomes unveiled in the generalities of history.—Lamartine.

The monuments of the nations are all protests against nothingness after death; so are statues and inscriptions; so is history.—Low Wallace.

It is no great part of a good man's lot to enjoy himself. To be good and to do good are his ends, and the glory is to be revealed hereafter.—S. L. Prime.

Although men of eminent genius have been guilty of all other vices, none worthy of more than a secondary name has ever been a gamester.—Lander.

Life! I know not what thou art, but know that thou and I must part; and when or how, or where we meet, I own to me's a secret yet.—Mrs. Barbauld.

The aggregate happiness of society, which is best promoted by the practice of a virtuous policy, is, or ought to be, the end of all government.—Washington.

The haunts of happiness are varied, but I have more often found her among little children, home firesides and country houses than anywhere else.—Sydney Smith.

We can see through one pane of glass easily, but through ten placed together we can not see, yet each is transparent. By living a day at a time we get along well.—Anon.

There is no defence against reproach except obscurity; it is a kind of concomitant to greatness, as satires and invectives were an essential part of a Roman triumph.—Addison.

The ordinary employment of artifice is the mark of a petty mind; and it almost always happens that he who uses it to cover himself in one place uncovers himself in another.—Rochefoucauld.

Too Up-To-Date.

She couldn't sing the old, old songs.
What do you think she did?
She screeched about the new, new songs
Till everybody slid.

CARL DUNDER'S ALMANAC

"Well?" queried the fat police sergeant, as he looked up from his blotter and saw Mr. Dunder standing before him.

"Sergeant, you will excuse me," replied the caller. "I remembers dot your fadder und mudder vhas daad, und I shuat shtep in."

"Ye-es. You are not going to read me any more of your jokes, are you?"

"Shokes? Ha, ha, ha! Sometimes I haf some shokes, und sometimes she vhas sadness or philosophy. I will now—"

"Please don't, Mr. Dunder! I am very busy to-day, you know."

"So vhas I werry busy, but I like to make you feel good. Listen now to some 'tings which vail be in der next number of Carl Dunder's Comic Almanac, what sells all ofer Europe und America:—

"Maybe a bird in mine hand vhas wort two in some bushes und maybe not. It depends on der kind of bird he vhas."

"I haf always firmly believed dot honesty vhas der best policy, but der trouble vhas to make der odder man believe it, too. He vhas always a leelde shy on dot."

"Some folks vhas like some pieces of wool—full of knots, mit der grain all mixed oop. When you find soch a man, you should be big enough to lick him or small enough to run avhay from a fight."

"I doan't like to talk to a dumb man, und I doan't like to haf a man who vhas all talk shtpek to me. I like somepody who vhas half way an orator during a campaign und a mute all der rest of der time."

"I sometimes hear two men disputing about Noah und his ark, und I took notice dot dey fight shust as queek after dot as someding dot happened only last week. (What we doan' know vhas shust as good ash what we do know, if we can make somepody believe it.)"

"Nobody can take his riches mit him into der next world, but he can invest \$50,000 in a monument to shtand shust on der edge of eternity. Dot is supposed to be a great consolation to some folks."

"Sometimes a man comes to me und says he has no luck. I talk mit him und I find he invests \$1 in a lottery und fondly expects to draw \$50,000. My experience in dis world vhas dot a fool und luck vhas in close partnership."

"Haferypody hates a liar, und yet eaferypody takes care to shtpek only so much truth ash won't give avhay nottings about himself. If we'll set out next week to tell der solemm truth, we should be so pleased mit a liar dot we make him a president for life."

"Most men are agreed dot each one of us should do somedings for der peoples to come after us, but I find dot der great majority vhas willing to set out a gooseberry bush and let it go at dot. Perhaps, howefer, der coming peoples vhill have haf an appetite for gooseberries."

"Sometimes I find a man who doan believe about dot garden of Eden because he nefer saw her. I find, howefer, dot der same man believes in der whale, although he vhas nefer within sight of der sea."

"If somepody comes to advise me how to bring oop my shildren, I shenerally find out dot he vhas a young man who doan get married yet, or a man so old dot he has forgotten how she vhas. Dot vhas natural, howefer. A man whose advice is good for somedings keeps quiet und makes you pay for him."

"When I see in der papers dot somepody vhas divorced, I believe I know how she vhas. Dot feller figgers too high on love und too low on meat und potatoes. If



"I LIKE TO KILL HIM."

people could love und be sensible, too, it would be all right. You can't make bread out of a romance, und you can't fry love in a spider."

"Once in a great while somepody's conscience troubles him so much dot he gifa himself oop to der law, but der rest of us keep quiet und go right along shust der same. If we vhas all to gif ourselves oop at der same time nobody would be left to pass sentence. It vhas werry wise in us to keep quiet."

"If we like a man, it vhas more because he doan' find out our faults than because we find somedings to admire in him. If somepody injures us, of coorse we vhas mad about it. If we injure somepody else, we find ourselves even madder yet. I once told a man dot I like his honest opinion of me. He said I vhas a fool, und I vhas so madt I like to kill him. If he vhas a liar und said I vhas smart, he vhas my frendt for life."

"Vhell how you like em?" asked Mr. Dunder as he finished reading and looked up.

But the fat police sergeant had quietly slipped into his room and out on the street, and the almanac maker was alone with his philosophy.

His Ultimatum.

And you reject my offer? he said to her, intensely. You refuse to be the one woman in all the world to me?

I'm afraid so, she confessed rather kindly, for she meant well.

Then, I have but one thing to say to you, madam, he said, reaching for his hat.

I am sure you have my permission to say that. What is it?

He drew himself up to his full height. There are others, he replied haughtily, and passed out of the game.