

ST. TAMMANY FARMER.

Covington, June 7, 1879.

THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER.

[Saturday Night.]

"Dear, dear, how it rains!" said Hetty Wallis.

She had opened the door the least little bit, to see if there was any prospect of its clearing up, but the rush of wind and rain that swept in at the crevice compelled her to close it almost instantaneously.

It was a little brown house on the edge of the lonely Western forest—a brown house, with sloping eaves and a bay-window, and a door-yard full of roses, whose crimson clusters gleamed faintly in the late autumn twilight.

Dr. Wallis lived here—Dr. Wallis, who had come West with his two daughters, scarcely six months ago, and who was the only physician in a radius of thirty miles around.

Hetty stood by the fire, one foot on the tender, her dark, dreamy eyes fixed on the red glow of the burning logs. Sibyl, the other sister, lay luxuriously back in a cushioned easy-chair, waiting for the lamps to be lighted before she went on with the bit of Berlin wool work in her lap.

Sibyl Wallis was a rose-cheeked, scarlet-lipped beauty—one of those fair human flowers which, like the lillies of Solomon, are destined neither to toil nor to spin.

Dr. Wallis was a poor man, and kept no servant; but no one ever expected Sibyl to do any of the rough and disagreeable offices consequent upon house-keeping.

Sibyl dusted the parlors, kept the vases full of flowers, washed the tea china, and "did up" her own pretty laces and pocket-handkerchiefs; and Hetty, the second daughter—a brown little elf, with jetty hair growing low on her forehead, and a colorless olive skin—cheerfully undertook the prosaic part of life, as if it were her natural inheritance.

"To think of poor papa out in all this tempest!" said Hetty, mournfully.

"Gentlemen don't mind such things," said Sibyl, calmly. "And, of course, it's just what doctors must expect."

"Hush!" said Hetty, suddenly turning her head in a quick, bird-like fashion. "Some one is knocking at the back door."

"Perhaps you had better go and see who it is," remarked Sibyl serenely.

It was a man all wrapped up in oil-skin, until nothing more than the tip of a very red nose was visible.

"Oh, I say, miss," said this dripping visitant, "where's the doctor?"

"He isn't in," said Hetty.

"Where's Doctor Wallis?" reiterated the man.

"He is out!" answered Hetty, speaking loud and distinctly, under the impression that the inquirer was deaf.

"It's Dakin's boy," said the man; "he's chokin' to death!"

"Oh!" said Hetty. "Croup, I

suppose?"

"Don't know what it is," said the messenger. "Ain't no doctor myself. All I know is that I must bring back doctor Wallis," with a nod at his lumber wagon at the gate.

"But you can't, if he is out," answered Hetty.

The man stood a moment, shifting from one foot to the other, evidently in a quandary.

"I'm blamed if I know what to do," said he. "Well, I'll tell-ee what, miss! You send the doctor on to Dakin's, just as quick as he comes back. If Dakin's boy chokes to death, it ain't no fault o' mine!"

And away rumbled the wagon, in the mist and twilight.

It had hardly disappeared when a little lad arrived with a note for Hetty.

"It's from papa," said Hetty, hurriedly opening it, and reading aloud the following brief message:

"DEAR GIRLS: Old Mr. Ellwood is very bad, and I shall probably be detained all night. Lock up the house as usual, and don't expect me until I come. Affectionately,
"H. W."

"Oh, dear," said Hetty, blankly, "and what is to become of Dakin's child?"

"I never saw such a girl as you, Hetty," said lovely Sibyl, with a pettish contraction of the brows. "You're always shouldering other people's troubles. What is Dakin's child to us, I'd like to know?"

"But only think of it, Sibyl," said Hetty, clasping her hands, "a dear little baby suffocating to death, all for the want of the simplest remedies!"

"We can't help it," said Sibyl, settling back composedly among her cushions.

"But I'm not so sure of that," said Hetty, briskly. "I know the remedies papa uses for a case of croup, and how to use them. I'll go myself."

"Hetty," cried the elder sister, "are you crazy?"

"Crazy!" said Hetty, "No. I'm only ordinarily human. The child shan't die, if I can help it."

She went to her father's drug closet, opened it, and took out several little vials.

"Syrup ipecac," said Hetty, with a little nod of her head to each, "asafoetida," "hive syrup." Simple remedies, but very effectual if taken in time.

"But, Hetty," said Sibyl, "you're never going to walk, nobody knows how far, in all the rain?"

"Yes, I am," said Hetty, buttoning on a capacious water-proof cloak, and pulling the hood over her head.

"And you don't even know where these Dakins live."

"Yes, I do. It's a bright red-brick house, just beyond the woods by the church. Papa showed it to me the other day."

"Full two miles away."

"I can't help that," said Hetty.

"And me all alone."

Sibyl's voice grew plaintive.

"I can't help that, either," retorted Hetty, a little impatiently. "But don't fret, Sib, I'll not be long."

And out the brave little girl walked into the tempestuous twilight,

with her pockets full of medicine and her water-proof cloak buttoned snug around her.

Not until she had left the friendly lights of home far behind, and was lost in the black, rustling depths of the forest, where the dark boughs met over her head, and ghostly, whistling sounds went through the leaves, did Hetty's valiant heart begin to quail.

Even then she would not admit to herself that she was in the least timid, but resolutely fixed her thoughts upon "Dakin's boy," suffocating to death with croup, and quickened her footsteps as she did so.

Darker and darker it grew—but Hetty pressed resolutely on, until, drenched with rain, and ready to drop with fatigue, she knocked at the door of Squire Dakin's red-brick house.

An elderly woman opened it.

"Is it the doctor?" said she.

"No," said Hetty; "but it's the doctor's daughter."

"Lord's sake alive!" said the woman, despairingly; "what good can you do, and him so mortal bad?"

"A great deal," said Hetty. "Let me come in, if you please. I understand my father's system of treatment, and I have some medicine here."

At this moment the woman stood back, motioning toward the stairway, and Hetty ran up, and entered the sick-room, with a confidence born of her womanly courage and kindness.

But it was no cradled babe or plump four-year-old who lay there. "Dakin's boy" was one-and-twenty at the very least, pale and handsome, with closed eyes, and a face set as if in mortal pain, as it lay on its pillow.

Hetty involuntarily recoiled.

"It—it isn't croup, then?" said she, clasping one of the little bottles in her hand.

"It's quinsy," said one of the attendants; "and it's a fatal case, I'm thinking."

And little Hetty, all her bravery oozing out, like Bob Aker's courage, at her finger-ends, sat down near the door and began to cry.

The sick man opened his eyes—large and soft, and dark, they were, with long lashes—and asked, faintly:

"Who is that?"

Hetty rose and came forward.

"It's me, the doctor's daughter," said she. "I—I thought it was a little boy with the croup, and—"

"Don't cry," said he, "it will soon be over."

And he closed his eyes again, while poor Hetty cried harder than ever. An incipient case of croup she thought she could manage, but "quinsy" was entirely beyond the range of her capacities. She had never been in a death chamber before, and the hour and solemnity of the scene impressed her with a vague sense of terror.

Just then a brisk, heavy footstep sprang up the stairs, two at a time. There was a stir and commotion in the room.

"Oh, thank Heaven," cried Hetty,

"it's papa."

Dr. Wallis it was. Released earlier than he expected, from the other sick bed, he had returned home and learned from his eldest daughter of Hetty's errand, and here he was, flushed and breathless from the haste he had made.

An hour later he came down to where Hetty sat, on the lowest stair, pale and anxious.

"Papa," said she, "how is he?"

"Better, my dear. Doing well. But it was an even chance between death and life for awhile. Come, dear, I'm going home now. Dobbin is at the door."

Hetty climbed silently into the chaise, and nestled down at her father's side.

"Papa," said she, presently, "was I very silly to go there?"

"No, my dear, you were very kind-hearted. But, as you see, there is some difference between a simple case of croup and malignant quinsy."

"Dakin's boy" recovered with marvelous celerity, and the first place he visited in his convalescence was Dr. Wallis' house, to thank the doctor's black-eyed daughter for coming to see him on that stormy night.

"I wish I was a little chap with the croup," said he, laughing, "to put myself under your professional care."

"What nonsense!" said Hetty, turning very red.

"But indeed, I shall never forget the pitying look in your kind eyes," said Hector Dakin, gently. "It seemed somehow to draw me back to life."

And by the time that "Dakin's boy" was quite recovered, he had gotten into a way of spending his time at Doctor Wallis' that seemed decidedly chronic; and no one was very much surprised when he became engaged to the doctor's daughter.

"It's very strange, though," said Sibyl, fretfully, "that the only eligible and decent-looking man within ten miles should fall in love with our brown little Hetty."

"I don't think it strange at all," said Dr. Wallis, drily.

Atlanta has a female Archery club.

The population of the world is now set down at 1,400,000,000.

To disguise the bitterness of quinine, it is recommended to take it dissolved in milk.

One hundred and eighty-three cotton mills have been built in the South since the war.

Krupp, the cannon maker says: Der Lordit has been goot to me. He makes lots of war to help my poor vaimly along.

"Why," asked a governess of her little charge, "do we pray God to give us our daily bread? Why don't we ask for four days, or five days, or a week?" "We want it fresh!" replied the ingenious child.

Alexander H. Stephens was so poor when he commenced the practice of law, that he had to live on six dollars per month. This is said to be the secret of his assistance to poor young men, over fifty of whom he has assisted to a liberal education.

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