

# Beauty and the Doctor

By Catherine Coope

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The young doctor drew in a great breath of country air. The garden at the rear of the old home in which he was to spend his vacation was a mass of scented flowers. Roses, zinnias, dahlias all clustered about like little joyous souls roving in the moonlight. A refreshing rain had cooled the air, and because the night was beautiful, and the doctor young, his thoughts turned toward the girl to whom his heart had lately responded. Because his mind was in a chaotic condition regarding the depth of his feeling toward Rose Langdon, Dr. Emery had come to the solitude of the old manor house on Long Island.

His thoughts, for the moment bent chiefly on the beauty of the night, were easily interrupted. He paused and listened.

In the walled garden next door a soft swishing sound made regular harmony to his ear. He drew nearer the wall and looked over through a clump of bushes. His eyes opened wide and he leaned cautiously away from the moon rays.

Was she a wraith or a blood and bone girl who trailed back and forth over the rain-soaked grass? Dr. Emery, so completely startled out of his every-day, humdrum city life, could not definitely answer the question. He watched with fascinated attention.

The girl's attire was white and clingy and trilly, and as she moved across the long grass her bare feet peeped forth. Those little feet found a pool of water left by the recent rain, and a gleeful chuckle fell from the girl's lips.

"Insane!" muttered the young doctor. "By Jove! What a pity—she is as beautiful as the lilies."

"They toll not, neither do they spin," thought the doctor, and the pity dropped out of his thoughts, the girl seemed so absolutely happy, so evidently joyous in this condition of the mind. After humming a few notes of lilting melody the girl tripped



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quickly toward the house and disappeared.

Dr. Emery frowned, partly because the garden seemed less beautiful and partly because he had been interrupted in his attempt to diagnose this peculiar form of brain malady. The puzzled frown remained as the doctor returned to the house.

At an early hour of the morning there came to the doctor's ears that same tinkling laugh. He jumped hurriedly from his bed and looked out of the window.

The sun was a great ball in the eastern sky, and it cast its dawning color over the girl in the next garden.

"This is assuredly a peculiar case," muttered the doctor, while he kept fascinated eyes upon the girl. She was in the front garden now and a blue kimono enveloped her; her head was bound closely in a turban effect of the same shade, and she was tripping quickly about among the great hydrangea bushes. From time to time she would select a blossom and hold it in two caressing hands, then suddenly bury her face in its soft depths. It was at such moments that the little laugh rang out. The doctor watched her fuss over the tiny white petals that clung to her eyes and lips and nose.

"She is just plum dippy!" ejaculated Dr. Emery, with a tinge of irritation that she should be getting so much joy out of living. "I suppose if I discovered a cure for her she would be as grumpy then as she is happy now."

The girl then went down into the back garden and selected an ear of corn from the stocks, which she ate, nibbling it with apparent relish.

Then she sampled peas, carrots and beets.

"Mud and all! Most extraordinary!" For the first time in his career Dr. Emery regretted that he was not an insanity expert. "She seems to thrive on it—never saw such a beauty in all my life," was the doctor's thought as he crept back into bed after the girl had returned to the house. He lay a long time wondering how he could arrange to talk to the girl without arousing her suspicion.

During the day he watched for various moods of the case. When the sun was high the girl came out with

her glorious red-gold hair hanging, and proceeded to sway backward and forward, swishing it to the wind in the air, after which she brushed it vigorously.

"Now she thinks she is an Italian wood carrier." The doctor watched her put a book on the crown of her head and walk slowly around and around the house. "I'll bet there is a specialist in that house watching her every minute!"

In the evening when the moon was high the girl came again into the back garden. Dr. Emery was well hidden behind a clump of bushes.

"Great Scott! She has on her bathing suit! And she is rolling in this soaking grass! She'll have something tomorrow that will need a doctor as sure as my name's Emery!"

After rolling over and over in the wet grass and then lying full length on her back for a long moment, the girl pulled a bathing cap well over her head and turned on the hose. With laughter falling from her lips she ran in and out, squealing with the cold and exhilaration of her hose bath. A door opened in his own house.

"Oh, Dr. Emery! Here is a telegram for you," the voice from the house called.

With a lingering look at the hose nymph Dr. Emery went for his telegram.

He was summoned back to town. A patient needed him and Emery took the late train out that night. He went, determined to return as quickly as possible. Pity being akin to love, the young doctor felt the diagnosis of his own case was easily made.

Weeks wore on and still Dr. Emery was harnessed to the grind in town. He felt, however, that since the snow was upon the ground the girl would not be permitted to carry on her insane wanderings in the garden. Rose Langdon had drifted entirely out of his thoughts and only the girl of the garden lingered.

It was at a big New Year dinner, his first social moment of the past months, that Dr. Emery glanced up to meet his partner for dinner.

The most radiantly beautiful girl he had ever looked upon had laid a hand on his arm and was walking beside him into the dining-room.

"Then you are not insane!" he asked.

The girl turned wide, violet eyes upon him. Then she laughed that same tinkling laugh that he had heard in the garden.

"Not that I know of, Dr. Emery. Is there something in my appearance that suggests—"

"Nothing but—beauty," the doctor said, because it had been in his heart so long. "But last summer—"

The girl turned quickly toward him and a bright blush crimsoned her cheeks. "Where were you?" she asked.

"In the garden—next door."

Violet looked into Dr. Emery's eyes and seemed fascinated by the multitude of questions she saw there. She laughed and tried to keep the color from her cheeks.

"But why did you wiggle your toes about in the oozy mud—and why did you lie down in soaking grass that might have had copperheads and black beetles in it—and why did you come out at dawn and bob into the hydrangeas?"

The doctor's look was so serious with its mixture of adoration that Violet laughed aloud.

"You are forgetting the corn and carrots and peas?" she smiled and tried to recall just how far her experiment had taken her. "You see, Dr. Emery—you are not a beauty specialist, or you would know there is nothing like early morning dew for the complexion. The hydrangeas gave me that. From the oozy mud, as you call it, and the grass, I was absorbing electricity and nerve force."

The doctor was beginning to understand. "But the book on your head and the green vegetables that no doubt had lots of little green—"

Violet stopped both ears and turned slightly away. "I refuse to listen. You are trying to disparage my quest for beauty and I think it very commendable."

"It might be in some cases," said the doctor, and when he smiled straight into her eyes Violet had the grace to blush.

### Vanishing Delicacy.

The United States government will have the aid of the fishery experts of practically all the countries of northern Europe in tracking down the mackerel schools which used to frequent American waters. In 1886, after several years of unusual friendliness, the mackerel seemed to take an aversion to their ancient habitat off the New England coast, and the catch has been dwindling ever since. In 1885 500,000 barrels were salted for consumption in this country, leaving out of account the supply eaten fresh. In 1910 the entire catch was only 2,710 barrels.

The mackerel is one of the best food fishes. The Spanish mackerel in particular is a delectable morsel, and its progressive disappearance from the market has been a calamity. As the cost of meat and game has risen the range of table delicacies has been sadly circumscribed, and the mackerel's perversity in taking to new cruising grounds has been all the more heartless and inopportune. It is to be hoped that the Permanent International Council for the Exploration of the Sea will hunt him down and instill into him a new sense of duty to suffering humanity.

For Effort.  
Caller—What a splendid library you have! How in the world do you ever find time to read all these books?  
Mr. Jiggs—We don't; that's just a bluff.

## MAKING RAIN WITH ROCKETS

Experiments Tried With Considerable Success on a Coffee Plantation in Southern India.

Experiments made to ascertain whether the discharge of explosives during cloudy weather produces rainfall are described in a letter from James Stanes.

"Some years ago," he says, "an experiment was tried in the Cuddapah district of southern India with considerable success. I am part owner of an estate in the Seramully hills, which is situated in a particularly dry zone. For several seasons poor coffee crops withered away from lack of rain during July and August.

"When I was visiting the estate in July, 1905, I noticed that heavy clouds gathered every afternoon and I thought that if we had been in a position to fire explosive rockets from the highest peak of the hills, about 4,500 feet, a shower of rain might have been produced.

"I therefore arranged to have a supply of rockets kept on the estate and fired off every afternoon at the rate of one rocket every five minutes, but only when the condition of the atmosphere was such that heavy rain threatened on all sides.

"Whether rain has fallen in response to these explosives or not the fact remains that ever since we first tried the experiment we have been fortunate enough to catch sufficient moisture to enable the crops to survive the drought."

Firing into the clouds with the object of causing rain was practiced for several years in southern Germany, Switzerland and France, but seems to have been abandoned some time ago. The idea was to protect the vineyards and other cultivations from damage by hailstones, it being thought that by the discharge of large guns rain would fall and that the danger from hailstorms would be averted.—London Daily Mail.

### Not the Conservatory.

Young Lady—The Musical conservatory is in this building, isn't it?  
Janitor—No, mum; the Musical conservatory is 'bout two blocks down street.

Young lady, aubiously—I—I was sure I heard pupils practicing vocal exercises. Are you sure the Musical conservatory is not here?  
Janitor—Yes'm. Nothin' here but dentists' offices, mum.—New York Weekly.

### His Misfortune.

"You got a raise in pay. Didn't you?"  
"Yes, but it didn't do me any good."  
"Why not?"  
"I talk in my sleep and my wife found out about it."—Toledo Blade.

## Annual February Cash Sale

... AT THE ... SEARS & RUSSELL STORE

### Dry Goods

36 in. Lockwood Cotton 6 1-2c  
40 " " 7 1-4c  
36 " Bleached Cotton 6, 7 and 8c  
42 " Lockwood Blea. Cotton 11c  
42 " Blea. Pillow Tubing 13c  
9-4 Brown Sheeting 22c  
9-4 Bleached Sheeting 25c  
Table Damasks and Crashes at comparatively low prices

Our entire stock of standard Prints at 5c per yard

Good Gingham at 6c  
The regular 12c Ginghams at 10c  
Outings marked down to 8c  
Percales " " 10c  
Bargain in White Goods, P. K's etc

Look at the prices on the Fleece Lined Prints and Kimona Cloths, we have some choice patterns and all have the low price.

### Small Wares

Ladies' Kid Gloves 99c  
\$1.25 ones for 79c  
1.00 " " 79c  
Ladies' Golf Gloves 39c  
50c ones for 19c  
25c " " 19c  
Men and Boys' Golf Gloves for the same prices.

Ladies' and Gents' Outing Night Robes 99c  
\$1.25 ones for 79c  
1.00 " " 79c  
85c " " 69c

Our Ladies' Shirt Waists are marked to close without regard to cost.

Ladies' Union Suits \$2.00 ones for \$1.59 79c  
1.00 " " 79c  
Ladies' Two Piece Suits \$1.25 ones for 99c  
1.00 " " 79c  
50c " " 39c  
25c " " 19c

Men's Underwear bears the same mark-down prices.

All winter Hosiery including Men's Ladies', Boys', Girls' and Infants' have the February prices attached to them.

### Coats

1 Ladies' Imitation Fur, size 36, regular price \$13, sale price \$6.50  
1 Gent's Dog Coat, size 48, regular price \$28.50, sale price \$23.00  
A lot of Sheep Lined Coats that must go.

### Mittens

\$2.00 ones for \$1.59  
85c " " 69c  
50c " " 39c

We have just purchased a large lot of 15c Canvas Gloves and Mittens which we shall sell during this sale for 10c

### Footwear

In footwear we have something warm for all both in Ladies and Gents.

For Ladies we have the Felt Shoes with rubber heels and those without and a large line of warm slippers.

In Men's we have the Sheep skin shoes and the Sheep lined and a full line of Lumberman's goods, all at February prices

### Groceries

3 cans Corn for 25c  
2 cans nice Tomatoes 25c  
Raisins, all kinds 10c  
7 cakes Oak Leaf Soap 25c  
Blue Label Catsup 19c  
Rice 5c per lb.

100 lbs Japan Tea in pkgs., the regular 50c one for 35c per lb.

It is impossible to enumerate each article but remember February prices prevail. Come early and get your choice

Sears & Russell FRASBURG VERMONT

## Specials for February

- Lot 1. Sweaters, former prices 2.50 and 2.00 values, now \$1.48
- Lot 2, 4.50, 4.00, 3.50, and 3.00 values, now \$2.48
- About 50 pairs of the Queen Quality Shoes for Women.
- Lot 3. 4.00 values for \$2.79
- Lot 4. 3.50 and 3.00 values for \$2.19

We are making these prices to make room for new goods which are arriving daily.

C. E. Rollins BARTON, VT. Everything for Everybody

## Ball Band Footwear

We still have a complete line of the above well known goods

- 4 BUCKLE ARCTICS Light and Heavy weight
- 1 BUCKLE and LACE CHIPPEWAS
- 1 BUCKLE and LACE DUCK PACIFIC
- CLOTH TOP 2 BUCKLE LUMBER JACK
- Coon knit Boots, Leggings and Rubber Boots all styles

We carry in stock at all times SEAL-SHIPT OYSTERS We make a Special Low price by the Gallon at

THE E. W. Barron Co. BARTON, VERMONT