

Copyright, 1901, Walter B. Guild.

PLAIN TALES IN PROSE AND IN VERSE.

By Holman F. Day.

FIRST SLECMAN. They started me as hog-rover an' I tended it so that the voters kind o' reckoned that I'd better have a show...

Purg had an upper set of false teeth that didn't fit. He used to sit and keep gritting his teeth. 'Twas teeth not brains I heard.



any guess work about the medicines he gave. He knew those herbs personally. He said that there wasn't any more liberal school of medicine than his.

Purg didn't have many patients, but he had lots of patience. He had more patience than any doctor in our town. He had so much patience that he would just as soon a person would never get well, so long as he got his regular price of a shilling a visit.

I have forgotten to state that originally Purg was a cow doctor. He really did his best work in that line. He didn't pretend to be anything else when he first came to town.



A cow isn't the least bit delicate. a patient but he learned something. Purg really knew a great deal by the time he died.

PURG, THE EMINENT HEALER. I don't set Purg up as the greatest doctor that ever lived. I have an idea that he wouldn't suit lots of people.

who said that Purg didn't know anything admitted that he was well-read. His face was red, too. A man in town who had a great deal of imagination, said that Purg reminded him of a piece of calf's liver dropped into the center of a red sunset.

AMBITIOUS. I dream not of a palace—my desire is higher born, and loftier in its reach; Nor chafed with limitations, I aspire To joy too dear for speech!

And for that holier time When with enraptured ken My heart would truant o'er the young world, wild With wonderment sublime I should go walking then With Keats, the dreamer, Keats, the white-souled child!

ON ONE GONE INTO THE GREAT SILENCE. And I kiss the lips of the Great White Death—and I know, and am content! Hall O brother! The light of your face above me— Pure as the face of Christ—tonight shines on me as I nod

least bit of delicacy about whooshing it all over a man. And the trouble about blowing powdered medicine down a horse's throat is that fully half the time the horse insists on blowing first.

I'll tell you how it was that Purg happened to get started in human practice. Old Bill Howes took a job to shingle a house in the village. Bill is terrible absent-minded.

He sat down beside Bill for a little while and gritted his teeth and looked at him. Then he rolled up Bill's upper lip and took a look at his mouth.

"You old red-head cockatoo," yelled Bill, "can't ye see what's the trouble with me?"

"Lemme see your tongue," said Purg, pushing his finger in between Bill's teeth and forcing them apart.

"You hog-eyed, old small-pox flag," roared Bill, "ye hain't fit to diagnose pips in a hen yard!"

mendin' cane seat chairs is what I do ev'nin' for amusement." Purg poked around and found that the leg was broken above the knee. He had an awful job setting it.

But Purg kept at it till he got it set and put in splints. He kept a-sayin' he didn't see how in thunderation Bill had ever got his leg twisted around so bad.

Said he'd set legs on all animals from dogs to cows and had never seen so bad a twist. Before the leg got out of the splints Bill had some suspicions. They were right.

He found when the splints were taken off that Purg had set the leg with the knee round back-side-to-like the joints on a cow's hind leg.

It always looked kind of funny and Bill was pretty mad. But when he got back to work he discovered that a leg like that was a great help to him in his house shingling, because he could hook one foot over the ridgepole and shingle along like a fary with both hands.



"You old red-head cockatoo! Can't you see what's the matter?"

A Night on the Telegraph Editor's Desk

One night a veteran telegraph editor grew reminiscient and his mind ran back over the time when he saw a panorama of the whole world between the setting and the rising of the sun each day.

DEATH'S GREETING.

Death faced the man with the frosted hair, And, fearful, he shrank from the touch of death, While the shrunken hulk of a ghost of prayer Clung to his frozen breast!

ELECTION BETS AND GAMBLING.

It was said not long ago that betting was steadily on the increase in fashionable English society; while, as for our own country, certain clergymen of New York and New Jersey have testified to the prevalence of the habit in the highest social circles.

YOUR LITTLE HAND.

Your little hand! So soft, so light its touch— But, Oh, its gentlest stroke I understand It speaks so much—So much!

WAS LOCKED BY WASHINGTON.

The south door in historic Trinity Protestant Episcopal church, in old Oxford township, thirty-fifth ward, was opened yesterday for the first time since the days of the Revolutionary war.

Mr. Dooley's Opinions. "When a rare good book comes along I'm as quick as any wha to say it isn't so bad, an' this here book is fine."

Forty Modern Fables By GEORGE ADE. Amusingly satirical narratives of the Wise Piker, the Once-a-Weeker from Town, the Good Thing and the rest of the Bunch. Price \$1.50

MURRAY CURE FOR DRINK. OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT FOR THE SIXTH YEAR. HUNDREDS OF CURED MEN and WOMEN. THOUSANDS OF HOMES MADE HAPPY BY THIS CURE.

MURRAY CURE INSTITUTE. EDWIN MURRAY, Proprietor and Manager. 1819 Nicollet Ave., - Minneapolis, Minn.