

# Lawrence Democrat.

"CRY ALOUD AND SPARE NOT."

VOLUME VII.

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NUMBER 51.

## MARY CLARIMONT, M. D.

### Her Profession Is Husband and Home to Her Now.

When Mary Clarimont's engagement was proclaimed to the world there ensued a general expression of surprise. Miss Clarimont was one-and-twenty, a tall, imperial beauty, with dewy black eyes, a skin as fresh as daisy roses, and dark brown hair coiled in shining bands at the back of her head. Moreover, Miss Clarimont had a "career" before her. She had just graduated from Medford Medical university, and taken out her diploma as an M. D. "And only to think of it," said Aunt Jo, bursting into tears of vexation and disappointment, "that she must needs go and ruin all her prospects by getting engaged to Harry Marlow, down in New York!"

"It does seem strange, Aunt Jo, when I sit down and think of it," said Dr. Mary, laughing and blushing. "Six months ago my profession was all the world to me. I neither wished nor cared for anything outside its limits. The future was all mapped out before me without let or hindrance; and now—"

"Humph!" growled Aunt Jo. "Any brainless idiot can get married and keep a man's house and mend his shirts for him, but you were made for something higher and more dignified, Mary. My dear-bright eyes sparkled."

"Higher, Aunt Jo?" said she. "More dignified? There you are, mistaken. There is no higher or more dignified lot in life than that of the true wife of a noble husband."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Aunt Jo. "As if every poor fool who was dazzled by the glitter of a wedding ring didn't say the same thing! You've disappointed me, Mary Clarimont, and I'm ashamed of you, and that is the long and short of it!"

"Dear Aunt Jo," said she, "I shall not let my sword and shield rust, believe me. Harry has only his own talents to advance him in the world, and it will be at least a year before we shall be ready to marry. In the meantime I shall accept the post of visiting physician to the Aldenbury almshouse and practice my profession, just the same as if there were no engagement."

"I wish to goodness there wasn't," said Aunt Jo. "I tell you what, Mary, I don't fancy that smiling, smooth-tongued young man of yours, and I never shall!"

Still Dr. Mary Clarimont kept her temper. "I am sorry, Aunt Jo," she said, pleasantly. "But I hope you will eventually change your mind."

"I used to keep a thread and needle store when I was a young woman," remarked Aunt Jo, dryly, "and I always could tell the ring of a counterfeit half dollar when a customer laid it out on the counter. I could then, and I can now—and I tell you what, Mary, there's base metal about Harry Marlow."

Dr. Mary hit her lip. "Perhaps you will not discuss the subject further, Aunt Jo," she said, with quiet dignity, and the old lady said no more.

"Aunt Jo is wrong," persisted the pretty young M. D. to herself. "Mary is making a fool of herself!" thought Aunt Jo.

Aldenbury was a pretty manufacturing village, with a main street shaded by umbrageous maples, a "west end," where people who had made their fortunes lived comfortably in roomy old houses, surrounded by velvet lawns and terraced gardens, and an "east end," where people fought desperately and not always successfully to keep body and soul together on the merest pittance.

And a little way out of the village the almshouses, built and endowed by a certain smuggling sea captain, whose conscience had pricked him during his latter days, raised their gray stone gables to the sky and made a picturesque background to the landscape.

Dr. Mary Clarimont made something of a sensation at Aldenbury. Up to this time all the resident M. D.'s had been stuffy old gentlemen with wigs or port young ones with eyeglasses.

A beautiful young lady who wrote prescriptions and compounded pills and potions was a novelty in the town, and by no means a disagreeable one. People rather liked the idea, once they had convinced themselves that the lady doctor understood herself and her patients.

And the poor old people at the almshouse grow to love Dr. Mary and listen with eager ears for the sound of her carriage wheels over the blue gravel drive which led up to the portico.

It was a brilliant December day when the young physician stood in the neatly-carpeted reception-room drawing on her fur gloves previous to entering her neat phaeton once again, while she reiterated to the white-capped maid some directions concerning old Ann Mudgett's rheumatism, when the matron hurried in.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Dr. Clarimont," said she, "but I clean forgot the new old woman."

"The new old woman," repeated Dr. Mary, with a smile. "That is," exclaimed Mrs. Cunningham, "she only came last night; a quiet old soul, half blind, and quite bad with the asthma. Perhaps you'd better just see her before you go. She brought a card of admission from Dr. Merton, the New York clergyman, who is one of our directors, you know, and she seems a decent body enough."

## TWO QUEER COLONIES.

### The Fierce Rivalry Existing Between Them in San Francisco.

There are two queer colonies in San Francisco, and the hatred between them is intense. One outfit comes from Basanta, a suburb of Beyrout, Syria, and the other from Bartrona, a village near the same city. The members of these colonies are all in the same business—peddling cheap jewelry and notions throughout the rural districts of the state—and they buy most of their wares of us. It takes not a little diplomacy and smooth talk to keep the trade of both factions, as they are called, from watching each other and the firm to see if one side gets any advantage over the other in the way of prices or terms. A man named Saba heads the Basanta colony, which inhabits a regular rookery up on Telegraph hill. The Bartrona people live down on Minna street, and are led by one Shorbel. These hawkers make a good thing of it, though they dress shabbily and are always making poor mouths. They have been out here for five or six years, and the colonies are growing steadily. Years ago similar colonies were started in New York city, and now two or three of the exporters are wholesale merchants there. They have hardly any dealings with their neighbors, and very few of them are naturalized. One of the Basanta men, I see, was mysteriously murdered up country the other day. I have often wondered if the crime was not the outgrowth of the feud. If it was I don't think the assassin will ever be found. The dead man's friends and relatives will see that he is avenged.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"A son!" echoed Mrs. Cunningham; "and you in the almshouse?"

"Not that it's his fault, ma'am," the old creature made haste to explain. "My son is to be married to a fine, proud young lady, as is fit for any prince in all the land, and of course he can't be expected to burden himself with a helpless old woman like me."

"He says I'm to write and let him know how I get along, and if I'm sick or anything he'll try to see me. I sewed carpets until the asthma got hold of me, and supported myself comfortably. But, of course, I couldn't lay up anything for a rainy day—who could?"

"And Henry couldn't help me, for he's getting ready to be married, poor lad! So I went to Dr. Merton and asked him did he know any decent place where an old woman like me could end her days in peace. And he gave me a card to come here and some money to pay my traveling expenses—God bless him!—and here I am."

Mary Clarimont listened quietly to the garrulous tale, but the color varied in her cheek more than once as she stood there.

"Is your son's name Harry Marlow?" she said, slowly and thoughtfully.

"Yes, miss, at your service," said the old woman, with a duck of her white-capped head, which was meant to do duty in place of the impossible courtesy.

"Is he like this?" said Dr. Mary, taking a photograph from her pocket. The old woman, with trembling hands, fitted on her iron-bowed spectacles and looked at the picture, uttering a little cry of recognition.

"Sure, miss, it is his own self," she cried.

"You are acquainted with him, then?"

"Somewhat," said Dr. Mary, composedly, as she returned the photograph to its place. "And now I will leave you something to relieve you of this difficulty in breathing."

But the old woman eyed her wistfully. "Perhaps you know the young lady my son is to marry?"

"Yes," said Dr. Mary, writing something in her prescription book. "I have seen her."

"Perhaps, miss," faltered the old woman, "you would give her my humble duty, and tell her I would just like to look at her for once and see what she is like. There's no fear of my troubling her, miss, for I mean to end my days here. But I would like to see her just once. And if it wouldn't be asking too much, miss, would you please write to my son and tell him where I am, for I'm no scholar myself, and I'm his mother, after all."

"I will write to him," said Dr. Mary, quietly; and so she went away.

"I never see a lady doctor afore," said old Mrs. Marlow, with a long sigh. "But she's a pretty creature, and it seems good to have her around. I hope she'll come again soon."

"You may be very sure of that," said the matron, brusquely. "Dr. Clarimont ain't one to neglect poor people because they are poor."

The evening Aunt Jo, frying crullers over the kitchen fire, was surprised by a visit from her niece, who came in all wrapped in furs, with her cheeks crimsoned with the frosty winter air.

"Bless me! this ain't never you!" said Aunt Jo, peering over her spectacles.

"I drove over to see you, Aunt Jo," said Mary, "to tell you that you were right. The metal was counterfeit."

"Eh?" said Aunt Jo, mechanically, looking at the brown, curly crullers, although she did not look at what she was doing.

"I have written to Harry Marlow, canceling our engagement," said Dr. Mary, calmly, albeit her voice faltered a little. "The man who will heartlessly let his old mother go to the almshouse sooner than to take the trouble to maintain her, can do no fit husband for any woman."

## MISTRESS AND MAID.

### A Short Chapter on the Differences Which Occur Between Them.

There is a maid for every mistress and a mistress for every maid as certain as that for every Jack there is a Jill.

Even that most homeless of applicants for a position in an American kitchen, the Icelandic damsel whose only accomplishment was "milking reindeer," would be a treasure to a family who kept milk-goats.

The difficulty is that employers are always trying to fit wrong people into wrong places, and will never quietly consider their own peculiarities.

I shall startle you by saying that the best servant in the abstract is by no means always the best for you. For you must consider, not so much what she has done in her last place, as what she will be expected to do in yours.

If your family is drilled like a regiment, so that all rise up to meals and retire with exact regularity, the well-trained English servant is the best for you. She will serve you seriously, answer your orders with an invariable "Very well, ma'am," have your Sunday dinner ready for you when you come home from church all in a row, lock the front door, extinguish the hall lamp and banish the family cat at ten precisely and allow you to have an occasional regular party with ice cream and salads, and the company all in full dress. In fact she will rejoice to serve so exemplary a family, and feel that it is owing to her influence that you keep so strictly to the right way.

If, on the contrary, you are professional people, with mildly Bohemian habits and a desire to have some innocent jollity and a sense of good-fellowship, avoid this perfect servant as you would a fiery dragon.

Her wrath on learning that the various members of the household rise when they please and sit up until two o'clock when they desire to do so, that they have impromptu banquets at irregular hours, that they do as they like without asking what others do, will be too great for utterance. Her first discovery of a Flemish jug and mugs to match in the dining-room of a morning will crush her. She will sweep the cigarette boxes away with anguish in her soul, and will be seized with symptoms which force her to pin a white handkerchief about her forehead.

From that moment her shocked expression will be permanent, and you will feel as though you had established somebody else's family ghost on the premises until you part, very, very gladly.

No, this perfect servant will never do for you. Get a jolly Irishwoman, or a comfortable, fat, southern black aunt, who can understand that you keep house to live and do not live to keep house.

The matron whose family love to live well spends half a day at a bureau to engage at last a mild, milk-and-water sort of a female, with a small chin and no mouth to speak of, who in reply to every affable question utters the same "I've no choice, ma'am."

Why, Heaven knows, forty years of experience ought to have taught her that a woman like that always serves meals half cooked and barely warm, steeps her coffee, water-soaks her vegetables, sends up her puddings in a liquid condition and flavorless, is incapable of getting up a good fire or giving a comfortable effect to a room that she arranges, of opening a door widely to admit a guest or quite shutting one on any occasion; that while she dominates the kitchen the household will feel half starved and wholly wretched.

Meanwhile a sensitive person, with strong feelings on the subject of gravities and original ideas as to salads and sauces, has been engaged by a lady who keeps her family on short rations, principally of bread and smoked beef, while the timid elderly spinster in glasses has been so far left to herself as to take home with her her little flat an immense, red-haired fury, with blood-shot eyes and an evident bottle in her pocket, and Mrs. McGillicuddy, who boasts of quelling commotions in her kitchen by such heroic means as the throwing of pudding-pans and flatirons, captures a meek, cross-eyed woman, who mentions that she left her last place because after seeing a ghost in the cellar she "wouldn't go down for coals never no more, nor if it was ever so good."

But all these women, having eyes, saw not, and blindly selected a servant as from a grab-bag at a fair, when the matter might have been one of sensible and well-advised choice, and the contract a tolerably permanent one in consequence.—Mary Kyle Dallas, in N. Y. World.

## AN INNOCENT QUESTION.

But It Was Asked of the Wrong Person That Time.

The little man was lonely and wanted to make friends and the big man with his left arm in a sling seemed to be the only one in the smoking-room of the car who seemed to have no one to talk to. So the little man picked him out.

"Arm hurt?" he asked pleasantly.

"The big man took his cigar out of his mouth, looked at the little man severely, and said: "What's that sling?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"Think it's pretty?"

"Well, no, I—"

"Doesn't look like a decoration, does it?"

"Of course not. You see—"

"Personally you wouldn't wear it for an ornament, would you?"

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

### The Grave of Oliver Goldsmith, in the precincts of the Inner Temple, is one of the neglected graves of England.

The engraved letters are becoming dim and the tablet is scratched.

Stanley's contract with the American publishers of his book called for \$50,000 in royalty. It is now authoritatively stated that he has received from them the additional sum of \$41,000, and that Maj. Pond paid to him some ninety thousand dollars as his portion of the proceeds of the lecture tour.

The German empress went shopping in London. Her purchases included a beautiful hand-embroidered coverlet of Italian design, supposed to be two hundred years old, for which she gave forty-five pounds, and a very handsome satin quilt—a reproduction of an old pattern—embroidered in gold with blended tones of terra cotta and gold which cost forty pounds.

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That old Bourbon, the London Saturday Review, thus protests against a new spelling of the name of a classical author: "For men of letters who are scholars and scholars who are men of letters there is no such vocable as 'Virgil' in the world, never will be. 'Virgilius' in Latin, if you like (you needn't, but if you like). But 'Virgil' in English, absolutely, peremptorily, without stay of judgment, without leave to appeal."

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