

THE MISTAKE GARNET MADE.

A little, low-browed, yellow cottage, steeply nesting 'neath a canopy of branching hemlocks. Here dwelt Mrs. Darley, or the Widow Darley, as she was commonly called by the inhabitants of London.

Day was fast verging into dusk. Indeed, for some time twilight had lain gray upon the scene, and only a silver line kissed the purple tops of the distant mountain.

'Well, I declare!' This exclamation was caused by the rumbling old stage coach, that daily passed her house, stopping at the front gate, from which alighted her niece, who ran lightly to the walk and into the house.

'Yes, aunt,' a tremor of pain threading her voice in spite of her efforts to appear unconcerned, 'times are dull, and madam Brown has so little work that she deemed it expedient to dispense with the services of those girls who proved the most incompetent.'

'Not at all,' in her most dolorous tone; 'the place is fairly weighed down with mortgages, and, for aught I know to the contrary, Mr. Lincoln may foreclose any day. Yes, any day may find us without shelter.'

'Never mind, aunt, don't worry. I'll see what can be done in the morning.' And next forenoon, about 10 o'clock, with a hoe swung over her shoulder, and a half-bushel basket in her hand, in which reposed a half-dozen potato bags and a dainty repast done up in a newspaper, she trudged to the potato lot, to see what could be done; for the widow's niece, Garnet Embers, was a girl equal to any emergency.

'It is noon now, Miss Embers, I'm sure. See! Oh! Sol is directly over us. Come, let's have our lunch under the apple tree.'

At this juncture the report of a gun sounded near, and Garnet looked up just in time to see a chipmunk, running along the fence dividing her lot from Mr. Deaver's, topple over and an instant after a man in gray, muscularly framed and handsome as Apollo, with wide shoulders shading his face, appeared in sight.

tions, and with her hoe raised aloft cried out: 'Here, young man, come here! I want you to help in digging a few bushels of potatoes. I will see that you do not incur Mr. Deaver's displeasure by doing as I desire. And, indeed, for that matter, you might as well be working for me as to be idling away your time in killing harmless creatures. Come, what do you say?'

'All right, miss; I'll be with you as soon as I can exchange my gun for a hoe, for I suppose you intend to keep on digging?'

'Perhaps not,' he said, in a nonchalant way. 'I am a green hand at it, I acknowledge, but I guess I can learn after awhile. See, miss, if I have done my work well.'

'Well, leaning contentedly against the hoe-handle, and wiping the perspiration off his forehead with the daintiest of white handkerchiefs, from which emanated the perfume of violets, 'what next shall I do? Issue your commands, Miss—Miss—'

'You may call me Bob,' he said, with a comical grimace. 'Mr. Deaver calls me that.'

'Well, Bob, to work! Don't lag, and when noon comes you may share my lunch with me under the apple tree.'

'Prav don't, Miss Embers,' with an affected humility. 'I couldn't help it. Indeed I couldn't. If you had seen that ill-favored hop-toad leap over that potato, you'd laugh too. It was so funny. The toad was so small, whereas the potato has grown to an enormous size—a regular whopper! Look! Miss Embers, there goes the fellow now under that straggling vine!'

'Not any, Bob,' with something that sounded like a sigh. 'I am no better cook than a dressmaker. We have both missed our vocation. I worked two years in Madam Brown's establishment endeavoring to learn how to cut and make dresses, but failed ignominiously; was therefore sent home minus a recommendation. So it will be with you, Bob. Although a thoroughly good man, Mr. Deaver is a very exacting one, and if your work to-day is a specimen of what you can do he will not keep you in his service any longer than what is absolutely necessary. What up-hill work life is for the poor! Dear me! I wonder what I am good for myself?'

'Good to look at,' he muttered, under his breath, wishing that she would toss off the sunbonnet that almost concealed her face. Then aloud, 'Good to dig potatoes, I suppose.'

At which both laughed heartily, and together they wended their way to the apple tree, weighed down with golden fruit, at whose foot they were to partake of their lunch. A musical streamlet threaded its way over a pebbly bed, washing the roots of the apple tree as it ran merrily on. Here, on the grass, in sound of his babbling voice, they seated themselves and prepared to partake of the repast, which Garnet spread daintily out on a newspaper, first throwing off the offending sunbonnet, which motion caused the red-brown hair to tumble about her face, making a picture at which Titian would have raved.

'By Jupiter!' ejaculated Bob, 'she is even prettier than I imagined. She is a perfect witch.'

'Heigho!' he cried, in a hearty tone, 'having a picnic on a small scale? Playig mean of you Miss Garnet, not to extend an invitation to your nearest neighbor. When did you arrive?'

'Last night, and Mr. Deaver,' as they shook hands, 'I took the liberty of soliciting help from your hired man in digging a few bushels of potatoes to carry to market.'

'Ha, ha, ha!' The good man's laugh rang out loud and clear. 'Did you really take Bob for a hired man? Why, this is my guest, Mr. Lincoln—the gentleman who owns the mortgage on your aunt's place. He, to use the expression in vogue, is fairly rolling in riches. Ha! ha! ha! my hired man! Miss Embers, Mr. Lincoln!'

'I will, that is,' with a pretty hesitation to her voice, 'if you take me and auntie's potatoes to market with Mr. Deaver's horse. I wish to purchase some groceries.'

'It is needless to say that he did as she desired, and late in November, when the air was still and keen, and the flakes of snow eddied to the ground and covered it with a mantle of white, Robert Lincoln presented Mrs. Darley with a deed of the place, and took Garnet away with him to his city home, where, as his wife, she reigns quite royally; and he always biases the day when he dug potatoes to her, and she took him for 'Mr. Deaver's hired man.'

in sufficient quantity was a sedative and would lower the heart's action, and by so doing might relieve me of those unpleasant visions. I therefore squeezed all the juice I possibly could out of one of the lemons into the glass to which I added about two teaspoonful of water, and sucked the balance of the juice. In about twenty minutes I took another lemon, and used it in the same manner. In a short time I felt very cold, as if I were lying in close proximity to a large mass of snow or ice. My pulse had dropped to 60. I shut my eyes to see if the unpleasant visions were gone. I not only found that they were gone but by placing my hand upon my head I found the pox on my head had gone also. My head was bathed with grumous-like fluid, which had exuded from the pox. It stained the napkin I had applied to wipe it off. It seemed as if each had given up its contents, and wilted down to a level with the surface. The same had taken place with those upon my face. My beard was glued together with the same kind of fluid. Those upon my neck had not burst, but had shrunk away and diminished in size considerably. I laid down and slept two hours comfortably. I awoke, I presume from cold, although I had plenty of cover upon me and the fire was still burning in the grate. I felt so well pleased that I took a little more lemon juice. I kept my pulse at from 60 to 67 for 36 hours, when all eruptions had disappeared from my skin. I then bid good-bye to lemon juice and small-pox.

So thoroughly am I convinced of the power of lemon juice to abort any and every case of small-pox, if administered as I administered it to myself, that I look upon it as a specific of as much certainty and power in small-pox as quinine is in intermittent fever. I, therefore, publish my experiment, hoping every physician having a case of small-pox will give it a fair trial and report the result to me.

JAMES MOORE, Surgeon, M. D. Teaton, O., April 25th, 1881.

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