

The physician, meantime, her shrinking condition, but cannot combat her shrinking terror. He yields to her supplication

one bottle will prove what it can do." MRS. LUCY PEASLEY, Derby Center, Vt.

AN EPISODE IN VIRGINIA.

BY LILLIAN LEWIS.

It was down in a little place in the southland, just below historic Bull's Run, and within the shadow of the spot where Gen. Lee's camp was pitched during his operations in that vicinity in the war of the rebellion, that I met with a rather unusual summer experience. It was a charming little out-of-the-way place, between the mountains and the sea, and bore the unique name of Brandy. I was spending a part of the summer there in the lazy atmosphere of that lazy little town that had not yet reached the dignity of being cut up into streets, but did have a few very bad roads, although roads are not a real necessity in Brandy, as the people there drive through bushes, through wasteland and woodland in the most unceremonious fashion, and are perfectly content with the jostling and jolting over the shrubbery, so long as they come out at the right point.

I was rusticated at a farmhouse for a few weeks, in obedience to my physician's orders. I was to take a complete rest, and on no condition was I to enter into excitement of any kind. Excitement! I don't believe there has been any excitement in Brandy since the war, when the village was filled with soldiers, and when the handsome summer residences and the plantations were burned and levelled to the ground. Excitement! What was there in Brandy to excite one? The clang of the cowbells, the neighing of the horses, the grunt of the pigs, the scream of the whistle when the train stopped at the station to throw out or take in the mail bag, the turkey buzzards descending in circles to feast on carrion thrown among the bushes. Ah, there was nothing in all Brandy to set the pulses more quickly beating.

To be sure, nobody goes out in Brandy after dark, if there is no moon, for in the dark the tall bushes look like so many men, and the stubble and underbrush abound so plentifully that one's neck is not safe. The doors and windows in the houses are left open all night, for there are no robbers in Brandy. Every one is perfectly honest, and there is no undue excitement furnished by even an occasional robbery. In fact, there is no place of detention for criminals in the town, and if a lawbreaker is found there the sheriff hauls a passing wagon, puts his prisoner in and drives him up to Culpepper, six miles away.

I drove out to Culpepper one day, but I was sorry I went, for I disobeyed my doctor's orders, and got mixed up in rather an exciting experience. Everybody in Brandy goes to Culpepper for a change, when the extreme quietude of Brandy gets too monotonous; and so when the dim outlines of the mountains many miles away, the buzz and hum of the insects, the sweet scent of the honeysuckle, the bark of the watchdogs, the occasional crack of the huntsman's rifle, and the languid atmosphere over it all, became a monotonous state of things, I, too, for a change, took a journey to Culpepper.

Of course there are no cars in Brandy, nor in Culpepper either, for that matter, so I travelled as all the denizens of Brandy travel, in one of the farm wagons, behind a plough horse that was quite used to taking his time about matters. There were three of us—the old man who owned the farm at which I was staying, his little granddaughter, a child of six summers, and I. We jogged along behind Billy, and were nearly three hours making that little distance of six miles. I said the roads were very bad. Well, the road to Culpepper was very, very bad.

Sometimes the wagon would be half on elevated ground and half on low ground, with the wheels well sunk in the soft, red clay that lines the sides of the road; sometimes we drove through the quiet woods, bending and breaking the supple young branches of trees, and stones, so that we were obliged to hold on to the sides and back of the seat for dear life, for fear of being rolled out on the ground. And that wasn't all. When we emerged from the woods and came out on the highway again, there was a "run," as they call it, to cross.

The "run" was a stream of water about three feet deep and not so very wide, but wide enough to intersect the road and prevent our getting over on the other side without fording the stream. It is used as a baptizing place by the Methodists and Baptists for miles around. But Billy didn't seem to mind it. He walked right in, just as if he were one of the converts, and began to sink and sink, deeper and deeper, and we and the wagon sunk too. My heart sunk, also, for I didn't know whether we were all to be baptized or not, and as I am neither a Baptist nor a Methodist, and have a mortal terror of baptism by immersion, my state of excitement may be well imagined. But when Billy's forelegs landed on that rickety and unstable board that was a sort of substitute for a landing on the opposite shore, my spirits rose with Billy and the wagon.

At last we reached Culpepper, the prettiest little southern town imaginable, and as picturesque as one could wish. Our drive through the town was without special interest until the old man drew rein before a place that had a little blind door, that I supposed was a restaurant. It may have been, and it may not have been. A man with a big white apron tied before him came out and brought three big glasses containing a liquid that much resembled claret in color. I was offered the first glass, but declined. The old man took that glass and the second, and emptied them both. The little girl cried for the third and got it. I asked for a drink of water—not because a drink of water in Brandy had ever brought me a sense of real refreshment, because the water in Brandy was never cold, but was always cool, and cool water in the summer time in a hot southern country village can't exactly be called refreshing. We never had ice at the farmhouse, because ice is a luxury in Brandy, and as there are no wealthy people in Brandy there is an absence of luxuries there.

So, when I asked for a drink of water, and saw the man in the white apron bringing it out to me, I took it mechanically and lifted it to my lips. But, ye gods, imagine my amazement, my ineffable delight, when I found that I

was quaffing a draught of ice water. On the impulse I ordered a 10-cent piece of ice placed in the back of the wagon, and visions of ice water for two days at least passed fancifully before me. But, alas! what did I see—a little piece of ice that could be wrapped up in the old man's red bandanna, carefully laid in the bottom of the wagon. But such is life. Ice was also a luxury in Culpepper, I concluded.

Then began my memorable ride back to Brandy. How jolly we all felt. I was rested and refreshed, the old man was full of anecdotes and the little girl was as cute and bright as she could be. Billy was awfully slow, and it seemed as if we had been riding an age when the old man suddenly became very communicative. The amount of his wealth he told in round numbers, a little speculation slipped out, the condition of the farm was discussed, then family secrets were brought from their hiding places.

I listened in surprise until I began to note that the old man sat very unsteadily in his seat, and pulled Billy first to the right, then to the left, with apparently no purpose, until riding in that fashion in the rough, uneven road was becoming a matter of life or death. It was bad enough for the old man to become reckless, but when he became hilarious, to a great degree, I couldn't quite understand it, and a feeling of uneasiness took possession of me. I offered to drive, and when I took the reins from his hands I was horrified to note the expression in his eyes. Before I could recover myself, the child, who sat between us, began to sing in the most incoherent manner, and laughed until she slipped from the seat to the floor of the wagon. Then she could not get up, or, rather, could not stand up, and kept slipping and sliding and laughing, until it suddenly dawned upon me that that child was drunk, and so was the old man.

And there I was in that wagon with those two senseless creatures, three or four miles from Brandy, out on a public road, behind a slow, contrary plough horse, without the slightest idea of how to get back to Brandy. There was yet some woods to pass through—gloomy and lonesome woods, and there was that stream to ford, and there was that man and that child—and there I was. I said to myself: "Courage, my girl." I gave Billy a touch of the whip, and then I said: "Go home, Billy; home, Billy." Then I called him by pretty names, touching him up now and again with the whip, and trusting—yes, trusting to Billy's horse sense to take us home. When I saw an opening in the woods I wasn't sure whether to pull the horse into it or whether to keep out, so I just held the reins and did neither, and when, a few moments later, Billy actually turned from the road, entered the shade of a wooded grove and trampled down shrubs and bushes, while the wagon pitched from side to side most unmercifully, my heart beat furiously, for I didn't know just where we were going to land. I could elicit no information from the old man, who succeeded in keeping his seat on the other end of the wagon, most miraculously; for when the horse had stepped over a fallen tree and the wagon gave a sudden lurch as it went over the log, I thought surely he would be landed on the leafy ground, but somehow or other he hung on. When we emerged into the road again, I began to recognize the country about me and felt certain that Billy was taking us home.

When we came to that dark stream of water, I shuddered. That shudder must have been prophetic, for it was here that the expected happened. Oh, it was most inexplicable. The bed of the stream was very uneven, and the horse was making his detour in zig-zag lines. I held the reins with an iron grip, for I was thinking to myself "Suppose he should stumble." This frightful thought had no sooner come to me than a heart-rending cry of "gran'pa" fell on my ears. This was followed by a splash, and I looked just in time to see the old man go under the stream, while the child in the back of the wagon, wrung her hands and continued to cry: "O, Lordy, Lordy, gran'pa, gran'pa." I called to Billy: "Whoa," but Billy liked the cool water against his shins, and continued to tow us in zig-zag lines to the other side. Nor would he stop then. He was on the home run, and he knew it. He had taken a sudden freak and was actually trotting, and nothing could stop him. I looked back and saw that the old man was in no danger of immediate drowning, and was either paddling, or swimming or wading to the shore. It was hard to tell which, for his wild and grotesque gestures were enigmatical.

I quieted the child, and I think the shock sobered her, for she seemed more like herself. We met not a soul on foot nor a horse until we came to the clearing around the village schoolhouse, then we met some men who had been felling trees, and we told them of the dilemma in which we left the old man, and urged them to hasten to his relief.

It was perhaps three-quarters of an hour before he appeared; then he came slowly across the field, riding astride a neighbor's horse, his legs dangling, his best pantaloons, which he had donned for the occasion, dripping with water, his red and white striped negligee shirt a little the worse off for his ducking, his bright red necktie askew, but with his horseshoe stick-pin all right.

There isn't much to add, except that he seemed quite sober, a trifle humiliated and embarrassed in manner, but withal a wiser, ever, if a sadder man.

WAYS TO GROW COMELY.

If possible, always give your hair a sun bath after its soap and water shampoo.

Try for a 30 minutes' nap each day, even if visions of an overlaid mending basket haunts your dreams.

Don't live your troubles ahead of time. Nervous prostration with women is more often due to anticipated worries than to present trials.

Substitute a glass of hot milk, a cup of good coffee or a nourishing soup and bread for an ice cream and charlotte russe luncheon on shopping days.

Regulate your sleeping hours according to the demands of your system without regard to the platitudes of early rising advocates.

Take a few gentle athletic exercises daily if you cannot go in for a thorough physical culture course. The simple calisthenics of your school days are better than complete neglect of this health branch.

Don't try to patch up wardrobe extravagance with table economy. Pantry stinginess is responsible for dull eyes, drab skins, flabby, bloodless-looking cheeks and poor teeth that the daintiest dress vanities cannot beautify.

Find your spring tonic and blood purifier in a daily fare of green things. Eat cressets for breakfast and salad for luncheon and dinner—not a meagre dish of flabby lettuce, mind you, but a plentiful of crisp, crinkled leaves, plentifully dressed with oil and vinegar.

**TRY
ONE
HALF**

the number of drops of Met-calf's WATER WHITE VANILLA or LEMON that you would of other kinds, and prove for yourself that they flavor more and flavor better than any other . . .

THEODORE METCALF CO., BOSTON.