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THE DESERET WEEKLY

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AT THE DOOR.

I thought myself indeed secure,
So fast the door, so firm the bolt
But, as he knocking came to pass
My heart was with the lock.

My inner vows more small it seemed
The sweetness of my lady's pow,
They therefore, lady knocking, and
"Please let me in, for's only one"

I drew aside the enchanted lock,
Regardless of its tempting charms,
And, opening wide the door, I look
My laughing darling in my arms.

What shows but in secrecy
I, then treat elsewhere, shall wait
The glory of a life to be,
Beyond the heavenly Father's gate

And will that heavenly Father lend
The music's rapturous cry,
As at the outer door I speak,
"Dad, O Father! only I!"
—Eugene Field in Christian Advocate.

A DOCTOR'S STORY.

I met Laura at a charity ball. It was a case of love at first sight on my part, and I got introduced.

"Dr. Spriggs—Miss Laura Wyatt." The introduction was made in an instant. We had one waltz, only one, which we danced from start to finish, and then, when that glorious waltz was over, we both felt as though we had known and loved each other all our lives.

How I managed it I don't exactly know, but I did manage it. I succeeded in getting introduced to old Mr. Wyatt, Laura's papa. I danced several other dances with Laura, and at the end of those dances

I vowed her the one thing undivided
That lived and breathed in this world of sin;
The purest, tenderest, truest child
That a man ever wooed in.

You may say that it did not take me long to arrive at this conclusion. It did not take me long, simply because I am a man of great mental promptitude, and have grown accustomed to arrive rapidly at a correct diagnosis. You have to arrive at a rapid diagnosis when you see a hundred and twenty patients in three hours, which I had been in the habit of doing as assistant physician to Dr. Saintlife's.

I fancy I made a most favorable impression on old Wyatt. I had cultivated a good professional manner. Some people say that in my profession manner is everything. I was what people call very a professional—poor young consulting physician always is. I had the etiquette and the ethics of the profession at my fingers' ends, and at that time I honestly felt that if it had not been for my peculiarly prepossessing appearance, and the fact that I was delicate in the physician's crown of glory (I mean a bald head), a large and lucrative practice must be mine eventually; and till the night I saw Laura I was absolutely devoted to the profession of medicine, and I longed—I actually longed—for that bald head and the accompanying large and lucrative practice.

I called, and I was very favorably received. Mr. Wyatt asked me to dinner, and he made a very favorable impression upon me, and he gave me a very good dinner, and the interest the old gentleman took in medicine was something wonderful. Old Wyatt lived in a very large house, in thoroughly respectable style—butler who looked like an archbishop and two parlor maids.

Well, I was very much in love with Laura it was fifteen years ago, and I am as much in love with her now as I was then. I proposed for Laura in form, and then I had to confess to old Wyatt that I had only six thousand pounds of my own left. I had got through four thousand of my original ten in the rent of consulting room, the hire of a brougham, and the usual taxes to which the young consultant is subjected. I told old Wyatt fairly that I did not want his money, it was his daughter I wanted and not his dacats. This statement was absolutely genuine, for I was very much in love. I explained to Mr. Wyatt that by the time the rest of the ten thousand was gone I might honestly expect to be in receipt of the magnificent professional income of five hundred a year.

Then old Mr. Wyatt threw himself back in his chair and laughed aloud. I thought he would never leave off laughing. I remonstrated with him upon his heartless conduct.

"My dear fellow," he said, "I can't help it. It's too ridiculous. You deliberately throw away £10,000 and the best years of your life for the sake of a possible income of five hundred a year. Now, Dr. Spriggs, I will not attempt to conceal from you that my daughter is much attached to you. You are young, you are enthusiastic, you are ready to sacrifice everything for your profession. Now, the question is: Are you ready to sacrifice your profession for my daughter? I am a bit of a fatalist myself," he said with a curious chuckle, "and I've a great respect for destiny, but there are reasons good and substantial reasons—why my daughter should never marry a medical man, or, rather, to be more accurate, there are reasons why no medical man should marry my daughter."

What could he mean? It was a most mysterious statement.

"My dear sir," I said, "if I throw up my profession for your daughter's sake, we should not have enough to live on; £6,000 would not last very long."

"You need not trouble yourself about that," said Mr. Wyatt. "I am fairly well off. I should be prepared to give you a share in my business—it's a very good business—and I'm very fond of my daughter Laura, and she has no one only child, you know. Don't be alarmed, Dr. Wyatt," I stammered out your money. I should only want your assistance in developing my business. I should give you a salary, if you liked—say, a couple of thousand a year; or, as I said before, you could have a share in the business."

"But I am not a business man," I remonstrated, "badness. I know nothing whatever of the nature of the business," I added, for I was altogether puzzled.

"You will not betray my confidence?" said Mr. Wyatt, with an air of mystery.

"I assure you would. Well, I'm a lucky fellow," I said. Did you ever hear of Beecham's Infallible Tractors? I married Beecham's widow. Laura is my daughter by a second marriage—this will give you all the necessary particulars," he said, as he threw a little pamphlet into my hands. "I'll come back for your answer in a few minutes." Then he left me, and he was longer in Laura and mind.

Of course I had heard of Beecham's Infallible Tractors—who hasn't? Who has not read the well known advertisement beginning

Have you got a cold in the head? Try "Beecham's."

Do you suffer from indigestion? Try "Beecham's."

Is old age creeping upon you? Try "Beecham's."

And so on for a whole column. Had not I been sentimentally irritated by my patients at the hospital telling me that they had tried "Beecham's" before they tried me? Was not "Beecham's" familiar to their mouths as a household word? And my Laura's father had married the widow of a quack—he was a quack himself! And I suffered agonies as I remembered that Laura was a quack's daughter. The idea was a horrible one.

I read the little book. There were hundreds of testimonials, according to which "Beecham's Tractors" were infallible. The testimonials were from all ranks and conditions of men. They were evidently perfectly genuine, for they attacked their names and addresses. Perhaps the sire before Beecham's had discovered the Elixir Vitæ. Then I read on till I came to the description of the remedy itself. It was said to be prepared from certain modified plants found only in Central America, the mountainous region of the northwestern frontier of China Territory." Oh, there could not be anything in it, of course, it was a swindle. If it were only genuine, I felt that I would not hesitate for a single instant. At that moment the door opened and Beecham—I mean Mr. Wyatt—entered.

"Well, my young friend," he said, with a good humored smile, "what is your decision?"

"Mr. Wyatt," I said, and I assumed my very best professional manner, "if I could only believe in the genuineness of these testimonials I would only think that the Infallible Tractors does all that it is said to do. If I could only honestly believe in it, I would cast principle and pride and prejudice to the winds and instantly jump at your most liberal offer."

"You don't mean to say that you doubt the genuineness of the testimonials?" cried Mr. Wyatt, in evident indignation. "Why, he read Lord Addlepate's testimonial very slowly and very softly. "Dr. Spriggs," he said, at its conclusion, "Lord Addlepate is a peer of the realm, one of our hereditary legislators. Would you presume to doubt the word of an hereditary legislator? Call on his lordship, you are a physician, you can form your own opinion. The whole of these testimonials, sir, are absolutely genuine!" cried Mr. Wyatt, and he thumped the table with his fist. "I believe in Beecham, sir, and I've never had a day's illness in my life." I did not think much of that argument.

"Look here," said Mr. Wyatt; "I'll make you a present of a gross of it. Take it to St. Saintlife's and try it on your patients." The horrible suggestion caused me to shudder in spite of myself.

"Do you care so little for my daughter, Dr. Spriggs," said Beecham—I mean Mr. Wyatt—very seriously, "that you actually decline to investigate the matter? Didn't the whole world believe the earth to be flat till it was proved to be round? Wasn't Columbus laughed upon as a fool and an impostor? Let me tell you, sir, the day is coming when all the world will renew the name of Beecham."

When I looked round upon the evident signs of wealth, when I looked into that old man's face, and I remembered that he was Laura's father, I could not doubt the honesty of his convictions. I came to the kind; there were tears in my eyes as I bade him an affectionate farewell.

"I will investigate it, sir!" I cried, "and I will communicate the result to you in a fortnight."

Then we shook hands.

* * * * * * *

I went into the nearest chemist's. I asked for a bottle of Beecham's infallible tractors.

"It's a very valuable remedy, sir," said the chemist, "most of our customers find it a perfect panacea."

It was strange, very strange. Your true physiologist never hesitates to make a crucial experiment upon his own person. I took a double dose of "Beecham" that night. It did not have the slightest effect upon me. I dabbed the bottle the next day; it did not even make me feel ill. I did not think much of "Beecham" as a medicine. Most valuable remedies make you feel very ill, indeed—that is my experience. Then I called on six of the best morning given. They all swore by "Beecham." "A man must take medicine of some sort, sir," one remarked to me; "when I'm a bit out of sorts I just flee to 'Beecham,' and it does me a power of good."

My next step was to insert an advertisement in the Agony Column of the Times. It ran as follows:

To the physicians who recommended "Beecham's Infallible Tractors" to an aged nobleman suffering from heart disease, in the Pall Mall Gazette evening in Brighton, on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 17th. Kindly send address, and greatly oblige Lord A.

Then followed an address in Mayfair.

I got 347 answers to that advertisement. Over 300 of them sang the praises of "Beecham." Thirty declared prospectuses of rival medicines. One was a very rude letter. It ran as follows:

DEAR SCOUNDREL—I'll give you a testimonial with pleasure on receipt of a postal order for one pound.

The six remaining letters were all from medical men. Each of them declared that they remembered the incident perfectly, that Beecham's Infallible Tractors was the very thing, and each of them intimated to Lord X. that he had better consult the writer at his earliest convenience. One was from the senior physician of St. Skinflint's.

Afterwards evidence as this, could I doubt any longer? Could any man who possessed a well balanced and judicial mind dare to doubt such evidence as this? "Beecham" must indeed be an infallible remedy when six eminent physicians, each recommended by the Pall Mall Gazette to Brighton on a particular afternoon, should each have the good fortune to meet with an aged nobleman suffering from heart disease, and were and every one of them from the very bottom of his heart recommended "Beecham" as a matter of course.

On the appointed day I called upon Mr. Wyatt. I respectfully tendered him the benefactor of the human race. Within three months I married Laura. I gave up the profession of the profession as a matter of contrition. I went into partnership with old Mr. Wyatt. He died a year or two ago. He left everything to Laura. I am a rich man now. I live in Kensington Park Gardens, and I have a lovely place in the country, and I assure—I practically know—well—"Beecham." —St. James Gazette.

How the Oyster Feeds.

How the oyster feeds may seem a problem. Fixed to a rock, how does it get its food? As seen in a "raw box," which is always "now open," the oyster is shut as close as a clam, but in its native haunts its shell is not always a little apart, and microscopic waving hairs set up currents which carry the food plants to its mouth, where they are digested and other food disposed. The oyster feeds every hour, every minute of the day, and takes unsolicited otherwise unavailable bits out of the best of human food. Scientific work by the state and national surveys have proved that nearly three-quarters of the oyster consists of pure food, and are filled to months oysters, though only a small part of the oyster's bed. What the oyster sifts is the food, and is sanitized. In other words, it feeds merely some stones or other solid objects to serve as a resting place.—Dr. H. Newell Martin.

Mrs. Eleanor Kirk Jones, the authoress, is an industrious as she is successful. She is sentimentally occupied at her charming home in Brooklyn with revising proofs, correcting manuscripts and collating literary information, as well as in creative writing. Her latest book is "Information for Authors."

Thrilling a Bottle Failure.

It is well known that a traitor when about to cause a Japanese bottle must lay aside his arrow shoes, but he should not the immoveable dress, and the followers of Mahomet does the same upon entering his sacred mosque. It seems also that the tie for to the Old Sciatica (sciatica) of Bellis is required to make a similar change.

"As we entered the palace," writes a friend, "we were detained by one of the ever ready, and all were called to put on soft, thick gray felt slippers, in which we noiselessly passed over the polished floors, hearing no more than the rustling surface. These slippers consist merely of a top and a sole, with no heel. We were each called to step up to have before the grand, with stepped on the floor, and then show off and the slippers then as best we could."

No attention is paid to the fit, of course. Each must take them as they come. "Allen," said my friend, "put on those slippers." I obeyed, but I must have been large for the biggest man I ever saw, as you may imagine that I had to slide along cautiously lest I should fall. The amusing glimpses of curiosities that we had in the museum were very miscellaneous, ranging in these great canal boats."—Wide Awake.

The Edge of Steel.

A prominent medical journal says: "How long will builders of cable railways pile up four blocks of solid brick for the walls of their power house? Can's they be made to substitute glass and steel alone in the only material which will provide their power plant a cheap, economical and indestructible shelter?"

Everette Matches.

A child detests soap. How it would amuse a child behind a number of matches and pulling away from soap! Place some matches in a basin of water in the shape of a star. Take a piece of soap, cut into a point, insert it in the water in the middle of the matches, and lo! they will fly from it in every direction as if in horror. If you wish to bring the matches all together again you will treat them as you would children—with a lump of sugar. Dip the sugar in the water and little bits of wood will come swimming to it as though they yearned for a sip of its sweetness.—Once a Week.

Some of Them Got Away.

De Rapter—What do you think of my little volume of fugitive verses?

Reeder—I think you made a great mistake in remitting them.—Puck.

HISTORY OF THE BANNOCK STAKE

The History of the Bannock Stake, compiled by Andrew Jenson, and lately published in the DESERET WEEKLY, has now been bound in paper covers, and can now be had at the DESERET NEWS office at 25 cents per copy. 4dx

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LOST, A BLACK HORSE, CLIPPED, WITH a white star, branded a diamond on left shoulder. Finder will receive the above at 40 Kitchen Temple Street and get the reward.

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SALE OF MANTI CITY WATER-WORKS BONDS.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT ON the 20th day of June, A. D. 1891, at the office of the Recorder of Manti City, Sanpete County, Utah, will be sold bonds of said city, of the issue of said City, of the value of $1,000 each, and of the aggregate value of $10,000, which said bonds are issued by said City for the purpose of the Manti City Water-Works and Fire Hydrant System. Said bonds will have interest at the rate of seven per cent per annum, payable July 10, A. D. 1891, and yearly thereafter, and will be redeemable at the option of said City after ten years from date, and are subject to redemption at the option of said City at any time after five years from date, and are subject to redemption at the option of said City at any time after five years from date, and are payable in lawful money of the United States. Said bonds will have interest coupons attached, payable at the office of the Treasurer of said City, and will be issued in the denomination of $500 each. Said bonds will be issued in the form and manner of said City, and will be issued by said City, in the manner provided by law. Said bonds will be issued in the form and manner of said City, and will be issued by said City, in the manner provided by law. Said bonds will be issued in the form and manner of said City, and will be issued by said City, in the manner provided by law.
Dated April 6th, 1891.
HYRUM J. CHRISTENSEN, Mayor.
HUGH J. CANNON, Recorder. 4dx

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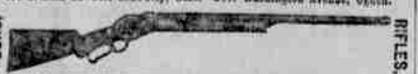

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A guarantee, to have any value, should be made with knowledge of the meaning of the word and a set purpose to carry out the terms of the guarantee. On this tools the makers instruct us to warrant, and we replace any tool found imperfect in use.

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