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#### WHICH MADE THE PROPOSAL?

Dr. Gibson having made an unprofessional visit to Mrs. Kellicott, walked down to the gate with her daughter Matty. Matty was 20 years old and the doctor 30. Her eyes were brown and his were grey. She "had on" a pink calico dress and a white muslin apron, and he wore clean, cool-looking linen clothes, and a wide Panama hat. The gentleman admired the lady's flowers very much, especially the white roses, one of which, by the way, she had tucked under her ear.

Matty was leaning on the gate, looking down the village street. She thought how funny it was for Mr. Scott to paint his new house pea green, with lavender trimmings, and was about to say so to Dr. Gibson, when he stopped her.

He said the very last thing she would have expected to hear. He said:

"Matty, I love you, and want you to marry me!"

The very look in the bright, brown eyes would have told him without a single spoken word how thoroughly unlooked for such a proposal had been. She had never, in all the years she had known Dr. Gibson, thought for a moment of the possibility of his loving her. She was very sorry, she told him, but she didn't love him one bit, at least in that way. But the tears came into her eyes when she saw the quiet face grow a trifle pale.

"I hardly believed you did care for me," he went on after a pause. "But I hoped you might learn to do it."

"But—but—" said Matty with embarrassment, "I—I thought everybody knew I am engaged to my cousin Tom." "Your cousin Tom?" uttered the doctor. It was impossible to mistake the expression which passed over his face. It was not merely personal regret at the fact she announced, but an impartial disapproval of the match.

He made no comment, however, but directly said:

"Matty, I shall never get over this—I mean that I shall always love you, and if you ever need a friend or protector, or—any one, you'll come to me, won't you?"

Matty, still leaning on the little wooden gate, watched the retreating figure out of sight. She was very quiet all day, and in the evening propounded this absurd question:

"Tom, what would you do if I were to jilt you?"

Tom stroked his downy upper lip and looked pensive.

"Couldn't say," he replied, after some moments of reflection. "You might try it and see."

"Perhaps I will," she responded, more soberly than the occasion seemed to warrant. Tom stared very hard at her, but immediately forgot the incident.

Nearly a year passed. One day Mrs. Kellicott's "help" rushed frantically into Dr. Gibson's house, and breathlessly announced to that gentleman that "Mr. Tom would be dead—n a door-nail long afore he got there, if he didn't jump." For two seconds, thinking of Tom as his rival for Matty's affections, the doctor had half a mind to consign him to the tender mercies of good, stupid old Dr. Wells, but his better nature prevailed, and he started for Mrs. Kellicott's at the very heels of the excited servant girl.

When he arrived he found Tom in a high fever and delirious. He pronounced it a severe case of typhoid fever, and privately added a doubt that he would recover. He sent to his own house for some changes of clothing, and prepared to devote himself to the sick man. Matty too, was unwearied in her work, and, being necessarily much in Tom's room, consequently saw the doctor constantly. He and his patient presented a marked contrast to each other—the latter was cross, captious and peevish to an unheard of degree, and talked incessantly of some unknown being named Kate. On the other hand, Dr. Gibson was so patient and gentle, so strong and helpful, doing so much for Tom, and yet not forgetting one of his accustomed duties, that Matty opened her eyes in admiring astonishment.

One morning, as the doctor prepared a sleeping draught for somebody, and dictated to Matty a prescription for somebody else, she said, with real solicitude:

"Dr. Gibson, you will certainly kill yourself if you keep on at this rate, and 'tis my belief that you are over-worked, and you ought to take a rest."

"Do I appear to be at death's door?"

he inquired, straightening up and squaring his shoulders, as if proud of his proportions. "No, Matty," he continued, solemnly, though a merry twinkle in the honest eyes, "work," as Mrs. Bowers frequently remarks, "is a pannykay." Matty understood him and colored crimson.

At last Tom was pronounced out of danger, and now the doctor felt that he must remove himself and his belongings from Mrs. Kellicott's house to his own. Matty, hidden by the honey-suckle vines over the piazza, watched him go, and cried a little. The morning after Tom and Matty sat on the piazza, he reading or pretending to read, while she sewed diligently. Neither had uttered a word for over half an hour. Presently Matty took out the muslin cap she was making and laid it on her workbox, put her little silver thimble aside, and dropped her hands, one over the other, into her lap. Then she looked up. Tom was staring straight at her. She colored violently, and so, for that matter, did he.

"Tom," she began, "don't be angry; Oh, do forgive me! I—" she paused, trying to think how she could tell him softly, but went on bluntly: "I want to end our engagement."

"So do I," rejoined he, with difficulty repressing a whistle. Then both burst into a hearty laugh.

"You see, Mat," said Tom, when he could speak, "I love someone else."

Matty appeared to be taken quite by surprise at this declaration.

"But I couldn't help it; indeed I couldn't. She is—"

"She is a young lady whose name is Kate and her eyes are the blackest and her cheeks the reddest, and she sings 'Under the Stars,' with guitar accompaniment," rattled Matty, all in a breath.

It was Tom's turn to stare. "Where did you find all that out?" he asked.

"My dear, a little bird, etc. I think I'll go and write to my future cousin," and off she ran, glad to escape from the questions which she feared he might propound.

"But you haven't told me—" he called after her.

"And never shall," she returned, and whisked into her own room.

In less than an hour she had reconciled her mother to fate's decree and had written to Miss Kate Spencer, and persuaded Tom to write also and had done much toward informing the whole village of her altered prospects.

In due time Tom was married, Matty officiating as first bridesmaid.

Matty, after the excitement of Tom's wedding, bethought herself what she should do. She began by flirting a little with different gentlemen.

There was Will Ellis. This young gentleman had offered himself to her heroine on an average of four times a year ever since she was 15. She had invariably refused him, decidedly and emphatically, but they were the best friends in the world. She now told him in so many words, that she would accept all the attention he would offer her during the next week, taking care to remember that this singular declaration proceeded not from any special regard for him, but was made in persuasion of some occult design on her part. Forthwith the pair embarked upon what seemed the stormiest flirtation Skinerville ever saw.

This state of affairs continued for a week or so, during which time the doctor ignored Matty's existence, except that she was the daughter of his dear friend, Mrs. Kellicott. And all the while the girl was raging inwardly at her quondam suitor.

"Why doesn't he ask me once again?" she queried, mentally. "I am sure he loves me, anyone might see that I love him; but he won't speak and I can't. I suppose I shall be an old maid."

But the doctor was not to blame. A man of the world would have seen through Matty's stratagem, but he did not. He imagined that she was either trying to drown her disappointment at losing Tom or had really decided to marry the enamored Will.

The truth occurred to Matty at last. She could hardly believe such stupidity existed in the mind of man but she determined to try what a modest and retiring behavior would effect. So she dismissed Will and became, to all outward resemblance, a little nun. Still no advances on the doctor's part. He came and went constantly to the house, however. Matty gave up all hope finally, of ever coming to a better understanding with him when something happened.

Dr. Gibson "dropped in" one morning when Mrs. Kellicott sat sewing on the veranda, in the cool, refreshing breeze.

"You mustn't come here," she called as he tied his horse to the hitching post. "My work requires my individual attention; besides, you'll step on the ruffles. You may go and help Matty, if you like."

That young woman was making pies in the kitchen. She saw the doctor coming round the corner of the house, gave a hurried glance at the bright bottom of a tin pan she was holding found herself presentable and greeted him composedly. She was very glad to see him, she said. Wouldn't he come in?

No, he wouldn't come in, the day was so beautiful. He would just stand on the little brick pavement under the window and lean over the sill.

**Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.**

So there he stood, under the grape vine trellis, with little flecks of golden sunshine falling on his hair and shoulders. Matty observed that he looked thoroughly unloverlike, and concluded that he didn't intend to propose. She also noticed a rip in his coat and wondered who would mend it for him.

Someway the talk veered around from the weather to woman's rights.

Matty, on this, spoke up.

She didn't at all believe in the second-hand influence which reached the ballot box through the agency of husbands and brothers. "When I vote," she said, "I want to march to the polls and put my own vote in myself."

"What a pretty spectacle you'd make, Matty, with that rolling pin in your hand, and—"

"I'm not at all sure that I want to vote," she interrupted. "But I just would like to make some laws, that's all."

"Well, you might petition the legislature," suggested the doctor, gravely.

"Oh, they're not legal laws: only social customs and usages. I'll tell you just what I mean."

She laid the rolling pin aside, with an emphatic bang, placed her floury arms-a-kimbo, looking very earnest and determined, and quite regardless of the fact that she and Dr. Gibson were in love with each other. "Now, at a party, when a lady sits alone in a stiff chair all evening, not dancing simply because she hasn't a partner and can't ask any one. Oh, you know, Dr. Gibson, you know—"

"How it is myself?" interpolated he.

"How it was at Mrs. Campbell's the other night. If I had been Anna Radcliffe or Dora Collard, I'd have asked some of you men to dance with me."

"Then you think women should have the privilege of asking for whatever they wish?" he retorted, with a half smile.

She answered that she thought just that.

"Well, Matty, I quite agree with you. I not only think they should have this right in such a case as you mention, but also in more serious affairs. For instance, women might, with perfect propriety, make proposals of marriage."

Now such an idea had never entered Matty's foolish little head, and she seized the sugar box in great embarrassment. The doctor went on with much gravity:

"I am aware that it would be a very unconventional proceeding, and I am afraid no woman will ever be wise enough to take the initiative; and yet I am persuaded that in many instances it would be the most natural and beautiful thing she could do."

He was looking unconsciously up at the blue sky shining through the filigree work of vine leaves above him. It was evident he was thinking of women in the abstract only, but a flattering little "Dr. Gibson" recalled him to the concrete. And there stood Matty, smiling, blushing, dimpling, ready to extinguish herself in her brown gingham apron.

"Dr. Gibson, I like you ever so much," she faltered, bravely, but breathlessly.

The doctor jumped through the open window and made his proposal over again.

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#### Constitutional Scrofula.

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Need Not Prop Her Up In Bed as we had done for months, and next night she surprised us still more by rolling over across the bed. From that time on the improvement was very rapid and she soon began to creep about the house and then to walk on crutches. Now she

generally uses but one crutch, the disease having left one leg crooked, and I fear it will remain so. We feel that to Hood's Sarsaparilla we owe our child's life.

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