

His Real Debt.

"Doctor, I shall never forget that to you I owe my life."

"Oh, no," replied the doctor, mildly; "*you only owe me for fifteen visits I made you during your illness.*"

He Understood.

The German papers are telling a story about a Berlin lady who was sent by her physician to one of the well-known "cures" in Germany. He gave her a letter which purported to be a prescription for her treatment there, and which she presented to the doctor at the "cure." It read as follows: "Rup, fens, iediega, N. S. ord: ent. li chihrist. nixzi. chen. Sieihra, berdi, efed, ernein. zel. naus. s. e. h. r. lan gsamdami. t. soih. gat. toez weimo, nateru, hehatun, dervi. elle, icht. ges, und, et. Versta— N. D. E. N." The doctor perused the lines again and saw that the letters when put in their proper order ran as follows: "Rupfen Sie die Gans ordentlich, ihr ist nix. Ziehen Sie ihr aber die Federn einzeln aus sehr langsam, damit so ihr Gatte zwei Monate Ruhe hat and er vielleicht gesundet. Verstanden?" In English these words mean: Pluck the old goose thoroughly well. There is nothing the matter with her. But pull out the feathers one by one, very slowly, so that her husband may have a couple of months' rest, by which means he may perhaps be restored to health. Do you understand?"

The doctor shook his head dubiously over her, and ordered two months of the usual exercise, baths, waters and rest.—*The Amer. Physician.*