



DR. A. C. HAGERTHY—ELLSWORTH.

WHEN you're down in Hancock County, and are feeling sort of blue,
 Thinking that the odious Germ Trust has its tentacles on you,
 And in the "Handy Guide to Health," lately tossed in at your door,
 You have run to earth, of symptoms fully forty, maybe more;
 When your limbs are all aquiver, and your back is all ashake,
 And the germs within your liver have arranged a syndicate;
 In this stress of circumstances, don't one moment hesitate.
 Doctor Hagerthy! In Ellsworth everyone knows where he lives!
 There is new life and fresh vigor in the potions that he gives.
 There is healing in his hand-grasp, there is magic in his laugh.
 To set the germs a-flying, and reduce your woes by half.
 Antitoxin slays the laggards, and your woes are at an end.
 You have lost that purple feeling; you have found a life-long friend.
 When you're well, go to him also. Tho you need not be trephined,
 You're assured a hearty welcome, royally you will be dined.
 You will feel his charm of manner, his seductiveness of voice,
 And will understand why Ellsworth has four times made him her choice,
 And would do him further honor, were it not the Doctor's plan
 In the paths of private service to allay the ills of man.