

The Cockerel and the Chiropractor

A certain proud *Cockerel*, one day crowing too loudly in the farmyard, found himself crooked. Turning therefore to his mistress, the farmer's wife, he asked her whom he should visit to have himself cured. The good woman, after listening to the *Cockerel's* complaint, advised him to visit the *Chiropractor* in the town; and with these words turned her attention again to the more pressing needs of the day.

The *Cockerel* therefore set out immediately upon the road which led to the town, advising every passer-by that he was on his way to visit the *Chiropractor*. At last he came to the town-gates where, after gaining entrance, he ordered the town-guard to direct him to the man who would heal him.

This cunning fellow, seeing that the *Cockerel* was a vain and ignorant beast, offered to take him there immediately. The proud bird agreed to this and together they marched solemnly through the town, until they came to a house. Sacks full of feathers were piled outside the house; the *Cockerel* eyed these with some misgiving; but, seeing his guide walk boldly in, he plucked up his courage and followed hard on his heels.

On entering the house, the *Cockerel* was welcomed by a man whom he supposed to be the *Chiropractor*. "My man," said he, ruffling his feathers and standing erect, "I have cricked my neck and wish you to cure it."

The man welcomed his new patient with these words: "Certainly, sir, I will mend your neck. Please come closer that I may put my hands on you."

The Cockerel crowed agreeably, marched up to his host, and was soon cured.

"It is certain," said the man, who was in truth a *Butcher*, as he idly plucked the feathers from this plump rooster, "that a *Cockerel* should not seek a *Chiropractor* for every little ill."