

only enough to increase the delicacy rather than detract from the vigor of her strong face. He had all along perceived in her a person practically supported by what we are accustomed to call, with the most imperfect apprehension of the phrase, a scientific passion.

Against the strain of exhausted sympathy she had set the muscle of intellectual conquest. It could not be denied that in a certain sense the doctor enjoyed her terrible work. She gave out of herself, as if she possessed the life everlasting before her time. She had bread to eat that he knew not of. He could not think of her as sinking, dejected, in need, a-hungered. Her splendid health was like a God to her. She leaned against her own physical strength, as another woman might lean upon a man's. She had the repose of her full mental activity. She had her dangerous and sacred feminine nerve under magnificent training. It was her servant, not her tyrant; her wealth, not her poverty; the source of her power, not the opponent of her weakness. She moved on her straight and narrow way between life and death, where one hysteric moment would be fatal, with a glorious poise. The young man acknowledged from the bottom of his heart that she was a balanced and beautiful creature. He had read of such women. He had never seen one.

It was not without a thrill of reverence, amounting almost to awe, that he perceived, when he swung his fantastic little lantern full in her face, that she was undergoing some intense emotion, which, in almost any woman that he knew, would have weakened itself in vehement vocal expression.

"I had a letter from my mother," he began, "and I thought—it was about you—I had told her at last—and it was a pleasant letter. I mean to read it to you. She sends a long message to you. I really am not such a brute as I seem. I thought perhaps it would amuse you. Doctor Zay, I had no more idea you were so overworked than I had that you were." He broke off.

"I never saw you look so," he murmured, with rebellious, almost affectionate anxiety. "It's not easy, when you've done so much for him, for a man to look on, like a woman, this way. Isn't there anything I can do? If you would stay a while, I could read to you. We will send for Mrs. Butterwell, if you would. I could do something, I know I could! Just let me try."

"You cannot help me," she said, gently enough. "Nobody can. I have lost a patient."

Yorke was on the point of crying, "Is that all?" but saved himself in time, and only said,—

"Who is it?"

"The little Bailey baby. It was doing so well,—out of danger. The mother took it over to a neighbor's. You cannot conceive the ignorance and recklessness that we have to manage. She took the child out, like an express bundle, rolled in her shawl. Coming home, it got wet in that shower. I had ceased to visit there every day; they did not send at once,—I suppose every doctor makes these excuses for himself: what would become of us if we couldn't?—but when I got there, I could not do anything. The little thing died at half-past seven."

She sat looking straight before her at the Japanese lantern. Yorke felt that the personality of the red and purple paper men on it came as near her at that moment as his. He could not think of anything to say which would not present the edge of an intrusion upon an experience so far without the pale of his own. The young man's imagination was well stocked with comfortable material for the lesser sympathies. If she had lost a steamer to Liverpool, or a ticket for a Christmas oratorio, or a picture bidden for in the last great art craze, he could have comforted her. She had lost only a miserable child out of a beggarly home. What could he say?

"I don't believe every baby in Sherman is worth your looking like that!" he cried, with an impulse whose only virtue lay in its honesty. He really perceived that something more than scientific pride was hurt in Doctor Zay. He felt, with a kind of senseless triumph, which he put aside to analyze by and by, that he had found the woman in the doctor.

"It was a dear little thing," she said, softly, "and fond of me. I had always taken care of it, ever since it was born. It was just beginning to talk. It wasn't a big, noisy baby, like the rest of the family. It is terrible that a child should die,—terrible! It ought never to happen. There is no excuse for it. I can never be reconciled to it!"

She rose impetuously, and left him without another word. The patient looked after her. She had forgotten him. He and the paper men turned and regarded each other. It was not for them to help her in her trouble. She went across the entry, and on into her own rooms, and he heard the door shut. Only one patient rang the bell that night. He was glad she was left to herself. Mr. and Mrs. Butterwell came in. They, too, were much moved by the doctor's grief. They all sat together in the sick-room, and mourned about that baby as if it had been one of the family.

"It's always just so," said Mrs. Butterwell, wiping her eyes. "She hasn't lost but two patients since she came to Sherman,—except old Father Fox, that nobody counts; for the Lord himself couldn't have saved him,—eighty-seven, and drunk since he was seventeen. The Sherman Temperance Lodge used him for a warning in good and regular standing, till he got to be about fifty, he kept such excellent health; and sixty, then they fought shy of him; and seven-

ty, but he didn't die; and when he came to be eighty they gave him up as a bad argument. But there! It kills Doctor Zay to lose a patient. I never saw anybody mind anything so. She acts as if she'd murdered 'em. You'll see! She'll be all but down sick over this. She'd better take it as a blessing. I would. Those Baileys have got seven now, and as poor as Job's Monday dinners. I tell you, Providence knows what he's about, if folks don't. He will drown the extra kittens, when he can. I say he ought to be thanked to mercy for it. But we never do. We up and blame him, the more fools we!"

"Why, Sur-ah!" said Mr. Butterwell, placidly.

Upon the sill of the open window, during the unwonted domestic excitement of that summer evening, a felt hat with a boy under it had sympathetically and prudently reposed. Nobody minded Handy. He looked in and out unnoticed, with wide-apart, dumb eyes, like the pony. Sometimes Yorke wondered dimly if anybody had fed and watered him; but even that was an intellectual effect disproportionate to the proposition. It was a long time since the doctor had lost a patient. Handy regarded it as an epoch in human history. He felt that the event reflected importance upon himself, who might be said to have had a share in the glory of the circumstance. He felt above the company of the pony and Old Oak that night; and though the bosom of the family, as expressed by the window-sill, was a little hard, there is a compensatory pleasure in finding one's social level. Handy remained there, after Mr. and Mrs. Butterwell had gone. It seemed to him that this lame gentleman encroached somewhat upon his (Handy's) rights in exhibiting so much interest in that dead baby. That was a professional matter mainly between himself and the doctor.

Mr. Yorke, left alone, after a few moments' thought, bent his head upon the top of his crutch, sitting quite still. The red and purple light of the Japanese gentlemen on the little lantern, flashed and defined his profile. Handy vaguely resented its expression. The old felt hat slipped softly from the window-sill, and betook itself confidently to the doctor's side of the house. The office door was open to the warm night. Handy peeped. He peeped without a qualm. He regarded it as one of his privileges to follow the doctor's private career. Who had as good a right?

(To be continued.)

GETTING OVER A BURGLAR.

The Presbyterian pastor in a small town on the Hudson River was a clever and brave man, as the following story proves. The event took place in the autumn of 1880. It was Friday night; the good pastor was sitting in his study, preparing his sermon for Sunday, and so busy was he in his work, that he did not perceive how late it was. Midnight passed away, and still he worked on. Resting for a moment, he looked up, and suddenly perceived the figure of a strongly-built man, who was gazing at the pastor as if he was awaiting a favorable moment to interrupt him.

The minister, although very much astonished, preserved his composure entirely, and asked the intruder to sit down, which he seemed to do mechanically.

"May I ask you to tell me what has brought you here at such a late hour?" said the minister.

"My intention is to rob. At the first movement you make to give an alarm, you are a dead man. You have plate in the house, and some money. I will borrow that, and take this opportunity to receive it," said the stranger.

"You are very open," said the minister, "and I esteem your candor, although I greatly lament your calling."

"Robbery, sir, is not my business; but I am out of work, my family is starving; I am driven to this necessity. Before I see my children starve, I would take the lives of ten such as you are, if by doing so I could procure bread."

"I cannot see your face," said the pastor, "but I should take you for a man of education, and with a human heart."

"Well, well," said the man, impatiently, "you need not think to gain time by a conversation. You know my business," he continued, approaching the good man.

"I pledge you my word as a Christian that I will neither raise an alarm nor keep back anything from you which is in the house. Be so good as to sit down."

The robber sat down again.

"Now be candid," said the minister; "is this only an excuse, or is your family really on the point of starvation?"

"My family, sir, is in the state which I have described to you; my wife is ill, and my children drive me wild with their cries for bread."

The minister, convinced of the truth of the man's statement, said,—

"I have a hundred dollars, paid me yesterday for my salary, as I suppose you have heard; I have some silver-plated articles which were given to my wife for a wedding present. If you spare the plate, I will give you the hundred dollars, and twenty more which I have laid by to surprise my wife on the anniversary of our wedding-day."

"Well, do so, but be quick about it, for I must go."

"Just come here," said the pastor; "I must show you a picture."

The man followed, and the minister opened a door, and stood still for a moment.

"In that room, further on, the mother of those children is slumbering," he said, as he pointed to a boy and girl who lay in a low bed in the room before them. "She doubtless feels quite safe, because the sacred calling of her husband should protect her and her children. The money that I shall give you was to supply this family with what you unfortunately so greatly need. Here it is," said the pastor, closing the door and taking a roll of notes out of his desk.

The other seized it, and turned away; stood still, and then round again.

"Sir," said he, addressing the minister, and taking off the half-mask which covered part of his face, "this money burns my hands; I cannot keep it."

"Why not?" said the minister.

"I am thinking of those children," pointing to the door. "Such as those drove me to the deed which I have just carried out; but I fear that bread thus obtained might choke them."

"Well, come," said the pastor, "I think we can arrange the matter. Here are twenty-five dollars, which I will lend you; they will support your little family for the present. The trust you have put in me by uncovering your face shall not injure you. Take this money, and come to me to-morrow: I am sure that I can procure you work."

The man burst into tears, and, seizing the preacher's hand, he said—

"You have saved me, sir. Had I succeeded in the deed which I attempted to-night, robbery might have become my occupation, and my children the children of a murderer!"

THE MAN AT THE JUNCTION.

The other day six railway passengers over a line in one of the States were put down at a junction to wait for a cross-line train. The little depot was the only building in sight, and the man in charge of it was not a telegraph operator. He simply kept the station-house and flagged the trains, and he was no more responsible for the running of trains than the Tycoon of Japan. Every one of the six realized this, and yet it wasn't over two minutes before one of the passengers approached him and asked:

"Is that train on time?"

"I guess so."

"You guess so! Don't you know?"

"No, sir."

"You don't, eh! Then how do you know it isn't an hour late?"

"I don't."

"Don't, eh! Well, if that train's late, you'll—"

Here he was elbowed away by the old woman who made up the six, and who wanted to know:

"Will I get home to-day?"

"I guess so."

"The train stops here, does it?"

"Yes'm."

"Stops long enough for me to get on?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, maybe it does, but if it don't you'll hear from us!"

She gave place to a man who had looked at his watch three times in six minutes, and who sternly asked:

"Did I understand that we were to wait here two hours?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is it two hours before that train crosses here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Whereabouts on the line is the train now?"

"I don't know."

"Why don't you telegraph?"

"We have no instrument here."

"Haven't, eh! That's a pretty state of affairs! Two long hours, and perhaps four! Now, then, if—"

Here he was called away by the blowing of a saw-mill whistle, and the most peaceful-looking man in the crowd edged up, and inquired:

"Train on time?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does it cross here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Always stop?"

"Always."

"If I should get left here to-night it would cost somebody a good round sum."

In the course of the next ten minutes the other two men approached, and indulged in about the same style of conversation, and after an interval of ten minutes he was asked what time it was, why he was not an operator, why the trains didn't make close connection, and why on earth he didn't have an eating-house in connection with the station. He had a civil answer for every question, and his patience never wavered until just four minutes before train time. Then the old woman said to him for the twentieth time:

"Do you s'pose I'll miss the train?"

"I hope not," he quietly replied, "for if you do I shall take to the woods!"

And at that the six passengers gathered on the end of the platform, went into convention, and it was unanimously

"Resolved, That the arrogance and impudence of public servants must be and is hereby sternly rebuked."

It is reported in the neighborhood of Hamilton Palace that it is to be turned into a nunnery.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, July 8.

QUIDA's new book has been christened *Bimbi* by her.

MR. JAMES GORDON BENNET has given a princely order to a Liverpool firm of ship-builders. It is for a yacht of 1,100 tons burden. He will soon want an ironclad.

FROM a correspondence in a Yarmouth paper it seems there is a dispute as to which lodge of "The Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes" presented a letter of welcome to the Prince of Wales.

It has been suggested that the hand instantaneous photographer could be used successfully in case of suspicion at bacarat or écarté. There is no end to the usefulness of this great invention of the age.

MR. MAYALL has introduced the electric light into his Brighton photographic atelier for the purpose of taking portraits. The cost has been between £800 to £1,000. By this process photographs can be taken night and day, and at an expense of time of about four seconds.

It is said that one of the finest art critics of the day is a retired Billingsgate salesman. There must be something in the air of the locality that touches the roe of the native horn artist, for a distinguished literary man on being asked where he acquired his terse English style replied in Billingsgate.

THE idea is being pushed forward of re-establishing a National Liberal Club in London. It is intended to make it a social centre for all Liberal associations in the country; and this will be carried so far that the provincial members will be able to use the club as an hotel. In addition to the usual comforts and luxuries there will be a large hall for meetings and conferences.

THE fiftieth year of Mr. Gladstone's political life is to be celebrated at the Crystal Palace. There is surely no amusement in the idea. The retrospect suggested is, on the contrary, exceedingly saddening. Will there be fireworks? If so, among the fiery devices, Ireland, Egypt, and Africa should not be wanting.

KNOWING ones say that during last week when the public were making haste to get rid of Egyptian bonds at any cost, certain buyers who were known to have access to the best political information were quietly picking up what they could get. What is "the best political information?" Can the best diplomatist out tell what the middle of next week may bring with it?

AN Irish journal has the following highly suggestive and excessively outspoken advertisement in its columns: "Stamp Orator wanted immediately.—Apply personally at Auction Rooms, 14 Billingsgate, London. One from Dublin preferred. Character not so much required as ability." The two points to be observed are "Billingsgate," and "character."

OUR National Anthem is about to be translated into fourteen of the languages spoken in the British possessions in the East Indies. But the question has arisen, is our style of music in accordance with the methods of the Hindoos, whose scale contains smaller intervals than our chromatic scale? In order to obtain an answer to this question correspondence has been opened with Dr. Sourindro Mohun Tagore, of Calcutta, and it is probable that our Asiatic subjects will shortly have a melody which will at once suit Oriental taste and the measure of our "God save the Queen."

BORN the Coquelius, elder and younger, have had frequent engagements in society during their fortnight's engagement at the Gaiety. The two brothers have achieved great success in this way, with their "monologues," a species of recitation of a semi-dramatic type. The greatest hit of this kind is M. Coquelius the elder's "La Chasse," a recitation of the experience of a too tender-hearted sportsman, which has been heard in not a few Belgravia drawing-rooms during the past week or two. All this is very satisfactory to the comedians themselves, but it is a question whether it adds to the dignity of the great institution with which they are connected—the Comédie Française. All great artists who visit London, notably Sarah Bernhardt, are subject to the same species of temptation. They are made too much of in society. It is the correct thing in grand houses to have the services of a theatrical celebrity. Theatrical managers do not like this arrangement, but they are obliged to accept it.

A NEW and very pretty theatre has been opened at Aix-les-Bains. The charming place is becoming more and more a resort for English people requiring a little setting to rights in their health, and the new attraction will be greatly appreciated, as Britons of late years have become so intensely dramatic in their tastes.