

Choice Literature.

THE DOCTOR'S EXPERIMENT.

(Concluded.)

Mrs. Gray, who possessed some advanced ideas, and believed that the servants who toiled in hot kitchens through the summer days, and who build fires in the chilly gray days of winter mornings, ought to have all the comfort possible in their sleeping apartments, had taken pains to fit up the servants' room with as much taste as its dimensions would allow. A rocking-chair and chest were covered with the same figured creton which formed a coverlet for the bed. The window, which opened upon a broad court, was veiled with delicate flowered satin curtains, and a pretty rug was spread before the bed.

Impy had never seen such a room in her life, and she fell asleep and dreamed that she was a great queen seated upon a throne, with a golden crown upon her brow, and that a crowd of people were kneeling around her singing songs about her beautiful complexion, and that a troop of gayly dressed children were scattering flowers at her feet and ringing bells as they danced about the throne.

She woke to hear the bell of the dumb-waiter jingling sharply, and the voice of the milkman call out, "Ditson-milk," and then Impy realized her situation, and knew it was time to build a fire in the range.

Mrs. Gray had instructed her the day before in regard to these duties, and she was anxious to perform them well while they belonged to her. After a time, of course, she knew it would all end. The fairy godmother would touch her with her wand, and the prince would claim her for his own. It was easy to wait.

Ever so long ago, before Impy was born, Mrs. Mulligan had entertained ambitions for herself and children. She had builded air castles in regard to fortune and fame which awaited the Mulligans in the New World, where the "rivers run gold." Impy had come into the world a year or two after the family arrived in America. It was not until she was six years old that Mrs. Mulligan gave up her ambitious dreams. Mr. Mulligan drank himself into gaol and an early grave before Impy could walk. After disgrace, death and poverty had come upon the family, Mrs. Mulligan turned to her cups for comfort. Nobody who saw the bloated "wash-lady" of West 60th Street and Tenth Avenue, luxuriating in dirt and poor whiskey, imagined that she had ever entertained ideas of driving in her "own carriage" and buying a "pianny" for Impy.

The children who had given Impy her nickname from hearing Mrs. Mulligan designate her as "Imp of Satan," never suspected that beneath the ugly exterior of the washwoman's child lurked a heart full of the mother's buried ambitions, and an imagination which gilded many a dark hour with rays of light.

The soiled and tattered copy of "Cinderella" had gone with her through the annual movings and numerous evictions, and had now reached a state of disrepair which exempted it from her early fears that it would be some day pawned for drink.

Engrossed with his profession (and one other thought), Dr. Ditson, least of all, dreamed of the vein of romance which ran through the nature of this girl. He never dreamed that her faithful attention and obedience to him and to Mrs. Gray were caused by her belief in their supernatural qualities.

Even when it came to being taken into the hydrotherapeutic establishment, exhibited to all the physicians there, and then left with Mrs. Gray and a French woman, who proceeded to put her into a box of hot steam, Immie submitted, with only an occasional peevish glance of protest. And when she came out dripping and scarlet, like a freshly-boiled lobster, and was subjected to powerful shots of hot and cold water from a douche aimed at her spinal cord, she made no resistance. It was all right since the fairy godmother and the prince desired it.

Immie's mother drank herself to death three months after the girl's advent into the Ditson household, and Immie's grief was loud but brief.

When Mrs. Gray offered her the month's wages, four weeks after the funeral, Immie shook her head.

"I don't want no wages no more," she said. "I alluz gaves 'em to th' old lady, and I haven't no use for 'em no more. You keeps 'em yourself."

She did not explain that she thought that all her wants would be supplied by the fairy godmother, and that as she was so soon to become a princess, her wages would be of small value to her.

Mrs. Gray compromised matters by putting the wages into the savings bank each month, aside from what she needed for Immie's wardrobe.

Impy's hair was allowed to grow out, and it tangled about her head and face in a nest of golden red curls. She had thought red hair a ban of disgrace because the street boys called her "Red-head," and pretended to light matches at her locks. So she had kept it cropped close to her scalp. But when her fairy godmother told her to let it grow, and remarked that it was a beautiful shade of red, she saw it in a new light.

After the doctor had been experimenting with Impy six months such an astonishing change had taken place in her that he was surprised at his own success. She seemed two or three inches taller, and had gained ten or twelve pounds in weight. Nearly all the ugly, disfiguring eruptions had disappeared, leaving only a rough, reddened surface to the skin. The nose was no longer a swollen ball, occupying the greater portion of her face, but a distinct and not uncomely feature. The lips were no longer thick; they were merely full now, and of a delicate pink. Even the teeth were whiter, and the eyes had lost their glassy stare, and looked out bright and blue from under a tangle of red curls.

The baths and the lotions—prepared after the doctor's own formula, and the breathing exercises, increased rather than diminished, however, during the next six months.

Impy had become indispensable to the household. Under Mrs. Gray's tuition she had developed into an excellent cook and waitress and seamstress. She made her own dresses, and trimmed her own hats with much taste.

She had been the doctor's patient just a year and five months when he accompanied her to the hydrotherapeutic

establishment, where he had first exhibited her as a "perfect case of chronic acne."

It needed but a glance to convince his fellow-physicians that the cure was complete. Her face was smooth, creamy white, with vivid pink in the cheeks and lips. The nose was a shapely reticulated, with not a black head or comedo remaining to mar its form. Not a trace of acne was discernible, even under the microscope. The round, fair young face with its light blue eyes, framed in a tangle of red gold hair, was a picture of youthful comeliness.

Coming home together up the avenue they passed a church from which a wedding party was just emerging.

Immie's cheeks flushed a deeper pink, and her heart beat rapidly as she looked at the bride and groom. There was a picture of Cinderella in her bridal gown leaning on the arm of the prince, and she had often imagined herself attired like that. Now it seemed very near. Surely the grand climax must be close at hand since all the doctors made such a fuss about her, and congratulated Dr. Ditson so earnestly. Her head took the old coquettish tilt, and a slight swagger came into her walk as she thought of all the splendours awaiting her.

That night Dr. Ditson's daily letter to his one interest in life—aside from his profession—closed with these words:

"I feel so well established in my profession and in the esteem of my co-workers that I dare ask you to name an early day for our union."

One month after this letter went on its way Mrs. Gray said to Immie:

"I hope you will not object to living right on with us, Immie, after my brother brings his wife home. He is to be married in eight weeks. We will raise your wages to \$14 a month, you are such an efficient girl now."

It was some time before Immie replied. She was rubbing off the window panes, and her hand moved slower and slower, and finally stopped altogether. She stood looking out of the window without turning around.

"Did you hear me, Immie?" said Mrs. Gray, a little nervously. She did not like the idea of losing the girl it had been such a task to teach, and to whom she had become attached during the year and a half of companionship.

"Yes'm, I heard," replied Immie, in a very low voice, that did not seem like Immie's voice at all.

"Of course I'll stay. I hain't no home but this." She went on rubbing the glass, and, relieved of her fears, Mrs. Gray went out of the room.

But the world which Immie looked out upon as she rubbed the glass with a dry cloth was not at all like the same world it had seemed a few moments before. The chimneys of the opposite houses seemed not half so high; the buildings looked dusty and commonplace; the streets below seemed lonely and desolate. It was as if a veil of illusion through which she had been gazing at the world was suddenly stripped away.

"She ain't no godmother, and he ain't a prince, an' I won't be no princess, never," she said to herself, summing it all up in a bunch of negatives.

"She's jes' Mis' Gray, an' I'm Impy Mulligan, an' he's—she paused, turned to a mirror near by, and gazed at her reflected image—"he's the doctor what cured me," she said. "An' now he's goin' to marry somebody else. 'I'll be the kitchen girl what waits on 'em—that's all."

She stared at herself in the mirror in a blank, dazed way. Her own ever-increasing prettiness had fascinated her for months. She had loved to see the face of what she believed a future princess blushing and smiling into her own.

"Tain't no use to be pretty like that jes' fer myself," she said now, as she looked at the pink and white skin, with its aureole of golden hair.

"I wonder what he went an' made me so pretty fur if he had somebody he was goin' to marry all the time. I wain't worth no such work. I'd never a done all those things if I'd knowed it was for another."

She rose and went about her work automatically. Everything seemed so hard now. The pots and kettles seemed heavy, the toil of getting dinner wearied her; and when she had cleared up the work after dinner, she found herself so weary that she was obliged to go to bed two hours earlier than was her usual custom. Her sleep was fitful and broken. She rose in the morning so pale and hollow eyed that Mrs. Gray was alarmed.

But Immie stoutly denied being ill.

"There's nothin' ailin' me," she said. "I'm jes' tired, that's all. Had bad dreams—it's from eatin' too much, I reckon."

"I don't know what to make of Immie," said Mrs. Gray, ten days later to her brother. "She has lost her appetite and her colour, and seems so listless I would never know her for the same girl. I fear she is on the eve of some severe illness. I wish you would give me your opinion of her."

The doctor called Immie in, questioned her, felt her pulse, and made out a prescription for a tonic.

"Touch of malaria," he said. "Keep in the open air as much as possible, and take the tonic three times daily. We cannot afford to have Immie fall sick, now of all times."

Then he turned his back upon her to finish the letter he was writing to his sweetheart.

Since the success of his experiment had been established Dr. Ditson took small notice of Immie. He was engrossed with his approaching happiness, and busy with his preparations for a vacation.

Immie took the tonic and the outdoor exercise; but her gait had lost its jaunty little swagger, her eyes showed no interest in the scenes about her as she walked, and she went home each day with less and less vigour. Life had lost its romantic flavour for her, and the dull reality seemed hard and bitter after her illusive dreams.

When the time for the wedding approached, Mrs. Gray suggested taking Immie as one of the party.

"She never witnessed a wedding ceremony, and it would interest her," she said. "The little variation in the monotony of her life might do her good. She seems to have no spirit with which to combat her indisposition. I should not like to leave her here all alone to brood over her ill feelings. You know the Irish always make a great deal of any small sickness."

"Why, of course take her along," the doctor replied. "She will be of use to you on the journey back."

So Immie went to Albany with the groom and Mrs. Gray in the bright spring morning which dawned for the wedding.

day; and she sat in an aisle seat of the great church, and heard the organ peal forth the wedding-march, and saw the fair bride go up to the altar on her father's arm; and she touched the silken robe softly with one finger as she came down the aisle again supported by her husband's. There was a tiny spot of broken flesh on the girl's finger, and the contact of the silk sent little shivers through her body; but she had felt so dazed and strange as she saw the doctor coming down the aisle with this fair stranger that she touched the dress as it swished by her, just to be sure it was not all a dream.

Then she heard Mrs. Gray's voice, and rose and followed her to a lovely house, where there were a lot of people, and flowers, and a wedding breakfast. She stood in the alcove with the servants, and watched it all. Some one gave her a piece of wedding-cake to "dream over," and they offered her a plate heaped with dainties, but she could not eat.

Then it was time to hurry to the train with Mrs. Gray, and she was so glad to curl into the cushioned seat and rest.

But suddenly she gave a little frightened cry, and when Mrs. Gray went to see what was the matter she saw Immie's handkerchief at her lips stained with blood.

"A slight hemorrhage of the throat—nothing serious—nothing to be alarmed about," said the physician whom Mrs. Gray summoned on arriving home. "She will be up and as well as ever in a week or two."

But Immie faded as rapidly as a morning-glory after that. A "slow fever," Mrs. Gray called it; but when Dr. Ditson returned from his wedding-trip he looked grave and troubled, and wondered if it were possible his heroic treatment had driven the old skin trouble into the girl's system until it attacked the lungs.

Immie was placed in a large, airy room in the hospital just a month after the doctor brought home his bride.

Mrs. Gray visited her almost daily, and all that skill and care could do for her was done; but all to no avail. She died in three months after she had entered the hospital.

"Had she made the slightest effort to rally we could have prolonged her life for years," the physicians said; "but she simply let go her hold upon life, and seemed anxious to die."

The day before she died she asked a favour of Mrs. Gray.

"I'd like to have a nice funeral with carriages when I'm all done forever," she said—"lots an' lots of carriages, with the children all lookin' on in the streets as I go by in the big hearse with black plumes an' black horse—like a princess might. There's that money in the savings bank as you've told me of—I'd like it to be used to give me a big funeral."

Immie rode to her grave in the "big hearse with the black plumes and the black horses," but there was only one carriage to follow it for lack of mourners to fill more. *Ellis Wheeler Wilcox, in the Independent.*

AT SEA.

The sails hang lifeless to the trembling mast,
Unstirred by any breath of swelling wind,
The warm sun streams with steady light and kind,
No more we dread the wild tempestuous blast,
The calm is here, storms seem forever past.
And yet the vessel rolls with impulse blind;
Rest on the restless sea she cannot find,
But strains and groans till in the harbour fast.

The tempest's rage may go, but we can trace
Its ruthless strength long after it has fled,
In myriad marks at sea and on the shore.
The mighty ocean has no hidden place,
No deep recess along its wreck-strewn floor,
Where the storm's power is for one moment dead.

—T. G. Marquis, in *The Week*.

THE MISSIONARY WORLD.

A UNIQUE MISSIONARY MEETING ON THE HIMALAYAS.

Sir Charles Elliott, the Governor of Bengal, and Lady Elliott, last week sent out cards of invitation for a reception to all the missionaries of all societies now on these hills, numbering more than eighty, including those working at Darjeeling, Ghuru and Kalimpong, and those visiting this sanitarium for recuperation. The principal residents of Darjeeling, and tea-planters on the slopes of the mountains, and many officials up here on duty with the Governor, or on leave, were also invited to meet the missionaries.

Sir Charles Elliott has had long experience in India, rising from the bottom of the civil service ladder up through the different grades by sheer force of character, until he has attained, by appointment of the Queen-Empress, to his present exalted position. In Government official parlance, he is styled the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, because the Governor-General or Viceroy also has his headquarters in Bengal, and of course officially overshadows him; but Sir Charles is de facto Bengal's governor, having his own Legislative Council and his own corps of secretaries, or Cabinet, entirely different from those of the viceroy.

Darjeeling, on the Himalayas, from which eighty miles of perpetual snow is seen, is the summer capital of Bengal, and during the hottest months Sir Charles and Lady Elliott occupy "The Shrubbery," as the gubernatorial residence here is named, with its beautiful garden-park around it, and Government offices and chief officials' residences adjacent, and from here the affairs of this great Bengal presidency are, for the time, administered.

The cards of invitation read: "To a garden party on Wednesday, June 15th, at 4.30 o'clock, to be followed by a Drawing-Room, at which an account will be given of the progress of missionary work."

A break had come in the monsoon weather, now upon us, and the clear day, with its view of the highest mountains