

CARL SPRINGEL.

AGED 14.

"He died the death of a hero and martyr and saved 200 lives."

The rush of the swollen river,
The dash of the ceaseless rain,
And the roar of the winds, that ever
Kept up their wild refrain,
Mingled in music dismal,
Which the gloomy gulch, abysmal,
Re-echoed in mocking strain.

Out into the black night slowly
Young Carl, the cripple, crept
From his hut in the hollow lowly
To the hill, where his father kept
His vigil, lone and weary;
On the bridge o'er the gulch so dreary,
Down which the torrent swept.

Then over the rush of the river,
And over the dash of the rain,
And the roar of the winds, that ever
Kept up their wild refrain,
Sounded the timbers crashing,
As downward the bridge went dashing,
Hurled by the torrent's main.

The boy heard the girlders falling,
And strove to haste along,
For his father wildly calling,
As he clambered the rocks among,
And he saw by a red light glancing,
The foam-tipped breakers dancing,
Where the bridge had stood so long.

'Twas the signal lantern lighted
On his father's hand-car there,
That showed to the boy affrighted
The wreck by its ruddy glare,
And he gazed at the torrent sweeping,
Adown the deep gorge leaping,
With a feeling of wild despair.

For he felt that his father had perished
In the wild and awful night,
That his father loved and cherished
Had vanished from his sight,
And his heart—but a deep sound rumbling,
Like to distant thunder grumbling,
Gave fresh cause for affright.

A moment the brave boy listened:
"Tis a coming train!" he cried,
And his eyes in the red glare glistened,
As he climbed up the hand-car's side,
And over the tempest clearer
The roar of the train came nearer,
While to move the car he tried.

Will it never move? Ah, slowly
The wheels respond to the strain,
And the feeble boy bends lowly
O'er his task with a gasp of pain,
There, faster now it's going,
For his soul in his task he's throwing,
And he works with might and main.

Then round the bend before him
Came the train with thundering tread,
And he held the lantern o'er him,
And waved it above his head,
But a moment more and its red light
Was dimmed by the engine's head-light,
And the boy was with the dead.

On a sudden the lantern gleaming
Had shown to the engineer,
The boy with his long hair streaming
On the night wind very near,
His weak arm the signal waving,
His body the danger braving,
And his young face scorning fear.

"Down brakes!" the signal sounded,
Reversed was the engine, too,
But on the fierce train bounded,
And the hand-car hurled from view,
And a near to the deep gulf verging,
Where the boiling waves were surging,
Did its headlong course pursue.

On the very verge it halted,
On the verge of the gulch so grim,
Down which it would have vaulted
But for the act of him,
Whose fame in song and story,
Illumed by the fire of glory,
Should never more grow dim.

C. E. JAKWAY, M.D.

Stayner, Ont.

FIE! FIE! OR, THE FAIR
PHYSICIAN.(Edited, under the Instructions of Mrs. Cross-
michael.)

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

(Concluded.)

VIII.

The servant who had delivered Otto's written excuses came back with a message. His letter would be given to Miss Salome on her return from Windsor.

This announcement at once proved Mrs. Crossmichael's calculations to be correct. Otto was at no loss to interpret the meaning of Salome's absence at Windsor. She was visiting the mother of his rival, at a time when her son was staying in the house. In other words, she was indirectly encouraging a man who was reported to have already made her an unsuccessful offer of marriage, and to be prepared to try again. Otto sent the servant back to ascertain the exact time at which Miss Salome was expected to return. The reply informed him that she was to travel by an early train, and that she would be at home on the morning of the garden-party by twelve o'clock. A second letter was thereupon despatched, asking for an interview soon after that time. Jealousy had determined Otto to take the gloomiest view of the state of his heart. Instead of asking Salome to make loving allowance for the formidable revelations of the stethoscope, he proposed to retire from the field in

favor of the "fortunate gentleman whom she preferred." Such was the vindictive feeling with which this otherwise inoffensive young man regarded his sweetheart's visit to Windsor; and so had Mrs. Crossmichael's clever calculations defeated themselves.

At two o'clock on the day of the party, Salome's devoted sister performed her promise.

She and her husband arrived, to occupy the room which was always reserved for them in Mr. Skirton's house. Asking at once for her sister, she was informed that Salome was behaving very strangely; she had locked herself up in her room, and would open the door to nobody. Mrs. Crossmichael applied for admission, with the energy peculiar to herself. "You know that my husband invariably obeys my orders, and that he is one of the biggest men in England. If you don't let me in, I shall call him up, and say, 'Burst open that door.'" Salome gave way. Her eyes were red, her cheeks were stained with tears. "You're the worst enemy I have!" she cried passionately, as her sister entered the room; "I'll never forgive you for sending me to Windsor."

"A row with Otto?" Mrs. Crossmichael asked quietly.

"Otto has given me up! Otto leaves the other man (whom I hate and detest) free to marry me! That's what comes of taking your advice."

Mrs. Crossmichael preserved her temper. "Had he any other reason to give," she continued, "besides jealousy of the other man? If that was his only motive, you will have reason to be grateful to me, Salome, as long as you live."

"He had another reason—a dreadful reason—a mysterious reason. Marriage is forbidden to him. And, when I wanted to know why, he looked the picture of despair, and said, 'Ask no more!'"

"Is he coming to the party?"

"Of course not!"

"What's his excuse?"

"Ill health."

"Wait here, Salome, till I come back."

Mrs. Crossmichael immediately presented herself at the next house. Mr. Fitzmark was not well enough to see her. The message was positive; and the wooden-faced valet was impenetrable. Not daunted yet, the obstinate visitor asked for Miss Pillico. Miss Pillico was not in the house. Mrs. Crossmichael returned, defeated, but not discouraged yet.

She appeared to be quite satisfied when Salome told her that the fair physician would be present at the garden-party.

The guests began to arrive; and Sophia was among them.

Her two faithful patients, Sir John and Mr. Skirton, noticed that she was serious and silent. Mr. Skirton asked if she had visited Otto that day. No; she had not thought it necessary, and he had not sent to say that he wanted her. Mrs. Crossmichael, waiting her opportunity, got into conversation with Sophia, in a quiet part of the grounds. Salome waylaid her sister, when the interview was over: "What have you found out?" Mrs. Crossmichael whispered back, "Pillico was not born yesterday. She has some reason for being discontented with Otto—that's all I can discover so far. Hush! don't turn round too suddenly. Do you see that cat?"

The "cat" was Sir John's daughter. She had just met Miss Pillico on the lawn, and had only been noticed by a formal bow. Sour Bess looked after the lady doctor with an expression of devilish malice which was not lost on Mrs. Crossmichael. "An enemy to Sophia!" she whispered to her sister. "Ah, Miss Dowager, it's a long time since we have seen each other. You're looking remarkably well. Have you, too, been consulting Miss Pillico?" She took Bess's arm in the friendliest manner, and walked away with her to the farther end of the garden.

IX.

"Well, Lois!"

"Don't come near me, or you will spoil everything! One word. Did that man make you another offer when you were at Windsor?"

"Yes."

"And you refused him again?"

"Certainly!"

"And you still think Otto is worth having?"

"I can't live without him!"

"Otto is yours."

Half an hour afterwards, Mr. Fitzmark received a letter, marked Private: "After such conduct as yours, no young lady, in my sister's position, could condescend to explain herself. I think it right, however, to inform you—merely to remove a false impression from your mind—that the gentleman who has excited your jealousy (and no wonder, for he is in every way your superior) has made her a proposal of marriage, and has, to my sincere regret, been refused. It is needless to add that you will not be received, if you venture to call again at my father's house.—L. C."

The despatch of this letter was followed by a bolder experiment still.

When the garden party had come to an end, and the guests were at home again, Miss Pillico received Mrs. Crossmichael's visiting card—with a line on it in pencil: "I should be glad to say two words, if quite convenient." Mrs. Crossmichael had produced a favorable impression in the garden—the interview was immediately granted.

"You are naturally surprised to see me again, after I have already had the pleasure of meeting you. Events have happened—no! I had better not trouble you with the events, except on con-

dition. The condition is, that you will kindly reply to a question which I must ask first." So Salome's sister opened fire on the enemy. The enemy only bowed.

"A lady possessed of your personal advantages, who follows your profession," Mrs. Crossmichael proceeded, "excites admiration (especially among the men) for other qualities besides her medical ability—"

"I don't desire such admiration," Miss Pillico interposed; "and I never notice it."

"Not even in the case of one of your most ardent admirers—Mr. Otto Fitzmark?"

"Certainly not!"

"Allow me to beg your pardon, Miss Pillico, for an intrusion which has, none, no excuse. I come here—without Mr. Fitzmark's knowledge—to make a very painful communication (so far as our family is concerned), in which, as I foolishly imagined, a duty—a friendly duty—might be involved towards yourself. Pray accept my excuses. Good evening."

"Stop, Mrs. Crossmichael! Did you say duty was involved?"

"I did, Miss Pillico."

"An act of duty is too serious to be trifled with. Will it help you if we suppose that I have noticed the feeling of admiration to which you refer?"

"Thank you—it will help me very much."

"Pray go on."

"I trust to your honor, Miss Pillico, to keep what I am about to say a profound secret. Before Mr. Fitzmark had the honor of becoming acquainted with you, his attentions to my sister were a subject of general remark among our friends. He called this morning in a state of indescribable confusion and distress, to inform her that his sentiments had undergone a change; the attractions of some other lady, as I strongly suspect, being answerable for this result. I have merely to add (speaking from my own experience) that he is an exceedingly shy man. He is also—according to his own account of it—subject to some extraordinary delusion, which persuades him that he can never marry. My own idea is, that this is a mere excuse: a stupid falsehood invented to palliate his conduct to my sister. As I think, she is well out of it. I have no opinion of Mr. Fitzmark; and I should consider it my duty," Mrs. Crossmichael proceeded, with an expression of undisguised malignity—"my bounden duty to warn any lady, in whom I was interested, against encouraging the addresses of such a false and fickle man. If you ask how you are interested in hearing all this, I can only own that, like other foolish women, I act on impulse, and often regret it too late. Once more, good evening."

Salome was waiting at home, eager to know how the interview had ended. Mrs. Crossmichael described it in these words:

"I have assumed the character, my dear, of your vindictive sister; eager to lower the man who has jilted you, in Sophia's estimation. The trap is set—thanks to that charming girl, Sir John's daughter. To-morrow will show if Pillico walks into it."

X.

To-morrow did show. Mrs. Crossmichael received a reply to her letter, from Mr. Fitzmark.

"I entreat you to intercede for me. No words can tell how ashamed I am of my conduct, and how I regret the inexcusable jealousy which led to it. Salome—no! I dare not speak of her in that familiar way—Miss Salome is too good and too noble not to forgive a sincerely penitent man. I know how utterly unworthy of her I am; and I dare not hope to obtain more than my pardon. May she be happy!—is the only wish I can now presume to form."

"One word more, relating to myself, before I close these lines.

"I was foolish enough, when I made that ever-to-be-regretted visit, to hint at an obstacle to my entering the marriage state. It all originated in a mistaken view, taken by Miss Sophia Pillico of the state of my heart. She called medically this morning, and applied the stethoscope as before; the result seemed to surprise her. She asked how many times I had taken my medicine,—I said, Twice. Digitalis, she thereupon remarked, was a wonderful remedy. She also said that she might, in her anxiety, have taken an exaggerated view of my case, and have alarmed me without reason. Her conduct, after this, was so extraordinary that I cannot pretend to describe it. She waited, after the examination was over, and seemed to expect me to say something more. I waited, on my side, for a word of explanation. She flew into a rage, and told me to provide myself with another doctor. What does it mean?"

"Being naturally interested in finding out whether there was anything the matter with me or not, I called on the resident medical man in the neighborhood. He took great pains with me; and he admitted that I had an overburdened heart.

"God knows this is true enough! But the cause he assigned makes me blush while I write. It seems that I eat too much—and my full stomach presses against my heart. 'Live moderately, and take a long walk every day,' the doctor said; 'and there isn't an office in London that won't be glad to insure your life.'"

"Do me one last favor. Pray don't let Miss Salome know about my stomach!"

Private Note by the Editor.—When Mrs. Crossmichael showed this letter to her sister, she said, "Now I have bowled Pillico out at last!" Quite a mistake. Sophia publicly alluded to her

brief professional connection with Mr. Fitzmark, in these terms: "Other women view the approach of age with horror—I look to it myself with impatience and hope. At my present time of life, stupid male patients persist in falling in love with me. Mr. Fitzmark was a particularly offensive instance of this. No words can say what a relief it is to me to hear, that he is going to marry Miss Salome Skirton."

VARIETIES.

STAINED GLASS.—In 1870 there was celebrated at Tegernsee, Bavaria, the nine hundredth anniversary of the stained-glass factory there. For a period, a dark age in art, the method of staining was lost, and its revival is thus explained. An Englishman, bargaining at Nuremberg early in this century for some fragments of old stained glass, remarked before one Siegmund Frank, a cabinet varnisher, that there was a fortune for any one who could revive the lost art. Frank took the hint and got the sympathy of the government. In 1845 an establishment was opened at Munich, under Mr. Aimmuller, who had been associated with Frank, which has become world famous.

THE VIOLIN.—Of all the musical instruments the violin is most enduring. Pianos wear out; wind instruments get battered and old-fashioned. All kinds of novelties are introduced into flutes, but the sturdy violin stands on its own merits. Age and use only improve it, and instead of new ones commanding the highest prices, as in the case with other instruments, it is the violins of the few Italian makers of the last three centuries that command the fabulous prices. It is impossible to handle an old violin without a feeling of veneration, when one reflects on the number of people who have probably played on it, the weary hours it has beguiled, the source of enjoyment it has been, and how well it has been loved.

ESSENTIAL PEOPLE.—Their name is legion. The fruit of men's labor is often snatched away when it is just dropping, ripened into their hands. Other men come into life hopelessly destitute of the "knack" for getting ahead at anything. The farmer who thinks he is making a good bargain when every one else sees that it is a bad one; the school-teacher who does not know how to win the confidence, or inspire the enthusiasm of her pupil; the minister whose "ways" repel the people when he takes the most pains to win their goodwill, such persons are found everywhere. They do the best they know how, but they don't succeed. And since it is an experience that is divinely assigned to so many, we must conclude that the ministry of poverty and defeat is often better for us than any worldly success could be. "Blessed are they who make money or achieve prominence," did not find a place in the Beautitudes—does not, in fact sound much like them.

GOETHE'S "FAUST."—The production of the "Faust" tragedy, evolved from his mind gradually, as by some slow process of nature, was the artistic sum of Goethe's entire life. He was but four years old when he saw the puppet-play performed by the miniature actors in a marionette theatre given him as a Christmas present by his grandmother; he was still a child when an abridgment of Widemann's "Faust-Buch," sold among popular literature at fairs, fell into his hands, and he had completed his eighty-second year when he laid down the pen after having written the last lines of the weird phantasmagoria which concludes the great tragedy. All that lay between that first childish impression and the final perfecting touch went to the making of the whole, and we may be sure that there was no single experience of the poet's life that did not leave its stamp upon the work. The scenery of his home is described in the Easter walk of the Professor and his disciple; Gretchen is the idealized reminiscence of his first boyish flame—a girl of Frankfurt, of that name, whom he adored with a childish passion at fifteen; even the study of magic was one which had been his actual occupation during some months of retirement. But how strangely transmuted and metamorphosed are all such actual experiences by the wonderful assimilative power of genius, we may in part fancy from the foregoing brief sketch of the previously existing materials from which the perfect structure was developed. In the pre-Goethe "Faust," we find, indeed, but the rudiments of all that we now associate with the name; and if we are at first surprised to discover that the poet received any suggestion from extraneous sources, this feeling is soon lost in the great wonder on seeing how much he added of his own. In the imaginative masterpiece the original materials appear scarcely less transformed and modified than are the crude elementary substances used by nature in elaborating the vital organism. It was in a fragmentary state that "Faust" first saw the light, and the disconnected scenes published in 1775 were only worked up into the complete drama after the poet's journey to Italy in 1787. It is on record that the hobgoblin drolleries of the "Witches' Kitchen" were composed in the beautiful grounds of the Villa Borghese at Rome, strangely incongruous as they seem with the Southern landscape and classical treasures of the spot. The Helen episode, another fragment, was originally intended to form a separate drama, but there turned to account with the economy of genius, it is grafted on the second part of "Faust," not without showing, in its discrepancy with the remainder of the work, some traces of its extraneous origin.