

which served for chairs and tables showed that the occupants were no ordinary persons. Thanks to the abundance of at least one comfort, a great fire roared and sparkled on the hearth, diffusing a cheerful warmth and light, by which I could observe and examine my patients.

The wife was writhing and struggling in the delirium which marked the first reaction of the fever. Side by side upon the same poor couch were a boy of ten and a girl of fourteen, upon whose life-fountains the awful chill had breathed, and they lay pulseless and deathly cold, with only now and then an uneasy motion, and the heavy sighing and irregular respiration to show that life still lingered. They had been seized since their father had started from home.

Their features were so faultlessly chiseled, so delicate in formation, so graceful in outline, that as I looked at them my very breath was involuntarily bated from fear that the little flame still flickering in the socket of their lives might be extinguished by its impulse. The mother had been peerlessly beautiful, and neither the ravages of care or sorrow, nor the angry demon of disease could efface the evidence. But now the mind wandered among evidences of joy and sorrow "like sweet bells jangled out of time and harsh," snatches of childish song, then fragments of soul-stirring strains from the old masters of melody, then a plaintive measure which filled the eyes with fast flowing tears: "Let us go away, George, where we can forget and be forgotten!"

The father was wholly unmanned, and the strong man wept like a child. Accustomed as I had been for years to scenes of suffering and grief, I could scarcely restrain my emotions; but by an almost super-human effort I mastered myself, and undertook the use of those agencies which experience had shown best adapted to relieve and save. Thank God! they were successful. Soon after sunrise in the morning, the blood coursed freely through the veins of both the son and the daughter without any of the frightful delirium which too often accompanied the reaction. The mother slept quietly, and the crisis had evidently passed.

After giving my professional directions I took leave. Six hours after, the summons came again, but this time for the father. I found him insensible, cold, and with the characteristic lurid spots where the blood had stagnated and decomposed beneath the skin. My experience told that his days were numbered. The slightest touch upon the surface elicited groans of agony, but I could lift the eyelid and put my finger upon the ball before the uncontracting pupil without any sign of feeling. The head was thrown back to its utmost tether, and the slow, irregular, and labored respiration hissed through the clenched teeth. I thought he would die at once; but he did not. By and by the reaction came, fierce and overmastering. The blood seemed literally boiling in the arteries; the cold and contracted features blazed with excitement, and the eyes gleamed like coals of fire. He fancied that he trod again the marble floor of the exchange, and muttered of gigantic speculations.— Alternately he groaned and tossed, then he turned and greeted his wife and children, and the stern man of business was the husband and father, gentle and loving. It was all clear now, for soon he exclaimed: "It is lost—all is lost; but no shadow of dishonor shall rest upon your name or mine. We will pay it all."

And this they had done. She was a younger daughter of one of the proudest of England's nobility, who had forsaken all for her American lover. He was the son of a merchant prince of ——. This father still sits in solitary magnificence in the same city, but discarded his son