

QUEER STORY.

An Absconding Bankrupt.

Dr. Clarence Jones was an enterprising young gentleman who meant to succeed in his profession. He was not clever in the sense of being well-read, and, in fact, he had only just managed to scrape through the qualifying examinations. But he did not aspire to scientific distinction, and took no higher view of his calling than to regard it as a means by which he might possibly make a fortune. He considered that he would only be wasting valuable time by seeking a hospital appointment for the sake of gaining experience. Instead, therefore, of going through the routine of a young doctor's early career, he took the bold step of renting the ground-floor in a large house in a fashionable quarter, and setting up immediately as a consulting physician. He was somewhat qualified to perceive that he was best equipped to succeed in that branch of practice, being at heart a mere charlatan. He had acquired the art of making a great show of a smattering of knowledge; he had carefully cultivated a bland and impressive manner, and he thoroughly realized that the great secret of amassing wealth is to be utterly unscrupulous in the matter of fees, and never to release a patient while he can be imposed upon by humbug. As though to aid his ambitious designs, nature had endowed him with a good presence, a high and shining forehead, which was enhanced by premature baldness, and a soft, melodious voice.

He found it uphill work at first, of course; but he had no real cause for dissatisfaction. He went as much as possible into society, and made useful friends. He was always particularly careful to be polite and attentive to the wives and daughters of physicians in good practice. In fact, he showed his sagacity by assiduously courting the suffrages of lady acquaintances. The consequence was that patients soon made their appearance, while neighboring doctors, owing to domestic influence, found many opportunities of putting stray guineas into his pocket. In a very short time he contrived to gain the reputation of having established a practice, and soon came to be regarded as a rising man.

Dr. Clarence Jones did not hide his light under a bushel, but was rather addicted to boasting of his success. Some of his professional brethren smiled at this, knowing from experience how slow and laborious is the work of making a remunerative practice. But the wisdom of his tactics was proved by the fact that even these sceptics had no suspicion of the real condition of affairs. The truth was, that at the end of three years Dr. Jones found himself hopelessly in debt, his professional earnings having fallen far short every year of his modest requirements. His practice was increasing to be sure, and in all human probability the time was not far distant when it would yield him a decent income; but meanwhile, just as it was more than necessary to keep up appearances, bankruptcy and ruin stared him in the face. He had spent his small capital, creditors were pressing, and he was literally reduced to provide his daily wants by surreptitiously pawing his personal effects.

In such circumstances an elastic conscience is often a useful ally. Young Dr. Jones, having no scruples whatever on the subject of his liabilities, was enabled to devote all his energies to the difficult task of evading them. He was quite unmoved by his tailor's pathetic appeals, while he succeeded by sound argument in convincing that long suffering individual that his only chance of getting paid was to wait. But his powers of reasoning and persuasion, though efficacious in some cases, often proved unavailing, so that the air became darkened with writs and legal processes. The poor young man was thus fairly driven to his wits end, and saw no alternative but to make known his embarrassments, and thereby jeopardize the success which had almost seemed to be within his grasp.

One morning Dr. Jones was gloomily seated in his consulting-room, waiting for patients, when there came a knock at the door, and a little, shabbily-dressed, bright-eyed, elderly man was presently ushered in. Dr. Jones greeted his visitor with mingled feelings, being disappointed of a patient, yet relieved to find he was not a sheriff's officer.

"How are you, Mr. Graves?" he said, instinctively adopting the condescending tone of a physician towards a general practitioner. "What can I do for you?" "Nothing, thanks," said the little man, briskly; "but you can do yourself a turn, if you are so disposed."

"What do you mean?" inquired Dr. Jones, a trifle taken back.

"Balmre, but 'pon my word it is rather inconvenient," said Dr. Jones, with importance, but avoiding his companion's twinkling eyes. "I expect half a dozen people here, and just the busiest time of the day, too," he added, glancing at his watch.

"They haven't come yet, and as the weather is hot, I fancy they'll put it off till tomorrow," said little Mr. Graves, with a quiet smile.

"Where did you say the place was?" Highbury! That is a long way off," said Dr. Jones, endeavoring to look quite unmoved.

"We shall be back in less than an hour. My carriage is at the door," returned Mr. Graves a little impatiently.

"Well, as I have said, I should be sorry to disoblige Balmre; and as for my patients, if they don't keep their time, they must wait," said Dr. Jones, opening the door to his visitor, and signifying that he would accompany him.

He felt relieved to escape the quiet and penetrating gaze of little Mr. Graves for he was painfully conscious that his attempted air of superiority had been a failure. Of course, he was only too glad of the opportunity of earning a couple of guineas on a dull morning, but it was contrary to his creed to allow any one to suspect it. Above all, he considered it essential to his dignity as a physician to appear a trifle condescending to a general practitioner; and he honestly felt a sting of contempt for little Mr. Graves. He might be clever enough—and, indeed, he was really a worthy disciple of the healing art. But what, he said, was to be thought of a man, who, wantonly neglecting opportunities of amassing wealth and obtaining celebrity, went about in thick shoes and a shocking hat, visiting all the lowest and poorest parts of the district?

Little Mr. Graves showed he was a good fellow by not taking umbrage at the young man's impertinence and self-importance, and Dr. Jones insensibly began to adopt a more genial tone and manner during the drive. Their destination proved to be a small house in an unpretentious street near Highbury Station, and the formalities of the business on hand were quickly despatched. The patient was a middle-aged man, whose behavior and conversation seemed to fully testify to aberration of his intellect. Dr. Jones signed the certificate with a clear conscience, mentally contrasting the present case with others he had certified to for Dr. Balmre when Mr. Graves had not been his companion.

When they took their seats in the carriage again to drive back, Dr. Jones glanced at the house they were leaving and said:

"I wonder who the patient is?" "William Roberts," said Mr. Graves, in a matter-of-fact way.

"Yes, I know his name. But how the deuce can people in that position afford to pay Balmre's terms? His asylum is one of the most expensive there is."

"Ah! that has struck you also, has it?" said Mr. Graves, meaningly.

"Well, it's odd, isn't it? However, I suppose his relatives will starve themselves to pay for him."

"Did anything else strike you?" inquired Mr. Graves.

"No. What do you mean?" said Dr. Jones, innocently.

"Have you any doubt of his being mad?" "Good gracious, no! Have you?" demanded Dr. Jones, in amendment.

"I signed the certificate," returned Mr. Graves, in a matter-of-fact way.

"Well, wherever he is, he has got a fortune with him," said Dr. Jones, handing back the document with an animated expression. "Make yourself at home, my man," he added; "order what you want. As you say, I dare say, this little matter of mine will soon be arranged."

He hurried away as he spoke, and entered his consulting room, where, after locking the door, he commenced to stride about in a strangely excited manner. After a while, happening to catch sight of his flushed face as he passed the looking glass he paused, and gravely addressed himself:

"Come, Clarence Jones, steady yourself. This looks like a stroke of luck. It may even be the foundation of your fortune, but you mustn't be too cock sure. You may be mistaken. In any case you need a cool head to play your cards properly."

This soliloquy had a soothing effect, for he seated himself in the patient's arm chair and deliberately knitted his brows to think. The result of his deliberations was that he started off with composure to his club, and spent some hours in going through the newspaper files of the past month or two. He met a city acquaintance, of whom he made particular inquiries concerning Mr. Anstruther Meadows. Altogether, he evidently considered that he had passed a profitable evening, for upon his return, he saluted the man in possession with a friendly slap on the back, and promised him a five pound note for himself if his hopes as to paying him on the next day were realized.

When he rose the next morning, Dr. Jones wrote a little note to Dr. Balmre, stating that he had a great desire to pay a visit to the asylum; and, adding that, having been summoned to attend a consultation in the neighborhood of the institution, he should be glad of an authority to inspect it. He sent the letter round by a servant, who, in reply, brought back one of Dr. Balmre's cards with a few words in the great man's handwriting scrawled on the back of it. An hour later Dr. Jones presented himself at the door of Dr. Balmre's celebrated establishment.

He was civilly received by the medical gentleman in charge, by whom he was conducted over the spacious, gloomy building. Of course, he expressed himself highly gratified and deeply interested in all he saw, though in truth his mind was entirely preoccupied with other matters. At length, as they were strolling through the grounds, he said, carelessly:

"By the way, I signed a certificate yesterday for Dr. Balmre. Has the patient arrived?" "What name? Do you recollect?" "Roberts, I think."

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "He came in yesterday evening. Would you like to see him?" "Yes, I think I should," said Dr. Jones, carelessly. "His case rather interested me. Don't trouble to come if you are busy. He is quiet enough."

"Yes, he is quiet enough, so perhaps you will excuse my running away from you. I must go my rounds. Hi, Edwards!" to an attendant, "take this gentleman, Dr. Jones, to see William Roberts, No. 93."

A minute later, Dr. Jones was ushered into a small private sitting room, where he found Mr. William Roberts, whose acquaintance he had made the previous day. Mr. Roberts gave a palpable start as his visitor entered, but immediately assumed a vacant expression, and dropped his eyes on the book he was reading.

"You needn't wait," said Dr. Jones to the attendant, in a confident tone. "I want to have a little chat with my friend here."

The man somewhat hesitatingly withdrew, while Mr. Roberts, manifestly ill at ease, stole a hurried glance at the doctor out of the corners of his eyes.

"Well, Mr. Roberts, you remember me, I suppose," said Dr. Jones, pleasantly, when they were alone.

"Mr. Roberts grunted, without looking up."

"I see you do," replied his visitor, with increased affability. "But, really—as no one is in hearing—there is not the least occasion for playing comedy. Yesterday I did not interfere, because, it was, of course, desirable to deceive my colleague."

"I don't know you," said Mr. Roberts, glancing up at him, and turning sulkily aside.

"That is quite immaterial. The important fact is, that I know you, Mr. Anstruther Meadows," said Dr. Jones, in a low voice.

The moment his name was pronounced the man turned as white as marble, and beads of perspiration burst upon his forehead. He cast a terrified glance at his visitor's calm, determined face, and apparently realized the uselessness of denying his identity.

"Are you a detective?" he gasped.

"My good sir, if you reflect you will remember that I am a doctor," remarked Dr. Jones, quite soothingly.

"Oh, yes; to be sure," said Meadows, recovering himself. "Well, how did you find me out?"

"I recognized you yesterday the moment I set eyes on you, notwithstanding that you have shaved your mustache and whiskers, and dyed your hair," said Dr. Jones, unblushingly. "You see I am not hostile to you."

"Thank God for that!" murmured the man.

"I suppose your design is to remain here until the hue and cry has died out, and then to quietly slip away when the police have given you up," said the doctor, smilingly.

"That was what Aimpie did," returned Meadows, mentioning another notorious scoundrel.

"Well, it is an excellent plan, no doubt. The police would never think of looking for you here," laughed Dr. Jones. "However, to come to the point. Of course, I have no wish to denounce you."

"That is your game, is it?" cried Meadows, with a fierce oath.

"Well, you see your secret is worth something," said the unwelcome visitor, in business-like tones. "I could get the reward of £500 by raising my finger. But I prefer—for my own sake, as well as yours—to make terms with you."

"I thought you were a gentleman," sneered Meadows.

"People used to think you were," said the doctor, quite unmoved. "But, after all, the title is an empty one."

"Hang you, then, name your price," cried Meadows, after a pause. "Balmre has put you up to this; you are both in the swim."

"Dr. Balmre has never betrayed a word to me, or to anyone else," said Dr. Jones, solemnly. "Remember, he has his reputation to consider. My strong advice to you is not to frighten him by revealing what has passed today. This, for your own sake."

"An' a little for yours, I dare say," laughed Meadows, who apparently could not help admiring his visitor's coolness. "However, perhaps you are right. Mum is the word for all of us."

Dr. Jones did not pause to exult over the success of his maneuver. He went straight to the city in ferocious haste, and never rested until the ransom paid by Meadows was safely lodged at his bank. Then, having got rid of the friendly bailiff, and sent round checks to his most pressing creditors, he indulged in delightful self-congratulations, and revolved in the agreeable prospect of continuing in his professional career with his debts paid, and a substantial sum standing to his credit.

"It only shows," he murmured complacently to himself, "that some people are destined to make fortunes, and others ain't. Look at that fool, Graves. He suspected the man was shamming when I didn't, and yet he never troubled his head to get to the bottom of the mystery. Graves will probably die a workhouse surgeon, when I shall be a baronet rolling in wealth. For, by Jove, there is more to be made out of this business! I'm not going to let Balmre off—the sly old fox! I could ruin him if I liked; but I won't. I flatter myself I know a trick worth two of that! By Jove," he added, energetically slapping his knee.

"He has an only daughter, and he is as rich as Croesus. I'll keep his secret, but I'll be his son-in-law, or my name is not Clarence Jones!"—[London Truth.]

DIVERT THE CHILDREN.

Why We Should Consult the Tastes of Children to Make Them Happy.

It does not require expensive toys or fine, elaborately trimmed dresses, remarks a writer in the Household, to make a child happy. Dress the children in very simple, easy clothing and cover them with a large white apron or frock that can easily be washed. In fine weather spread a blanket on a warm but shady place and let the baby have a large iron spoon and dig in the garden. He will enjoy it wonderfully and it will do him good, and may save his life. I speak from experience. Three little girls of mine, one after the other, died in their first or second summer, during the trying time of teething-cutting. They had been tenderly cared for, taken daily into the fresh air in a carriage. I had read and studied about the care of children, had physicians and medicine, but all in vain. I was almost heart-broken. Then I had a boy, more delicate than either of those I had lost. How could I hope to save him? The truth is I had been overtaken after my marriage, and so lost my own health, and healthy children must have a healthy mother. An aunt of mine told me to try letting him dig in the sand or earth. I tried it, gave up all medicine for myself and baby, made a specialty of studying and preparing nourishing diet and pleasant recreations for baby and myself, praying daily and constantly for God's blessing upon everything and for His direction and guidance, and then feeling sure He would order all for the best, and so giving up all worrying and care. So we both grew strong and healthy, and have been so ever since. My three boys and my girl are, thanks to God, all well and strong and a great blessing and a comfort to me.

Children are far more sensitive than grown people. A mere trifle is sufficient to make a child happy or miserable, and a mere trifle will turn the current of its thoughts and direct them to new channels of interest. To find sufficient variety in pleasing employments for young children is certainly no easy task. It requires forethought and attention, for active children are soon tired of their amusements and ready for something else; but as they grow older and they are able to make better use of their faculties the task grows easier, and they will soon learn to enjoy helping mother.

It is no wonder that young mothers are often weary and discouraged. There is no more arduous or exhaustive work for brain or body than the care of young children. The work of the husband and the father in office, workshop, warehouse or farm is as plain compared to it. If any man doubts this let him exchange employments with his wife for only twenty-four hours, and he will be speedily convinced.

McGregor's Speedy Cure. It is popularly admitted everywhere that McGregor's Speedy Cure is the safest, most reliable and by far the cheapest remedy for Constipation, Liver Complaint, Indigestion, Impure Blood, Loss of Appetite, and all similar troubles. It is not necessary to take a great quantity before any result is produced. A few doses will convince you of its merits. Trial bottle given free at Geo. Rhynas' drug store.

For its soothing and grateful influence on the scalp, and for the removal and prevention of dandruff, Ayer's Hair Vigor has no equal. It restores faded or gray hair to its original black color, stimulates the growth of the hair, and gives it a beautiful, soft, glossy and a keen appearance.

The temperature was well up in the eighties. Two men stood talking earnestly together on a street corner. The younger, a cheerful, bright-eyed man, said to his sallow, dyspeptic-looking companion: "I'll tell you what is the matter with you: you are trying to carry too heavy a load, enough to kill any man, it will floor you before long, if you don't give up. Just put two or three millions away, where it will be safe, and where you can draw on it, and let the rest go to the deuce, if it will, while you take a run over to Europe for a year or so. You'll come back a new man, and I guess you'll find everything all right on your return. At any rate your health is worth more than you'll lose by the vacation."

The sallow man smiled doubtfully, as though the iron he had in the fire would have to be watched a little longer.

Do not delay, if suffering any form of Bowel Complaint, however mild apparently may be the attack, but use Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It is the old reliable cure for all forms of Summer Complaints that require prompt treatment. Ask your druggist and all dealers in patent medicines.

The latest sensation in London is caused by the announcement that Lord Chief Justice Coleridge is about to marry an American lady whom he first met on the steamer on which he returned from the United States three years ago, and who threatened to bring an action for breach of promise if he did not marry her. Society is very much agitated over the approaching event. His Lordship's children are said to be very angry.

In the history of medicines no preparation has received such universal commendation for the alleviation it affords, and the permanent cure it effects in kidney diseases, as Dr. Van Buren's Kidney Cure. Its action is thus, distasteful complaints is simply wonderful. Sold by J. Wilson.

There is an art in work quite to be learned. Few attain it. We observed a potatoes the other day, hills he had done proved how to hoe potatoes but showed that he did not work. He began at the top and by the time he had filled or so, he began to be job.

His last hills differed very much, as the closer better differs from the best; the dearest mother" is written plain; but "your affection mere scribble. He bet tengu curting out of his great desire to write his v by the time he had done mother about the base his hand was tired, his p and he made short and po most important news.

Watch a good workman in a hurry; he never works dom gets tired, and when l stops. The great art of u to go beyond your pace. horse has his pace and in will do his ten miles with come in fresh. Urge his pace, or fret him with all low, he will show signs of end his day exhausted.

One test whether we are or wrong is our enjoyment or our want of enjoyment. who is working calmly and takes pleasure in his work. fast worker becomes fati induces haste, causes mistal in.

There is a man in New paint several landscapes. An artist in oil would requi to paint one of them, and think it imperfect in man; ties and details.

The people ready to be far more numerous than One man offers to furni currency at a low rate. I ed by their greed send money and get back in boxes filled with sandu pretends to have drawn u tory. He will find a scot him with their cash in t getting something for lit It is a fortunate provision: there are so few rogues; any proportion to the n society would be to piece

In Philadelphia the of pretending to be a sail baker's shop and asked whom he had bought a foreign land. He was casket when in rushed a broke, who pronounced worth \$600, offered \$15 demanded \$250, and I went away after the mo soon after departed, w broker coming back up for letting the man go; pature, telling the baker sailor \$100 and he wou the treasures of his pan of course, came back been frightened away b if had been smugled. E duced him to offer th baker for \$80. He sa that was the last he sav or pawnbroker. The worth fifty cents.

A short time since ladies were discussing transpired that that s shoemaker, and that h raised them from \$12; their best shoes. If y dressed ladies doing th or early afternoon a find the greater num with disreputable, heel specimens, but d poverty or want of b The new shoes are bei large sized last at the feet of some smaller Ladies try all manner ties—always too tig finally obliged to reso order. The maker, tomer, is at first mod but, as soon as he fin tain extent indispen his price just so muc will stand. I have \$20 to be paid for a gave no outward sign their wearer felt it any other kind. Im a family of girls wi notion.

W. J. Guppy, dru writes:—"Dr. Fowl I sold out my stock mer. There was a Dr. Fowler's Extrac ry is infallible for I Stomach and Bowe

Thread laces fo' broided with cott contrasting color.

Just the thing f

There was a

1887