

## IN AN EASTERN BAZAAR.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

I am tired! Let us sit in the shadow  
This mosque flings, and puff a cigar,  
And watch as they come from yon meadow  
Those carriers, each with his jar.  
How lithe and how languid they are!

Confess now, 'tis something delicious  
To leave the old life all behind,  
Its turbulence, worries and wishes,  
Its labors and longings, and find  
A Nirvana, for once to your mind.

What softness suffuses the picture!  
How tranquil the poppled repose!  
See the child there, unbound by the stricture  
Of dress that encumbers; he knows—  
All nude of the gyves we impose—

What the meaning of freedom is better  
Than any young Frank of them all,  
Whose civilized feet we must fetter,  
Whose white, Christian feet we must gail  
With garments that chafe and enthrall.

Just look at yon brown Egyptian,  
Who poses the urn on her head;  
Don't tell me her tresses are matted,  
But mark the Greek Naiad instead—  
Such grace to such symmetry wed.

Quick! notice the droop of her shoulder  
As she lowers the urn to her arm:  
None ever will tell, or has told her,  
How perfect she is. There's the charm!  
Such knowledge brings nothing but harm.

There's a group now: the jealous Zenanas  
Unveil in the evening their bowers,  
And girls that look proud as Sultanas  
Bloom out as the night-blooming flowers  
That drowse with their languors the hours.

True wildings of nature! Each gesture  
A study by art undefined;  
They gather or loosen their vesture,  
By no thought of observance beguiled,  
Unconscious of aim as a child.

The traffic too: what now could ruffle  
This white-turbaned Syrian's repose,  
As placidly scorning the scuffle  
And chaffer, he waits? for he knows  
Whose the ramage will be at the close.

I miss—and how restful the feeling—  
As I catch the low hum of these hives,  
That Occident worry that's stealing  
Thro' schemes that our culture contrives,  
The calmness all out of our lives.

No exigence hinders their pleasures;  
Unbeautiful haste does not fray  
Their time of its margin of leisure;  
While we, in our prodigal way,  
Foretell the whole morrow to-day.

Yes, yes—I concede we're their betters,  
Self-gratulant both that I am!  
We have science, religion and letters—  
The bane of the curse with the balm:  
They keep their inviolate calm.

If only this land of the lotos  
Would teach us the charm it knows best,  
That could soothe the rapid nerve, that could float us  
Far off to some island of rest,  
What a boon from the East to the West!

## DOCTOR GIRARD'S ADVENTURE.

No. 113 Rue de Bulac, Paris, was known to the medical profession and amidst its extensive circle of patrons as a *maison de santé*. Not that it was an ordinary mad-house, for all its surroundings were of the most luxurious description, all appearance of gloom and restraint was studiously avoided, and the limited number of patients received were all persons of wealth and acknowledged position. Doctor Girard, director of the institution, was a physician of acknowledged ability, who, as an authority in all cases of brain disease, had attained a European celebrity. He was a reserved, taciturn man, whom prosperity had never tempted into the slightest self-indulgence, and who devoted himself to his profession with an unwearied attention which knew no rest. Apparently he lived and had his being only in the interest of science. His confidential assistant was Doctor Fiehaud, who, in every respect was the direct opposite of his employer. The two had been boys together, and afterwards fellow students, but while Doctor Girard rapidly attained fame, Doctor Fiehaud who possessed but moderate abilities, sank into obscurity. Later, Doctor Girard resigned his friend from direct poverty and placed him as manager of his *maison de santé*, which was a sort of pet hobby of the man of science. Fiehaud was devoted to his friend with the most faithful fidelity. He was a tall, stately man of fine presence, and performed all the ornamental duties of his position in the most imposing manner, his suave dignity always produced the most favorable impression upon visitors, while his cheery good-humor gained the good-will of the patients. Doctor Girard, who was silent and brusque, hating to be troubled by the amenities of social life, found his old friend a most valuable auxiliary.

One lady—a lady of distinguished appearance—inquiring for Doctor Girard, was ushered into the reception-room. The eminent physician, who was writing hurriedly in the luxurious library which communicated with the reception-room, was far too deeply absorbed in his occupation to pay much attention, and only glanced carelessly over the letter of introduction which was handed to him. It was written by Sir Archibald Gordon, whose brother had been for long years under the care of Doctor Girard, recommending to the kind attention of the physician Lady Elmore, widow of Sir Robert Elmore, a gentleman of ancient lineage and great

wealth, a near neighbor of Sir Archibald's in England. With one swift glance over its contents, Doctor Girard tossed the note to his friend, whose duty it was to receive visitors, and who now advanced to receive the lady. She was a tall woman, who, though past her first youth, still retained great personal attractions. Her sombre mourning garments only heightened the charms of her exquisite purity of complexion, the luxuriant golden hair, the lustrous blue eyes which still retained the appealing softness of girlhood. Just now the pure blonde beauty was rendered more interesting by the traces of distress imprinted upon the delicate features, the soft blue eyes heavy with unshed tears.

"Oh, doctor," she said, earnestly, "my kind, old friend, Sir Archibald, has sent me to you. If you can aid me, you will in deed merit the richest blessings of a mother's heart."

Doctor Fiehaud, who was impulsively soft-hearted, gazed at the clasped hands and streaming eyes with the most profound sympathy, but at the first sound of that musical voice, Doctor Girard laid down his pen with a shiver, great drops of moisture gathered upon his damp brow, while he sat as though paralyzed by some sudden agony.

"Within a year I have lost the best of husbands, and my only son, the one hope of my blighted life, unless your aid can avail us, is condemned to a fate worse than death." Here Lady Elmore was convulsed by a paroxysm of violent grief.

As Doctor Girard listened to the persuasive accents, he felt himself drifting back to the days of his early youth. A look of premature old age settled upon that inscrutable face as he remembered the rash, impulsive youth whom that very voice had beguiled and betrayed. Long years had passed since he had heard it, yet every tone echoed through the inmost recesses of his heart. How he had loved and how he had suffered, yet he still played the part of temptress and betrayer.

After much persuasion from Doctor Fiehaud, Lady Elmore was induced to tell her story, which she related with much dramatic effect. The shock, occasioned by the sudden death of his father, had unsettled the reason of her only son, Sir Robert Elmore, a young man of twenty. His mania consisted in a desire for accumulating money, in fancying that great sums were owed him, and his present hallucination was a belief that he was a jeweler and diamond merchant. The mother, following the counsel of her friends, had decided upon placing him immediately under the charge of Dr. Girard. The thought of parting caused her so much anguish that she implored the physician to devise some plan by which she could leave her son without allowing him to suspect that the moment of separation had really come. Much moved by the depth of feeling displayed by the beautiful suppliant, Doctor Fiehaud acceded to all her request, and it was agreed that the next day Lady Elmore should bring her son to the Rue de Bulac under the pretense of allowing him to collect an account, that she should immediately pass out through the library into the corridor, thus reaching her carriage without a scene, which she declared, with a pathetic cadence in her faltering voice, her tortured nerves really could not endure.

"And you will be gentle with my poor boy, doctor! Though his disposition is naturally most frank and lovable he has grown strangely suspicious, and is liable to violent paroxysms of rage if his fancies are contradicted," Lady Elmore pleaded tenderly.

"A most charming woman, the beau ideal of a great lady. Such gracious sweetness and dignity!" admiringly exclaimed Doctor Fiehaud, in narrating the pitiful tale to his friend; but Doctor Girard, with resolutely compressed lips, which had grown strangely pale, answered never a word.

The next day an elegant equipage, drawn by a pair of high stepping bays, with coachman and footman in mourning liveries, and everything about it in the most chaste and correct style, drew up before the fashionable jewelry establishment of Messrs. Pétion & Fils. A tall, handsome lady, in deep mourning, alighted and entered the shop. The firm prided itself upon its reputation as diamond merchant—the foremost in the trade—and when the lady requested to be shown diamonds of fine quality, she was served with the greatest alacrity. She assured the shopman that she had visited every establishment of the kind in Paris, and as yet had failed to find anything which could satisfy her critical taste, and her close and intelligent examination of the stones set before her showed that she was no superficial judge of jewels. She required diamonds of the very first water, as they were intended by her husband, Sir Robert Elmore, as a gift to his only daughter on her approaching marriage with the Earl of Elmsdale. The Earl of Elmsdale was well known in Paris as a wealthy and liberal young nobleman, the Pétions had heard of his intended marriage with an heiress of great beauty, and impressed by the rank and influence of their customer, became, if possible, still more assiduous in their attentions. Sir Robert, who had been an invalid since the death of his son, had entrusted the selection to his wife, who was quite overburdened by the responsibility devolving upon her; but before concluding the bargain the jewels must be first submitted to her husband's inspection.

The firm of Pétion & Fils consisted of the father and two sons. The father, accompanied by his eldest son, happened at this time to be absent from Paris; the younger son, quite a

youth, had been left in charge of the establishment, with strict instructions to allow himself to be guided by the experience of an elderly clerk who had faithfully served the firm for many years. The young man, who was somewhat vain and self-confident, insisted upon himself serving the distinguished customer.

"Have you nothing superior to these?" inquired Lady Elmore, with a languidly supercilious glance.

The young man hesitated. Yes; they possessed the finest *parure* in all Paris; it had originally formed a portion of a royal bride's dower; the price demanded was very large, and his father had already entered into negotiations regarding them with the Messrs. Vrooman, the great Viennese bankers, which, however, were not concluded.

Lady Elmore expressed the most vehement desire to see them, and the gems, great limpid crystals, reflecting the light in lustrous rays, were set before her. Her blue eyes glistened.

"Ah! this will suit even Sir Robert's fastidious taste; and as to the price, for his daughter, who is his idol, nothing can be too good," she exclaimed, with a long-drawn breath of satisfaction.

"They will suit, always provided Sir Robert is satisfied. If you have some really responsible person to whom you could intrust the diamonds, he could accompany me in the carriage and the bargain could be settled at once. Really, one hears of such terrible robberies that I should quite dread to assume any responsibility," Lady Elmore exclaimed, raising her eyes deprecatingly to the young man's face.

M. Pétion, who was much elated, laughed hilariously. Here was a fortunate chance for the display of his business talents. The gems whose sale his father had been negotiating for months he was disposing of to advantage in an hour. He himself would accompany the diamonds, and he felt himself quite equal to the most clever of the light-fingered gentry. Indeed, the police system was so perfect that thieves had little chance of escape.

Lady Elmore listened with gentle courtesy, while old Lebrun's whispered caution only irritated the hot-headed youth. In the highest spirits he followed the lady into her carriage, which was driven rapidly to the Rue de Bulac. The door was opened by a servant, who respectfully ushered them into the presence of a tall, portly gentleman, who received Lady Elmore with the most respectful cordiality. The appearance of the mansion was luxurious, the spacious apartments were elegantly furnished, and all bore an air of unpretentious luxury which suggested wealth and refinement. When Lady Elmore took the diamonds from his hand and passed quietly into the next room, young Pétion unsuspectingly accepted the seat offered him by the doctor, responding politely to the bland inquiries regarding his health, addressed him by his host. Doctor Fiehaud, who was in a most genial mood, exerted his conversational powers to the utmost for the amusement of his patient, but as the moments passed and Lady Elmore did not return, the young man began to be anxious to have his business concluded.

"If you would kindly examine the diamonds, sir, I await your decision," he ventured at last.

"But what diamonds?" inquired the doctor.

"Those purchased by Lady Elmore," insisted Pétion.

"Ah, yes. You must tell me all about them," responded the physician, with a humane desire to humor the caprices of his new patient and to allow the mother time to escape before he would summon the attendants to remove the son.

"The diamonds you ordered as a marriage present for your only daughter."

"Exactly; I have no doubt they will suit admirably," replied the doctor.

The youth had now become a prey to the wildest anxiety. The probable consequence of so heavy a loss, the prospect of his father's anger, his own shame and confusion flashed across his mind, filling him with the gravest apprehensions. He could no longer control his consternation. Execrating the folly which had allowed the precious gems to leave his own hand, he cried, excitedly:

"And I really must insist upon having the diamonds returned at once. Lady Elmore assured me Sir Robert—"

"Very mad, indeed, poor fellow," was Doctor Fiehaud's mental comment as, ringing hastily for an attendant, he repeated soothingly, "Certainly, it shall be immediately attended to, Sir Robert."

Pétion started to his feet, shouting furiously: "I am no Sir Robert, as you very well know. I am Jules Pétion, of the firm of Pétion & Fils, jewelers and diamond merchants, 186 Rue Montemorelin. Give me my diamonds!"

"Certainly, my dear boy, certainly," in a tone of gentle remonstrance.

In the meantime Lady Elmore, the diamonds tightly clasped to her breast, made her way rapidly through the library. A few more steps and she would be free; she had secured the object for which she had been scheming for months; she held the greatest prize which in her life of adventure she had yet attained. She had cleverly confederated, but she had herself originated the adventure; upon her devolved the greatest peril. Her nerves were firm as finely-tempered steel, yet a thrill ran through her, causing her pulses to bound, her heart to beat tumultuously, as she gained the library door. It was securely fastened, but another door nearly opposite, which led into a small private study opening upon the courtyard, stood open. She entered, the door closed behind her, all means

of retreat were cut off. She was a woman of ready resources, fertile in expedients, and during her career as an adventuress in all the European capitals had encountered many risks, many sudden emergencies. With the quick instinct of self-preservation belonging to her class, she glanced around for some means of escape. Then, half-concealed by the curtain draperies, a man confronted her, a man who to her appeared like a ghost from the dead, an avenging apparition from the past, come to take advantage of her extremity. She had believed him dead, this man who had once loved her with the most tender, impulsive passion, whom she had beguiled and betrayed, whose life through her arts had been rendered a desert, and whose cold eyes now gazed at her steadily with cold, passionless scorn. She was a brave woman, to whom any tremor of fear was almost unknown; but for long years she had dreaded this man's fury, and now she trembled and cowered before him.

"Do you mean to kill me?" she demanded, impetuously, with a frantic impulse of terror for which she despised herself. Doctor Girard smiled contemptuously, and at the sight of that smile she felt that she was no longer mistress of herself; her clear brain was growing bewildered and confused; she became conscious that, in the game she had been playing, she was being pitilessly beaten. By a supreme effort she controlled herself; her shattered energies revived with the strong necessity laid upon her. She must make one strong effort for freedom. Should she appeal to the old passion? Once this man had turned pale at her glance—a frown had rendered him wretched. She had been able to make all the deepest chords in his nature vibrate into consciousness at the sound of her voice. Her beauty was still a potent power; she could estimate the exact extent of its influence; but she was a creature of swift perception and perceived that it would be of no use. He had passed beyond the reach of her blandishments; she could at least defy him; they were alone; if she could only remove him from her path; and her hand instinctively stole up to her breast where lay concealed the weapon with which she was always provided. Again Doctor Girard smiled, the woman's hand sank nerveless by her side; again, by sheer force of will, he had conquered. She grew ashy white, and then flushed crimson all over her face, laughing recklessly meanwhile.

"Madelon Lasarte, adventuress, thief, betrayer of the innocent, your career of crime is ended."

"Not quite yet." Her perfectly modulated voice was soft and low, the soft blue eyes were raised sweetly and gravely to his face. "Not quite yet, *mon ami*. Remember that I am your lawful wife; my exposure means your disgrace. Are you willing to figure before the public as the dupe and husband of the noted adventuress, Madelon Lasarte, whose thrilling escapades would fill a volume. I have already served a term in the galleys. Consider your ambition, your brilliant reputation, and ask yourself whether your vengeance may not cost you too dear."

Again Doctor Girard smiled—a cold, inscrutable smile, which revealed nothing.

"You were pitiless in depriving existence of all that could render existence desirable. I will show myself more merciful than you. Go," he responded, quietly.

A gleam of triumphant exultation passed over the woman's face as he threw open the door which led into the quiet garden. As she passed into the air she drew a deep breath of relief that sounded almost like a sob. Then her heart suddenly stilled its fluttering and throbbing and sank like lead. The sudden panic, the tremulous tension of every faculty of her soul almost overwhelmed her as the *gendarme* stationed at the door gently laid his hand upon her arm.

"Eh, bien, *ma belle* Madelon, we meet again."

When Doctor Girard sought Pétion, he found the unhappy youth in the act of being forced into a straight-jacket by three stalwart attendants, while in frenzied tones he demanded the return of his diamonds and denounced the author of his misfortunes.

"The very worst case we have had for months. No wonder the poor mother was heartbroken, and a woman so charming," whispered Doctor Fiehaud, solemnly.

When, however, the gems were returned to him and he learned of the danger which he had escaped, Pétion's joy was scarcely less excitable than his terror had been.

The story of the great diamond robbery at the time created quite a sensation. Doctor Girard's penetration and the keen sagacity of the police, both received much admiration. The oddest thing of all was that the woman who had so cleverly planned the scheme—a well-known adventuress—had been pronounced by all the eminent physicians a hopeless maniac. The doctor quite laid aside his reserve and explained in eloquent terms to interested groups of listeners how the excitement of her adventurous career had shattered her nerves, weakened the brain tissues until a very slight shock was quite capable of overthrowing the reason. She was possessed by the wildest hallucinations, the strangest of which was that she was the wife of the great Doctor Girard himself.

ARRANGEMENTS are now completed for the visit of the Lord Chief Justice to New York in the autumn, when he will be the guest of the American Bar. Lord Coleridge will, it is believed, be accompanied by at least one other of Her Majesty's judges, and by several leaders of the Bar.