

BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE

CHAPTER I

Diving deep in the labyrinth of science and philosophy, the earnest student is confronted by the awfulness and majesty of the power who is the fountain head of all that seems so full of mystery to the common understanding of man.

This is the story the lawyer told us as we sat by the table on Christmas Eve and we chatted over the waltz and the wine.

On Christmas Eve I always think of George Horton. He is one of the few men that I really love. You know no lawyer sees too much of the "society side" of human nature to have many attachments.

George had the soul of a poet and the brain of a dreamer. Always thinking of the hidden things of nature—always puzzling over the unexplained mysteries that he about on every-day life, he had no fancy for the common or common place, and neither time nor inclination for the idle amusements of our modern youth.

The son of an English father and a Spanish mother, he had the strong common sense and fine physique of the one, and from the other a tinge of that strange mysticism that lurks in the nature of every child of Spain.

When, after a lonely youth—for he was early left an orphan—the married sweet Little Miss Claire, we were all glad, and thought his happiness assured.

Mario was a gentle, amiable girl, with a face that one could not forget and the sweet nature of a genuine lady. She, too, was an orphan, altogether alone in the world, and when George found her she was teaching the little ones in a school kept by an old French lady.

This kind woman had taken the girl from her dying mother's arms, and reared her as her own. But the good madam died about this time, and Mario was left alone—without home or friends.

And they were happy. Their tastes were congenial, and each helped the other.

She was simple and earnest, he was sympathetic and strong enough to lift her up into those realms of thought where he loved to dwell. If her spirits had to soar to meet the grandeur of his husband's soul, so that her love was a sort of adoration, he was so earnest in his sympathy that one longed they were almost as one in everything.

Both were fond of reading, both were good musicians, and together they studied and interpreted the works of the great masters of literature and harmony.

Several years of this wedded life passed speedily away, and then came the tragedy that lurks so near the happiest lot.

The terrible cholera came one summer to our shores, and the young wife was one of its earliest victims. In an hour, without warning, nay, almost in the twinkling of an eye, she was gone.

George Horton was like one bereft of reason. He was startled, stunned, bewildered and moved to the lowest depths of his being.

It is the end of all our dear companionship? I said he. "Can it be that the one who is part of me, nay—who is my real self—can leave me and I still live on? Where is my wife? Yesterday she smiled upon me and now she lies dead to all my calls. It cannot—must not be so!"

and on he raved and grieved, like one suddenly distracted.

tor was not easily daunted, and in a few minutes was busily and eagerly at work restoring life and reason to the lovely stranger.

The place was well situated for such experiments. The two rooms of the surgery were in the midst of a large square or garden, back of a handsome dwelling house—fitted up with every appliance of modern medical skill, and so arranged as to be absolutely quiet and free from intrusion.

All night the doctor worked with stimulus and electricity and every other aid that might recall the faculties of life. He was untiring in his efforts and at last was rewarded by success. A scolding miracle had been wrought. It was not simply the awakening from sleep of one who had seemed dead, but it was a new life, and an altogether different one. The eyes so blue and beautiful opened upon a world as unknown to her as to the new born babe. He spoke to the woman, but his words conveyed no meaning and the past seemed an absolute blank.

Dr. Owens was a rich bachelor. He lived in a large house with trained, faithful servants, all under the care of an old English housekeeper. Everything about the place was costly and tasteful, and the garden was a bower of verdure and bloom.

Very early in the morning, while it was yet dark, he conveyed the strange guest to a richly appointed room in the great house and called the old housekeeper, to whom he merely said that this was a long expected patient and one who must have the tenderest care. The kindly woman took the invalid to her heart and watched over her with loving affection.

The room was bright and luxurious, and when Mario opened her eyes in this strange place it was like being among a new life. She remembered absolutely nothing of her past, and was as different from her former self as is the butterfly from the dull brown worm.

While she was the life of George Horton she was simple, serious, quiet in her instincts and thoughts, rarely laughing, and tenderly attached to those about her. Now she seemed gay and lively, her thoughts light and full of childish merriment.

It has been said that the brain is the flower of the body, and in the case of Mario Horton it seemed that out of the dust of the body which had decayed a new and brighter blossom had come forth.

At first the physician was deeply interested in her as a strange and almost unique case. He studied her in that light, and as he did so his interest grew. It was not strange that he should at length love a patient so winning and one who owed her life to his care.

But he was greatly puzzled when he thought of her past. He did not know her name. He had never seen any one like her. She could not aid him in his search, for she remembered nothing. Perhaps if she had awakened amid familiar surroundings she might have recalled something of her other life. It is true, now and then, when she heard some word, or saw some object that had figured in her past experience, there would come a faint glimmer, as though memory struggled to become free. Thus, she did not know her own name, but when Dr. Owens, by chance, spoke the common name, "Mario," she looked up quickly and smiled, as if the word had some pleasant association.

The doctor told his patient nothing of how she had come to him. She understood that she had been ill, and was, for good reasons, under his care, and with this knowledge she seemed content.

Her new nature was so loving and affectionate that she felt happy in the society of one who cared for her so tenderly, and lavished rich stores of gratitude upon him. It was a strange, a mysterious case. The physician was troubled, although delighted with his new found charge. Who was she? Where were her friends? He made cautious inquiries for the man who had brought her to him, and found that he was dead. Within twenty-four hours after leaving the surgery he had succumbed to the cholera, and in the confusion of the period was buried, and the secret of her name was buried with him.

When George Horton lost his wife, when he kissed her sweet face for the last time, he felt that, for him, all life was ended. But he knew that he must try to live for his daughter's sake, for the little baby fell entirely to his care. He could not but return to his home, and at once sailed for England, taking the child with him. He left her with some old friends near London, and for a long period wandered over the world a broken-hearted man. Thus it was that Dr. Owens could find no clue to her identity. In the days of the dread epidemic whole cities were depopulated. A panic of fear, as fatal as the disease itself, swept over people, and they rushed out of town into the country, leaving the sick, the old, the helpless, alone to the tender mercies of physicians, nurses, priests, and Sisters of Charity.

There were many cases of the revival of sick ones left for dead, and

some of premature interment. No one stayed in town unaccompanied by absolute necessity; and the tragic fate of the young wife and mother was soon forgotten in the midst of a city's sorrow.

Dr. Owens soon became satisfied that if Mario could avoid new scenes she would entirely recover her youthful health and strength, and with her consent he legally adopted his beautiful charge. At once he arranged his affairs, leaving all his papers, books and property of all sorts in my care, and they set sail for the Old World. At this time Mario was like a child, loving, pure and tender—but entirely undisciplined. But under the guidance of a man like Dr. Owens—of high attainment and noble character—she rapidly developed into a splendid woman. Her physique was completely changed. Before delicate and slender, now she was quietly and majestic in form and bearing, while her hair, once light and curly, grew thick and dark and was wrapped in massive braids about her head. In her other life she was shy and liked no other society than that of her husband and baby.

But as the daughter of a celebrated scholar and physician she alone like a star in the social world, and enjoyed herself with all the zest of a light-hearted girl.

They travelled everywhere. Amid the storied lands, where civilization first had its birth—in the wild countries of the North, among the crags and peaks of Switzerland, and their life was a long dream of happiness.

At last they grew tired of wandering, and the doctor proposed that they return home. So, after years of absence, they embarked upon one of the great ocean steamers, and started on a merry voyage to America.

The ship was full of passengers, and among them were two who somehow attracted the attention of the young woman, and fastened with thoughtful eyes, and a little girl, who hung about him lovingly, and was doubtless, his daughter. These two were devoted to each other, and inclined to keep to themselves. Mario could not help looking at the child. Her glance followed the little one everywhere—in her walking, and talking and playing. She could not tell what there was about her that was so attractive, often, as she looked into the bright, blue eyes, her own would fill with tears and a strange pang would seize her heart. She hung tenderly about the child, and in her winning manner soon won the little creature to love her in return. They became absolutely devoted to each other, and the pale-faced father looked on and sighed when he thought that there was something about the pretty new friend that reminded him of his long-lost wife.

When the voyage was almost over a storm arose, and amid the hurry, the agitation, and confusion, the noble ship took fire. Boats were lowered in haste, and the women and children lifted down and placed in them, while the men saved themselves as best they could.

Some clung to spars and planks, and all suffered terribly from terror and exposure.

Dr. Owens caught Mario in one long, loving embrace—and with a silent blessing, passed her down to the boat, now filling with the women and children, and then, going back to his post, worked hard, helping to save the weak and helpless. He was one of the few who remained to the last and gave up their chances to others, and then went bravely down with the ship.

When Mario awoke from a long and death-like swoon, she found herself in the cabin of a large vessel, surrounded by kindly, helping hands. She seemed to know herself as if from a dream. "George, George, where are you?" But no one answered.

"I've I been ill? Where is George? Where is the baby?" Strange to say, she asked no question about Dr. Owens. She seemed only surprised that she was not at home with George and the baby. She spoke so strangely and was so perplexed when they questioned her, that the captain decided that the shock had injured her brain.

She was cared for kindly, and when the rescuing vessel reached New York, was taken to an hospital, where her case excited great attention.

Meanwhile, George Horton and his child, who had been hurled into another and a smaller boat, drifted but a short time before they were seen by some fishermen on their way from the Newfoundland banks. They picked up the forlorn creature, and brought them safe to harbor. But it was several days after the arrival of the boat load of women and children that George and his daughter found themselves at last settled in New York, weary, indeed, but thankful for the escape.

George's first thought after caring for his child was to inquire after his fellow-passengers, many of whom he had last seen adrift on broad Atlantic.

He had been in town but a few days when a gentleman called to request an interview. Imagine his astonishment when the messenger informed him that the wife whom he had long mourned was still living, and was over now in the city and eagerly waiting his coming.

When the news of Dr. Owens' death reached town and his ward was brought to the hospital with her mind apparently unstrung, I assumed con-

trol and took her under my care. With a number of loyal brethren to aid me I examined the papers left by Dr. Owens in my hands, and thus the strange story came to light. The doctor, with the thoughtfulness of a scientific student, had carefully written an account of all the circumstances connected with the strange tragedy with Mario, how he had first saved her life and afterwards adopted her.

He mentioned her peculiar mental condition, her utter forgetfulness of the past, how he had vainly sought a clue to her former life, and closed by saying that "no doubt some great stroke of mind or body would awaken the dormant part of her nature, and she would remember once more."

So when the shipwrecked woman perished calling herself "Mrs Horton," and asked for her husband and child, the mystery was explained.

The doctor's prophecy had come to pass. She could not recall the shipwreck, nor any part of her later life, but, strange to say, her early married days seemed but yesterday. I sent a friend to tell the wonderful story to George. For I felt unequal to the task. It was on Christmas Eve when he came to the hospital and found his wife, his long-lost Marie.

I cannot tell you about their meeting. Many seemed to take up her life just where it had broken off and it was impossible for her to realize that she had existed away from George and the baby. It was so long before she could believe that the little girl that she loved so much was her baby grown large.

But George Horton, with his poet nature and his mind prepared by the lofty thoughts in which he delighted, was not surprised at the strange story, for he well knew the truth spoken by the master.

"There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

They reunited ones have lived happier than many happy years, and on Christmas Eve when the whole world of Christendom is giving thanks for the King, they have double rejoicing over the anniversary of their new life.

Truths Told in a Few Words.

A child's respect for its parents is not secured by over-lenientcy any more than by over-severity. A daughter should never seek nor be allowed to "outdress" her mother. In every family the mother should be the best dressed member. The discarded finery of a daughter should never constitute a mother's wardrobe. No one feels especially dignified in the presence of one whose old clothes she is wearing, and a mother should at all times preserve her dignity before her children. The mother who never loses her gentleness will never lose her crown.

Presentable misfortunes consist, chiefly, of manifold things, little to do, but too many things to have done. The man who earns one dollar and spends two, and the man who earns two and spends one, stands on either side of the hair-line between heedlessness and discretion, between ruin and safety.

Parents generally receive that measure of filial respect they deserve—not always, perhaps, but very generally. When a mother allows her daughter to appropriate her wraps, gloves, veils, or other articles of personal attire, she begins a policy of familiarity which sooner or later breeds contempt. A respect for one's belongings engenders a respect for their possessor.—August Ladies' Home Journal.

"What comes after T?" asked a teacher of a small pupil who was learning the alphabet. He received the bewildering reply: "You do—to see L. V."



A mother is to sacrifice herself for her baby. But nature does not expect her to be devoted call for any such sacrifice. On the contrary she is to carefully protect her baby. The mother is to be a mother, not a martyr. The period when a woman is looking forward to motherhood, the best protection she can give to the tender life which is dependent upon her, is to fortify herself with the health-bringing "Favorite Prescription" prepared by Dr. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., and sold by all druggists.

All the dangers of motherhood and most of its pains and discomforts are entirely prevented by the use of this "Favorite Prescription." It gives elastic strength and true healthfulness to the special organs and nerve-centers involved in motherhood. This healthful condition is transmitted to the baby both by the improved quality of the mother's milk, and by the direct benefit of the child's increased constitutional vigor. It is a perfect health protector to them both. Another of its uses is to be prepared by an educated, scientific physician for the express purpose of bringing health and strength to the special feminine organs. No other remedy has ever been devised for this purpose so scientifically and effectually.

A more particular description of its remarkable success with a full account of some surprising cures of female difficulties is given in one chapter of Dr. Pierce's great thousand-page illustrated book "The Weak Woman's Friend," which is sent free paper-bound for the mere cost of stamps and mailing—30 cents stamp, or, cloth-bound, for 50 stamps. Address the Doctor as above.

Nobody But Mother. How many buttons are missing to-day? Nobody knows but mother. How many playthings are strewn in her way? Nobody knows but mother. How many thimbles and spoons has she mislaid? Nobody knows but mother. How many lumps on each fat little fist? How many bumps to be cuddled and kissed? Nobody knows but mother. How many muddy shoes all in a row? Nobody knows but mother. How many stockings to darn do you know? Nobody knows but mother. How many little torts are you to mend? How many hours of toil must she spend? What is the time when her day's work shall end? Nobody knows but mother. How many cars does a mother-heart know? Nobody knows but mother. How many yaps from her mother-love flows? Nobody knows but mother. How many prayers by each little white bed? How many tears for her babes has she shed? How many kisses for each curly hair? Nobody knows but mother.

IN HIS STEAD.

(FROM THE PRUSSIAN.)

Lory the blacksmith was plainly out of sorts. Generally, when his work was done, he would throw himself on the bench in front of his cottage, and give himself up to that delicious languor which is the reward of toil and is known only to the active. And he would take a mug of beer with the apprentices before sending them away and shutting up the forge and raking out the ashes.

But to night he did none of these things; on the contrary he remained at work until summoned to his supper, and then he seemed to come reluctantly. His wife watched him with troubled eyes.

"What can be the matter with him? He has not been so lately. Can he have had news that he is afraid to tell me. Can anything be amiss with our boy? But she did not dare to put her conjectures into words, but busied herself accordingly with giving her three fair haired robins their supper.

Presently the blacksmith pushed aside his plate in anger. "Wretches!" he muttered; "cowardly enaaks!" "What has put you in such a temper, Lory?" his wife inquired timidly; then he burst forth and his wrath found vent:

"This has put me into a temper," he said fiercely, "to see five or six despicable fellows in French uniforms walking about arm-in-arm with the Bavarians; a few more, I suppose, of those traitors—what is the vile word they use?—to opt for the Prussian nationality. And to think that every day we should have to look on at these false Alsatians coming back and degrading themselves like this. I should like to know who has been standing there for them!"

The wife attempted to say something in their defence. "What can you expect?" she observed deprecatingly. "Poor fellows! it is not altogether their fault either. Just think what a long way off Algeria is. The soldiers get hot—sick out there, and then they can't resist the temptation of coming home, and leaving the army altogether."

The blacksmith brought his huge fist down upon the table with a noise like thunder. "Hold your tongue, wife!" he said fiercely, "what do you women know about these things. You live so much with children that you end by having more sense than a baby. I tell you these men are wretches, rascals, and the basest of cowards. If any Christian were capable of such infamy, I'd run him through the body with my sword, that I would as sure as my name is George Lory and that I have served my time as a French soldier!"

And as he spoke the blacksmith pointed to his disused sabre, which hung up on the wall just above the portrait of his son, a Zouave in the brilliant uniform of his country, at sight of which the old blacksmith grew pacified and even began to laugh.

"A nice fellow I am to get into such a fury! As if our Christian would ever think of becoming a Prussian when he floored so many of them himself during the war!"

And quite restored now to good humor, he went to his pleasant dustbin, the blacksmith cheerfully finished his dinner and went off to finish his usual tankard of ale at the neighboring tavern.

His wife, after putting the three little ones to bed, took her work and began to sew in the garden outside the porch. From time to time she sighed heavily, and thought to herself: "Yes, yes; it is all very well; I dare say they 'are' cowards and sneaks and what not! But, all the same, their mothers are very glad to have them back." She recalled the time when her own boy had been with her before the fatal number was drawn which compelled him to become a soldier. Just at this hour of the day he had been wont to work in the garden. She looked at the well where he used to fill the water-pot; she remembered what a fine fellow he used to look with his fair curly hair,

which was shorn off when he joined his regiment. Suddenly the star-d, the little gate at the head of the garden was opened, the dogs were not making a sound, nevertheless the man who had just come in was creeping along by the wall like a robber.

"Well, mother?" Her son stood before her. It was Christian himself, looking miserable and ashamed in his dishonored uniform. Poor wretch! he had come back with other soldiers, and for the last hour or longer he had been skulking round the house waiting for his father's absence before daring to show himself.

She would have blamed him, but her courage failed her. It was so long since she had seen her boy. And then he gave such good reasons for coming back. He was as home-sick, so tired of his exile, so impatient of the strict discipline, so treated by his fellows, who derided him for his Alsatian accent, and nicknamed him "the Prussian." His mother believed him implicitly, and brought him into the house. The children woke up at the sound of voices, and rushed in with bare patterning feet to welcome their big brother.

They pressed him to eat, but he was not hungry, only thirsty, and he quenched his thirst pretty freely until a stein was heard in the yard outside. "Christian, that's your father's Q. M. get away, until I explain to him." She rushed into a corner behind the great stove and then resumed her needle-work with trembling fingers. As all luck would have it the Zouave cap had been left on the table, and it was the first thing that met the blacksmith's eye as he came in. The mother's white face and air of confusion told the rest of the story. He understood at a glance.

"The boy is 'here'!" he said, and his voice was terrible. He seized his sword and made a rush at the corner where his son was crouching behind the stove; the next instant the mother had flung herself between.

"Lory! for Heaven's sake don't kill! I wrote him to come back, he said you wanted him in the forge." She held back his arm with stern and soba. The children heard her, and wept with terror in the darkened room. The blacksmith stopped, and looked fixedly at his wife.

"What was it you who made him come back? \* \* \* Very good, let him go up to his room. To-morrow I will see what is to be done." \* \* \* Christian awoke next morning in his own bed after a troubled sleep, broken by perpetual nightmares and groundless panics; the sun was already pouring in through the tiny lattice-windows framed in a garland of thickly flowering hops. Down below the hammers were sounding on the anvil. The mother was kneeling at her bedside. She had been there all night, such was her fear at her husband's indignation. As for him, she had said about the house till daybreak opening and shutting the cupboard, pulling out the drawers, and weeping hot tears of shame and anguish.

When the morning came he went up to his son's room. He was dressed as if for a journey with high leggings, wide-brimmed hat and solid mountain stick. He went straight over to the bed.

"Come! get up!" he said briefly. The young man in confusion reached out his hand for his military garments.

"Not those!" said the father sternly. "But, my dear," said the mother, who had crept up timidly after him, "he has nothing else to put on."

"Give him my things then; I shall never see them again." \* \* \* A while the young man dressed himself the father carefully folded up the uniform into a parcel, which he brought down stairs without a word of explanation.

Still in ominous silence he led the way to the forge. The bellows were at work, everyone was busily occupied, and as he looked around, the young soldier was overcome by the memories of his childhood and youth, which the sight of the great shield recalled to him.

A great wave of tenderness surged up within him, anaching desire for his father's forgiveness came over him; but when he would have spoken he was met by an inexorable look of severity that paralyzed his speech and froze the words on his lips.

He had the blacksmith broke the silence. "Lud," he said, "there is the anvil, and the tools and every thing else—it is all yours. And so it is, all this, no added, pointing to the little garden now bedded in sunshine. "The livers and the vineyard, and the horse are all yours since you have sacrificed your honor for these things, it is only fair that you should have them—you are now the master here. I am going away, you owe five years still to your country. I shall serve them in your stead."

"Lory, Lory!" said his wife despairingly. "Oh where are you going?" "Father!" entreated the young man. "Father, let me speak!"

But the blacksmith was already gone, and no outcry would wake him from his dream. \* \* \* A few days later an elderly man, fifty-five years old, presented himself for enlistment at the depot, and became a soldier in his son's old regiment.