

France. Yet when she do come to me I set the teeth and clench the hands, for I pity her all alone in that Paris and no emperor to keep the canaille in order, and I tell of my fears to the one little comrade that I make my friend all because he seem to be something like my poor Susanne, though he have a little fierce black mustache and two teeth out in front.

"Alphonse," I say to him, "when I am shot, there will be one fool lost to the world, for I believe in my heart she was true and that I was a beast. But I am a jealous man, and if I was to go to her again it would all be the same as before, and I should suspect if she only turn her face to another man."

"And I like this little Alphonse because he let me talk on and say not much myself, only look at me as if he understood and was sorry; and his eyes were the part of him that most of all made me think of Susanne."

"Then one horrible morning, by Epinay, I come to the end of my soldier life. It is only a little affair, but it is enough. They set us in line, and the Prussians they fire and cut us

down in bunches. There is much swearing all round.

"Alphonse," I say with impatience, "why do you not stand straight, little fool? You will be shot instead of me if you do not take care."

"I scarcely say this when he threw up his little hands, whisper 'I am hit,' and fall. He fall into my arms and I am glad, very, very glad. For it is only now, when I have carried him behind, that I learn how large is the heart of a good woman. You will guess, is it not so?"

"My little comrade was my poor Susanne herself, and she die on my knee with a bullet in the lung. With the last breath she smile and whisper, 'I am so happy, Napoleon! and there is no more. And then like a mad one I rush back, and in a few minutes I, too, am shot, and there is an end of my soldier life.'"

The Frenchman uttered a sigh, turned and held out his hand.

"And now, my friend, good night," he said. "I have taught you a little something, I hope."

He had.

My Friend the Doctor.

Written specially for Western Home Monthly by Thomas Nelson Page.

MY first visit to Rock Ledge, dozing under its big elms by the gray Atlantic, and my acquaintance with Mrs. Dow's "Jane" were due to John Graeme: "The Doctor," as we used to call him at college. I had received a telegram one day saying, "Come with me for a loaf on the Maine Coast," and I had "shut up shop" and joined him.

The Doctor was in some respects the queerest man of our time at college. He was, perhaps, not exactly the first man there, but he was easily the first man of our set. Other "Meds" were called Doctor; but whenever "The Doctor" was mentioned it was always understood that it was John Graeme. He was not especially brilliant, but he had a divine enthusiasm, absolute courage, and eyes never to be forgotten. An old doctor who knew him said of him once, "That young man will either be a quack or a leading physician." "The two are often the same," said John Graeme.

So, it was no surprise to us to find him now, ten years later, one of the big doctors, and still with a fiery scorn for the fashionable element. He had the marks of independence: a broad brow, a wide, well-formed mouth, a big nose and a firm jaw. Added to these was a voice always clear, and, when tender, as sweet as a harp, and a manner which was simple, frank, and, without the least formality, with something of distinction in it. But more than these, I think the chief ground of John Graeme's position at college was that he thought for himself, which few of us did then, or, perhaps, do now, and so thinking, he presented everything just as he saw it. Moreover, he felt with every living creature.

Whilst the rest of us studied as a task; crammed for examination and learned like parrots, "The Doctor" studied as he liked, read for his own interest the text-books which his fellow students tried to cram, and before he left college, whether he was discussing a dog-fight, a love affair, or the processes of a bone, we sat and listened to him because he threw light on it. In his last year he moved out of college and lived in "Dingy Bottom," one of the worst sections of the town, in the worst street of that section, in a room over a dog-fancier's. It was set down merely to his idiosyncrasy, and his power on "The Digestion of Young Puppies" was held by the faculty to be frivolous. He said he wrote of that because he had been raising puppies all his life and knew more about them than about babies. One of the faculty said he'd better become a "Vet," as his taste evidently lay that way, but the Doctor replied that he was going to practice on children, not on professors.

Dr. John has said since that this year among the puppies and babies of "Dingy Bottom" was, with one other experience, worth all the rest of his college course.

The other experience was this: "The Doctor" disappeared from public view for several days; he was not to be found at his room, and when he reappeared his head was shaved as close as a prize-fighter's. Some said he had been on a spree; some said he had shaved his head as Demosthenes shaved his. "The Doctor" flushed a little, grinned and showed his big, white teeth. It turned out afterwards that diphtheria of a malignant type had broken out in his suburb, and he had been nursing a family of poor children. When the Professor declared in class a few days later that a member of the class had been discovered to have been exposing himself to a virulent disease in a very reckless and foolhardy manner, there was a rustle all down the benches, and all eyes were turned on "The Doctor." John Graeme rose all his long length.

"Am I the person referred to?" he asked, his face at first white, then red, his voice trembling a little.

"Small-pox," it was whispered, and we edged away.

"You are," declared the stout Professor coldly. "You had no right to go into a contagious case, and come back among the other students. You might have broken up the college."

"You have been misinformed."

The Professor frowned. "What do you say?"

"You have been misinformed; I have not exposed myself recklessly. I have attended a few diphtheria cases, but I have taken every precaution against exposing anyone else. I refer you to Dr. —, whom I consulted." He mentioned the name of the biggest doctor in the city, and sat down.

It was known that night that John had not only attended the cases, but had performed an operation in the middle of the night, which, the Doctor stated, alone saved the child's life.

From that time Dr. John was the leading man in the Med. Class.

When we left college the rest of us settled in small places, or in the city in which we lived. Such of us as were ambitious began to crawl up with fear and trembling; those who were not, dropped out of the race. Dr. John went straight to the biggest city to which his money would take him, and settled in one of the palaces, where he lived on bread and cheese, when—as he said—he could get cheese.

In a little while he got a place in a Children's Hospital, and the next thing we heard, it was rumored that he was performing difficult operations, and was writing papers for the medical journals which were attracting attention. It was in one of these papers, the one on "Bland Doctors," I believe, that he

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