

"I had forgotten you were here!" she said, as she took the reins. "Are you tired waiting?"

"I am not patient by nature, but may become so by grace. I am cherishing a host of feminine virtues," replied Yorke, stretching his big dimensions in the little carriage. "I shall make rather a superior woman by the time I get well. Like the man who had a damp cellar: it was good for nothing else, so he grew mushrooms in it. These beautiful characteristics which suffering or you,—it's all the same thing!"

"Why, thank you!"

"Are cultivating in me, are?"

"Mushrooms?"

"I'm afraid so. They won't live long. I am not a woman, unfortunately. I am only an arrested development. It is, something, though, in this world, to be even a lost opportunity."

"Call it a rudiment," was the scientific suggestion. "And I am glad you reach the subject of mushrooms, Mr. Yorke, of your own accord. It is precisely the point to which I wish to conduct your botanical education. When one knows enough not to expect a mushroom to be, say, an aloe, one is prepared for life. You will recover. I like the symptom."

"Symptom!" cried the young man irritably. "Everything, with you, is a symptom. I am growing nervous over the sound of the word."

"Morbid sensitiveness to trifles. I must consider that in your next remedy. Well, and why not, Mr. Yorke? Most things are symptoms. Life is only a pathological experiment."

"That is a narrow professional view."

"All views are narrow. Let me advise you to have as few as possible."

"I am tired of being advised," said Yorke wearily.

Her eyes brimmed with frolic. "Do you want to go home? Or change your doctor?"

"Sometimes I think I will do both, to-morrow."

"You could not do a better thing," said Doctor Zay, carelessly.

"Do you think me able to travel so far?"

"I did not say that. Much depends on the patient. There are collateral dangers in all cases. Many cures consist in a fine choice of risks. Therapeutics, as Hamilton said of conversation, is always a selection."

Yorke regarded her steadily. "I shall not go," he said with decision, after a moment's pause.

They rode. He drank in the divine healing of the day. They talked of safe subjects,—anæsthetics and *Materia Medica*. Yorke had always before regarded homeopathy as a private hobby of his mother's. He was interested in this young woman's clear-headed exposition of a theory to which he was compelled to acknowledge himself a grateful, if not a convincing testimony. With the irresponsibility of the laity, he amused himself with her fervor, while revering her skill. When she alluded to the Divine Truth in connection with her sugar-plums, he laughed. But when they drove over that bridge whence the Bangor pony had plunged to his last account, the young man grew respectfully grave. He experienced at moments a species of awe of this studious and instructed lady; not so much because of her learning, which was unquestionable, nor of her beautiful-inborn fitness for the art of healing, which was as clear as the flash of her eye, as for the fact that, in spite of these circumstances, she could be a charming creature.

The swift morning grew into the high, hot noon. The dew dried on the white clover by the roadside. The dust flew a little. Yorke was tired, despite himself, and glad when the doctor took a cross-cut through a wood path to make her last call. It was a poor girl, she said, who had few friends. They passed a saw-mill, as they drove to this place. The wheel was silent. The water dripped from it with a cool sound. The men were separating to their dinner; one remained at work above the dam. Yorke observed with admiration his practiced step upon the slippery logs which floated, chained, over the deep, black pool.

Doctor Zay drove to the foot of the hill, and stopped. She would leave him in the shade, she said, and walk up to her patient's; it was but a step. Yorke made no protest. He had long since learned that it was hopeless to argue with his physician. He sat and rested in the green coolness, till she returned.

She was gone about twenty minutes, and came out abstracted and stern. She did not speak at first, or take the reins, but sat still, with a twitching of all the delicate facial muscles which in other women would have meant a shower of tears or a tornado of anger.

"Well?" asked Yorke, conscious how imbecile the monosyllable sounded, but not daring to add another.

"She has just told me who it is that is to blame," said the physician in a low, surcharged voice.

Yorke uttered a sympathetic ejaculation, as her meaning flashed upon him. He felt touched both at the simplicity and solemnity of her words. Nothing of the sort had occurred to him, when she spoke about her "poor girl." Nothing could have revealed to him as did this little shock, the gravity and sacredness of her work. Alas! what could have so betrayed to him the gulf between her dedicated life and his own?

"I have tried for some time to learn," said the doctor, with unwonted agitation. "The poor thing opened her heart to me just now. You cannot think how such things affect me. He was perfectly free to marry her. There is nothing too bad for him! I have no mercy for such men,—none! I wish—Excuse me, Mr.

Yorke," she interrupted herself. "There is a professional thoughtlessness; I hope I do not often fall into it. I was overborne by the poor thing's trouble. She is such a pretty creature. It would break your heart to see her. And the women all depend on me so; they think there is nothing beyond my power. Why, she clings to me as if she thought I could undo it all,—could make her what she used to be again! I believe she does. It is more than I can bear."

His own eyes filled, as he saw the slow, strong tears, beaten back and dreaded, gather on her lids. All the littleness and pretense and shallow barrier of the world slipped away from them, as they sat there together in the forest. They did not seem any more to be young and unfamiliar, or even man and woman, but only two human beings, who could arise and go hand in hand to meet the solemn needs of all the world. To Yorke it was a moment that he wished might never end.

She was the first to speak, and she said gently,—

"I have tired, or perhaps shocked you. We will go home now. It is not my habit to speak of my cares to my patients. You must"—

"Help! Help!" Oh, for God's sake, help!"

A terrible cry interrupted the doctor. It came from the mill pond, whose dam frowned over their heads. The thin cascade of the falls drooped like lace against the wall of stone. The trees gathered close about the water, and Yorke looked up to the sky, as out of a well. He could see nothing else. The cry died in a gurgling sound. Yorke sprang, putting the woman by; he forgot her.

"Mr. Yorke, stay just where you are!"

An imperious voice, a firm hand, barred his way.

"Let me go!" demanded the man.

"Not an inch! To lame yourself for life, and help nobody! You never can get up there. Sit back! Take the reins! Drive on for help! There must be men at dinner behind that barn. Do as I bid you! Do as I ask you,—please."

He obeyed her; he cursed his helplessness, but he obeyed. She was already out of his sight, behind the saw-mill. The next instant, as he drove, lashing the pony, he saw her run swiftly out upon the chained logs above the dam. He closed his eyes. She poised herself like a chamois. He saw her sink upon her knees,—had she slipped? His breath came fast and feeble. The road darkened before him, and the forest whirled.

"Am I going to do such a lady-like thing as to faint?" thought the sick man. He fixed his eyes fiercely upon the blue reins,—they seemed to remain knotted in his fingers;—he had a vision of the flying road, of the sudden sun, of dashing down upon a group of men, of seeing figures dart, of cry answering to cry; and his next precise impression was that he had been sitting in the bottom of that phaeton, with his head on the cushions, longer than he supposed. He was alone, by the barn she spoke of. All the men were gone. He gathered his soul together, and drove back as he had come.

A cluster of men hung on the bank above the dam. A motionless figure lay on the ground in the centre of the group. For an instant Yorke could see nothing distinctly.

"Turn him over!" rang out a clear, sweet imperious voice. "No, not so. So. This way. There! Now, here, Jenley! You help me."

"All right, Doctor!" said an unseen man. Silence followed. Yorke bowed his face upon his crutch, with a confused idea of saying his prayers. All he could think of was the Apostles' Creed and Fairy Lillian. The trickle of the fall fell cheerfully over the dam.

"Tompkins, you here!" came the word of command, in that calm, refined voice. "Work at his feet, as I bade you. Keep the arms, Jenley. Tear the shirt,—don't wait. Harder, Smith! Get more blankets from the house,—bed-quilts, anything. And flannel cloths,—all you can muster. Be quiet. Work more steadily. Don't get excited. I want even motions, so."

Fifteen minutes passed. One of the men spoke in a low tone:—

"He don't budge, Doctor."

She made no answer. They worked on silently. Yorke looked at his watch. Twenty-two minutes.

"Make that chest movement just as I told you, Jenley!—patiently. Have courage. Give me the flannel, Smith. No. Rub upwards, not down; I told you twice. Harder. Here, I'll show you."

Twenty-six minutes. Half an hour. The lumbermen began to mutter. Yorke could hear their faint guttural protest.

"You can't resuscitate a dead man, Doctor."

"He's dead, that's gospel sure,—dealer'n Judas."

"A critter's legs don't hang, that way if he's livin'."

"Yo hain't seen so many drowned lumbermen as we have, young lady."

"My arms ache," said one big fellow earnestly. "I've rubbed a long spell. Give him up, Doctor!"

"Give him up! No!" came down the ringing cry.

Yorke quivered with the pride he felt in her. He leaned over his watch, as if it held the arrested heart-beats of the human life for which the brave girl fought.

Thirty-five minutes. Forty. Forty-one—two—three. Forty-four minutes.

A low, awed whisper began to rustle through the group. Some of the men dropped on their knees. One ran towards the house. She seemed

to call him back, to utter some rapid order; he started off again. As he ran past the phaeton he called to Yorke,—

"*For a' mighty, she's fetched him!*"

This man did not return.

Yorke was sitting in a picturesque heap, with his crutches, wondering where was the precise point at which a newly-acquired tendency to faint ceased to be physics and became psychology, and how long he should maintain himself at that creditable juncture in philosophical experience, when he felt her hand upon his own.

"Drink this," she said laconically. He looked up, and saw that she had coffee in her hand; he swallowed it obediently.

"We have got him into the house," she said, speaking rapidly. "Everything goes well. I know this has hurt you. But I don't want to take you home yet. I have a reason. Can you eat,—if I desire it very much?"

"I can try," said Yorke, smiling at her tone; she really pleaded.

"Then I will sit here with you, and we will have luncheon together. You need your dinner. You will be good for nothing with an empty stomach. There! It will gratify me if you will eat half this bread."

(To be continued.)

HOW JOE BENTLEY WON A BOUQUET FROM THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

Joe Bentley was an American boy who had been brought up on a cattle-farm in the interior of one of the New England States; but who had left home for the more congenial life on board a man-of-war. His first voyage took him to Lisbon, where to his great delight he learned that there was to be, during the following Easter week, a great bull-fight. The wildest bulls had been brought from Andalusia, a large number of horses from the royal stables were to be in the ring, the Queen herself would preside and distribute the favors, and, in short, it was to be the grandest bull-fight seen in Portugal for many years.

All this had a peculiar fascination for Joe. In all his allusions to Portugal and Spain, he had declared to the boys that the only thing he cared to see in those countries was a bull-fight.

The bull-fights of Portugal are different from those of Spain in several important particulars. At every such fight in Spain, where this cruel sport is conducted in the most barbarous manner, many horses are killed, and sometimes men, too, fall victims, and at the close of the fight the bull is despatched by the *matador*, or bull-killer. The law of Portugal does not allow the bull to be killed, and his horns are always padded, or tipped with brass, so that he cannot gore the horses. Once in a while, however, a man is killed, in spite of this precaution. The excitement is intense, as the object is to drive or drag the bull from the inclosure.

Accordingly, having obtained permission to go on shore on the day of the fight, he made his way at an early hour to the bull-ring, and obtained one of the best seats. He thought that all Lisbon must be there. All waited in suspense for the Queen to enter the royal box. Presently she appeared, and was greeted with repeated cries of applause. Then the sport began, and Joe watched with interest and enthusiasm the mad rush of the bull into the ring, and admired the agility of his tormentors in evading his onslaughts. Finally, however, the superb animal had driven all his opponents from the inclosure.

For an instant the bull was master of the ring.

The most perilous feat of the bull-ring was now attempted. A young man, covered with silver lace hung all over with little bells, undertook to throw himself between the bull's horns and cling to them till the bull should be sufficiently exhausted to be overpowered and taken from the ring. He courageously made the attempt, but unhappily missed his aim and fell directly in front of the enraged animal.

At this moment of terrible suspense, moreover, Joe suddenly saw what had not yet been discovered by any one else—that the bull had lost the padding from one of his horns. He stood over the young man, his eyes glaring and his whole attitude one of furious anger. He refused to be diverted by the colors glancing all around him, and he seemed to be considering whether he should trample on his victim or pierce him with the naked horn. The young man did not dare to move, for he was aware that the bull possessed every advantage. The excitement of the audience was at its highest point, and the overwrought feelings of our hero would allow him to retain his seat no longer.

With the sprightliness of a sailor-boy he leaped the paling. Everybody was astonished at his temerity. An Englishman present, fearing for the life of the unpracticed lad, cried out, "Come back!" Several Americans shouted for him to leave the ring. But Joe had made the venture, and he was not going to be frightened from the ring. On the farm at home he had conquered many a steer quite as wild and powerful as even this maddened bull.

He was conscious that thousands of eyes were watching him with eager interest; but without hesitation he advanced toward the bull, coolly placing himself so that with one hand he could grasp the bull's horns, while with the other he could seize his shaggy mane. The young man, meanwhile, had leaped to his feet and retired to a safe position, leaving Joe to fight the bull alone. Joe's mode of attack had never before been seen in Portugal, and it appeared the ex-

treme of folly. A murmur of remonstrance was heard in every part of the audience. Many cried out for the *Campesinos* to rush in and rescue the reckless youth. The bull did not seem to appreciate the turn events had taken, and for a moment stood motionless. A strange silence, almost ominous of defeat to our hero, settled upon the pavilion. It was a thrilling scene—the brave sailor-boy apparently at the mercy of the furious animal, and thousands of spectators looking on with breathless interest.

Suddenly the bull recovered himself, and, with an angry flaunt of his head, renewed hostilities. Joe quickly found that clinging to a yard-arm in a tempest was less difficult than to the bull's slippery horn; but he was determined to be captain of this lively craft. Somehow he felt that the honor of his country depended upon his victory.

As a good seaman favors his ship in a hurricane, so Joe resolved to humor the bull. He realized that he must take care of his strength, for he would need it all before he got through with his antagonist. Now the bull began to exhibit his wrath. He writhed, and hooked, and stamped. One instant the audience expected to see poor Joe dangling from his horns, and the next trampled helpless beneath his feet. But Joe clung as he would cling to a life line in a fearful surf. During the intervals of the bull's violence, as in the water on its ebb, he struck gallantly upon his feet. Each time he did so, cries of "Bravo! bravo!" rent the air. The bull continued to put forth still greater power. He plunged and tore around the ring. Alternately he jerked and swung Joe from his feet, and fairly spun him through the air. The pavilion tossed, and reeled, and whirled before Joe's giddy sight. Round and round flew the bull as in a race for life. Several times he completed the circuit of the ring; a circle of dust rose from his track and hung over it like a wreath of smoke.

How Joe held on! He feared he could not endure the shock and strain for a minute longer, and he dreaded to let go. He began to lament his rashness. But all at once the bull's speed slackened. Joe felt a thrill of gratitude as his feet once more touched the ground. He was tired of flying, and was very glad to run. The bull, convinced that he could not liberate his horn from Joe's unyielding grip, came to a halt, and with disappointed anger began to paw the ground. Joe had longed for this advantage, which, strange to say, a bull seldom gives till toward the close of a fight, and he sprang directly in front of him and firmly grasped both his horns. "Bravo! bravo!" rent the air. Joe braced himself and waited, and when the bull threw his foot high in the air with its little cloud of dust, by a quick, powerful movement, Joe twisted his head to one side so strongly that the fierce animal was thrown off his balance, and fell heavily upon his side.

A score of men rushed in to hold him down until he should be secured; then he was rolled and taken triumphantly from the ring. Joe was almost deafened by the applause. He suddenly found himself a hero in the estimation of the audience, and was overwhelmed by the outbursts of enthusiasm. He was not allowed to leave the ring until he had been led to the royal box, where the Queen, with her own hand, passed him a beautiful bouquet. She also extended to him an invitation to come to the palace, where she herself would receive the brave American boy. — *St. Nicholas*.

THE BOY'S ESTIMATE OF A MOTHER'S WORK.

"My mother gets me up, builds the fire, and gets my breakfast, and sends me off," said a bright youth. Then she gets my father up and gets his breakfast, and sends him off. Then she gives the other children their breakfast and sends them to school; and then she and the baby have their breakfast."

"How old is the baby?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, she is 'most two, but she can talk and walk as well as any of us."

"Are you well paid?"

"I get two dollars a week, and my father gets two dollars a day."

"How much does your mother get?"

With a bewildered look the boy said: "Mother! Why, she don't work for anybody."

"I thought you said she worked for all of you."

"Oh, yes; for us she does. But there ain't any money into it."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

WAGNER's new opera is called "di Sieger."

THE piano war shows symptoms of breaking out again.

SIMS REEVES, the great tenor, is sixty-one, and sings yet.

TAMBERLIK is to inaugurate the theatre of Vigo in September.

JOHANN STRAUSS is writing a new opera for the Imperial Opera House, Vienna.

JAMES M. TRACEY, the piano teacher, has resigned his position in the Boston Conservatory.

MR. ALFRED DE SEVE is staying in Montreal; he is to play here in the fall.

Music and the Drama is fast distancing all its journalistic competitors.

LISZT's "Legend of Elizabeth" will be performed at the Zurich Musical Festival, Vienna.

NORA CLENN, the 14-year old violiniste, of Toronto, is pronounced to be a musical prodigy by Remeng.