

child, if only he would love you. Yes, you would rather nurse and care for him, however weak, than to see him on his way to glory—spiking the guns again in front of Mont Rouge; again pouring death into the ranks of the Uhlans, and standing before Trochu to receive the epaulets of a captain. Is that woman's love? Then I want none."

She arose, and approached the Doctor, cat-like, with gleaming eyes and her hand fumbling in the folds of her dress for a knife. The Doctor only stood and smiled. She stopped and looked at him a moment, and then laughed and cried together. Then she said:

"You will think he will hate again what he hated, and love again what he loved. Is it so?"

The Doctor nodded his head in acquiescence.

"And you say for this I would see him a baby. He, my brave captain. No; if he spurned me away with his foot, if he cast me out with curses, and bruised the hand that has bound up his wounds, still the love of a French woman would say: 'Doctor, make him a man again, set his feet again in the paths of glory,' and again I will sit and worship the star which does not see its worshipper;" and she went up to Smith and laid her blushing cheek on his shoulder.

"Go and leave us now," said she, "and when the terrible ordeal comes I will sit and hold his hand. When memory comes back my face will be the first he shall see. A kind God will give the wicked a chance for happiness and a new life;" and we heard her weep as we passed out.

"A French woman," said the Doctor in a meditative tone, "is in her love like lightning—it never strikes but once in a place. I don't have to—once does the business;" and he whistled as we walked down the street.

"Yes, Doctor," said I; "and yet I found much to admire in her argument. It is the old question in a new form: 'Is life worth living?' That little woman without a history would die for the privilege of caring for the object of her love, but the failure of her plan restores a good man to society. Good-night, Doctor," and we parted.

CHAPTER XIII.

"It is a strange phenomenon that you describe, and one that involves issues almost eternal in their results," said my chief, Mr. Washburne, as I finished the recital of the strange case of Napoleon Smith.

"I do not think I get your meaning," said I.

"You are merely looking at the apparent results of the mishap. You have only regarded these phenomena as they affect your friend Smith, but his is only one case in a hundred, and you know the cause. The same phenomena occur with no apparent cause, and we call it aberration of mind, insanity, softening of the brain, or some other fanciful name, without seeking the cause. D—, the great restaurateur of New York City, in full health, disappears from society. He is gone for weeks and months. At last, in the rural districts of New Jersey, he is found in a forest, frozen to death. Detectives follow his wanderings, and find that he has been acting in a perfectly sane manner during his wanderings, but absolutely living in another world. He did not know his own name in that last state of existence, yet he drew checks and handled money in his new identity as if perfectly sane. All his actions were logically sane in connection with his dual existence. He bought railroad tickets, he stopped at hotels, and he was courteous to servants and all who conversed with him. No one suspected insanity, and there was no insanity. His past was blotted out, and he was slowly forming a new experience around his new identity. When found his hands were carefully covered with faultless gloves, and his attire was that of a gentleman. His death in the forest was no evidence of insanity, for his wanderings there may have been in consonance with his new experience. As he struggled to adjust himself to his new identity, he was frozen and died. Then, this experience calls up to memory that of my friend, Rev. —, of New York. He preached eloquently on Sunday, and on Monday he packed his valise carefully and boarded a New York Central train and went West. He smiled kindly when spoken to when last seen in the streets and at the Central depot. Then he was not seen or heard from in a year. No scandal followed his disappearance, for he had no monetary transactions left unsettled. His family relations were pleasant, and his wife worshipped him, and never suspected his fidelity. At the end of a year he was found in New Orleans. Spoken to, and his name uttered, he did not respond. His family was informed of his whereabouts, and the detectives were placed on his track. His life, followed back for a year, revealed no evidences of insanity. He had preached and travelled under a new name. He had sold securities and changed money at banks. He was well dressed, eloquent and a perfect gentleman during the whole time, and yet his past was blotted out, and he was struggling to build up by experience a new identity. When, as by a shock, he took up the old life in New York city, the life he had lived in the South was entirely forgotten. This shows us the power man has to live a dual life, to adapt himself to his new surroundings, as if possessed of two souls, two spirits, two memories. A yet stranger evidence of the faculties of the brain being held in abeyance for a time, is that of my friend S—, of Utica, N. Y. He went to New York city to transact business. He disappeared. The police traced his history while in New York. He had left his business entirely arranged at the bank. His name appeared on a hotel register. His name was also on the register of an ocean steamer company. The police of Liverpool were cabled. No such person was on such a steamer. The steamer stopped at the Bermudas. No such person by name stopped there."

(To be continued.)

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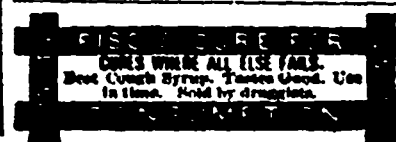
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