

school came to town and smiled patronizing at old Dr. Oglesby plodding...

"These youngsters called him 'old Dr. Oglesby' before he was forty years old. And they 'patronised' him out of one patient after another until with the loss of some who did pay and the deplorable loyalty of some who did not pay, his income sometimes dwindled unaccountably close to the vanishing point.

"Perhaps you won't understand—or it may not appeal to you," he said at length, somewhat apologetically; "but the wonder of it has never quite worn off me. I wish I could make you see father as he must have seemed to others."

"Well," he went on, "I pegged through college, as you know, and then I went into a bank at Plainville, thanks to some luck and a good deal of plugging, I got to be cashier in a few years, and I guess I thought I was very nearly the worst promising young man in the country. I know father thought so. You ought to have heard him say, 'Ma, son thinks so and so.'"

"I made no reply, being at that moment occupied with a sudden, sharp question. I was asking myself, 'Did I do that?' But Oglesby went on.

"I like to think," said he, "that little by little I was coming to the truth. Father had a country practice which seemed extensive enough, geographically speaking, and sometimes I went with him on long Sunday rides. I afterward found out that not one of five of the patients he visited throughout the countryside was a paying one. In some cases they didn't even ask him to come. He took all that trouble in order to study their ailments and their treatment. It was his hospital. But the wards were miles long and the patients far apart. Perhaps you don't know that insanity and certain nervous diseases are comparatively common among farmers' wives. They seem to be among the perquisites of the poor things. Diseases of the brain, or nervous systems, seemed to appeal especially to father. So he went to the farmhouse on one pretext or another, always on the alert for cases he might study—and help.

just as if I hadn't spoken, and he kissed mother good-by and opened the door. "The ride on the train that day brought me closer to my father than I had ever been in my life. I was comforted by his presence and found myself appealing to him in a dozen ways. Even then, though, it was only as my father that I was knowing him better. I was as far as ever from dreaming that he was a wonderful physician. That was all to come."

Oglesby smoked in silence a while. Then he began slowly. "I don't suppose you ever went through the experience—of having your wife—lose her mind?"

"When we reached Agnes," he went on, "she was in a delirium which no one had been able to quiet. The physician they had called in had at least fourteen good reasons for assuring us that the case was very serious, and when he said 'serious' with his lips, he said 'hopeless' with every other part of him. At least fourteen reasons I And one would have been enough for me. I was frightened I couldn't see a ray of hope anywhere, not even when father came to me and patted my shoulder reassuredly.

"Well," Oglesby drew a deep breath. "I saw that he was hurt, but I said to myself that there was only one thing to be considered just then, and that was, what would be best for Agnes. So while I tried to be kind about it, I told father that I wanted Dr. Benson called at once. You know, Benson is one of the masters of diagnosis in this country, and I think it eased father's heart to see that it was at least for a great man he was put aside. He was very gentle and kind with me and said no more about his own opinion of the case. He certainly was a trump, Carter.

"I suppose the contact with a man who could understand and appreciate him was his inspiration. He had never allowed himself the extravagance of going to medical conventions, or to the city to meet the other men of his profession. Instead, he would send mother and sisters off on little vacations when he could afford it. Perhaps he may have had the chance a few times to talk with men like Benson, but I know he would not have had the self-confidence to approach them.

"I don't think I caught your name," he said. "Oglesby," said father. "Oglesby," he repeated, as if trying to place him. "You—you haven't been practicing here long, have you?" "I don't live here," said father, with a touch of his old manner. "I live in Plainville. It's a small town. You may not have heard of it."

"Then he stared curiously at me. "Well, young man," he remarked, dryly, "I don't know why under heaven you called me in, but I'm very much obliged to you for doing so."

Oglesby smiled at me with pleased light in his eyes. Then he picked up the daguerrotype. "That was the way it happened," he said. "Wasn't it wonderful? I found this daguerrotype as I was helping to pack my father's things when he came to the city to take up his new work. Even then, when the change of fortune made us all feel as if we were living in a rose-colored dream, the picture used to give me a headache. Just think, Carter, of all those long, slow years when he could feel his ideals and ambitions being swallowed up, inch by inch, in a hopeless bog of failure—at least, apparent failure.

"I remember the day I came across this picture. I opened the case carefully, and it seemed as if the fine, big possibilities which made his face so full of life and hope then were reproaching me with those years. 'Yes it gave me a headache when I did find it; but I wonder how I should have felt if he had died, an obscure and apparently unsuccessful country doctor and I had found it then."

"I expect," Oglesby said thoughtfully, "I expect there are plenty of daguerrotypes like this, put away in old trunks and boxes. Pictures full of life and hope and promise—all unrealized because circumstances have shut the door against them. I tell you, Carter, it makes a man think twice before he calls any one unsuccessful, doesn't it?"

"My heart contracted with a sharp pang of regret and envy as I bent my head lower over the daguerrotype of Oglesby's father. —Scribner's Magazine.

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sources of the Castilian tongue must be terribly taxed. Curiously enough, however, El Abogado seemed always to hold the person and character of Leo XIII. sacred from attack. Surely this will effect no mean mitigation of the retribution to be exacted of the editors hereafter.

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broken the need that the ambition. He somehow. He was a boy of his was that, didn't think to know he He simply side of the him to could their bills was intuitive, over the than over He did his in his craft. that he was and there it to realise it very gentle, very lack of a sort of dim in of affairs at just out of

"We will lose no time," he said. "No," I said, "you needn't go. We have no time to lose if we want to take this train," father said,

"Your father!" he exclaimed, and

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