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REVELATIONS
OF A
BOSTON PHYSICIAN.

STEVENS.

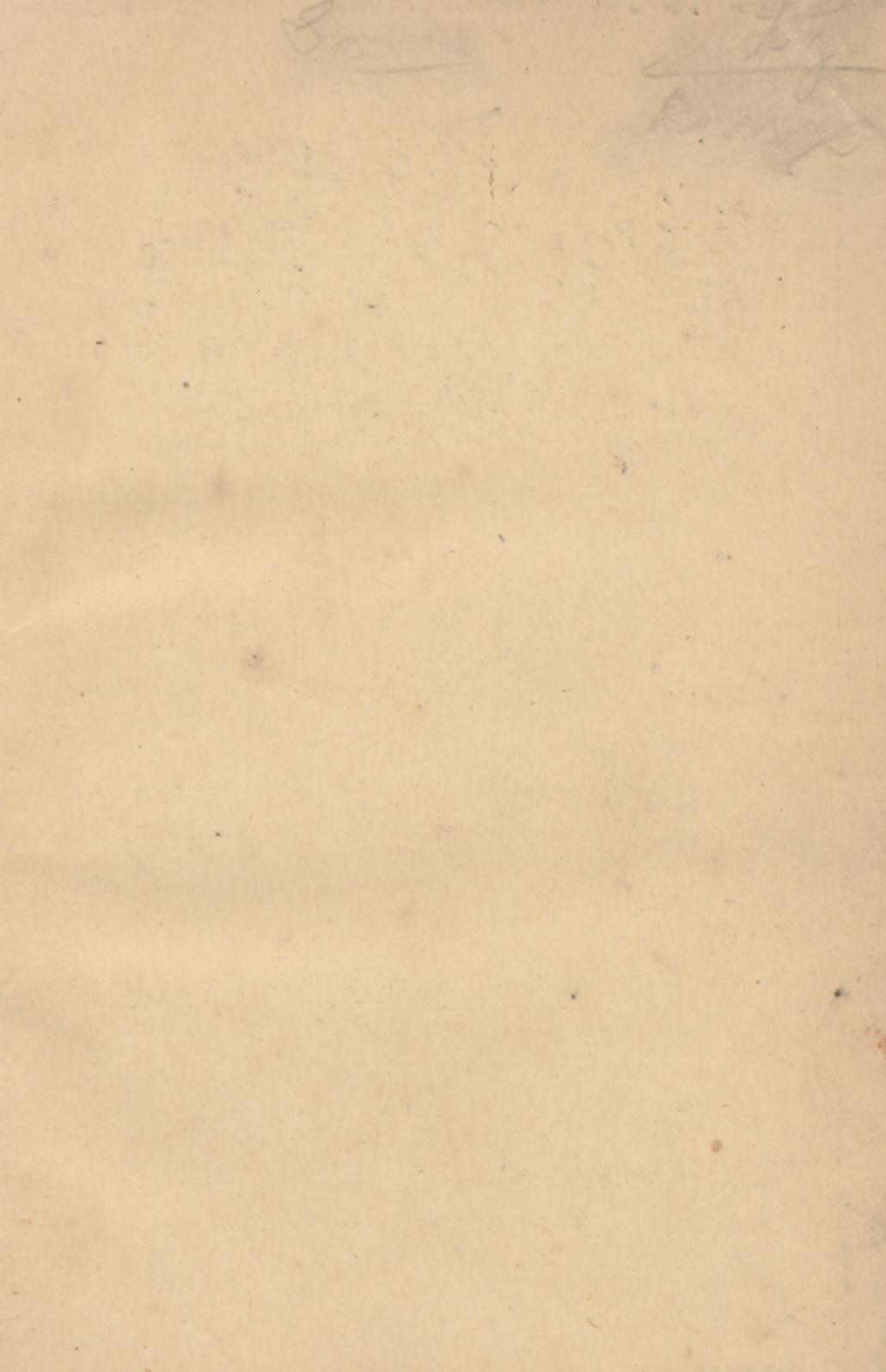
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REVELATIONS

OF A

BOSTON PHYSICIAN.

BY

CHARLES WISTAR STEVENS, M. D.

BOSTON:

A. WILLIAMS & CO.,

283 WASHINGTON STREET,

1881.

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TO
DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,
A Former Teacher,

THESE SKETCHES ARE INSCRIBED, BY PERMISSION,
AS THE SMALLEST TRIBUTE, FROM ONE OF HIS GREATEST ADMIRERS.

P R E F A C E .



THE following sketches, intended to illustrate the miseries of the very poor, the delusions of diseased imaginations, the sham diseases of sham patients, and amusing episodes occurring during the course of real sickness, are true, or substantially true. They were mostly derived from an experience of the last twelve years, as physician to the Board of Overseers of the Poor. Some of them were related to me by the patients themselves, as being incidents in their own life-history ; others were cases in the practice of my father, the late Dr. Thomas Jefferson Stevens, who, at the time of his death, in April, 1879, had completed half a century of medical work. He was born April 22, 1803, in Enfield, N. H., and began practice in Marlow in 1826, where, in the old-fashioned days of lancet and saddle-bags, he rode over the hills for eighteen years. In the summer he usually rode on horseback, and in winter drove in a sleigh, carrying in it a shovel, to make his

own road as he went along. He was a member of the Keene Medical Society, and rode eighteen miles to meet his associates and discuss the questions of the day. In 1845 he removed to Charlestown, Mass., and was henceforth identified with the best interests of the city. He was eminently a friend of the poor, and was often known, after leaving his recipe, together with money to buy the medicine, to go to the nearest store and order provisions sent in at his expense. His name had become a synonym of charity, goodness, and generosity. He was well known as a good story-teller, and enlivened by his cheerful words many a sinking heart.

C. W. STEVENS,

54 ELM STREET, CHARLESTOWN.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
CHAPTER I.	
THE CHILD OF THE DUMPS,	7
CHAPTER II.	
THE MAN WHO WAS SOMEBODY ELSE,	21
CHAPTER III.	
TRAVELLING WITH A LUNATIC,	27
CHAPTER IV.	
A CASE OF HEMORRHAGE,	37
CHAPTER V.	
A CASE OF CATELEPSY,	42
CHAPTER VI.	
MEDDLESOME NURSES,	50
CHAPTER VII.	
AMOS KIMBALL'S PROPHECY,	54
CHAPTER VIII.	
TOTTY vs. TACKABERRY,	61
CHAPTER IX.	
A NEW REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION,	68
CHAPTER X.	
THE SECRET OF THE GARRET,	76
CHAPTER XI.	
THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SON'S FATHER,	85

	Page.
CHAPTER XII.	
THE FATAL HANDKERCHIEF,	92
CHAPTER XIII.	
THE MAN WHO DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO BE SICK,	102
CHAPTER XIV.	
THE OLD PIANO,	109
CHAPTER XV.	
A NEW WAY OF TAMING A SHREW,	115
CHAPTER XVI.	
ONLY A PICTURE,	121
CHAPTER XVII.	
A CASE OF POISONING,	130
CHAPTER XVIII.	
THE TWO MASQUERADES,	135
CHAPTER XIX.	
WHY I NEVER GO TO A PARTY,	145
CHAPTER XX.	
A FEARFUL NIGHT,	151
CHAPTER XXI.	
A CASE OF SMALL-POX,	156
CHAPTER XXII.	
TEN YEARS OF WAITING,	163
CHAPTER XXIII.	
SWALLOWING A FROG,	170
CHAPTER XXIV.	
THE RAGPICKER'S DEATH,	178
CHAPTER XXV.	
A CHASE FOR A PATIENT,	184

	Page.
CHAPTER XXVI.	
A DRY BIRTH,	191
CHAPTER XXVII.	
IT WAS THE OTHER MAN,	197
CHAPTER XXVIII.	
THE CURE OF THE CANKER,	203
CHAPTER XXIX.	
WHAT MY FIRST PATIENT COST ME,	211
CHAPTER XXX.	
IS THY SERVANT A DOG THAT HE SHOULD DO THIS THING?	223
CHAPTER XXXI.	
POST-MORTEM PHILOSOPHY,	229
CHAPTER XXXII.	
NOT WANTED,	235
CHAPTER XXXIII.	
THE WASHERWOMAN,	244

REVELATIONS OF A BOSTON PHYSICIAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE CHILD OF THE DUMPS.

TWELVE years ago, a boy about nine or ten years of age came to my door and desired me to go with him and see his mother. He was dressed in patched clothes, his hat was too large for him, and his shoes were large enough to turn round in; but his manner was frank, and his blue eye looked up into mine without wavering.

“My mother is very sick,” said he, in a manly way, “but I have no money to pay you with, for I support her, and it takes all I can get to keep her comfortable; but if you will wait, sir, I will pay you all, to the last cent, when I am a little older. She is everything to me and my little brother Ned. My name is Wilbur Home-speed.”

I accompanied the little man to his home. It was the end house in a narrow court, and his mother was lying on a straw mattress on the floor. There was a bedstead in the room; but the slats had been used to kindle the fire. The room had only one window; but

the light from that was shut out by another building, which abutted against the side of the house, and it was so dark that I had to call for a candle to see the poor invalid. She was suffering from valvular heart-disease, and a creaking sound, like the sawing of wood, could be audibly heard at some distance from her, and the thin bed-clothes could be seen to rise and fall as the enlarged heart hammered away at the chest-walls. Her face was seamed with distended blue veins struggling to carry along their burdensome stream. Her breath was short and her legs swollen.

“Have you no one but this boy to care for you?” I asked her.

“No, only me and Ned,” replied the lad, for his mother; “but we don’t let her want for nothing. I do the heavy work and Ned does the light.”

“And what do you do to earn her living?” said I to him.

He beckoned me into an adjoining room, which had one window giving light, and which was needed for his business. There were separate piles of white rags, colored rags, white paper, brown paper, old boots, old hats, pieces of iron, bottles and corks. He took up a long-toothed iron rake, and said:

“This is the tool that earns my living. I go every day with this to the city dumps and rake over the ashes of the dirt-carts.”

“And what do you find there?”

“Everything. When the dump-carts are unloaded, all the rag-pickers come round the heap lively with their long-toothed rakes, and every one hauls into a little heap whatever he can get or snatch away. You’ll see old men and young men, old women and boys, all hard at work, every one trying to get the most he can. Then we take our rakings, — Ned and I, — and either carry them in great bags on our backs or haul them home in a hand-cart, and then sort them over. All the old boots and shoes I sell to be ground up to make new leather; the old stove-funnel hats I sell to the hatter to make new ones. All the bottles and old iron go the junk-dealer, all the rags to the rag-dealer, all the corks are cleaned and sold to beer-bottlers. Then all the old coal and cinders are picked up to make our fire with. Before I start, I leave mother a big bowl of tea and a piece of bread, and me and Ned take the hand-cart and go to the dumps.”

How true it is that everything has its life in a circle. Nothing is destroyed, nothing was ever annihilated. The rain that waters our fields to-day once bore up the ark and its precious burden of life. Our cattle feed on the grass which grows from earth that once was an animal or a man, returned to dust. The planks which build our ships and houses were at one time green and living, and grew from the soil to which they shall come back to nourish other trees. Every solid, every liquid and gas are constantly changing into each other, now

appearing as force, now as heat, now as electricity. In fact, Proteus was a true symbol of matter.

The little fellow, with sparkling eyes and heightened color, looked so proud and heroic in recounting his humble but filial work that I could not but admire him.

“But, my little man,” said I, after a pause, “you are doing your duty to your mother in this way, but you are forgetting your duty to yourself — you are neglecting your education in this way.”

“No, sir, I ain’t. I went to school till a year ago, when father went to sea; and now I read and study in the evening. A little friend in the class I was in tells me the lessons of the day, and I learn them every night before going to bed. I’m going to be a merchant when I grow up.”

I now returned to the mother, and asked her how she had been reduced to so much wretchedness.

“Remain in the junk room till I call you, Wilbur,” said the woman to her son.

“This boy,” she began with her narrative, “is the child of shame. I was a shop-girl during my teens, and obliged to support a blind mother. My employer, who was a single man, by kindness and promises, overcame my scruples, and became father to this lad. I was at the time engaged to a young carpenter whom I loved, and when this misfortune came upon me this young man left me with reproaches. My employer sent me adrift into the world, without any assistance. I became a degraded

woman, and took to drink. I finally, by representing myself as a widow, married a man as miserable as myself, and we both drank. He is the father of my youngest son. After being arrested several times for drunkenness and bad conduct, he shipped a year ago for India, and I have heard nothing from him since. He forbade the ship-owners allowing me half pay, and my two little boys have kept me from starving, God bless them! My drinking, and thin clothing, brought on rheumatic fever and heart disease, and I have been confined for several months to this hard bed."

As the woman finished her short but pathetic story, she sank back speechless, and scarcely seemed to breathe.

"Women are either better or worse than men," says La Bruyère. That women are ordinarily better than men, I admit — more virtuous, more benevolent, more Christian; but that they are worse than men, I cannot concede. When woman turns to the bad, it is generally because she is dragged there by man — seduced, abandoned, trod under foot and made accomplice to his wickedness. Few women, of their own will and disposition, become bad. Let woman alone, and she will stand bright, pure and godlike; but let man open his batteries upon her, she falls, and her career is henceforth downward. But man's fall is the fall of vice; woman's, that of love.

I offered what consolation I could, and, leaving some medicine, promised to call the following day.

The next morning little Wilbur came to my office with a silver fork in his hand, saying that he had found it among the ashes at the dumps, and wanted to know how he could find its owner. On the handle were the initials, "J. O. P." I looked in the directory, and found it was the name of a rich merchant on K Street, and directed him to carry it to the house. In a few hours he came back, and reported that, on calling for the lady of the house, she replied that she had nothing for street beggars; but on his stating that he merely wished to return a silver fork he had found, she looked at it, and recognized it as her missing fork. She wanted to give him a few cents; but he refused, on the ground that he had only done what was right. At this her husband came to the door, and, being told the circumstances, inquired how and where he lived, and promised to call and see him.

The next morning I had scarcely touched the pulse of Mrs. Homespeed when a gentleman knocked at the outer door and entered. He was a portly, red-visaged man, well-dressed, and about sixty years of age. He stood still a moment in the doorway, looked around with the air of one who is in a strange country and wishes to reconnoitre, and then coming forward was about to explain the occasion of his entrance, when Wilbur, with a smile, ran towards him, and said:

"This is Mr. J. O. Pope, whose fork I found."

"I came," said he, kindly, approaching the bedside

and leading the lad with him, "to see what I could do for the mother of so honest and bright a boy as this. I am sorry to see so much misery."

The sound of his voice and his name seemed to call out some nearly forgotten remembrance in the sick woman, who half raised herself in bed and looked attentively at the stranger.

"It is you, Mr. Pope, it is you who are the author of all this misery," she said, after a long scrutiny.

"I, madam? You are mistaken; I do not know you. I am Mr. Pope. But her mind wanders," he added, turning to me. "I pity the poor thing. What can I do for her, doctor?"

"No, my mind does not wander. I see at last the author of all my life's disappointment and misery. Look at me, Mr. Pope, and see the dying body of Alice Stanhope!"

"Alice Stanhope! Alice Stanhope!" he echoed, rapidly; "are you Alice Stanhope?"

"I was and am now an outcast of the city, thanks to yourself."

Mr. Pope became speechless. He gazed attentively at her, with horror in his face.

"You, Mr. Pope," she continued, after recovering her breath, "ruined a poor shop-girl, and then sent her adrift."

"For Heaven's sake say no more," besought the merchant; "say no more; this is all a mistake. But

I will do what I can to get you out of this den, and will speak to the overseers of the poor and the church benevolent society to help you."

Mr. Pope was the most generous and charitable of men — with other people's money. He always carried the contribution-box, but put nothing in himself. If a neighbor was sick or poor, he would at once go round with a subscription paper or basket, and beg, and receive blessings that belonged to another.

"I want nothing from you, Mr. Pope; I am past all human aid. But I want you to recognize this boy, Wilbur; he is your son."

The merchant's knees knocked together, and he nearly fell, while he gazed alternately at the boy and his mother.

"Yes, Mr. Pope, that is your son, abandoned by you, but preserved and cared for by me; and now that I am about to die I give him up to his father, and don't you deny him as you hope for heaven."

"But I don't know you, Mrs. Homespeed," said the guilty man, still trying to equivocate. "What proof have you that you have ever seen me before?"

"There is my proof," gasped the woman, tearing off her finger a ring bearing the initials, "J. O. P."

The merchant took up the ring and studied the half-worn initials.

‡ "Yes, it was mine," he murmured with choking voice, as the past surged up in his memory. "I gave it

to you when I was a thoughtless and perhaps reckless young man ; but now, Mrs. Homespeed, I am a married man, and have a family. What could I do with this boy? How could I introduce him to my home and tell the tale of the past? It would ruin me, Mrs. Homespeed ; have pity on me."

"He is your son, Mr. Pope, and I call upon you, before Almighty God, to take care of him when I am gone."

The distressed woman, who, by an herculean effort, had succeeded in giving vent to her pent-up feelings — the feelings of ten years of suffering — now lay back exhausted.

"Well, Mrs. Homespeed, I promise you to look after the boy ; but," he added, slowly, after a pause, "I cannot bring him to my family." Then, turning to his son, he continued : "Wilbur, will you go with me?"

The boy looked at his father a moment, with intense scorn and dislike pictured on his countenance, and then said : "No, Mr. Pope, I will not go with you. Mamma says you are my father ; but you have been bad to her, and whoever is bad to her is my enemy, and I hate you. Ned and me can get along without you. Besides, Ned isn't your son, and you won't take him. I won't leave Ned and Ned won't leave me. We will stick together. I hate you more and more !"

The little fellow who had showed so much affection for his mother and Ned, showed, likewise, that he was

capable of the most concentrated hatred. His feelings were all deep and honest, and, with a child's candor, he could not help exhibiting them. Hypocrisy is not the art and language of childhood, but the premeditated disguise of a bad heart.

Mr. Pope listened quietly to this declaration of war, and a feeling of relief seemed to lighten up his contracted brows. Without making any reply, he turned upon his heel and left the room.

Mrs. Homespeed died in the course of the day. I informed Mr. Pope of it, and he sent an undertaker with full powers to bury decently the dead; but he himself did not appear.

It was ten years before I heard from little Wilbur again. Two years ago a young man came into my office, heartily took me by the hand, and said he was Wilbur Homespeed. He had grown tall and strong, and his clear, honest eye illuminated a manly dark face. I asked him to give an account of the events of his life from that evening of his mother's death.

“Although from what I saw of my father I hardly believed he would take the trouble to come after me and furnish me a home, yet, to make all sure, Ned and I laid our little plans, and, after wandering over to East Boston and waiting till night, stole aboard an English steamer just ready to get under way for Liverpool. After she was well out of the harbor, we came out of

our hiding-places, and were brought before the captain, who began to rave and threaten. I told him we were orphan brothers, running away because we had no home, and some one wished to separate us. The captain then looked at us kindly, and said he was an orphan at about our ages, and would look out for us. He made us cabin-boys and treated us well. We remained with this captain on this steamer these ten years, I being promoted to third mate and Ned still remaining cabin-boy. I have just arrived from Liverpool, where an event occurred which has decided me to give up a sea-faring life and get something to do in Boston. While Ned and I were on shore on leave of absence, we met Mr. Homespeed, his father. He did not recognize us, but we knew him at once. He was the same old sot, his eyes were red, his face bloated, his clothes torn and ragged, and he had an ugly scar on his forehead. He appeared to be staggering around without any destination. I would not have spoken to him; but he was Ned's father, and the poor boy's heart ached to embrace him. When you are in a foreign land, and meet a relative, or even a fellow-countryman, you can embrace your greatest enemy and call him your friend. You forget everything, except that he is an American, and came from your own country. The old man immediately took us to his lodgings (for he was then without a ship), and the first question he asked was, how much money Ned had; and Ned told him he had one hundred

dollars in a belt-pocket around his waist. The old sailor wanted us to get him some gin, which we refused, but took him to an eating-house and gave him a good dinner. And yet he was cross and angry because we denied him liquor. He had that wild look about the eyes, and that restlessness and excitability that showed he was not far from the jim-jams, on account of suddenly leaving off his drams, as his money had given out a few days before. One thought was constantly running in his head, and that was, that he imagined he saw himself laid out dead in his coffin, being carried along to his grave, and every few moments he would stop, look straight ahead, and say: 'There, do you see that corpse in the pine coffin going to the grave?—that's me.' That night we decided to sit up with him; I was to watch till midnight, and Ned the rest of the night. During my watch he was very unruly, and difficult to keep in bed. He was constantly demanding gin and looking at his own corpse. After awhile he began to see rats gnawing at his own coffin, trying to get at the dead body. Finally I called Ned, and we agreed to give him a spoonful of gin, and then I lay down to sleep. I must have fallen into a heavy sleep; but all of a sudden a great cry awakened me, when I sprang up and ran down to see what was the matter. There lay poor Ned on the floor, bleeding from a great wound in his temple, and his father stood over him brandishing a hammer. I seized the miserable wretch, got the ham-

mer away, and held him while I called for help. At last another lodger came in, and I sent him for a policeman, who took the crazy sot to the station. I don't know whether the old man murdered his son to get the money, or whether he was enraged because Ned refused to give him gin. But, in either case, it is probable that Ned must have been napping from fatigue, and the cunning maniac got out of bed and struck him with the hammer, which was in the room. Oh, doctor, that was a terrible loss to me! Ned was all I cared for in this world. I had him respectably buried in the cemetery just outside Liverpool, and had a good gravestone put up, with an inscription. In another week, his father died of brain fever, and I took Ned's money and buried his father beside him. What a demon is liquor! thank God I never touch a drop! The captain, who had a great attachment to me and Ned, actually cried over his grave. I returned with the steamer to New York, determined never to go to sea again; and here I am, with no money, no work, no friends, and, above all, no Ned, — all alone in the world. And I thought I would come to you for advice, as I still have my early ambition to be a merchant."

"I cannot give you much consolation," said I, "for I cannot restore Ned to you; but I can aid you to start in the world. I have been looking for you a long time, and have advertised for you in the newspapers.

You have a legacy of ten thousand dollars, left you five years ago by your father, according to his will. Your whereabouts were unknown, and the money was invested by me as trustee. Your father, no doubt, chose me, because he knew I was interested in your welfare. It is probable that he grieved over the wrong he had done your mother, and wished to make what amends he could."

The young man looked up to me with almost a glance of doubt at his good fortune, and said :

"Oh, if only Ned was alive to share this! If we could only have started a store together, as we had planned many times, I should be so happy."

In a few days he was in possession of his property, and some months afterward I saw his name on a sign over a smart store as dealer in rags and junk at wholesale. It is probable that his memories of his life at the dumps were revived again, and he saw chances of profit in cast-off refuse.

CHAPTER II.

THE MAN WHO WAS SOMEBODY ELSE.

SAMUEL MOFFIT was an incorrigible drunkard and his wife an incorrigible scold. His was the worst vice of a man and hers the worst of a woman, and each one kept it up on account of the other,—he drank because she scolded, and she scolded because he drank, and neither was inclined to mend. He would stay out late at night and spend his money in carousing, and then return and be saluted by a broadside from his wife; but the broadside ended in smoke, which, clearing away, left him as jolly and as ready for fuddle as ever.

One night he returned home later than usual; but his wife was already primed to receive him. Her speech was well gotten-up and well delivered, with the most striking gestures suited to the most striking passages. Sam meekly bore it all for awhile, and then suddenly, without a word, opened the door and staggered from the house. He immediately proceeded to my house in a zigzag manner, each foot making a particular emphasis as it struck the sidewalk. I had just got to bed and put out the light after a laborious day, when

the tongue of my bell uttered its fearful "Get up." I arose with a shiver and opened my door, when a man appeared and asked me to come at once to a certain address, whispering in my ear the nature of the trouble. Most doctors, like Barkis, are willing to go when sent for, to the humblest as quickly as the richest. I dressed myself and hurried off to the home of Mr. Moffit, but had to ring a long time before any response. At length a night gown and night cap came to the door, without any light.

"So you've got back, Mr. Moffit," snarled the ghostly image, opening the door and letting me in, mistaking me for her husband. "I thought you would. Couldn't find any shed to sleep in — gin shops all shut up — friends all gone to bed, if they've got any — nowhere else to go to, so you concluded to come home again and sleep it out. You deserve to have me leave you and go back to my mother. I've threatened it enough and shall do it too, you vagabond. Keeping me up to wait for you when you know I've been working hard all day. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mr. Moffit. There, follow me, and come up to bed."

I had hitherto no time nor opportunity to explain on account of her excessive volubility, so I silently followed her to her chamber, where a dim light was burning. The bed showed the imprint of her rotund body, so I saw that she had not been waiting nor watching.

She turned round to look at me and begin again her invectives, when she perceived her mistake.

“What the mischief do you want here, doctor?” said she, savagely, mortified at her ridiculous tirade.

“Want!” I repeated, “I want to see your mouth.”

“My mouth!” she screamed.

“Yes, your mouth. Now don't be petulant with me on account of the bad manners of your husband. He has shown that he is very devoted to you, in spite of his little weaknesses. Come now, show me your mouth.”

“Show my mouth! what do you want with my mouth? My mouth is all right and my teeth paid for.”

Believing that her obstinacy was due to the laughable scene down stairs, and thinking it my duty to see the disease if possible, I approached her and tried to open her mouth, but she resisted and wanted to know by what authority I insisted on examining her mouth, as she had not sent for me.

“Didn't send for me!” cried I, in surprise; “why, your husband just came to my house and told me to make haste and see you, as you had a *terrible breaking out of the mouth.*”

At this I beat a precipitate retreat, and left her to settle the matter with her husband when he returned. She was in a terrible rage at the insult perpetrated upon her, and determined to have revenge. When he

returned he was drunk in the superlative degree, or drunk to the degree that he could neither walk, talk, nor understand anything. She undressed him, then blackened with burnt cork his face, hands, and chest, and then went out to an undertaker's, living at hand, to whom she told her trials, and asked to hire a coffin for a few days to punish him with. The undertaker, who was socially a jovial man, agreed to help her, and himself carried up the coffin to her room and helped her to put the sot inside. The top was then screwed down and his jaws were tied up, but the lid was left open. She now blackened herself in the same manner, and sat down to wait for his coming to himself. In about twenty-four hours he opened his eyes, looked around and tried to move, but found it impossible.

“Where am I?” he hiccupped.

“In your coffin,” replied his wife, trying to sob.

“What am I here for?”

“Because you are dead.”

“But I ain't dead; I am drunk.”

“Oh, it's all the same thing; you are dead drunk.”

“But who are you crying for? I don't know you.”

“I am your wife.”

“My wife! I never married a black woman.”

“Why shouldn't you? You are a nigger yourself.”

“I ain't black.”

“There, see if you ain't,” and Mrs. Moffit placed a looking-glass so that he could see himself in it.

The poor man uttered a scream of fright. He did not recognize himself.

“Who am I? who am I? I thought I was Sam Moffit.”

“No, you fool, you ain’t Sam Moffit; you are Sandy Johnson, the barber. You know you have shaved Sam Moffit, the drunken toad, many a time.”

The wretched man looked at himself in the glass, and then at his blackened wife, and he felt more and more bewildered. The darkened room, the confinement in a coffin, the clouded brain, and the black forms of himself and wife, all conspired to make him believe that he was another man, and beyond all this the thought that he was a dead man at that. His wife now left him alone and did not return to see him for three days. On her return the room was in total darkness and the man was a raving maniac. His mind had become so weakened by a long continuance of drinking and the confinement in a coffin that he was unable to determine his individuality. His wife returned with the undertaker, who, after lighting up the room proceeded to unscrew the top of the coffin and let him out. No sooner was the man out than he ran to the chimney-piece and seized his razor, exclaiming, “I’m Sandy Johnson, the barber, and I’m going to shave both of you.”

The pair were thoroughly frightened, as his eyes glared and he had a fierce expression; but at length,

after dodging around awhile, they managed to escape and lock the door behind them. Mrs. Moffit then came for me and related the events which had transpired after I left her. Suspecting what might have happened, I took a policeman with me, and on entering found the man lying on the floor with his throat cut. He was not dead, as the jugulars and carotids had been spared, but the wound was bleeding freely. A suicide who uses a razor rarely dies from that cut, as he does not cut deeply enough. I sewed up the wound and dressed the neck, but the insane man, with his hands tried to tear off the dressings. I found I could do nothing with him, so I sent him off to the insane asylum. His unhappy wife, who, in a spirit of mischief and revenge, had caused this terrible result, now lamented in earnest her inconsiderateness and folly. Her husband remained in the asylum about a year and was then released ; but his mind was impaired, and he still had freaks, if he drank anything, of 'magineing himself Sandy Johnson, the barber.

CHAPTER III.

TRAVELLING WITH A LUNATIC.

IN the fall of '68 I was consulted by an elderly gentleman, about his son, a young man of twenty-five, who, after finishing his education, showed signs of incipient insanity. This was so little pronounced that it was only on rare occasions that it was manifested. It appeared that his mother had shown, before her death, signs of melancholia. The father, who was wealthy, and idolized his only child, wished me to try some moral shock, such as the effect of suddenly announcing the death of a near relative, of giving him some medicine and declaring that he had drunk the blood of an executed murderer, of suddenly throwing him into the river, or making an assault upon him in the disguise of a highwayman. All this, as Legrand du Saule asserts, is not rational medicine; terror is not a remedy; it is merely cruelty, which may kill patient and disease together.

I asked to see the young man, and he called upon me. He was rather thin, pale, and nervous. He could not look you squarely in the face, but had the habit of constantly looking round and listening. I

found, by questioning him, that his ideas were coherent, and he could readily converse on any subject; but when he was asked whether he had any enemies, he changed color, and said he unfortunately was annoyed by certain enemies of his, who were continually talking ill of him and trying to injure him. They not only were constantly whispering and talking, but at night they threw about him certain poisonous vapors; so that he was obliged to change frequently his bed-room to avoid being smothered by them. I asked him how his enemies could scatter these essences when his room was locked; and he replied, that they came down the chimney, penetrated through the keyhole and open window. As he was quiet and gentlemanly, I advised his father to send his son on a travelling tour, in the hope that a change of scene might perhaps divest him of his hallucinations. The old gentleman immediately acquiesced in the proposal, and invited me to accompany his son on a trial trip; and, as it was the time I usually took my annual vacation, I accepted the trust. We decided to visit the West, and scour the broad prairies.

As Mr. Blenkinsop, my companion, had received a finished education, and was social, we enjoyed ourselves finely until we arrived at Chicago, when he began to be more disturbed by the persecution of his supposed enemies and their poisons. As we stood in the depot in that city, waiting the time of departure

of a train bound farther on, Mr. Blenkinsop slipped up to the engine, and giving the engineer a dollar, asked him to show how the engine was started and run, as it was something with which he was unacquainted, and he had a great curiosity to see how it was done. The engineer pleasantly granted the request, and minutely explained the working of the machinery. Meanwhile I went back to the eating-room to get some refreshments, and on returning to meet my fellow-travellers, saw the train starting off and now just outside the depot. At this moment the engineer, running up, said that he had left his locomotive a moment, and now it was gone, and that probably it was the curious young man who had run off with it. I acknowledged that the runaway was partially insane and was under my care. The poor engineer was almost beside himself for a moment, but on a little reflection, set, out procuring an extra engine from the round-house, to chase after the vagabond. Blenkinsop had put on all steam, and was whirling along with terrible rapidity.

“There will be an explosion or a collision,” said the engineer, white as snow.

I kept beside him because I wished to take possession of the escapist. He soon hauled down a spare engine; I jumped in with him, and we started in hot pursuit. The train was about a quarter of a mile ahead; we could hear the runaway ring his bell at the crossings, but he made no stop. Our only hope lay in

the fact that Blenkinsop had a heavy train to drag, while we had only an engine and could gain on him. Blenkinsop was evidently piling on coal, as the black, thick smoke showed incomplete combustion. We now saw him stretching out his head to look back upon us, and, taking off his hat, waved it in triumph; and at the same time began to ring his bell violently, without regard to the road-crossings or way-stations. We hurried on at full speed, and in a few minutes more were close upon him. The rest was done so quickly that I hardly could believe my eyes.

Our engine was running behind its tender, which must have been intentional on the part of the engineer, who, when he had kept at the same distance a few minutes, began slightly to increase his speed, and then gradually approached the rear car until within a few feet. He then told me the address of his wife, and asked me to call upon her, if anything happened to him, and say that he had tried to do his duty. There was a momentary tenderness in his voice, as he alluded to his wife, but it changed into words of almost stern command, as he gave me a few instructions how to stop the engine. Now clambering over the tender, he darted forward and stood a moment on its edge. He looked upward as if invoking Divine aid, and then suddenly sprang forward and landed safely on the rear car. In a few moments more the train stopped. I immediately got down, ran forward, entered the en-

gine, and there saw the engineer struggling with Blenkinsop, each trying to throw the other out. I grappled with the lunatic and we overpowered him, when he finally became manageable. I asked him why he had undertaken such a dangerous and dastardly run, and he replied that his persecutors were so numerous and menacing that he felt impelled to run away anywhere. The air was full of voices, and they were crazing him and he must get away from them.

The extra engine was sent back and we continued our journey. He relapsed into a melancholy mood, from which I could not divert him. He was irritable and rude, and I was glad when we arrived at our next stopping-place for the night. As we alighted from the cars we saw a large theatre-poster, with Othello or the Moor of Venice on it, and this at once seemed to fascinate Mr. Blenkinsop. He may have thought that the interest of the drama would absorb his attention and take away the haunting voices. I objected, on the ground that the play might excite him, and the audience might contain persecutors; but his persistency overpowered me, and we accordingly went. We took a box, so as to be secluded. Mr. Blenkinsop watched attentively the scenes, and seemed to feel the reality of the fiction. I spoke to him several times; but he made me no answer, so much he was absorbed. And when Othello, having taken off his sword, takes up the

feather-bed to smother the traduced Desdemona, and she, with the pathos of innocence, exclaims,

“Kill me to-morrow, but let me live to-night!”

young Blenkinsop suddenly leaped over the railing (we were in the lowest box) and jumped over the footlights upon the stage. He then ran forward, and seizing Othello's sword, which he had laid down, rushed at the jealous Moor, with murder in his eyes. Othello was at first stupefied, and gazed speechless at the intrepid avenger of Desdemona. Blenkinsop made a lunge at the actor and wounded him in the arm, while the actor, now starting up from his panic, took his only weapon, the feather-bed, and throwing it with full force and pressing it home, brought the madman to the ground; then following up his advantage, jumped upon it, and would have accomplished upon the poor maniac what he intended for Desdemona, had not the cries of the audience brought out the other actors,—Iago, Gratiano, and Ludovico,—who drew away Othello and the feather-bed, and seized the supernumerary actor, who was playing in earnest. It was a terrible scene. The shrieks of the audience, the fainting away of poor Desdemona, the struggles of the madman in the hands of his captors, the now exhausted Othello, who fell back bleeding upon the stage,—all this made a scene which thrilled every spectator and made the stage-acting seem tame. I now leaped upon the stage, followed

the actors, who dragged Blenkinsop behind the scenes, and explained to the manager that the avenger of Desdemona was insane and under my medical care. He was then allowed to go with me. I took him to our hotel, gave him a dose of chloral, and saw him safely in bed.

“The voices are troubling me,” said he to me. “My enemies are increasing; they surround me at every step; they throw snares in my way, and poison my food and the air I breathe. I cannot stand it longer. I feel in myself that I must kill somebody. I have kept down the desire; I have struggled against it; but still it is uppermost in my mind, and I shall not be able to get rid of my persecutors till I drink the blood of some one.”

By this time the sleeping-draught had taken effect, and I left him to go to bed. I always slept in a room adjacent to his, that I might be able to render assistance in case of any convulsion or trouble on his part.

About three in the following morning I was aroused out of sleep by Blenkinsop, who was standing at my bedside, and ordered me to get up. I looked up drowsily at the man; but on seeing his flashing eyes and fierce look (my gas was burning all night as usual with me), glanced at the outer door, when he immediately drew out the key, put it into his pocket, and then cocking a pistol, which I did not know he possessed, said to me, sternly :

“You must die, doctor; you have troubled me long enough. You have tried to poison me; you are haunting me at all times and sending noxious vapors over me at night; and not satisfied with that, you are constantly magnetizing me, so that I am always in your power, and my thoughts are known to you as soon as they are to myself.”

I knew that resistance would be useless, as he was very powerful and a sure shot. If I shouted for help I should be a dead man before assistance arrived. Discretion and counterplot were my only sources of deliverance.

“Well,” said I, calmly, “as you have determined to shoot me, will you allow me to write a farewell letter to my wife and child? You could not refuse me so reasonable a request, and then you can shoot to your heart’s content.”

“All right, doctor, I will give you ten minutes,” and he took out his watch and held it in his left hand, with the pistol in the other.

“Well, well, I am out of paper,” said I to myself; “that is too bad. Just run down to the office and get a sheet for me. It isn’t necessary for me to dress, as you are going to kill me so soon.”

The maniac was thrown off his guard, and, unlocking the door, went out and locked it again. There was not a moment to lose. The only exit was by a window, opening upon the street from the fourth story, or by a

transom ventilating-window over the door. Crying out from that height, and at that hour, from the window, would be folly. I first took a boot, and running to my companion's room, struck hard several times upon the wall contiguous to the next room beyond, occupied by some unknown lodger; and then, coming back, dragged to the outer door my bed and put a chair upon it. By great effort I managed then, after opening the transom-window, to get my body partly out of it, feet foremost, when I heard the returning steps of my intended assassin. I was unable to get entirely through when he appeared beneath me.

“I see,” he cried, “you thought to deceive me by a clever ruse; but you will be disappointed. I will shoot you there without waiting for letters, messages or prayers. You expected to get away and then deliver me up; but you are mistaken.”

I instinctively shut my eyes and commended myself to Heaven. I heard a noise, followed by a shot, but could see nothing. I was fastened where I was, and could get neither out nor in; but I heard altercation, and then became unconscious, probably from faintness or terror. When I came to myself I was lying on my bed, and around me were a doctor, the landlord, a chambermaid, a stranger, and a policeman holding Mr. Blenkinsop. I inquired what all this meant, and the stranger informed me that he was a lodger occupying the room next to Mr. Blenkinsop's, that he had been

aroused by my knocking against the wall, and, suspecting some accident, ran out into the hall, where he saw the madman coming up the stairway, and myself projecting out of the ventilating window. Then observing the madman raising his pistol, and hearing his murderous intentions, he knocked up the pistol, which discharged its ball in the ceiling; and then, grasping the assassin and calling loudly for help, held him until some servants arrived. A policeman and the landlord were sent for, and the maniac secured. They then proceeded to release me from my awkward position and bring me to. I now, in my turn, informed them of the nature of the adventure, and desired the policeman to take charge of the man and send him on to Boston, as I renounced all intention of further travelling with a lunatic.

CHAPTER IV.

A CASE OF HEMORRHAGE.

I WAS sent for one dismal night, at two A. M., to see a patient said to be dying of hemorrhage. The messenger, in an excited tone, and with gasping breath, declared the sufferer had already vomited up two quarts of blood, and unless I hurried to the spot he would be a corpse before I arrived. As a matter of fact, very few die of the bleeding itself, for among the very large number of cases which I have seen, only four or five have died from the loss of blood. In those who suffer from an attack of hemorrhage, death finally ensues from the effects of the disease which gave rise to the effusion of blood, as consumption, cancer, etc.

I arrived at the scene of woe and found a large congregation assembled to witness the last moments of a man who was losing his best blood very much against his will. The outside circle was composed of his immediate family and friends, who were alternately weeping and tasting some cake and cold pie set out for their refreshment. A lawyer was getting ready to draw up a will, and a clergyman was inviting the patient to look upward. Last of all, the poor heart-

broken wife was busy wringing her hands and urging the lawyer to make haste and get the will made out.

I entered quietly and looked at the melancholy scene. The husband, pale as death and drenched in a cold sweat, was sitting propped up in bed sucking pellets of ice, and occasionally gasping in a hoarse whisper some word to those around him.

“Know all men by these presents,” began the lawyer, rubbing his sleepy eyes and gaping.

“Presents !” interrupted the ignorant and avaricious wife, on whom the word made an unfavorable impression. “Presents ! Think of your faithful wife and your poor orphan children, Mr. Yopp, and don’t begin the will by giving presents to your greedy relations.”

A momentary silence followed this ill-timed remark, which was improved by the clergyman, who said :

“Do you give up all, Mr. Yopp ; are you willing to give up all ?”

“Yes,” gasped the sufferer, “I am willing to give up all.”

“Do you hear that, squire ?” said the wife, “he gives up all to me and my poor orphan children. Put that down, squire.” She appeared to have no ears nor mind for anything, but considerations of her own selfish interest.

“I am the doctor,” I now observed, looking over the shoulders of the outside circle.

“Wait a moment, doctor, please,” impatiently observed Mrs. Yopp; “wait a moment until Squire Brown has written the will. Give the doctor a chair. Go on, squire.”

“But had not you better wait, Mrs. Yopp, until I perform my sacred offices, and prepare the poor dying man for another world?” asked the minister, somewhat offended.

“The minister is right,” said the friends, all together.

“Mr. Yopp can repent at the last moment, but a will, to be legal, must be made when he is in his right senses,” retorted the sharp lady.

“Mrs. Yopp is right,” corroborated the lawyer, dipping his pen in the inkstand, and gaping. “The will is not binding unless made while he is in his right mind. I will go on.”

“Stop a moment, gentlemen,” said I, edging myself forward. “There is something above your functions, and that is the duty of saving life if possible. While you are bandying words the time to save life may be irretrievably lost. I must request you both to wait until I see whether I can save the man.”

“The doctor is right,” said the friends again.

Amid the frowns of Mrs. Yopp, the serene resignation of the minister, and the business-like impassiveness of the yawning lawyer, I craned myself forward to the bedside, got hold of the patient's pulse, and asked him the history of the case.

“I had eaten a very hearty supper,” whispered the man, almost strangling himself with a large piece of ice, which he was trying to swallow whole, “and felt a sensation of weight and fullness in my stomach all the evening, but, making nothing of it, retired early to bed. A short time ago I was awakened out of sleep by great nausea, followed by vomiting. I at once half filled the wash-bowl, and on getting a light, found to my horror, that it was blood. I fainted at the sight, and was restored by my wife, who said I had burst a blood-vessel and was dying. She then sent for a lawyer, and I sent for a minister and doctor. If you can do anything for me, do it, doctor.”

“Make haste, doctor, or it will be too late for the will,” hissed Mrs. Yopp in my ear.

“Are you ready and willing to repent?” asked the minister, going to the other side of the bed. “Your business is with the other world.”

The patient was fairly bewildered. His mind was wanted in so many different directions at the same time, that he could attend to nothing.

“Let me look at the blood,” I demanded, without noticing the disagreement of the other parties.

Some one handed me the wash-bowl; it appeared half full of blood, but something in it attracting my attention, I called for a stick, and stirred the vomita, and found it to be an undigested mass of blueberries, and no blood at all.

“My friends,” said I, exhibiting the spurious gore, “in this case at least, ignorance is not bliss, for it has made you all miserable; and as for you, Mr. Yopp, your wife has no doubt done all she could to save you and comfort your supposed last moments,—at least she has shown a *good will*, and you will have to take the will for the deed.”

CHAPTER V.

A CASE OF CATALEPSY.

CATALEPSY, as defined by Dr. W. A. Hammond, is "seizures usually coming on with suddenness, and are characterized by more or less complete suspension of mental action and of sensibility, and by the supervention of muscular rigidity, causing the limbs to retain for a long time any position in which they may be placed. In some cases there are an imperfect consciousness and an ability to appreciate strong sensorial impressions. In two cases under my care, there was the consciousness of mental action during the paroxysm. The paroxysm may last a few minutes or hours, or may be prolonged to several days. The temperature of the body, in all the cases that have come under my observation, was reduced from two to four degrees below the normal standard. The paroxysm generally disappears with as much abruptness as marked its accession."

The only case of catalepsy which has come under my notice was that of a middle-aged man, named George Hubbuck. When called to him for the first time, about twenty years ago, he stood in the middle of the room, holding a violin in the ordinary position, his head turned

slightly towards the instrument, and his right hand holding the bow, and about to draw it. His eyelids were widely open, and the eyes apparently staring at vacancy; the pupils were dilated and fixed, unaffected by light; his breathing slow and scarcely perceptible; his pulse hardly discernible; his face bloodless and shrunken, and his limbs rigid as iron. You might rather break the limbs than bend them in their tetanoid state. And there he stood with his beloved violin in position, just as he drew the last stroke, motionless and silent. You might hesitate at first to decide whether it was a wonderful statue, or a *tableau vivant*; but never would you suppose it was a man in a nervous paroxysm. I put a few drops of ether under his nostrils, and poured some cold water upon his head; when suddenly his eyes looked down upon his instrument, he drew a deep inspiration, the color flew to his lips, his right hand moved his bow, and his left fingers trembled along the strings. He continued the piece from where he left off when the cataleptic seizure came upon him. The effect was startling. It was a statue come to life; it was a dream metamorphosed into reality. And so absorbed was the musician in his selection, that he did not notice my presence, but played on until he had finished the piece. He then sat down and told me this was the second attack which he had had. I asked him to describe to me the first paroxysm. It appeared that he had just left his wife on account of some domestic

trouble with a quack doctor, of whom he was jealous. The first part of his story was tinged with satirical remarks, prompted by his injured feelings, and was very extraordinary. How much is true I do not know; I give it in his own language :

“ I was always of a nervous temperament, and rather subject to spasms. Three months ago, after a long nervous sickness, I was suddenly taken with a perfect immobility of every part of my body. I could not open my eyes, nor move a limb, nor speak; but I was conscious, and could hear every word. My wife came to me, and seeing me lie like a corpse, pinched me in her businesslike manner; but I was perfectly unfeeling — at least I did not feel her pinching. She then sent for an undertaker, and told him I had died in a spasm. He asked for a certificate of death, when she replied she would get one of Dr. Hoogs, her family physician. She made some general remarks about our former wealth and style, with tender allusions to our present decay, owing to her husband's prodigality. But in order to keep up appearances, she desired to hire an elegant rosewood, silver-mounted casket to keep me in state in the parlor, and then change the casket for a pine coffin in the tomb after the mourners had departed. He grumbled, but finally agreed to it, as she threatened to employ some one else.

“ ‘ I want a magnificent funeral,’ said she; ‘ could not you let me have the carriages at four dollars apiece?’

“ ‘Yes,’ assented the undertaker, ‘seeing you want a grand funeral. Will you have one or two dozen hacks?’

“ ‘Well,’ sobbed my wife, ‘my husband was a man of few friends and no relations, so I think I’ll have only one carriage to carry me and the doctor. Of course, I want flowers to enliven the terrible scene. Couldn’t you supply me with a choice display of white roses, violets, smilax, and tuberose — something gorgeous, but a little wilted; you know that would be symbolical of death? Some wreaths and crosses left from a recent funeral would answer nicely. I have always thought that faded flowers harmonized better with a corpse than fresh ones. And if you could loan me a mourning suit to wear at the funeral it would save buying one, as I am afraid moths might get into my other clothes. I must save all the money I can to build a monument to his virtues, something elegant and fashionable, with an epitaph on it, — or don’t you think he would be just as happy and contented in your tomb?’

“The undertaker went off growling something I could not hear, and she began to mumble about making it all up to me in crying, a business she was experienced in. She then hunted in the private drawers of my desk till she found my will, and finding some legacies in it, quietly put it into the fire.

“That evening Dr. Hoogs came in to see the principal mourner; I mean my wife. This Dr. Hoogs was about

as perfect in ignorance as a man can well be ; but what he knew least of all was — medicine. He could talk glibly of horses, politics, law, religion, and theatres ; but on the subject of medicine he was silent. His cures were hence rare, so that he might be said to practice without prospect of cure ; in other words, he was a *sine cure*. Well, this doctor was a single man ; I mean by that, he had a wife out West who didn't know his address. He had become a mark of admiration to my wife, and was at my house a great deal more than sickness required, or at least she always had a sick spell every day while I was at work, and felt quite smart when I returned. As I was saying, in came Dr. Hoogs, when my wife set to crying almost as naturally as if she really felt bad.

“ ‘ What's the matter, Mehitable ? ’ said he, coming up and taking her hand.

“ ‘ Oh, doctor, I was thinking how good George was to die and leave me all his property. ’

“ ‘ Any will, Mehitable ? ’

“ ‘ No. ’

“ He then fell to kissing her, but she said he had better wait till after the funeral.

“ ‘ You need sympathy, ’ said he, ‘ your affliction is so great. You loved him dearly, next to me. Everything is for the best, and, as they say, his loss is your gain. But remember, in this your trial you have one friend ready to share it all with you, and that's me. ’

“ ‘Share it all !’ she snapped out, ‘ I guess I can take care of the whole.’

“ ‘I mean your grief,’ said he ; ‘ I am willing to share your grief.’

“ ‘Oh, yes, you can do that,’ she said, brightening up.

“ At this point some neighbors came in, when she set to crying again, and sobbingly gave a short biography of my life, and a eulogy of my domestic virtues, and expressed a determination never to marry again, but to wear deep mourning to her dying day.”

At this point in his story, the man’s manner changed entirely. He had appeared to make light of his cataleptic state ; in fact, appeared amused at the opportunity it offered him to observe the treason and avarice of his wife, who, to gratify her selfishness, burned up his will, and was unwilling to lay out even reasonable expenses to bury her husband decently. But now, when he began to narrate his experience in a coffin and in a tomb, his face grew even whiter than it was, and he appeared to realize the most intense mental emotions.

“ The funeral took place,” he continued, solemnly. “ I was still conscious, but unable to move or speak, and could not feel that I was breathing. I must have appeared like a dead man. Imagine my feelings, imprisoned in a casket, with the prospect of being buried alive. At that moment I would have preferred cremation, for my sufferings would have been over in a few minutes.

And yet, in my case and the cases of discovery of burial alive, where the buried one has come to life, it is a merciful thing that cremation does not exist. The kind minister said over me more than I deserved, and those pleasant words were the only consolation I had in that terrible moment. And then they closed down the lid, and I heard the screws worming themselves into the wood, and it seemed as if they were entering my brain. I wanted to scream, but could not. I wanted to press apart the sides of the coffin, or raise its lid, but I was immovable. I wanted to call for air, for water, for light, but the silence of death held me still. Confined alive in that two-by-six box, with no food, air, nor light, was the most exquisite torment that imagination can conceive. I felt my brain whirling, and an icy dampness creeping over me. This, thought I, is death in earnest, and I welcome it; death is simply release from prison, and is liberty. They brought me to the graveyard, and laid me on the top of a pile of mouldering coffins, smelling of the decay of a hundred bodies; but I had become unconscious. It was the happiest thing for me. The next thing I knew I was dropped, *thug*, and felt life coming into my veins. A sense of resurrection came over me. I felt a fluttering in me, a soaring feeling, and an expansion of the chest as if I was breathing. I tried to move and did move. Making a tremendous effort, I half rose up and opened my eyes. I was lying in a pine coffin in the tomb, and the

undertaker had just changed me from the rosewood casket to this, and let me drop, *thug*, into it. This had awakened me from my lethargy. It could not have been over an hour from the time I had been screwed down at home ; but it seemed as if I had risen from the long sleep of the dead. I felt jubilant, radiant, and buoyant, so much so that I thought I would profit by the consternation of the frightened undertaker, and have a jest at his expense. So I said to him, seriously :

“ ‘ Do you think that I would lie quietly in a pine coffin after I had once been used to rosewood ? Put me back in the casket, or I will employ another undertaker.’ ”

“ At this the amazed man let everything drop and started on a run, and I haven’t seen him since. I got up and went home on foot, where I found Dr. Hoogs and my wife in social communion. My wife went into a hysteric fit, and the doctor took his departure at sight of me. I immediately left the premises and took these quarters, pending a suit of divorce.”

How much was satire and how much truth I cannot say ; but it was a wonderful case. I put him under a course of treatment, and he had no further seizures to my knowledge. I am inclined to ascribe the attacks to mental trouble, brought on by his wife’s duplicity.

CHAPTER VI.

MEDDLESOME NURSES.

It is probable that every physician is more or less troubled with the assurance and ignorance of ill-trained nurses. As it is an apothecary's business to dispense but not prescribe medicines, so is it a nurse's duty to carry out strictly a doctor's directions and make no important changes without his knowledge. Nurses can cause trouble either by clandestinely administering their own remedies, by dispraising the attending physician, or by extolling another whom they prefer. I remember a case in point. A nurse named Brimbecomb was employed to take care of a lady affected with asthma, and I was sent for to give her what relief I could. This nurse had long, greasy curls dangling in every direction and looking like the snaky hair of the mythic Gorgon, and I even felt a petrified feeling on looking at her cold, granite face. Mrs. Brimbecomb had the hobby of using on the sick her panacea, which was soft soap and salt, which she applied to every available surface. She said soap was cleansing and salt preserving; but I could not see any such results on her person, as she was very dirty and badly preserved. And what

she liked equally well was to apply a fly blister to the back, to draw out the humors and pain; but the barbaric remedy always caused great annoyance and proved a *draw-back* to both patients and nurse, for they would not employ her a second time. But Mrs. Brimbecomb was not satisfied with external applications,—she wanted likewise to meddle with the physician's treatment and prescribe her own herbs. Her best quality was that she would sleep all night in her official chair, and all the groans and calls for help in the world would never awake her; but then, while she was sleeping she could do no harm, and the patient's chances for recovery were increased by the Monroe doctrine of non-intervention.

When I saw Mrs. Brimbecomb's briny face by the bedside of Mrs. Britt, my asthmatic patient, I felt uneasy and feared trouble, for I knew what was before me. I appeared as impassible as possible, and prescribed a bottle. The next day I was sent for in a hurry, with the message Mrs. Britt was in a dying condition. She had a poultice of soft soap and salt on her chest and a blister on her back; but I said nothing about them, as she was in an alarming state. Her pupils were largely dilated, her body covered with a dark red rash, and her pulse very rapid and feeble. She vomited frequently, and a profuse cold sweat bathed her skin. She was evidently poisoned. On looking around I saw a half-empty bowl of some dark drink on

the table and a broken package of herbs on the chimney mantel, which, on examination, I found marked stramonium.

“You’ve killed me, doctor,” gasped Mrs. Britt ;
“you’ve poisoned me with your bottle.”

I looked at her speechless.

“That one dose was enough, doctor ; you’ve done it,” sputtered the nurse, shaking her snaky ringlets at me. “I expected it ; I felt something was coming.”

“Just look at her, doctor,” sobbed the husband, indignantly ; “look at her and see what you’ve done.”

I made no immediate reply to those insinuations, but at once set to work to rally the patient by coffee and brandy, and finally succeeded. While the nurse was out of the room a moment, I asked Mrs. Britt whether she had drank of the tea in the bowl, and she replied that she had, and that it was some simple herb-drink made from the package on the mantel, which Mrs. Brimbecomb had been making for her.

The husband said that he had no further need of my services, as I had been guilty of malpractice.

“I acknowledge all that has been said about the danger of the patient and the guilt of giving her poison,” I remarked, as calmly as I could, “but you have mistaken the person who ordered it. Your wife has been drinking apple-peru tea, a deadly poison, prepared and ordered by your nurse. She has all the symptoms of stramonium poisoning, whereas you will

find, by carrying my bottle to the apothecary, that it is merely an infusion of coffee which I wished to use as a remedy and did not mention its name so that she might not despise it as a remedy.

The next day Mrs. Britt had another nurse.

Some time after this I again met Mrs. Brimbecomb who, I had been informed, had been circulating derogatory stories about me.

“I hear,” said I, “that you have been circulating bad stories about me.”

“La, me,” she simpered, “I did so once a long time ago, but I haven’t any sence.”

“Well, then, Mrs. Brimbecomb,” I observed, savagely, “as long as you haven’t any *sence*, I will overlook it.”

CHAPTER VII.

AMOS KIMBALL'S PROPHECY.

[EXTRACTS FROM MY CASE-BOOK.]

July 1, 1868.—Just returned from a visit to Amos Kimball, a young man of one-and-twenty, who was dying of pneumonia. Has been sick only one week, but the disease has attacked both lungs. Has spit up a great deal of blood during the week, and suffered much from pleuritic stitch. Have given him milk-punches to keep up his strength, and ammonium carbonate to rally him ; but all to no purpose. As I entered the room his breath grew shorter, his eyes were glazed, his feet and hands cold and perspiring, and a purple hue spread itself over his face and finger-nails. Death was folding over him his great wings. I could do nothing but look on with the others. Suddenly he raised himself up in the sitting-posture, then threw up both arms and tried to catch something between them, and then fell back and was dead. His friends and relatives, who had been expecting this trying moment, burst out in acute and insatiable lamentation. Until the last breath is drawn there is something in us which keeps back and re-

strains the coming tide of grief : a spirit is about to go forth to the undiscovered country, and a solemn silence befits the occasion ; but when once the last flutter has ebbed out of those cold lips, the human heart must find utterance in tears and words and sobs. In about half an hour, to the astonishment of all present, Amos opened his eyes, looked around, and began to breathe again, and finally said, solemnly :

“There, I have died once, haven't I ? but I shall die again soon, and one of those in this room will follow me within three weeks.”

The wonder-struck friends looked at each other, and then at him, as if to say, “Is it I ? is it I ?” No one dared to speak ; but at last his grandfather made bold to say, in order to remove the gloom of the fatal words :

“Pooh, pooh ! you are a sick man, Amos, and a little out of your head.”

“I tell you,” repeated the dying man, impressively, “one of you will follow me within three weeks, or you shall call me a false prophet.”

There were young and old present, and his words sounded ill-timed, for all were in good health. A shudder ran through that circle, and each looked in the face of his neighbor, as if to read a death-warrant there.

“Tell me, Amos,” said the old man, again, “what was that you were trying to catch ?”

“ I thought I saw Jesus, and tried to embrace him. The moment I saw him my sight returned, and the air appeared so transparent that I could see things you would not dream of. It seemed as if the air was thronged with the most lovely beings, and in the midst of them Jesus was smiling down upon me. There he is again, and this time I shall go for good.”

After a few short gasps his breath left him, never to return.

In a distant corner of the room, apart from the rest, sat a young girl of sixteen, named Ruth Sampson. She was not a relative, but only a neighbor who had been the companion of Amos since childhood. From simple playmates they had become lovers, and were betrothed, and were looking forward to a life-long union. They were almost inseparable companions, and he had taken this disease out of an effort to save Ruth from drowning. They had been out rowing, when, a sudden squall coming on, upset the boat, and hurled them both into the water, which was very cold. He was a good swimmer, and tried to tell her to remain calm, and cling hold of his back ; but with the trepidation and panic of such occasions, she seized hold of him and held him so tightly that he could neither swim nor extricate himself. They both sank together, twice, and then rose, when they were pulled up into another boat, by a man who was rowing near, and had seen the accident. Both were nearly drowned.

Ruth came to easily; but Amos was with difficulty restored to life, after long efforts with Sylvester's method of restoring drowned persons, and was immediately taken with congestion of the lungs, followed by double pneumonia. He never seemed to rally, from the commencement, and I had had no hopes of him; his thready, rapid pulse, cyanosis and the fine crepitus of pneumonia, all told how deeply his lungs were invaded.

Ruth had not appeared to notice the remarkable words and acts of the dying scene, but sat in a stupor, with her beautiful head buried in her beautiful hands. At length she quietly rose, and withdrew from the house without a word or a sob. From that moment she became a changed girl. From the opening bud that she was she suddenly wilted, and the bright petals of her cheeks faded and fell away. No tears wet her cheeks, no sudden cry escaped her lips as she went about her daily duties. She attended the funeral, and was seen to pluck off a single flower from the coffin, and put it in her bosom, while her eyes looked upward, as if breathing a prayer. She waited while the grave-diggers were shovelling down the brown earth, heard it patter on the coffin, and saw that precious box gradually disappear as the cold earth crowded over it; still she seemed not to give vent to any visible feelings. What feelings she had must have been strangled at their point of origin, before they took form and manifesta-

tion. After the funeral she went home and continued her domestic work. She spoke to no one, and hardly replied to a question, but seemed to be in a state of somnambulism by day and night. Every evening at sunset she went out alone to the graveyard, sat down upon the grave of Amos, and clasped her hands in prayer.

July 20, midnight.—Have just returned from a visit to Mrs. Sampson's. Found Ruth lying on her back, on the floor, dying from a pistol-ball, which had penetrated her lung ; her mother was crouching over her, shrieking and tearing her hair, while a policeman stood by calmly looking on. I first examined the pulse and wound, and found life nearly extinct ; and then, after carefully noting the position of the fallen woman, the direction of the bullet-wound, and the appearance of the room and furniture, inquired of the mother what she knew of the circumstances.

“Since my husband died,” said she, as well as her sobs would permit, “I have been very nervous at night. He was a powerful, courageous man, and I feared nothing ; but since his death I have been in such a state of nervous prostration that the least noise startles me, and I am in daily apprehension. To such a pitch of nervous timidity have I arrived that, unbeknown to my daughter, I bought a pistol, loaded it, and kept it under my pillow at night, that I might be ready for burglars. To-night my daughter and I

retired as usual together. About midnight I was awakened by the noise of the door opening, and some one entering. I was at first bewildered by the sudden awakening; but soon my senses coming to my rescue, I thought of my pistol, and reached for it under the pillow. It was total darkness; but I could hear a footstep, and felt that some one was approaching. I rapidly presented the pistol, and said as firmly as I could:

“ ‘Whoever you are, unless you turn and go back, I shall shoot.’

“The intruder still advanced; I instinctively pulled the trigger and heard a heavy fall. I then arose and lighted a lamp to see who the burglar was. I was so nervous it was a long time before I could find the matches; but when the light fell upon the floor, there lay my own daughter, my only child. I wanted to put the other bullet in my own heart; but my daughter, who was conscious, forgave me, and reminded me that Amos Kimball had prophesied that some one present should follow him within three weeks of his death.”

“And how do you account for your daughter's being out at that time?” said I.

“She must have got up in her sleep and wandered off to Amos Kimball's grave, to pray, as she has done every night. The door was opened without a key turning, so she must have unlocked the door on going out, and left it unlocked.”

“That seems plausible,” said I to the policeman.

“It may be,” observed the policeman, “and is corroborated by what I know about the affair. My beat is near the graveyard, and as I was passing near it a short time ago, I saw a white object standing on its outer wall. The moon was full, and the object appeared so white that for a moment I was at a loss what to call it; but coming under the wall, I saw above me a young girl, clad in a white dress or night-dress, with her hair floating down her neck and back, standing still and looking straight ahead. I spoke to her at last, but she made no reply. I then touched her foot, when she lightly jumped from the wall, and started rapidly down the street. Suspecting now that she was a sleep-walker, I followed her; but she flew so fast that I could not keep up with her, though I sighted the direction. When I at last arrived at this building I heard the pistol-shot, and came up the stairs. This woman had a smoking pistol in her hand, and the young girl lay at her feet. Under the circumstances, I consider it my duty to take her into custody, and let the court decide the matter.”

On the trial it was proved that the daughter was in the habit of wandering off at night, to pray in the graveyard; that she was affected in mind; that mother and daughter were on affectionate terms, and that no earthly motive but insanity or accident could account for it. The wretched mother was accordingly released.

CHAPTER VIII.

TOTTY *vs.* TACKABERRY.

Mrs. LORINDA TACKABERRY was a wealthy young widow who had married her first husband, an elderly merchant, for his money. After his decease she put on the most comely of sad faces, and having run a burnt cork along her eyebrows and drawn a dark semi-circle under her lids, to put her eyes in mourning, and at the same time to set off their brilliancy, she appeared the saddest but sweetest mourner that ever graced a funeral carriage. On her return from the burial ceremonies she was called upon by a gentleman friend of hers, an ardent admirer of her bank account, who remarked, in the most tender tones :

“ Mrs. Tackaberry, you are to-day the most wretched woman in Christendom. You have suffered an irreparable loss. You will be miserable for months, and every time you look up to the portrait of Mr. T. in your parlor, your heart will break, and I have no doubt it is now well-nigh broken. Poor woman, how I sympathize with you in your affliction! Just in the spring of youth and pleasure, to be stricken down with such a blow! Oh, how bereft you feel! how unspeakable your woe!”

Mr. Totty paused a moment, to allow her tears to flow afresh at this touching monody, when she looked up at him and said in a *naïve* way :

“ I didn't know I felt so bad ! ”

This heartless expression is a tell-tale of the woman herself. As for positive good qualities she had none ; but in her defects she was brilliant — a finished coquet, an agreeable flatterer, a generous spendthrift. Her embellishments were an amiable ignorance, a graceful negligence, an elegant slothfulness. Her qualities were all negative, and the only activity she ever showed was in dredging for human hearts in deep-water soundings, And it was less for the sake of winning those who loved her, than for the false glory of beguiling away hearts already belonging to others. There seems to be in every man and woman a passion for hunting, and the object of the chase is not the game but the excitement of the pursuit. In fox-hunting, the hunter, with the greatest care, secures the swiftest horse, and the best-trained hounds. He bounds over wall and ditch at the peril of his life, and pounces upon the panting fox, broken with the chase. The victorious hunter then cuts off the quivering tail to hang up in his hall as a trophy of strength over weakness. He then is ready for another chase. This same hunting feeling is what impels a male flirt to pursue a woman's heart, and a coquet to raid on man's unguarded territory.

This was the lady whom Mr. Totty determined to

win, and he was no better than she. He was one of those hangers-on to society, too shiftless to make his own fortune, and therefore resolved that others should make it for him—a fortune hunter. But his qualities were all positive: he was positively a handsome man, and his dress would have served for a fashion-plate. He wore a dark, navy-blue suit, and flashed in diamond ring and pin, while a heavy gold chain glittered on his vest and anchored him to a gold watch; so that he might be called the *blue and gold edition* of a man. His manners were so graceful and measured that he appeared to be always walking a quadrille. With all this he was positively a bad man, constant in nothing but inconstancy. His face expressed a balance struck between impudence and stupidity, or if the balance was more in favor of the one than the other, it was on the side of impudence. But the most remarkable thing about his face was his smile. He never spoke without smiling: whether it was a serious or solemn subject, or an every-day remark, or whether he was in a towering passion, still he smiled, and it was always the same monotonous smile, that had nothing warm or genial in it; nay, his smile would freeze you, it would poison you, it would annihilate you. It was the fascination of the serpent, that is charming to devour its victim. He had not the slightest doubt that his external blandishments were sufficient to induce the capricious widow to fall in love with him. He was

attentive, persevering and profuse in gifts, and was about to obtain her consent in marriage when she fell dangerously ill of typhoid fever.

I was summoned to the bedside of Mrs. Tackaberry, whom I had previously attended; but being at that moment about to set out on my summer's vacation, requested a young medical friend of mine to take charge of the case. He was the exact antipode of his lovely patient. He was reserved and unobtrusive, and plain in dress, manner and physiognomy; but there was in him an unusual depth of feeling. His voice was low-pitched and soft, and the music of his voice added charms to the earnestness of his manner and the kindness of his words. The young physician became very much interested in her. During the crisis of the disease he passed many nights at her bedside, and through his devotion and watchfulness she was saved. During her convalescence not a word of flattery or compliment flowed from the doctor's lips; but he spoke such eloquent words of encouragement, depicted so vividly the high mission of woman, and lifted her up so from the frivolous life she was leading, that she felt a dawning desire for better things than her past life. As her mind rose in earnestness of purpose she began to love the one who had awakened it in her, and in an outburst of her first true womanly love, told him so. This little episode was followed by an engagement. As she had no sincere respect for Mr. Totty, but had

merely been attracted by his recommendations of show and manner, she determined now, as she was getting better, to dismiss him in a way that would amuse herself and teach him a lesson. Having colored her face with saffron until she was very yellow, she sent him a note saying that as he had been very kind to her and was so anxious to see her, she would be happy to have him call upon her that afternoon. He came in with a bouquet in one hand and a smile of triumph on his face, and was ushered into her chamber.

“Good God,” he exclaimed, in amazement, at sight of her yellow and wasted countenance, “what is the matter with you?”

“The yellow fever,” she said, faintly.

There had been reports of cases of yellow fever in Boston, and much excitement had been caused by it.

Mr. Totty let fall the bouquet and started back panic-stricken.

“I — I — will — call — again,” he gasped; and abruptly started down-stairs and left the house.

The door had scarcely closed when a peal of laughter arose from the case of yellow fever, as she washed off the saffron.

“We shan’t see him again,” said she to her nurse; “but to make things sure I shall write him a note that will clinch the matter.” In a few days she accordingly sent to him the following missive:

MR. TOTTY :

Dear Sir,—My illness has made me a changed woman. The flirt in me is dead, and love will, I hope, regenerate me. If I thought I could love you, I was mistaken in my heart; if I gave you encouragement, I withdraw it. You are not the man I could love, and I would never again marry a man I do not love. It is not me you wanted, and as for myself I want “a man after my own heart,” and one that is after my money can have it at six per cent. on good mortgages.

I hope you have not caught the yellow fever.

Yours respectfully,

MRS. TACKABERRY.

This letter was a great blow to Mr. Totty. All his air-castles were dashed to pieces, and his last dollar was spent. The debts which he hoped to pay after his marriage, and which he had contracted on the strength of his engagement, were now staring him in the face. He had considered himself an accepted suitor, and had been congratulated by his friends, who saw feasts of good things before them. What a humiliation! what a miscalculation! But Mr. Totty was not going to let the matter rest here; he said to himself he would have revenge and indemnity, but would wait a favorable opportunity.

It was not long before Mrs. Tackaberry married the young doctor, and he changed his residence to the elegant mansion she occupied. Instead of going on foot, he now drove in his carriage and received an

aristocratic patronage. Soon after this a suit of breach of promise was filed in court against her by her old admirer. The lovely bride was very much amused, and remarked, laughing, that Mr. Totty would find his suit a suit of mourning before he got through. This was an unusual step for a gentleman to take against a lady ; but he determined to do it, and get redress. The plaintiff came into court armed with letters from her, couched in the most endearing language, which his lawyer read, and then proceeded to paint the picture of his broken heart and blasted hopes, his mental sufferings and the immense expense he had undergone in her behalf. The opposing lawyer disdained to make any plea, but left the case in the hands of the judge, who decided that the plaintiff was nonsuited.

“What does this mean, your honor?” asked Totty, in breathless suspense.

“It means *you did not suit her,*” replied the judge, smiling.

CHAPTER IX.

A NEW REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION.

MR. BAREBONES, a bachelor of about forty or forty-five, thin, ghastly and narrow-shouldered, was a consumptive by profession, and had been so for twenty years. He was of the nervous temperament of hypochondriacs, and disposed by nature to look on the dark side of things. He lived with a maiden sister, who, meek and humble, and having no will of her own, was devotedly attached to her brother. His habits were of the strictest sort. He rose at nine, consulted his thermometer, hydrometer, barometer, weather-vane and the clouds; then, having made up his mind about the weather for the day, sat down to a bowl of mush and milk, and, at ten, was ready to receive his physician, whose duty it was, every day, to look at his tongue, count his pulse, examine his lungs, take his bodily temperature, and compare these results with the chart of the previous day. Being wealthy, Mr. Barebones found no difficulty in being well attended to and humored by his medical counsellor. He had employed, in turn, hydropaths, eclectic, electricians, botanics, spiritualists, and homœopaths. After the medical visit,

he read a few pages in the latest work on consumption, as an appetizer, then sat down to beefsteak and sherry, with cod-liver oil for 'dessert. He always had on tap a cask of cod-liver oil, and had drank it until he was so permeated with it that he left a greasy mark on whatever he touched, his sweat was oily, and there was "an ancient and fish-like smell" about him. As for any tender feelings, there was no tenderloin in his body, and he hated woman as he hated sin. In November, he went to Florida; and, as spring approached, gradually moved northward, following the thermometer as his pole-star.

Once a week, in the afternoon, he went out to the nearest grocery to get weighed. This was an important event, as he had a perfect horror of out-door air. He put on a muffler, a double chest-protector, took a final look at the barometer and the weather-vane, and then, pinning a pocket thermometer on his coat, so as to be informed of the slightest change in the temperature, sallied out. After being weighed with great care, he took out a pocket memorandum-book, and noted down the weight, so as to compare it with his weekly variations. An increase in weight of a few ounces would make him supremely happy. As his greatest wish was to grow fat, so he hoped the cod-liver oil would settle somewhere in his system, and form blubber. On his way home, he would occasionally remove his muffler, and smuggle in a few homœopathic doses of

pure air, as if it was contraband, provided his pocket thermometer indicated a degree higher; but, if the temperature became lower, he would hasten home, in great distress, and only breathe the air filtered through his woollen muffler.

The eccentric man finally sent for me, through a recommendation from a mutual friend, who gave me the above details of his private life. I made a thorough examination of his lungs, and found them as sound as a nut. The natural, breezy sound of inspired air was heard all over his chest; but, on looking into his throat, I discovered an elongated, hanging palate, which, lying upon the base of the tongue, caused a constant tickling sensation, with a desire to cough. The frequent cough had induced dyspepsia, which had brought on hypochondria and emaciation, with loss of strength; and his hypochondria had brought out an eruption of—doctors, who cropped out all around him, and pronounced him in consumption.

“Your debility,” said I, “arose from inaction, and has been kept up by too much medicine and over-heating with clothes; while your cough is kept up by your hanging palate, which is too long, and needs amputation; then, the cause being removed, you can easily get well.”

Mr. Barebones looked at me with incredulity. He had been so accustomed to being told that he was in chronic, incurable consumption, that it had become a

part of his confession of faith ; but then, he was always willing to follow any direction of his physician, and so consented that I should snip it off with scissors. He made a wry face, took a glass of brandy, and, remarking to his sister that his will was signed, and he had not forgotten her, told me to proceed.

After its removal, I said to him, seriously : “ Mr. Barebones, take no more medicine.”

He rose to his feet in amazement. Medicine was the idol which he had set up and worshipped ; and here was an iconoclast destroying the sacred image of his idolatry.

“ Eat according to your appetite,” I pursued, without noticing the interruption, “ and ride horseback two miles in the morning. The best thing for a consumptive is to get into a saddle and *stir-up*. A *galloping* consumption is more easily cured than a slow one.”

Mr. Barebones made a tremendous exclamation. He thought himself laughed at, and became indignant ; but I merely continued, calmly :

“ Throw away your thermometer, barometer, and the rest of your ometers, dress like a Christian, and, above all, get married. There is only one herb you need. You know your life has hitherto been bitter ; take a sweet wife, and she will make *bitter sweet* for you.”

Mr. Barebones now began to rave like a madman ; but his feeble body was not equal to the excitement,

and he fell back on the sofa exhausted. I profited by this forced silence, and left the room. As I went out, I beckoned to his sister to follow me. She was unwilling to leave her invalid brother a moment, and was not satisfied with my prescription; but, on my beckoning again, she slowly followed me down stairs, and I led her into the parlor and shut the door. She appeared a little frightened, as if she had some doubts of my sanity in having treated her consumptive brother in this unsparing manner.

“Miss Barebones,” said I, as gently and kindly as possible, “do you wish your brother restored to health and society?”

“Why, yes, doctor, above all things,” she answered, after a little hesitation.

“Do you know any young widow who would be a suitable person for his wife?”

Miss Barebones got up, and deliberately opened a blind and the curtains, to see whether there was satire or serious intention on my face, and profited by the occasion to take a chair farther off and near the door. She even looked as if she wanted to call for assistance. I repeated my question.

“Yes,” she finally and feebly said.

“Would you remain in bed two weeks to cure your brother?”

She half rose, and looked imploringly towards the door. I repeated my question.

“Certainly, if it could cure him,” with a great deal stress on the word “if.”

“Well, then, Miss Barebones, go to bed, and feign sickness for two weeks. Send for the young widow, and request her to be your nurse. After she is once here, tell her she is also to nurse your brother, and cheer him up as much as possible. I have sowed the seed in your brother’s mind this morning, and, if that widow knows her business, she and your brother will be married in two weeks, or there is no hope for him.”

The sister, who, at first, was opposed to my proposition, now became amused at my singular requirements, and finally entered into the plot. She sent for the widow, who was an intimate friend of hers, and easily persuaded her to undertake the nursing. I called in, after a few days, and saw Mrs. Smartweed, the young widow, who was lively in disposition and attractive in person. She was getting tired of her straitened circumstances; tired of her weeds; tired of a cold bed; tired of only one plate at table; tired of her seclusion from the fashionable world; tired of having no one to tell her mind to when she had a mind to; tired of the pity of the pitying world; tired of everything but the desire of conquest. She therefore considered it as the act of a kind Providence that she was thus *accidentally* thrown upon the desolate island of poor Mr. Barebones. She had seen him before, knew what he was worth, and pitied his fortune immensely; — or, rather (as pity is

akin to love), she loved his fortune and pitied the man. With this state of mind, she was a very fit person to undertake the cure of the patient, and at once proceeded, methodically, to carry out her benevolent intentions.

On the other hand, Mr. Barebones, when he found he must be deprived of his sister's tender solicitude and care, and be waited upon by a comparative stranger, to whom he had an aversion, as to all women, determined to wait upon himself, and diminish his wants. But when he, with a side-glance, saw the pert widow look so sweet, so healthy, so fresh, so neat, he felt something he never felt before; something between shyness and longing; an unexplainable uneasiness, and a desire to get out of the way, and remain, at the same time. He did not have the courage to ask her to examine hisometers; he felt ashamed to call for his third-hour balsam and his cod-liver oil while she was there.

The third day after Mrs. Smartweed's arrival, he ordered a hack, and, returning with a new suit of clothes and his hair cut, made a very respectable figure.

The sister now began to complain, maliciously, that her nurse neglected her too much, and wanted to know if her brother was worse. Mrs. Smartweed colored, and said "no," but that she was trying to keep up his spirits, as she had been directed.

In a week, not a bottle was to be seen in the sick-room but cologne-water and jockey club; the books on

consumption were shut up in the library, and a volume of Tom Hood and "Pickwick Papers" were seen on the reading-table. Mrs. Smartweed's name was written, in a dainty hand, on the fly-leaf, and she had begged the invalid to read the books for her sake, just to cheer him up. He took them, and said he would read them, for her sake; but it was noticed by the widow that he spent more time reading that simple autograph on the fly-leaf than the contents of the book.

In two weeks, Miss Barebones sat up, and said she felt able to see her brother, for the first time. He was sent for, and briskly entered, fashionably dressed and perfumed, a smile on his lips and a little color in his cheeks.

"Why, brother," quizzed the artful one, "how comes this wonderful change?"

"I have been trying a new remedy, which is going to cure me," said he, with a bright look and a little interesting embarrassment.

"And what is that miraculous medicine?"

"Oh, I've left off apothecaries' herbs and taken *widows' weeds*."

CHAPTER X.

THE SECRET OF THE GARRET.

“AT last I am on the track,” soliloquized Mrs. Popinjay, as the postman gave her a letter addressed to her husband in the unmistakable female handwriting. “For the last week he has not been himself. As soon as he gets home he hurries up into the garret, locks the door and stays there alone, except when he is sleeping or eating. What in the world he can be doing among those spider-webs and rubbish I can’t imagine. And then again he goes out for an hour or two every evening, a thing he never did without me since we were married. To cap the climax, here is a letter to him in a lady’s hand, and I’m going to know who my lady gay is. Unless I’m mistaken she will find herself in a hornet’s nest.”

The tear which had come to her eye when she thought of the ten years of happy married life was spitefully wiped away with her apron, and sitting down on the entry stairway, she, without any compunctions of conscience, tore open the envelope and deliberately devoured its contents, as follows: —

MY DARLING :— How unutterably long is the time that we have been separated! How miserable I am in your absence! Every hour, every minute is a burden to me and I know that you are as unhappy as myself. I try every possible device — books, crochet, a walk — nothing can give me any pleasure except looking at your dear features in your photograph, and judging by that happiness I send you mine to keep until you are restored to me. How long are we to be condemned to this misery? When shall you be released from your bondage? But I cannot write. My tears are the ink I am writing with, and I wait with impatience to be clasped again in your arms.

Lovingly,

ALICE.

“That’s lofty,” commented Mrs. Popinjay, sarcastically. “Poor thing, she has a hard time waiting, but I think she’ll have to wait longer than she imagines. And so this is the Alice that is pining for Mr. Popinjay;” and she picked up and attentively scanned the photograph that dropped out of the envelope. “A little wizzen, with shaggy hair like a poodle, eyes full of satanic mischief with eyelashes like Italian awnings, a pert look and full of conceit. I wonder how many times Mr. Popinjay has kissed those impudent lips and wound his arm round that wasp-like waist. She seems to say, I defy you; but she has got the wrong customer to deal with.”

In the midst of this declaration of war, and while her blood was rising up to the boiling-point, Mr. Popinjay

came in with a friendly nod and salutation of affection, and was about to hurry up stairs, when he was stopped by his irate spouse.

"It's a pretty name, isn't it, Mr. Popinjay?"

"What name," he asked, quietly.

"Alice!" she hissed.

"Alice! What Alice are you talking about?"

"That won't do, Mr. Popinjay. Old birds are not to be caught with chaff, so you need not try your chaffing at me."

"You speak in riddles, Sarah."

"No, I don't speak in riddles, Mr. Popinjay. A sweet billet-doux from Alice, with her photograph included and directed to you, fell into my hands and I took the liberty of reading it. You can have the letter if you wish, and Alice into the bargain, if you wish to be relieved from bondage and domestic unhappiness."

The accused took the letter and portrait with a trembling hand, glanced at them, turned pale, and finally said, as he put them into his pocket:

"I know, Sadie, appearances are against me; but you have no cause on my part to be jealous. You ought to know better. We have lived happily, like lovers, for ten years. I have nothing to complain of, and love you as dearly as ever."

"Yes, in partnership," said she, bitterly.

"No, Sadie; I love you and you only."

"False, faithless, truthless man, do you suppose I

am a natural-born fool? Is there more than one interpretation of a letter like that? You could not say the first word to redeem yourself." She hesitated a moment, and her womanly curiosity getting the upper hand, added, "Could you?"

"Yes, Sadie, I could exonerate myself; but at present it is impossible for me to speak. Call it secret if you will. I must keep it, for unfortunately you are given to loud whispering. A thing whispered into one ear is heard all over the whole town. A woman's ear appears to be a telephone — whisper a secret in it and it is conveyed like lightning to all the stations on her circuit."

He then went up-stairs with a heavy heart, and she, at length, overcome by anger, jealousy and unsatisfied curiosity, sat down and had a good cry.

It was said by one of the ancients, that jealousy proceeds from too much love. There appear to be two kinds of jealousy,—a laudable jealousy, proceeding from deep and sincere love which desires that the same love shall be returned in kind, and be evidenced by actions more than words; a despicable jealousy, which is only another word for selfishness, as when a husband wishes to get every enjoyment out of life and yet is unwilling to share with his wife, and unwilling that she should reap any enjoyment unless he is a partner in it likewise. The former is reluctant to let the loved object be a cynosure of other admiring eyes because he wants

all those charms to enjoy himself. The latter, like the dog in the manger, neither appreciates his wife's blandishments nor will allow others to do so. In the present case we will concede the former to be the jealousy of Mrs. Popinjay. She was jealous of her husband because she loved him, and would have him all to herself, for all her happiness was in him.

A day or two after the above family jar, Mrs. Popinjay sat in her chamber reading and watching. It was midnight, and still her husband did not return. This was something unprecedented. She felt that she was neglected, abandoned and derided for the sake of the satanic Alice. She finally hurled her book to the floor, wiped her red eyes, and then throwing herself on the bed was soon fast asleep. Her next act of consciousness was hearing the front door shut. She listened, and in the dead silence thought she heard a voice, and straining her ears became certain it was a woman's voice followed by her husband's in suppressed tones. Her first impulse was to seize some weapon and rush at the false one; her second thought was to remain quiet and wait the sequel. She heard the pair go up-stairs and occasionally utter "hush," and finally enter the garret and lock the door.

"Now I have him in the trap," thought she, "and let not excitement get the better of discretion. I must have witnesses;" and putting on her waterproof, she

sallied out to a night policeman on her street, to whom she related an outline of her story, and requested him to accompany her and catch the knave in *flagrante delicto*.

They carefully went up, armed with an axe, and at her request he gave a tremendous blow against the door, which immediately gave way, and the two entered the mysterious garret.

An old-fashioned garret is a curious place to visit. It brings back reminiscences of many scenes and ancient customs. It is there that our childhood loved to play and sit and ponder over the quaint objects with which it is encumbered. There is grandfather's straight-backed chair, where he used to sit and tell the stories of the redskins and redcoats. There is grandmother's spinning-wheel, on which the wool of a thousand sheep have been spun to the tune of its cheerful hum. There is the huge black-covered family Bible (with the family record in it), which was read every morning and evening, and was always new and comforting. There is an incomplete blue tea-set of a hundred years ago, which used to adorn the tidied kitchen when the worthy pastor or squire called. There too is a pair of brass andirons which looked like gold when the crackling logs sent up a living flame in which were miniature sky-rockets of bursting sparks. There is a broken musket which had killed many an Indian, many a bear and many a redcoat, according to grandfather's delightful tales. There is a monstrous bass-viol which had been

the wonder and admiration of the little church in which it was played every Sunday. These objects, tapestried with cobwebs and upholstered with dust, with heaps of moth-eaten old clothes and old papers, formed the furniture of this old gable garret.

To the astonishment of the intruders there were three persons in the garret. The unknown lady was sitting on the knees and clasped in the arms of a stranger who was occupying the old arm-chair, while Mr. Popinjay, with his handkerchief to his eyes, was sitting on an old drum.

There was an outburst of silence on both sides.

Mrs. Popinjay felt as if she, like the cuckoo, had got into the wrong nest, and the policeman's eyes started from their orbits. He turned a fierce glance at Mrs. Popinjay, and said, harshly: "A pretty mess you've got me into."

"Mr. Popinjay," said she, without noticing the patrolman, "what does all this mean? I thought you were bringing a lady with you up here, and I was indignant."

"I will explain all if you will first attend the policeman to the door, as his services are no longer wanted," said her husband, in a severe and mortified tone. "I had hoped," he continued, after his wife had returned again to the garret, "to keep this secret a few days more; but as your jealousy has carried you to this extent, I must tell you the whole story. "This gentle-

man is my friend, Mr. Scratchet, and this lady, his wife, is Alice Scratchet."

Mrs. Popinjay bowed and looked humiliated.

"My friend Scratchet," pursued the narrator, "had the misfortune to have trouble with a good-for-nothing upstart named Brigley, and after some altercation, this jackanapes called my friend a liar. The result of this was a challenge and a duel, in which my friend was unfortunate enough to shoot Brigley, who is now lying in a dangerous condition. Of course a warrant for Scratchet's arrest was issued, and I offered him an asylum until the vagabond's life or death was known. This was a secure place and I brought him here one night, and I did not deem it prudent to let you into the secret, because I am so well acquainted with the unfortunate weakness of your tongue. I came up here daily to bring his food, comfort him and communicate bulletins of the wounded man. The letter was written by Mrs. Scratchet to him, and addressed to me, to avoid detection, and now, to-night, his anxious wife, unable longer to bear the absence from her husband in his suspense, obtained my consent to visit the prisoner at night."

Mrs. Popinjay threw herself into her husband's arms, asked forgiveness and expressed sympathy for the duellist; and last, and best of all, seized by the hand the faithful Alice and begged her friendship.

"I find," said Mr. Popinjay, jocosely, "that the old

adage applies to me but not to Scratchet: if you *do well* you need fear no consequences."

The wounded duellist had fallen in my hands by the merest accident. I was passing my vacation in the town where the combat took place, and was strolling the woods, when the report of firearms brought me to the spot. I stated my name and offered my services, and as the parties had no surgeon, they were accepted. I had the wounded man removed to the county inn, and taken care of. I was fortunate enough to remove the bullet, which lodged in the humerus of the left arm. Mr. Popinjay came down from town every day or two to get my bulletins, and I telegraphed when he did not come. The only ontoward complication was erysipelas, which terminated favorably, and the man made a good recovery. After the affair was all over, Popinjay related to me both what he knew himself, and what his wife had told him about the details of the curious circumstances which had well-nigh broken up a happy home.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SON'S FATHER.

A PHYSICIAN is often put off his guard by the deliberate intention to deceive on the part of the patient. I once heard Prof. Nelaton, of Paris, say, that the statement of a patient must always be taken with a great deal of allowance, as they often have a secret reason for pretending sickness, or a mania for misleading their medical attendant. I remember an instance of considerable confusion, arising from an attempt to cover up some wickedness by imposing on a physician.

Guy Totters was a young man — too smart for a fool, not smart enough for a sensible man ; but, rather, like a quack's prescriptions — a mixture of good intentions and bad results. He was constantly indulging in good resolutions ; but this was mere theoretical work, for, practically, he never did anything right, moral, or good. He was a prodigal son ; but, unlike the renowned one of old, he did not wander away into strange lands, but stayed at home to do his rioting ; and so faithfully did he do it, that his father, disgusted, annoyed, discouraged and heart-broken, decided to go off into distant lands to get rid of maintaining his vagabond

son, and of the annoyance of his conduct. The old gentleman joined a party of Western emigrants, and left, in his son's charge, his modest house, with its furniture, as this son was the only surviving member of his family. Young Totters rioted now worse than ever. He mortgaged the furniture, and finally sold it; then mortgaged the house, on the supposition that his father was dead, and finally sold that.

After many years, his father finally returned home, having previously written to his son to meet him at the depot on his arrival. The happy father, forgetful of the past, embraced his son, imagined he saw regeneration in his face, and rejoiced in the prospect of settling down in his old home with his dutiful and reformed son. The son, however, had very different feelings; he was torturing himself with thoughts of how he could make known to his father that all was gone and he was a villain. As he looked into the beaming face of the old man, his heart sank, and he determined to use some stratagem, at least, to postpone an explanation of the true state of affairs.

At the old gentleman's suggestion that he was in a hurry to see again his old homestead, his son, with a sudden thought, remarked:

"I don't think we had better go home now, for I have let the house, and the tenant, a lady, who has lately become crazy, imagines she owns the house, and talks all kinds of nonsense."

“I am all the more anxious to go, so as to warn her out, and look out for my furniture,” returned the old miner, bristling up and setting off.

Guy's importunities being in vain, he observed, unconcernedly,—

“I guess I'll run ahead, while you rest a moment, and inform the lady of your coming, so as not to frighten her, and bring out one of her terrible attacks of raving. You would sooner face a lioness than face her.” With these words he left his father, and hastened on and called upon the lady to whom he had sold the house.

“Mrs. Bowes, said he, out of breath, and with great trepidation, “my father, whom I supposed to be dead, has just returned home insane. He thinks he still owns the house, although he gave it to me prior to his departure; but he talks at random, and you mustn't mind what he says. Just side in with him, and all will go well. If you oppose him, you would sooner face a lion than face him. I shall ship him off to the asylum in a few days.”

By this time Mr. Totters senior arrived. He kept a safe distance from the door, and eyed Mrs. Bowes curiously. He evidently did not feel as courageous as he had promised to be, but still he stood his ground.

“I am Mr. Totters, the owner of this house,” said he, timidly, bowing to Mrs. Bowes. “I have come to

take possession and give you notice to quit at once, as I wish to occupy it."

"Well, Mr. Totters," retorted the lady, — who had likewise looked at her antagonist with a suspicious eye, expecting every moment to see him fly at her, — "well, Mr. Totters, there must be two owners then, as this is my house, and I do not propose to get out nor to allow you to come in."

"But you will have to, Mrs. Bowes."

"But I won't, Mr. Totters."

"Don't you think, Mrs. Bowes, you had better go to some hospital, until your head is better?"

"Go to the hospital yourself, Mr. Totters, until your head gets level enough not to come here and endeavor to domineer over other people's property."

At this Mr. Totters took his son aside, and whispered to him :

"Go, Guy, and get a physician at once, and we will get her off to the asylum."

During this time, Mrs. Bowes whispered to her daughter :

"Lucy, go for Dr. Crane, immediately, and he will make out a certificate of insanity of Mr. Totters, and we will get rid of him in that way."

The two messengers started off in different directions, but poor Guy was in a state of terrible excitement as to how he should get out of the scrape. He concluded he would call a physician and trust the good fortune

which had always befriended him. He accordingly called upon me, and stated that an insane woman was causing great trouble in his father's house by claiming it as hers, and making great disturbance, and desired me to go with him and make out the papers for her removal. I at once went with the young man, and was introduced to Mrs. Bowes, whom I found in a great state of excitement. I began carefully by stating that her friend, feeling anxious about her health, had sent for me to see her, and relieve her if possible.

"I believe you do not feel well, Mrs. Bowes," said I.

"Indeed I do," she replied, stiffly.

"I mean your head troubles you; you feel confused and dizzy, and your memory is gone."

"Nothing of the sort, sir; my memory is good enough, and my head is all right. I am not in need of your services."

I felt a little staggered, but pursued:

"But perhaps you are low-spirited, and feel as if you wanted to make way with yourself or somebody else."

"I felt well enough until a crazy gentleman came here and pretended to own my house, and he nearly drove me distracted. I can show you my deed of the premises;" and she produced it, which I found to be correct.

By this time, my friend Dr. Crane had arrived, to whom I related the state of things, when he remarked that I had made a mistake in the person, as he had

been sent for to examine a certain Mr. Totters, a raving maniac.

I could do no otherwise than assent to his views, and we proceeded to interview the old gentleman, who was walking back and forth and talking to himself in an excited manner.

“How long have you been troubled in your mind, Mr. Totters?” asked Dr. Crane.

Mr. Totters stood still, brushed his hand across his forehead, as if to settle his thoughts, and stared at the doctor a moment, and then answered, excitedly :

“Troubled in my mind ! I’ve been troubled all my lifetime, sir ; I have a son who has been my ruin, and now a crazy woman has nearly upset me.”

“A common thing,” whispered Dr. Crane to me, “that insane people imagine some one is persecuting them.”

“Did you ever feel, Mr. Totters,” continued the doctor, “that life was a burden that you wanted to get rid of? Have you never tried to jump out of a window, or press your razor into the jugular in shaving, or tried to suspend yourself with a clothes-line, or made a target of your heart with a pistol?”

The doctor looked at me triumphantly.

“Well, sir,” slowly said the old gentleman, “I have been tired of other people a great many times, and have sometimes felt as if I would like to make way with the wickedest of them ; but I never yet was tired of myself.”

“Do you ever feel confused in your head, or at a loss for words to express yourself?”

“No, sir, I never felt confused until I came here to-day and found a woman occupying my house, and calling it hers. They say she is insane.”

Dr. Crane looked at me, and I looked at him, in bewilderment. We retired together to talk over the case, and were soon rejoined by the mischief-making young scamp, who made a clean breast of the matter, and related the history of his transactions from the beginning. He had seen his father's name in an obituary notice, and, on the strength of that, had sold the house. He seemed very penitent, and promised to turn over a new leaf; but whether he meant to turn over a new leaf of his deviltry or a new leaf of a better life was not made very clear to me.

Dr. Crane and myself now came back to the bewildered pair, and we frankly told them the story of the mischief, and advised them to consult a lawyer to disentangle the web. We subsequently learned that the old gentleman took the conciliating plan of uniting the rival claims by marriage with Mrs. Bowes, and saving the expense of a lawsuit.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FATAL HANDKERCHIEF.

ON my arrival at Paris to pursue my medical studies, in 1864, my first point was to look for suitable lodgings, which, after much searching, I found in the fourth story of a furnished hotel in the Ancienne Comedie, a street in the Latin quarter, as it is called. The Latin quarter is that part of Paris immediately surrounding the medical school, and made notorious by the presence and eccentric customs of a thousand medical students. It is so different from the rest of Paris, that it is almost a city within a city. The students, coming as they do from every country in Europe, speak every known language, observe every foreign custom; and though they study the most serious of professions, manifest the rapid flash of passions and pleasure which belongs to youth.

Notwithstanding I was in the gayest metropolis in the world, with everything around me to allure and captivate, with everything to draw me out of myself and dazzle me with the ever-moving panorama before my eyes, I became afflicted with that wretched disease, homesickness. A bustling crowd is not society, the

merry laugh of strangers is not a solace if a man is a stranger in a strange land ; the more people he sees the more he feels his isolated position, the more he sighs for only one heart to pour out all he feels and sees. A venerable head to which I had been accustomed to look for counsel would rise up in my mind, like Fingal from the mists, and younger hearts with sunny hair and loved voices would appear in the background. I spoke French, but imperfectly ; I had no acquaintances ; I stood alone in the midst of three million people.

My landlord, M. De Brion, noticing my despondency, introduced me to a young girl named Marie, who lived on the same floor as myself, and who earned her living by sewing shoes. She was about eighteen, full of vivacity, the caprice, the thoughtlessness, the passions which mark French grisettes or shop-girls. She at once became interested in my welfare, aided me in my study of French, sang away my melancholy, and gave me vivacious commentaries on all my experiences in the great city. Marie had a lover, likewise a medical student, named Emil Pozzi, to whom she was very devoted, and who apparently was equally so to her. I noticed, soon, that he did not look with a kindly eye on my visits to Marie, and was evidently jealous of me, although I endeavored to visit her only in his presence. She was my only substitute for home, with all its life, and I was grateful to her for it, and esteemed her for her virtue and purity, which shone in every word and act.

One day as I was reading Gray's Anatomy in my room, I heard loud voices in the adjacent one, and soon Pozzi, without waiting to knock, bounded in, and exhibiting a handkerchief and pointing to my initials upon it, cried,—

“ Whose is this ? ”

“ It is mine,” I replied.

“ And how came it in Marie's chamber ? ”

“ That I do not know,” I returned.

By this time, Marie, attracted by the loud voices, had followed him, and with tears and entreaties asserted her innocence and ignorance of the fatal handkerchief. They then returned to her room, where the altercation continued for a long time, but finally ceased by his leaving the house, at the suggestion of the landlord, who was passing by. In the evening I heard groans in her room, but on knocking heard no reply. I called up the landlord, who unlocked the door and found poor Marie stretched upon the floor, insensible and suffering. On her table was a tumbler, in which was a bunch of wet matches. I knew then what it all meant. It is a common method of suicide in Paris to soak matches in water and then drink it. Marie was of a very excitable temperament, and unreasonable in her caprices, and in the insanity of a lover's quarrel had taken the phosphorus water. Her breath had a garlic odor, and when she vomited the vomita were luminous and phosphorescent, as if she were breathing

out lurid flames. I recommended her to be taken to the hospital of Hotel Dieu, and an ambulance was at once sent for. The poor girl answered no questions, but kept her hand pressed over her stomach, and moaned. While we were preparing to get her removed, Pozzi came plunging into the room, and gazed at her with a look, half of disdain and half of tender emotion; but said nothing. Presently, in came Finette, her little black-and-tan dog, and happening to look at it, I saw one of my handkerchiefs in its mouth. It had been accustomed to run in and out of my room at will.

“There, sir,” said I, to the young student, “there is the cause of all this mischief; there is the one that brought in here, unknown to myself, my handkerchief; and all this misery is brought about by so trifling a cause.”

The young man looked at Finette, then at Marie, and with a groan rushed from the room.

If you sink a pole in water, the part beneath the surface seems bent; and we are too apt to believe it is so, and take it for granted, because it looks so. The most miserable, the most deceitful habit in life is taking things for granted. In trifling, as well as important acts, the slothful reliance on circumstantial evidence recoils on one's self. The whole structure which jealousy builds up is generally founded on the sandy foundation of trifles thin as air. In our eagerness to leap to conclusions we, like Laodamia, believe a shadow and embrace a delusive phantom.

Marie was conveyed to the service of Prof. Grisolle, who did everything in his power for her. All my leisure time I passed at her bedside endeavoring to alleviate her sufferings. She became jaundiced, her pulse beat thready, she began to vomit dark blood, and gradually sank into convulsions and died. The only words she spoke during her two weeks' sickness were "Emil Pozzi," uttered faintly, and at long intervals,

I was very much affected at this tragical affair. I had been the innocent cause of the most appalling misery and death. What could I do? I could do nothing but lament over her untimely fate. But I felt that I must distract myself. I must find some way of lifting the pall that was settling over me. And experience has taught me that the best consoler after losses, the best reviver from mental trouble, the best confidant in distress, is work. If a man who has lost either friend or fortune, instead of settling down in gloom and discouragement, would again begin to work, he would find it the best comforter and best substitute for the dead, and the surest means to the resurrection of his lost fortune. Words of sympathy in bereavement bring nothing back again, and leave the heart as heavy as before; but work lifts the curtain that was shutting out the vista of the future.

I decided, therefore, to begin my dissections in the *école pratique* or students' dissecting-room. Equipped

with my blouse, my case of instruments, and Gray's Anatomy, I for the first time entered the room and called for the prosector, or demonstrator of anatomy. The room was about twenty feet by thirty; at each end was a grim and white skeleton suspended within a wire casing, as if it had been a wild animal in its cage. On the walls were large anatomical plates, exhibiting the most important sections of the body. There were about fifteen tables, and on each a dead body, around which were four busy students, one to each limb. These students, wearing scarlet caps with tassels, and having cigarettes in their mouths, were of every nation, and of that joyous age when trouble is quickly forgotten or ignored. Although laughing and jesting, they were diligent and enthusiastic in their work. I was riveted to the spot; a charnel-house smell almost stopped my breath, and I gazed speechless at the mysteries which were unfolding themselves under the scalpel of those dissectors. What before was a brain, bubbling with thought, was now a round heap of fatty convolutions with veins creeping around them in serpentine meanderings. An arm that once was round and beautiful, or strong to wield a sledge-hammer, was here so opened that you could see the red muscles lying side by side powerless forever. Within the chest you could see the cold heart that once moved in rhythm, the very poetry of movement, now lying open and yawning with its bloodless cavities. What was wanting to set

chis machine in motion? It was something that could not be dissected nor explored; it was intangible, immortal force called soul.

I finally was roused from my reverie by the demonstrator, who asked me for my student's card, and then took me to an empty table, on which in a few moments the porters laid a new body.

"That's Pozzi's Marie," said a student beside me.

I looked up and saw the frozen body of the unfortunate girl. Poor little Marie! willing to die because her lover said he loved her no longer. But could she have died if she had known what was to happen to her body? Would they not let her have that long, long rest that she wanted? Denied a few feet of earth to shelter her desecrated body, denied the tears of father and mother at the last resting-place, denied the Christian services of a simple burial, denied the footsteps of the few that would have witnessed her earth to earth, there she lay, beautiful in death, exposed to the gloating glances of wanton men, exposed to the mutilation of unfeeling hands. Poor Marie, have you come to this?

As I stood gazing at the still beautiful features, another student came forward. It was Emil Pozzi, her lover. When he saw me, his face darkened, his eyes flashed, and he said in sneering tones,—

"There, take your Marie now!"

I made no reply, but pointed to the left arm of

the corpse, on which, above the elbow, was tattooed the words, "*I swear to love Emil Pozzi until death.*"

He started, and fixed his glaring eyes on the arm, then bending down imprinted a kiss on her profaned lips, and fled from the room.

I could not plunge my scalpel into that form. Those tattooed words in red ink seemed like links of burning coals, and made me shudder. In the height of her love and enthusiasm Marie wished the oath of love to be always staring her in the face. I felt awe in the presence of the dead. To anatomize the body which once was the delight of many, seemed sacrilege. The soul which once animated this statue carved in flesh, the wit which flowed from those lips, the voice which once thrilled every listening ear, were hushed forever; but still the remains which could not defend themselves from the knife filled me with a dread solemnity. A fellow student boldly plunged in his scalpel and began to uncover the long muscles. With the excuse that I preferred to dissect at home, I begged my comrade to disjoint the left arm, allotted to me, and I would carry it home. He did so, and I bore away the fearful bundle to my room. My first intentions were not clear, even to myself, but I wished to save from desecration all I could of the body. But what could I do with my arm? I was not superstitious; but the presence of that arm, with its red tattooed letters, in my room at night, made me uneasy. I tried a cigar, a book, a glass of wine,

but in vain. At length the air of the room seemed stifling, and I went out and strolled at random until midnight, when I returned with the determination to preserve the arm until the rest of the body was fully dissected, and then, procuring the bones from my fellow students, give them a decent burial. I shuddered as I entered. I could not go to bed with that ghastly arm in my room; but with a sudden thought I took up the bundle and carried it to a little closet I had seen, opening into the corridor, and laid it upon an upper shelf. The following day I went to the dissecting-rooms and made arrangements with the students at my table to have the bones as they were ready. In about a week or ten days the bones were ready for me, and when night came I went to the closet for the arm, reached up for the package, put it under my cloak and was about to go, when a policeman tapped me on the shoulder, who, concealed in an opposite room, had been waiting to see who should come for the package. Without any ceremony or conversation he took me to the Conciergerie or station, and kept me until morning, and had an interview with Pietri, chief of the police. I found out that a woman had been murdered a few days before in some part of Paris, and her body had disappeared. The odor of decay of the arm had attracted the attention of the landlord, who, on opening the bundle and discovering the arm, had informed Pietri. Although medical students keep a skeleton, they never have

entire sections of the body, and therefore this was an unusual and suspicious case.

I produced my medical card and related the circumstances of my obtaining the arm, which, on examination, were verified, and I was set at liberty.

I had the remains put into a box and taken to Meudon, a little village near Paris, where I had often been for recreation, and got a laborer to dig a grave under a favorite tree of the forest near the village, and laid the box in it. Poor Marie! I was the only mourner; but I felt a sincere satisfaction in laying away those remains, and I believed I had done all in my power to make compensation for the tragedy of the fatal but innocent handkerchief.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MAN WHO DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO BE SICK.

MR. DADDY was a chubby little man, with a large face and a stubby blunt nose perforated with huge nostrils, and, having a nasal catarrh, had acquired a habit of snuffing up; and so powerful was the suction that one felt uncertain whether he ate like other people or snuffed up his drink like an elephant. When he was not snuffing up he was sneezing. Whether the sneezing was owing to a morbid sensitiveness of the schneiderian membrane of the nose, or an effect of the catarrh, or whether it had become a habit, the result was the same, and he all day long was making the same noise as a steam-engine just getting under way — Cheeough! Cheeough! Cheeough! Ke-chu! He had never been sick, and never had a doctor in his life; but now was taken with quinsy and severe cold in his head, and sneezed worse than ever; in fact, he was up to his knees in trouble.

Mr. Daddy was a single gentleman, as far as a wife was concerned, but had a double in the shape of an intimate friend, named Popp, who occupied the same apartments. Popp was a thin man, with a dash of

baldness on his head, but a *balder dash* in it ; for, with the best intentions, he was always uttering the most stupid remarks, getting into trouble from his innocence and want of practical knowledge ; but, withal, he was very devoted to his friend Daddy. In the present emergency Popp voluntarily offered his services as nurse, and proceeded to enter upon its duties. His first move was to go and get a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, a bottle of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, and Nature's Universal Catarrh Remedy. He felt proud of his position of nurse, and determined his friend should not die for want of care. He accordingly administered these remedies, one after the other, in promiscuous confusion, until there appeared to be something brewing or fermenting in poor Daddy's stomach, or rather an *intestine war* of opposing elements. Having now set the medicines in active circulation, Popp went out and ordered in a most epicurean dinner of fowl, roast meat, vegetables, and ale. "There," thought he, "if that does not tempt his appetite, nothing can." Popp evidently meant well enough, but the very sight of food made Daddy sicker than ever, and the smell of it made him start his engine — Cheeough ! Cheeough ! Cheeough ! Ke-chu ! Ke-choo-oo ! The more he did the more Daddy complained, and, beginning to feel discouraged, he thought of his flute, which had always awakened such response in the soul of his friend Daddy. His flute was made of horn, and he used to call it, jocosely,

his hornpipe ; but by the way he blew, and the breeze he set up in his blowing, he ought to have called it his *windpipe*. He pursed up his lips and polkaed his fingers over the holes, and blew as if he was blowing out an obstinate candle. He started off with "Money Musk" and "Life let us Cherish," dodged off into "Billy Barlow," and wound up with "Polly Hopkins," and at the end of each asked, in triumphant tones,—
"There, doesn't your throat feel better now?"

Poor Daddy made a wry face and shook his head, but could only articulate Cheeough! Cheeough! Cheeough! Ke-chu! Ke-choo-oo! At length, Popp being really frightened, and being at his wit's end (if there was ever any beginning of it), held a council of war with the patient, in which it was determined to send for a physician, and I was accordingly summoned.

Mr. Daddy sat in an arm-chair, with night-cap and dressing-gown on, and his feet plunged in a pail of hot water. His throat was swaddled in flannel, soaked in vinegar, and his neck had soaked in it till it had a pickled look. I asked him to let me examine his throat, with a spoon. He opened his mouth a sixteenth of an inch, and made a horrible grimace, but I could not coax the spoon in.

"He doesn't know how to be sick," whispered Popp, sympathetically. "He was never sick before in his life;" and then raising his voice, he added, "Do, Alonzo, open your mouth for the doctor."

“I can’t,” he squeezed out, in gutteral tones, through his teeth.

“You see, doctor,” whispered Popp, affectionately, “he can’t.”

Popp did all his conversing to me in a whisper. Whether he thought that talking out loud would hurt the patient’s throat, or whether he wished to be confidential, I did not know. He then added,—

“You see, doctor, he doesn’t know how to be sick; and he can’t even talk, his nose is so stopped up.”

“When a man with a cold in his head wishes to talk,” said I, “he should remember that it is a *word and a blow*, and the blow should come first. His nose may be sore, and he may dread it, but the first *blow* is half the battle.”

Daddy did not smile at my remark, but looked more miserable than ever, and after several skirmishes made out to explode his usual — Cheeough! Cheeough! Cheeough! Ke-chu! Ke-choo-oo! and then worried out in sepulchral tone,—

“Do you think I am dying?”

“There, you see, doctor,” whispered Popp, “he doesn’t know how to be sick. He imagines all the time that he is dying, because a man in this house died lately; but dying isn’t catching, is it?”

The next morning I came, and found him no better.

“Did you take the gargle as I directed?” I inquired.

Daddy now found so much difficulty in talking that

he called for pen and ink, and wrote down his replies.

“Yes, I did take it, and I thought it would almost kill me. It was horrible to swallow, and I could not gargle. I don’t know how. When I try it almost suffocates me, and the gargle flies out of my nose and mouth and eyes. Now just see me try,” and taking a teaspoonful of water he made a guttural noise of Geugh! Geugh! Geugh-rr! Gur-gur! Gur-rrr! and then, with horrible contortions, water seemed to shoot out of every opening in his head. It seemed as if he could not get his breath, when Popp seized the tumbler of water and dashed it full in his face. Daddy came to with a gasp, followed by Cheeough! Cheeough! Cheeough! After he was a little rested, he continued his written remarks.

“As I couldn’t gargle, Popp suggested that it would save time and trouble to take it all at once, instead of a spoonful every hour, as you ordered, so I did so.”

“You see,” said Popp, “he doesn’t know how to be sick.”

Daddy now wrote that he was strangling to death and could not survive two hours unless something were done to relieve him. I pacified him by telling him that I would leave a remedy that would make him all right in a few hours. I then took Popp aside, so as not to frighten Daddy, and said:—

“There is only one way to relieve your friend, and that is with leeches. Get half a dozen for him and let him try them. Be sure and get fresh ones. After they are all done, put a little salt on them and put them in water. You can get them of the apothecary.”

“All right,” he whispered, “I’ll follow your orders.”

The next day I found Daddy much worse, and no sign of leech marks. I was enraged at Popp’s stupidity. He was well-meaning enough, but entirely ignorant of all nursing, and I regretted I had let him go on.

“You did not put the leeches on, Popp,” cried I, savagely. “What did you do with them?”

“Do with them? Why, I gave them to Daddy, to be sure. I made a soup of them, as you directed, and he drank the broth, and worried down the pieces cut up fine.”

“Was that leeches you gave me?” wrote the patient, with horror in his countenance.

“Why, yes,” replied Popp, innocently. “The doctor ordered you half a dozen leeches, good and fresh, done in water, with a little salt added after they were done.”

Daddy raved on paper, and swore like a pirate, with his pen. Popp looked aghast and speechless, while I burst out laughing.

I told Popp, gently, that we must have another

nurse, and sent him off for one, and as he went off I said to Daddy,—

“There, you’ll get better now. That little weasel of a Popp didn’t work to your advantage, so I’m glad he’s going away, and when he goes — ‘Pop goes the weasel!’”

CHAPTER XIV.

THE OLD PIANO.

MANY years ago I attended a sick child named Merry Morris. Her real name was Mary; but the uniform gayety of her disposition had won for her the appropriate epithet of Merry. She was the only daughter of wealthy parents, and surrounded by every luxury. The child, who was sick with pneumonia, suffered very much, and only one thing could soothe and make her sleep. It was not medicine, nor kind words, nor playthings, nor promises, nor confectionery, all of which made no sensible impression upon her; but it was the lullaby of soft melodies played on the piano. When her mother sat down to play, the child would cease her moaning, open her dark eyes in ecstasy, and clasp her tiny hands together; and then, soon after, close her eyelids and fall into a gentle slumber. Whenever the mother stopped her playing before the child was ready to sleep, she would say, artlessly: "Mamma, it isn't time to play amen yet."

She had noticed that when her mother prayed she said "amen" at its close. And when her intoxicated father came in and annoyed her with his abuse and

loquacity, she would say: "Mamma, isn't it time for papa to say amen?"

This lovely and innocent child got well, and I heard no more from her for ten years, when I was one day summoned to a dilapidated hovel near the city dumps. Creaky steps led up to the tenement, and through a broken doorway I passed to the bedside of a woman in consumption. I was about to examine her when she whispered her name. It was Mrs. Morris.

"It is not medicine that I want," said she, in the hoarse voice of the last stages of this wasting disease; "it is not for myself I call you; it is only to make a request, a dying request, about the disposal of my daughter. We prospered until my husband began to drink, and perhaps gamble, and then all was rapidly swept away, until finally he was convicted of arson and now lies in prison. He had set fire to a block of mortgaged houses belonging to him, for the insurance. After paying all his debts I found myself penniless, and finally drifted to this awful place."

She paused a moment to cough and drink a little cold tea. I saw that she was too exhausted to continue her story, and therefore, in order to give her time to recover herself, told her I would go into the other room a moment and see her daughter. I had to cross an entry to enter the room, and hearing voices as I opened the door, I stopped a moment on the threshold to see what it meant. In the middle of the room, with his back to-

wards me, stood a coarse-looking man, with his hat on his head and a pipe in his mouth. His clothes were dirty and oily, and he held a written paper, which he seemed studying. Near him stood a young girl of about thirteen. Her eyes were black and lustrous, her form slender and graceful, and her features regular but very pale. She was leaning upon a piano, a beautiful rosewood, which contrasted strangely with the otherwise poor and deserted appearance of the room.

“But I must take it away to-day,” growled the stranger, looking up from his paper, and blowing out a whiff from his stubby, strong pipe.

“Mr. Biggs,” implored the young girl, “that piano is all that is left me of my old home. I have played on it since I was six years old, and mother played on it before me. Every key has a sound as familiar as her voice, and it is the only thing that eases her when she is suffering. I have no friends nor amusements, and my only comfort is to sit down to it and talk to it with my fingers, and it knows me well, it understands my touch and makes the sweetest music I ever heard. Mother will soon be gone, and then this will be all I have left.”

The poor girl, having spoken with the natural eloquence which only distress and innocence can give, covered up her wet eyes with her apron and endeavored to smother her sobs.

The man looked at the child a few moments in silence,

and then, as if trying to give himself courage, said in a loud voice :

“ I loaned your mother money on that piano, and she gave me a mortgage on it, and now the time is expired, I am going to foreclose and sell it, that’s all. She’s paid me no interest nor anything, nor never can, and I must have what belongs to me. Business is business, little girl. I’d sooner talked with your mother, if she wasn’t so low ; but I must have the money or the piano, anyhow ; it’s my duty to my family.”

“ But I will pay it, Mr. Biggs ! ” cried the girl suddenly, uncovering her dripping eyes and looking fixedly at the man.

“ You will pay it ! ” he sneered, with a laugh, “ and how will you do it ? ”

“ I will sing and play the piano, and earn money, if you will only wait.”

“ A little thing like you sing ! ” he muttered in derision.

The child reddened and then paled, but without saying more sat down on the piano-stool, and after striking a few chords sang “ The Old Oaken Bucket.” The dear child put into this sweet melody a pathos which made a thrill pass over me. Her voice was high, quite powerful, and very tender, and she seemed herself to tremble with her own feeling.

The man gazed upon her in silence. Soon he took off his hat and put his pipe into his pocket, and when she ended he said, simply :

“You may keep it, little girl ; I will wait.” His voice trembled and he abruptly left the room without appearing to notice me. I followed him down stairs and asked him the amount of the mortgage, which, as I supposed, was a trifling sum. I went with him to his second-hand furniture store and took up the mortgage.

The next day I had the mother removed to the hospital, and taking the girl to a distinguished music-teacher, he at once pronounced her a child of unmistakable talent and offered to educate her, and receive his remuneration from her in the future.

Ten years more passed away and I was a listener in a concert at Music Hall, to a *debutante* who had just returned from Italy, whither she had been sent to perfect herself in opera singing. The prima donna received an ovation, a perfect triumph. It was Merry Morris. The promise, the foretaste, the bud of youth, had been realized. She was a queen of womahood and a queen of song.

After the concert I entered the retiring-room to pay my respects to her. The songstress welcomed me heartily.

“You are an assured success,” said I, “and will be flattered and fêted as is your due ; but I want to give you a little talisman which shall shield you from the effects of too much adulation, and which will be a precious memento of other and different days,” and I

handed her Biggs' old mortgage on her mother's piano. She took it and read it, while her eyes filled with tears.

“It is precious,” she murmured, very softly and tenderly, “and I thank you very much. I still possess that old piano, and shall keep it as long as I live. It is the only one I play on when alone at home. The opportunities for all I have enjoyed I ascribe to that old mortgage. It was a hateful paper once, but now I see it was the means of lifting me up to what I was aspiring. I shall preserve it with my jewels and my mother's portrait.”

The beautiful woman, now taking up her bouquets, passed out to her carriage and disappeared.

CHAPTER XV.

A NEW WAY OF TAMING A SHREW.

OF the persons whom I have seen hanged — on their own hook I mean — one was dead before I got to his house, the other was a little man named John Macaroon. He was an insignificant little man, only half a man, or as his wife derisively called him, a *demi-john*. His face had every possible expression but an intellectual one; but the predominant expression was one of fear and cowardice, as if he wanted to get into some corner and stay there until he was wanted, and he would have preferred not to be wanted at all at home. As a child he was stubby, with considerable development backwards; and as he grew up received more kicks than compliments, and hence was more “honed in the breech than” — anywhere else. His wife, on the contrary, suggested the idea of immensity; she weighed three hundred and fifty pounds, and had to be looked at from four points of view to be seen all around. Her rotund face had no expression at all except in her eyes, which had a look of moral obliquity, and at the same time a cast of physical obliquity; in other words, she squinted, morally and physically. She used to lead her husband a dog’s

life ; that is, she gave him cuffs for want of better argument in their domestic disputes, and found it the most agreeable way of keeping down her fat. Being cross and ill-natured herself, she had the singular habit of blaming him for what she did herself, and exacted of him more than he was able to perform.

I was once called there by her little boy, who said that his mother had killed his father. I hurried down and found the little man bleeding from his scalp, where she had struck him with a chair.

“What does all this mean?” I demanded, indignantly.

“Oh, nothing at all,” answered the shrew ; “I’ve only been thrashing my husband to get the chaff out of him. The fact is, doctor, he’s cross, he’s allus cross, and came likely by it. His mother, a little wizen, like himself, was a German, and his father was an Englishman, and so he was a cross-breed, and what is bred in the bone can’t come out of the flesh. He can’t do anything like anybody else ; he can’t even sit straight like a Christian, but sits cross-legged like a tailor, or Turk ; in fact he’s criss-cross, or cross through and through and through. I wish he’d take up his cross and leave me.”

The poor fellow looked disconsolate enough, and perhaps ashamed, at being beaten by his wife. The only reason I could ever ascertain for her brutality, was the fact that her first husband had acted to her as she was

now doing towards her second ; in other words, she was flogging her second for the blows she had received from her first, and apparently had married the little fellow because he could not defend himself. He was weak-bodied and weak-minded, and naturally good-natured ; but had become soured through his wife's beating propensities.

I dressed the man's wounds and gave his wife a little gratuitous advice, spiced with allusions to imprisonment, hanging, etc. I heard nothing of them for several weeks, when I was again sent for, the boy declaring that John had hanged himself. I was not surprised at it ; he was predestined to be hanged, for he was born hanged ; that is, he came into the world with a cord coiled around his neck, which had nearly been the death of him, and had been cut down just in time to save his life.

I was shown into an upper empty room or garret, used for storage, and discovered Mr. Macaroon suspended by a clothes-line from the hook on which they had been accustomed to hang their meat. Mrs. Macaroon was pulling her hair and declaring that her husband was the best of men, and she should never get another half as good. She had not offered to cut him down, nor do anything but rant and look on. I hurried to the man, when my attention was caught by the singularity of his position. He evidently had had no experience in the art of hanging, but may have studied it as a fine art, and had discovered a way of making it easy and com-

fortable. The noose around his neck was not a slip-knot, and was so large that the compression must have been slight. He was on his knees with his head bent forward, and apparently supporting himself from falling forwards by one hand resting on the floor. I conceived the idea that it was only sham suspension for effect, but said nothing. I cut him down and laid him on the floor, where he laid motionless and appeared not to breathe. There was a purple hue on his neck, which seemed swollen with the distension of the veins.

“I thought he'd come to this,” sobbed Mrs. Macaroon; “I told John last summer, when we went out in a boat, and a squall came on which nearly upset us, that there was no danger of him, for he that's born to be hanged will never be drowned, and it's proved just as I said. Poor John, if he'd only come back to life again I'd never call him demi-john any more; but I'd be so kind to him; I'm sure I would. But I'm sorry he didn't wait till Saturday night when his week's work was done.”

“Well, Mrs. Macaroon, I will do what I can for your husband. Send for my electric battery.”

They sent for it, and as soon as it began to buzz I requested Mrs. Macaroon to take hold of one sponge of the electrode, as it was too powerful for such a little man, and its current must be mitigated through a large person. She reluctantly consented, as she seemed to look at the machine as if it were a rattlesnake, with

venomous fangs. After some dodging about, she shut her eyes and took hold, and I applied the other electrode to her husband. I began with a mild current, but suddenly and maliciously put on the strongest, which so cramped her hands that she could not let go. She screamed and begged for deliverance, when I finally stopped the current, having punished the woman and restored the hangee.

Some time after this I met Mr. Macaroon alone, and asked him how he got along, when he brightened up and said he was very happy. As he appeared to have benefited by his curious way of trying to tame a shrew, I determined to keep my suspicions to myself.

About six months later I was again called to him, and found him hanging on his own hook. His wife had probably forgotten her promises, and the poor man, elated with the temporary success of the first experiment, wished to try it again. He had a hang-dog expression, as if he had been beaten from pillar to post, and this time was either really or nearly dead. He had on this occasion made a slip-knot, but the knot had taken advantage of the situation and slipped up to his jugulars, and he had become unconscious. It is true that "there's many a slip twixt the cup and the lip." His wife, as on the previous occasion, pretended she was too frightened to touch him, and there he hanged. I ordered my battery brought and hastened towards the unfortunate hangee, when his wife suddenly placed herself between her husband and myself.

“Let him hang, doctor; I can’t let that battery go through me again, even to save John,” she screamed.

“Very well, Mrs. Macaroon,” said I; “then I will let it pass through myself. I am not afraid of a battery.”

Mrs. Macaroon was now pacified; but she kept at more than a respectable distance from the battery while I was applying it to her husband. It was with the greatest difficulty that the foolish man was brought back to life. Respiration had ceased, but the faithful heart had continued to beat very feebly.

“He hasn’t got the hang of himself yet,” muttered Mrs. Macaroon, with arms akimbo, when John opened his eyes. “So I guess he’d better try again. Third time never fails.”

“No, Jane,” drawled the little man, solemnly; “I guess I won’t try hanging again. I’d rather be thrashed occasionally.”

CHAPTER XVI.

ONLY A PICTURE.

SOME eight years ago I was called to see a woman of some twenty-five, in the gabled attic of a poor tenement house. Although young, she appeared old; her cheeks were hollow, her eyes sunken, and her black hair lay like a twilight shadow along her white low brow. She was very thin and dejected, and appeared fading away. She seemed indifferent to life, and had not ever been willing to see a physician. It was with reluctance that she allowed me to examine her, and answered my questions. I could not make out any special disease; her lungs were sound, her heart normal, and the functions of her digestive organs regular. Nothing could account for this progressive wasting. All my medicines were unavailing, and nothing could give her hope, which is the most powerful remedy we possess. I at length announced to the young lady that my resources were exhausted; that I could not discover her malady, and unless she could put me on the track, I must leave her. I suspected that it was disappointment in a love affair, but kept my views to myself.

“You can do nothing for me, doctor,” said she, list-

lessly. "I shall not live long, nor do I desire to; I have no object to live for. I am an orphan, with no ties to bind me to life; but I am not unwilling to explain to you the cause of my despair, and you will see that you can do nothing for me. My mother, when a young girl, showing a taste for drawing and painting, was taken by her father to Florence, Italy, to study art. She was rather wild in her nature, and had been accustomed to have her own way, as her mother died when my mother was only six years old. She was likewise of a romantic turn and fond of reverie. At the age of seventeen she became attached to a Neapolitan minstrel-boy of fifteen, living a vagrant life in Florence. In the ardor of her affection she made a pastel portrait of her lover, who was allowed to come to her rooms on pretence of being a model which she wished to study for expression. They were married by an old friar whom they bribed, and the marriage was kept secret until a short time before I was born, when her father, learning the state of things, immediately left Florence, and soon after returned to America. My grandfather, who was wealthy, became a bankrupt soon after his return, and my mother was left penniless and alone. She had brought with her from Italy the portrait of her young husband, and it was her sole solace. She eked out a scant living by selling little pictures she made, but finally fell into consumption and died, leaving me this picture as the only relic of father

and mother. This portrait has bridged me over a dozen bad turns. When I get overtired or sick, having no one to go to, I pawn this picture and can then live along a few weeks until I get rested or restored to my usual health, and then I return to work and redeem my picture. Nothing could tempt me to sell it, but it is always pawned easily, and has been my best friend for years. When I have it here it is my happiness to look at it, when I am sick it supports me, and when I get well it stimulates me to work and redeem it. It is my bank, my friend, my consoler, and my companion. Every night when I retire I place this picture at the foot of the bed and then a change seems to come over it, as if life came into it. The eyes become endowed with sight, and they look pityingly down upon me; the lips become redder and murmur consolation and courage, and the whole face changes to a mournful but tender smile. You may call it dreaming, or delirium, or a flight of my imagination, which is heated by long gazing at the picture; but to me it is a glorious reality, and I feel the nearness of father and mother. If spirits ever come back, I am sure my mother, or my father, if he is dead, will surely animate the cold canvas, and let me feel their presence. And in the morning, when I first awake, the first object that meets my eyes is the portrait, which gives me hope and patience for the day.

“On one occasion I was burned out. It was a

winter's night, and snow was falling heavily. I was poorly, but not confined to my bed. The excitement of the alarm, the noise of bells and firemen aroused me, and gave me temporary strength. I hurriedly dressed myself in my scant clothes; but only one thought entered my head, and that was my picture, which I took as if it had been my child, and carried it with me, without thinking of any other object. Through the flames and the snow and the crowd I fled, and escaped safely with my treasure to a neighbor's. To save that picture I made an effort that I could not for myself.

“On another occasion my landlord demanded it, as I was then several months in arrears, and had no money. He offered to give me the rent in exchange for my picture, which he seemed to fancy. He had several times tried to induce me to part with it, but all in vain. He then gave me a written notice to quit the premises. I told him he could put me out, but I would not part with what I valued more than life. At this he softened, and gave me a receipted bill for what I owed, and told me to stay as long as I liked. Well, this picture has been stolen from me. I have lost all that I valued in life; in fact, I could not exist without it. You see, therefore, that you can do nothing for me.”

“Have you any clew to the miserable thief?” I inquired.

“No; but I suspect a drunken young man who lives in this house. He has been in prison once for larceny.”

I gave her encouragement, and withdrew, with the intention to make a thorough search. The only points by which I could recognize the picture were, that the frame was gilt and studded with shells, and the picture was the portrait of a young man wearing a Neapolitan hat. I began my search by visiting the pawn-shops. I had begun to despair, when, one day, after several days' useless inquiry, I stopped at the sign of the three golden balls before a suspicious shop in the North End. A crowd of sailors and ragged boys stood gazing into the window, and among these was a well-dressed, dark-featured gentleman of about forty. His features at once fascinated me, and I watched him a moment. He seemed to be peering into the window with great attention, and talking to himself in a foreign language. I finally looked in myself, and there stood a shell-studded frame surrounding a Neapolitan boy with feathered hat. The boy strikingly resembled the foreigner, and the foreigner resembled Miss Fabian, my patient. I at once entered the shop, and the stranger entered at the same time.

“Where did you get that portrait?” I demanded.

“It was pawned here by a young man who limps with his left foot, and bears a scar upon his right cheek,” said the accurate observer.

“That portrait is myself,” stumbled the foreigner, in broken English. “It was made by my wife twenty-five years ago. Do you know anything about her?” he added, turning to me.

“Yes,” said I, touched at his emotion. “I have come to hunt up that picture in behalf of your daughter.”

The stranger folded me in his arms with rapture.

“That is a stolen picture,” said I, to the pawnbroker, “as I shall give you proof.”

The pawnbroker saw the resemblance, and, probably actuated by a guilty conscience in receiving goods which he must have supposed stolen, bade me take away the portrait, as he was satisfied.

This pawn-shop was a curious place. It would be easier to say what there was not, than what there was here. Every trade and occupation, every sphere in life was represented here. I lingered here a moment to look round upon the curious collection.

“Who are your greatest patrons?” I inquired of the broker.

“Everybody,” he replied, smiling; “but I divide them all into two classes: the poor and the prodigal. The poor make this a bank, to draw out temporary aid by leaving a deposit of something they can hardly do without; the prodigal, when their money is gone in debauch, bring here some superfluity. Just look around you and see every-day life in its hidden aspects open to read on those shelves. That kit of carpenter’s tools will save him from being turned out of doors, while he is out of work; that finely-colored meerschaum belongs to a college student, who is learning bad habits; that

flute is a musician's, who has lost his place in the band from drink ; that diamond pin was left by a lady who is living beyond her means, and is too fond of champagne ; that is a wedding-ring from the finger of a widow who saves herself by it from starvation ; that gold watch, set in diamonds, belongs to a foreigner, who paid with it his passage back to Europe, after squandering all he had ; that bracelet was left by an orphan girl, who can't find work, and who pawned her mother's small legacy to get bread with. You see, gentlemen, every article in this shop has been baptized with the tears of misery and want, or stained with the dye of dissipation. But you hint that I may still have a third class of patrons ; namely, thieves. That may occasionally be true, with the best intentions and precautions. A pawn-shop is a convenient place of sale or deposit of stolen goods, and I cannot always tell the honest poor from that counterfeit of honesty, a thief. There is nothing so like a simple poor man as an arrant knave. I listen to their stories, for they all make confidants of me and tell me the whole history of what they bring, and how they came to be so reduced ; but I pay no attention to their story, no attention to their dress, no attention to their words. I judge every man by his eye. The eye does not lie ; the eye that looks you calmly and squarely in the face without faltering, is the messenger of the heart."

The pawnbroker's remarks showed him to have a

profound insight into human nature, and so raised him in my eyes that I gave him the benefit of the doubt as to whether he was in collusion with the thief of the picture.

“For once, at least,” said I, “you have been deceived by a knave, as this picture was stolen goods.”

“That picture was taken by my clerk, during my absence,” he replied.

I felt satisfied, and bade the pawnbroker good morning.

We took a hack and carried the precious relic to the miserable attic of the forlorn young woman; and the father and daughter were soon in each other's arms. Miss Fabian hardly knew which to look upon and caress the most, her father or his portrait. After their mutual enthusiasm was somewhat abated, Signor Rossi, the father, related his adventures from the time of his marriage. After he had been deprived of his girl-wife, because he was a poor wanderer, he entered the Conservatory of Music, through the advice and aid of a wealthy man who admired his voice, and finally became an opera tenor, leading the migratory life of public singers. He had been successful, but his youthful attachment had not died out. He still longed to see his wife, and although having no direct clew, had been on the lookout for years. The accidental sight of the picture had accomplished his most cherished hopes. He now inquired the particulars of his wife's life and

death, and wept manful tears at the rehearsal of her griefs and misfortunes.

The next day the portrait was sent to my house in recognition of endeavors to regain it, and I have it still. Signor Rossi removed his daughter to a hotel in Boston, where I visited them once, but soon lost sight of them, as his engagement led him to follow the fortunes of the opera company to which he belonged.

CHAPTER XVII.

A CASE OF POISONING.

AARON BOGGS, a young man of two-and-twenty, apple-cheeked and pleasant-mannered, was a clerk in a wholesale drug-store in Boston. He had everything to make him happy but one ; he was not happy in his love affairs. He had not been jilted by a flirt nor outrivalled by another man ; he had not found the prospective father of his lady fair to be stern and hard-hearted, nor her mother an ambitious, designing duenna, who discovering him to be poor, secluded her daughter under lock and key and forbade him the house. The fact is, his lady had no father, and her mother would have been very glad to secure him as an appendage to her house ; and yet he was not happy in his love affairs. The truth of this mystery is that he did not love at all, but was intensely loved by one Maria Cess, the daughter of a boarding-house keeper. The young lady had hitherto been hard as Horeb's rock to all admirers ; but when she saw this rosy clerk she was smitten, as it were, by Aaron's rod, and then she gushed. From that moment she saw an imaginary Aaron in the stars, in the trees, in the street, in her books, in the air like a

mirage. But although only his ghost seemed to follow her, yet she pursued him in real flesh and blood. While in the house he was never out of her sight, and when he went out she wished to know his destination ; in short, he was a persecuted man. It was a case of *dunning for love*. He finally changed his boarding-house without leaving his new address ; but she, by following him home from the store, found out his new domicile, and now it was worse than ever. It has been said that anger is a short madness, and it is as true to say that love is a short madness ; it is a temporary insanity, if insanity means that during its continuance people act differently from what they do in their normal condition. You may expect any dispute or extraordinary act from one afflicted with the insanity of love. And it is a disease very difficult to cure. You may immure the patient within stone walls, but the disease will only take deeper root ; you may carry the patient to foreign lands, but the heart does not travel, it remains at home with the object of its adoration ; you may defame and calumniate the loved one, but it only causes a smile of incredulity and a firmer determination to faithfulness. Every evening Miss Cess would meet him at his store and accompany him home, and every time would give him an effusive letter which she had composed, or rather copied out of "The Art of Epistolary Correspondence, or the Ready Letter-writer." At first he read them ; but finally, as their monotony began to pall upon him,

and they began to accumulate, he threw them into the fire without reading them. It would have saved him and her a great deal of trouble if, instead of sending him these copies from the "Ready Letter-writer," she had sent the book itself, and then he would have read until he got tired and thrown the insipid book into the fire. He tried to put on a cold look and an indifferent air, but she was so good-natured that he had not the heart to be unkind to her. What was to be done? He did not love her, and seemed to be merely a prisoner at large on parole.

At this stage of affairs I was one evening sent for by Maria's mother, in great haste, and on arriving was informed that the infatuated girl had taken poison and was dying. They showed me on her bureau an empty bottle, labelled laudanum. The girl lay motionless on her bed and made no reply to questions. She was not beautiful, but had that prettiness which consists in having no particular features, and the charm which consists in continual good-nature. If you saw her face once you would not remember it any more than a common cloud, or rose, or tree; in other words, she was everything in general, but nothing in particular. The pupils of her eyes were not contracted, her pulse and respiration were not slowed, and her temperature was normal. She was indifferent to my examination and appeared unconscious. Her poor mother, who idolized her only child, was pacing the room with heart-rending

cries ; but when she saw me, she beckoned me into an adjoining room, and told me the simple story of unrequited affection, and the fearful resolution of suicide. When I came back to the sick-chamber, Mr. Boggs, who had been sent for, opened the door and came in. He looked excited and horror-stricken, and, approaching the bed, sat down and grasped one of Maria's hands. If I had applied an electric battery I could not expect better and prompter results. She started ; a shiver ran over her ; she opened her eyes and fixed them on the countenance of Boggs. It was a touching moment.

“ I expected you,” said she, slowly ; and, putting her hand under her pillow, drew forth a letter and a gilt-edged pocket Testament, which she gave him, adding :

“ Here is my last will and testament. They will make you think of me when I am under the willows.”

Mr. Boggs put them into his pocket and wiped away some tears. The Testament made him feel solemn. He stooped down and kissed her for the first time in his life, while a radiant smile dimpled over her countenance.

“ You make me feel awful,” said he, with choking voice. “ If I thought I was the cause of your death I should never sleep again. If I could bring you back to life I should be so happy. In fact, Maria, if you love me so much as this, and get well, I will be as faithful to you as you have been to me.”

It was a moment of moral heroism on his part.

I now came forward with an emetic which I had sent

for, and requested her to swallow it. She refused. Her mother urged her, but she declined. "Take it," implored Boggs, "for my sake, Maria."

"Yes, Aaron, for your sake," she said, and drank it.

I now requested all the mourning friends to leave the room, that I might see the patient privately. There was something in her physical condition and the whole transaction which made me suspicious.

"Miss Cess," said I, sternly, "if you have taken poison this dose will cure you; if you have not taken it, it will kill you."

She started up with a frightened expression, and grasping my hand, said:

"Save me, doctor; I did not take poison. It was only a farce. Mr. Boggs had broken my heart by his coldness, and I thought this would touch his feelings and make him think more of me. Save me, doctor, and keep all this a secret."

I promised secrecy, and, after the emetic had operated, gave her a bread pill and told her she was saved. The family now came back, and I told them she was all right. I thought, now that her living was a certainty, that I did not see so much moral heroism on Mr. Boggs' face; but still he behaved nobly. He congratulated the girl on her recovery, and promised to call and see her again; but whether he ever married her I never learnt.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE TWO MASQUERADES.

THE most intense form of jealousy is a species of insanity, a monomania, and the man who is actuated by it is hardly responsible for his acts, which are often so absurd and violent that they seem the wild freaks of a madman. I remember a curious case in point. A certain beautiful lady, endowed with every grace and virtue, had the misfortune to have a husband whose jealousy was so unreasonable and morbid, that he embittered his own and her existence. He would return home at unexpected hours, follow his wife whenever he knew of her going out for a visit or promenade, open her letters if they came into his hands, and rummage drawers for concealed letters or photographs. If by chance they went to an evening party, and his wife was addressed by a gentleman, or asked to sing a duet with one, this green-eyed husband would scowl and frown until he looked a very Caliban; so that this miserable woman was glad enough to return from the mockery of pleasure, and seek her couch in tears. If a gentleman called of an evening, he was sure of so icy a reception that his home, which was once the centre of delightful reunions, became almost a cloister to his

persecuted wife. And to make himself ridiculous as well as malicious, after each act of rudeness and unworthy jealousy, he would ask his wife's forgiveness with tears of contrition, and be ready the next morning or the next week to re-enact the same painful comedy. The poor wife had forgiven him until seventy-and-seven times. It was impossible to say which was more absurd,—his stupid acts of jealousy, or his stupid repentance which brought no amendment.

On one occasion his wife desired to go to a masked ball. She had visited no place of amusement for a long time, and thought this diversion might raise her drooping spirits. While at breakfast she assaulted him with her most pleasant smile, and begged him to take her to the masquerade ball.

“A masked ball, indeed!” he muttered, with a cynical look. “The world has to-day arrived to such a pitch of perfection in masking themselves, that there is no need of anything further. You will find conjugal infidelity masked under smiles; dissoluteness and immodesty concealed under blushes; oppression disguised under the name of justice; fraud and cheating hidden under the veil of prudence. The fool affects the gravity and silence of wisdom; the hypocrite appears with the self-assertion of sincerity; the flatterer, who is trying to get the best of you, calls himself your friend; and the one who warmly wrings your hand, would like at the same time to strangle you. Calumny

and slander pass in the world for smartness and pleasantry; derision is considered as wit; humility is reproached with springing from pride; knavery and villainy are often covered with fine clothes and jewels; while merit and honesty are patched with rags and misery. Every one wears a mask, and you cannot tell from the exterior what lies at the bottom of the heart and mind."

The face of the abused wife, that was brimming over with the pleasure of anticipation, was drenched with the tears of chagrin and disappointment; but she said nothing. The husband moodily looked at her for some time, and then reluctantly consented to go with her. She proposed to represent "Margaret," and wished him to figure as "Mephistopheles." Everything was duly prepared, and they arrived at the hall in high glee. Unfortunately, the crowd of promenaders was so great that the two became separated; but the husband immediately began to look about for her. This was no easy matter; and the longer he was in finding her, the more enraged he became. His representation of the devil became reality; he was like a roaring lion. He finally, however, caught a glimpse of her lovely form, and, at the same time, had the chagrin to see a bold masquerader, arrayed as "Faust," gallantly approach her, and, taking her arm, begin to address her. The excited husband drew near the pair, and keeping behind them so as not to be observed, listened to their conversation.

“Lovely Margarita,” said Faust, “I am charmed to meet an old friend so dear as you are to me. We have spent many a happy hour together.”

“Not so fast,” interrupted the lady. “I think you are mistaken in your charmer, for I am sure I never met you before.”

“Do you suppose,” he continued, “that I could for a moment forget that form, that voice, that carriage, those eyes? No; I have held you too many times in my arms.”

“For heaven’s sake,” cried she, “say no more; it is false. Leave me, I implore you.”

“It is not false,” he persisted.

“I tell you it is false,” she urged, in great excitement. “I dare you to give me proof of that.”

“The proof is easy,” said he; “there is a mother’s mark on your right foot.”

At these words the lady fell back fainting, while the bold mask hurried away to escape in the crowd. The husband, who had not lost a word of this conversation, left his wife to the care of bystanders, and started off after his rival, elbowing his way right and left, swearing at this one and that who stood in his way, and treading upon and tearing many a brilliant train of a fair masquerader. But what did he care? He was thirsting for revenge. The room was in an uproar, and every one was wondering whether the man was mad. But on he rushed after the hated Faust. At last he

reached and seized by the arm, with iron grasp, the flying and breathless rival.

“What does this mean?” cried Faust.

“It means that you have insulted my wife, and I mean to punish you.”

“Ah, was the fair Margarita your wife? Fortunate man; but my acquaintance with her dates long before you knew her. We are old friends.”

“You are a liar!” shouted the husband, beside himself; and suddenly drawing a revolver, he hurriedly shot the lively Faust, who, with a groan, fell to the floor. The husband now snatched off the mask of his antagonist, and, behold, *it was his wife's father*, who, entering into the spirit of the evening, had desired to complete the actors of Goethe's play, by taking the rôle of Faust. He was a very slender man, of a gay and lively disposition, and capitally represented his part. His daughter had secretly informed him of her little plot, and he had thought to amuse himself by unexpectedly appearing before her in an appropriate part. The wretched assassin now ordered his victim to be conveyed home in a carriage, while he himself came for me to look after the wound. The ball had entered his thigh, and just grazed the femoral artery. I was fortunate enough to remove it, and the gentleman did well.

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Some years after this, the unhappy wife related to me the sequel of this event.

“After the scene of the masquerade,” said she, sadly, “my husband for some time remained subdued and very kind; but at the end of two years, the smouldering embers of jealousy burned up as bright as ever, and he fancied me inconstant to him.”

“But was he constant to you?” I inquired.

“Yes, he was constant — in his indifference; constant in opposing my wishes; constant in seeking others’ society in preference to mine; constant in incivility; constant in everything but love; constant to every one but me. Again I became wretched. A wife may love her husband devotedly, be faithful in her obligations to him and her children, and find the centre of her comfort at home; but still she needs the mental friction of conversing with others, and needs the love and outward manifestations of affection which were freely bestowed during courtship. As commonly practised, courtship is a comedy in which each party is trying to play an acted part very different from themselves. If there must be courtship, let it last as long as married life. A husband should still use after marriage the same endearing epithets, practise the same politeness, and conceal those vulgarisms which he did before marriage. He ought likewise to give his wife the same pleasures which he himself enjoys; for no husband should frequent places where he would be ashamed to appear with his wife. By this course both would remain lovers, and life would be a long courtship. But I am wandering from my story.”

After a long silence, she continued her narrative by saying, that, after much meditation, she hinted to her husband that she should like to attend another masked ball, which was shortly to take place. At first he stoutly refused; but a look at her unhappy countenance melted him down, and he consented, especially as he promised himself this time not to leave her side. She desired to appear as a shepherdess, and he as a shepherd. She prepared her costume; but on the very night of the ball she feigned a slight illness, and refused to go; but urged her husband to attend without her, as they had been at considerable expense in the costumes and tickets. He consented.

No sooner had he left the house than she put on the costume of a gypsy, which she had secretly prepared, and betook herself to the ball. Her elegant form, graceful manners, and pertness, made her the cynosure of every eye. She was alone, and carried in her hand a pack of cards, with which she offered to tell fortunes. The shepherd husband was in excellent spirits at the thought of this opportunity for coquetry. No sooner had he espied the gypsy than he approached her and remarked, gallantly:

“Allow me to accompany you, fair gypsy.”

“With much pleasure,” she rejoined, in a soft voice. “Thanks for preferring my side to so many belles of the ball. Do you know me?”

“No; but what of that? We can begin to-night

to get acquainted, and enjoy a little chit-chat, if you are willing. Acquaintances formed at a masked ball are not the worst in the world."

"But they sometimes give terrible disappointments."

"Thanks to my intuition, I feel no hesitation in saying, that I am sure your face is as fair as your form, and I feel a burning desire to see that face."

"And what pleasure could you expect from viewing my features?"

"Admiring their beauty, and adoring you for your wit and loveliness."

"You men always have adoration in your mouth. I have no doubt you have many objects of adoration — beside a wife at home."

"Cruel gypsy, how could you think that I would come here and leave a wife at home? I assure you we men are not so dissembling as your sex."

"Are women so dissembling?"

"Yes, certainly; but I do not blame the gentler sex for it. Your artifices are worthy of indulgence, because the desire of pleasing us lords of creation obliges you to make them. Milton's beauty unadorned was all very well as applied to Eve, because there were no eyes to admire her but her husband's, and he had no one to compare her with, and because — she had no dress-maker."

"You saucy wretch! a good, loving wife is satisfied

with the admiration of her husband. She, like a flower, unfolds all her beauty when watered by his approbation and kindness ; but, like the same flower, if deprived of this, she pines, withers, dies."

"Come, come, little gypsy, you are too sentimental. It doesn't become a wild bird of the forest. Come and tell my fortune ;" and taking her arm, he led her to a secluded alcove.

The gypsy paraded her cards a few moments, and then said, solemnly, looking him full in the face :

"You have left at home a devoted wife, who is pining for your presence, and you are undeserving so faithful a companion. Remember that 'Love, and love only, is the only loan for love.'"

The husband blushed and stammered, but finally said :

"That is untrue. I am single, and feel at this moment a warmth I never before experienced ;" and he took her hand in his, and pressed it tenderly, which she gently returned.

"Come, lovely gypsy," he continued, after a moment, "lift that mask that I may see the sun that is shining behind a cloud."

"But I have no faith in you. You are probably as inconstant as the wind. I must test you. I will believe in you if you will give me that ring on your finger." It was a present to him from his wife.

He hesitated.

“Ha, ha, ha; the men are all alike. It must be a keepsake from some fair sweetheart,” laughed she.

He drew off the ring, and put it on her finger.

“Now,” he breathed, in a whisper, “will you give me a rendezvous?”

“To-morrow afternoon, in the Tremont Street Mall of the Common,” she returned; and, skipping away, disappeared in the crowd.

The next morning, at breakfast, his wife said, carelessly:

“George, what has become of your ring?”

“I — I lost it last night at the ball,” stammered he, blushing, and dropping his eyes.

“How singular,” said she, archly. “There’s where I found it; but it is so cold to-day, I guess we won’t take our walk at three on the Tremont Street Mall.”

CHAPTER XIX.

WHY I NEVER GO TO A PARTY.

I HAVE often been asked why I lead such a hermit life as never to go into society, nor pay any but professional visits. It is not that I am unsocial in my nature, but that my experience in pleasure reunions has been of an unfortunate kind. If I could go there incognito, or in masquerade, I should be very happy indeed. It would be such a relief to forget for a moment the sorrows, the pain, the sufferings of humanity, and to chat on the scientific, or even light topics of the day. But to go to a *conversazione* and find I could not lay aside my professional vocation, even in drawing-rooms, with dancing and card-tables around me, has given me such an aversion to evening parties that I now never make any but strictly professional visits. This aversion was first instilled into my mind in the early period of my practice, at a large and fashionable party given by the Hon. Theodorus Tinker. I certainly was delighted, and no little flattered at receiving the handsome note of invitation. I should pass a pleasant evening, turn my thoughts away from business, and enlarge my circle of acquaintances. These acquaintances would subsequently become patients, and I should

at once sail into a large, aristocratic practice. With these pleasant visions, I hired a hack and drove in style to the Hon. T. Tinker's. When the servant came to the door, and I announced my name, he seemed to have a frightened look, as if he saw arsenic or strychnine in my very breath, ready to deal destruction right and left like the fiery breath of the fabled Chimera. He asked me to follow him; and leading the way to an upper story, ushered me into a bedroom, where sat a venerable old lady, and then disappeared. The servant had undoubtedly made a mistake. I stammered an apology, and was about to retrace my steps, when the old lady, putting an immense ear-trumpet to her ear, screamed:

“Speak louder, I am hard o’ hearing. Are you the young doctor?”

I bowed, and still tried to go, when she sidled up to me, and holding her trumpet up to my mouth, so as nearly to suffocate me, piped out:

“Sit down, doctor. I am Mrs. Mary Nurr, the mother of Mrs. Tinker.”

I heard the distant swell of music, and the laughter of young voices, but could not do otherwise than sit down. She then requested me to examine her hips, knees, and ankles, which were affected with rheumatic pains. I had to remove my tight and spotless white gloves, and handle her feet. Then, at her request, I wrote a recipe, and edged toward the door, when she

shouted she was terribly afflicted with "dyspepsy and kidney difficulty." I answered all her questions grimly enough for about half an hour, until my voice became hoarse from shouting in her trumpet. At length she seemed satisfied, and I arose, with a sigh of relief, when the venerable dame asked me to walk into the adjoining room and see two children sick with the measles.

"Mrs. Tinker would just like your opinion, seeing as you are here," said she. "You are not her physician, but then you can give your opinion just the same."

I again took off my white kids, tearing them a little more than on the first occasion, and proceeded to examine the children, and give my opinion.

"I suppose you won't have time to stop long in the parlor, as you are so busy," remarked the ancient Mary Nurr. "My darter told me I was too deaf to go down to the party, but if I would remain here, and mind the children, she would send me the young doctor to keep me company."

With an inward groan, and disdaining any reply, I bolted through the door, and down stairs. I was met in the hall by Mrs. Tinker, whose face was radiant with a bewitching smile. She had ill-used me, and I would treat her haughtily and scornfully. I was not going to be the pastime of a deaf old lady, under pretence of going to a party. No, I would silently leave the house,

and never tread its floors again. Mrs. Tinker extended her little hand, bade me cordially welcome, as if I had just arrived, and desired me to enter her drawing-room and be presented to her guests. What irresistible power lurks in a fair woman's smile! Physiologically it is only the contraction of a few facial muscles attached to a circular muscle, called the lips; but socially, it is a magnet that draws toward it the will of the beholder. It disarms malice, it soothes anger, it sweetens trouble, it repays services, it encourages to action, it transforms, it elevates, it conquers. Under the benign influence of Mrs. Tinker's smile, I forgot my grievances, and gladly became the Laocoon willing to be crushed by the fold of a fascinating serpent. She conducted me to a Miss Edwards, and introducing me to her, withdrew. Miss Edwards was a maid of four-and-forty, well known for her artificiality, and her morbid desire to appear young. I bowed, and sat down beside her.

"Oh, doctor," said she, sinking behind her be-spangled fan, on which Cupids were painted, "I am so glad to meet you. You have no engagements now, and have nothing else to do than to listen to my complaints. You must know that I am troubled with liver complaint, and displacement of the kidneys, owing, as my physician insinuates, to tight lacing,— and if I do say it, no lady ever measured less around the waist than I did a few years ago,— but it was not tight lacing, it was the

gift of nature, If you could only see my face in the daytime, it would appear as yellow as a saffron, it is so jaundiced, owing to a stoppage of the bile."

"I see," said I, "you are like the night-blooming cereus; you are in *flour* only at night."

She took this as a compliment, and proceeded: "Now, doctor, of course you can give me your opinion, even if you are not my physician."

"It is against medical etiquette, madame, to prescribe for other physicians' patients," said I, stiffly, and bowing, I rose, and once more caught the basilisk eyes of my charming hostess with her everlasting smile.

"I see you, doctor," said Mrs. Tinker, blandly; "I must keep you busy, or you will find parties tedious. You professional men always love to talk about your special science."

I was about to protest against this assertion, when she took me across the room, and presented me to a Mr. Grigg. Thank Heaven, I thought to myself, that I can get away from that sickly sex, which is always brooding over its maladies. Now I can have a little political, or literary conversation, with our sterner and more hardy sex, and make amends for my annoyances. Thank you, Mrs Tinker, and I pardon you.

I sat down beside Mr. Grigg, a wealthy and elderly retired gentleman. I made a leading remark about a recent scientific discovery.

"For all the world," remarked Mr. Grigg, without

apparently noticing my observation, "you are the very man I wish to see. In my younger days, I was a painter by trade, and got my system full of lead, and still suffer occasional attacks from lead poisoning. My physician is an excellent man, but as long as you are here, I would like to get your opinion."

"Good heavens!" cried I, out of patience, "am I at a party, or in a hospital? I came here to get rid of patients for a few hours, and have done nothing but consult, and prescribe, and give opinions since I came here. I expected to find some specimens of youth and health, but meet nothing but invalids and cripples of all sorts. Oh, for the sight of a good, sound, healthy person. The next time I have a desire to go to a party, I will go at once to a hospital, and then there will be no deception. Confound your lead poisoning; go and get a sailor, and he will heave the lead for you!"

I waited for no reply, but pushed through the crowd, and unceremoniously departed in the very face of Mrs. Tinker's smile.

CHAPTER XX.

A FEARFUL NIGHT.

PERHAPS the saddest scene which I have seen in my practice was the following : I was summoned, in the middle of a nipping winter's night, by a ragged child, to go and see his mother. The lad led me down a narrow lane in the most wretched part of the city, to a large, dilapidated old house, which appeared empty. There was no light visible, and no sound but a distant groan. The wind sharply blew a gust through the doorway, which was blocked up by a snowdrift. The boy went ahead, and I followed him as best I could up the broken, dark stairway, which creaked under my footsteps. He clambered up to the upper story, into the attic, and there, in an almost empty room, was a desolate picture. There was no stove, no table, and only one crazy chair. The frost, with its weird fingers, had wrought its quaint pictures on the sound panes of glass, and the snow came into the room an unwelcome guest, through the broken ones. A few rags, like signals of distress, hung on a clothes-line stretched across the room, and a tallow candle, "the light of other days," was smoking, half burnt out, on the mantel, casting ghostly

silhouettes on the dim walls. The woman herself, who could not be over thirty, was lying, scantily covered, on a straw pallet upon the floor, as there was no bedstead. Beside her lay a sick child, with red cheeks and hot skin, who, from time to time, muttered some delirious word, and moaned with every breath, interrupted by a dry, rapid cough ; its chest rose and fell in rapid succession, its nostrils fanned, and its dry red lips parted and trembled. Pneumonia was burning up its lungs. At the feet of the mother and sick child, lay two other half-naked children, cuddled up to each other to keep warm.

The mother, a thin, wan, haggard creature, looking half-starved, appeared suffering very much, and was about to give birth to a child. In a short time the puny little blue babe was born ; but there was no one present to do the kind offices so much needed. I called for water ; but there was no sink, and a pail with ice in it was pointed out to me. I called for the infant's clothes ; but was told there were none, and the exhausted mother pointed her thin fingers at a heap of rags. I found a piece of cotton cloth, and, tearing it up, extemporized a little chemise.

“That will do for a *make-shift*,” said I, cheerfully ; but the shivering creature made no reply. I smeared the little one with the melted tallow that dripped down from the forlorn candle, and, covering it up as well as I could, laid it down beside its mother,

who was immediately taken with a violent chill. I had nothing to warm the poor thing with, so I took my overcoat and spread it over her and the little ones. I asked her the cause of so much misery, when she told me that her husband, a hostler and a very capable man, had become a great drunkard, and then reformed and was doing nicely, when his weak will led him again to yield to bad companions, and backslide. He lost his employment, became a confirmed sot, and sold for liquor every article in the house; and when there was no more, beat and abused the weak and meek wife. The scanty food which she gave the children, was obtained partly by her washing and partly by the children's begging.

For the past few days, being unable to leave the house, and the child being sick, they had scarcely eaten a morsel but some dry crumbs and a little cold water.

As she finished her pathetic story, the wizened candle sputtered and went out, with a nauseous smell, and we were left in total darkness. At the same time the sick child moaned :

“ I'll be good, mamma ; give me some water ; a good big drink of cold water. I'm so sick, mamma ; so sick. Will papa whip me because I'm sick, and can't go out begging, mamma ? ”

A sob and a shiver were the mother's only reply. I was on the point of rushing out of this wretched place

to get something to relieve their wants, when I heard a noise in the passage-way, down-stairs.

“That’s my husband,” half whispered the woman ; “he is coming home drunk. What shall I do ? I’m afraid of him. For God’s sake, don’t leave me, doctor.”

The noise increased. It appeared as if he were staggering up the stairs, and falling against the walls of the stairway, as he stumbled along. The noise was heightened by execrations and vociferations for his wife to come with a light, and vows of vengeance.

Presently a great din was heard, as of a falling body, and the old house trembled,—bump, bump, bump.

At this I went out into the entry, after encouraging the poor woman, and was groping my way down stairs when a policeman appeared, with a dark lantern. He threw a bright light into the passage and entered. We bent over the prostrate man. He had fallen backward down the steep stairway, and then slid down to the bottom. I shook him ; but he lay motionless, and blood poured from his nose and ears. On examining more carefully, I found his skull fractured, and he was dead.

“He has stabbed a man in a drunken *mêlée*,” said the burly policeman, “and I followed him home, for he got away from me. So much,” he continued, with a grim smile that made me shudder ; “so much as

the results of backsliding. He has taken his last bumper."

We brought him up and laid him down on the floor, in his room. In the morning, when I returned, there lay three dead bodies — the miserable father, the little blue baby, and the sick child. In twenty-four hours, through the kindness of charitable people, the mother was comfortably surrounded by decent furniture and a cheerful fire.

CHAPTER XXI.

A CASE OF SMALL-POX.

DURING the epidemic of 1872 I was called to see a young lady named Pippig, said to be sick with the small-pox. The house was decorated with a red flag, at sight of which pedestrians quickly took the opposite side of the street, and held a bottle of carbolic acid to their noses until safely out of sight. As I entered the house, a blended smell of burning sulphur, carbolic acid, and chloride of lime almost suffocated me, and plates of these disinfecting drugs were placed in every conceivable nook. A servant, looking very pale and holding under her nose a handkerchief wet with camphor, showed me to the room, and then hastened away. I had no idea how Miss Pippig looked, for her face was so red and swollen that she did not appear to have any particular features. After examining her I remarked that it was not a case of small-pox, but only erysipelas of the face.

“Yes, it is small-pox,” said she, firmly.

I looked at her inquiringly.

“The fact is,” she continued, “I want it to be called small-pox, whether or no, and as a doctor and a minister are confidential advisers, I shall let you into my

little secret, and then you will decide I've got the small-pox. This house belongs to my brother-in-law, Mr. Petty, a widower ; and he has two sons, Oscar, the elder, and Herbert. On the death of my sister I was asked to become temporary housekeeper, which I have now done for a year, and during this time have received marked attention from Mr. Petty and his two sons, each unbeknown to the other. All three have lately proposed to me, and I have felt some hesitation about what course to take. Mr. Petty is well off, but too old to suit me. He was an excellent husband to my sister, and well he might be, he had so much practice, for my sister was his third wife. You see he is rich and good ; but then he is a grandfather to one of his daughter's children, and I should feel so funny in calling my husband grandpa. So you see I'm in a dilemma. Oscar is about twenty-eight, — very homely, very abrupt, very decided, and very obstinate ; but, in compensation for all that, very honorable and kind. Here is another dilemma. As for Herbert, the younger, he is very handsome and smart, and a good talker, very polite, and well dressed, but I am afraid he has an unfeeling heart at the bottom. So you see I don't know what to do. I have felt so much embarrassment in choosing between the rivals, that I have decided to have the small-pox, and accept the one who remains faithful and devoted to me during its course. The family, supposing I have the small-pox, are thoroughly frightened, and after you

are gone I shall say to them that you corroborate their supposition, and shall beg their help and sympathy. All I ask of you is reticence."

I hesitated for some time; but the woman was so serious that I was curious to see the result, and determined to keep her secret. Miss Pippig was one of those ladies who have no mind of their own, and can never come to a conclusion. If she listened to an argument between two persons, she was on the side of the first, and then as readily on that of the second; in fact she was on both sides at the same time without knowing it. Such instability made her regret every act of her life, and wish that she had done differently. She had read a good many novels, and had some romantic ideas which she wished to carry out in real life.

On the following day she handed me the following letter from Mr. Petty:—

MY DEAR MISS PIPPIG, — I regret to say that business compels me to absent myself in New York for two or three weeks, and on my return I hope to find you restored to health, and the house well fumigated. Take good care of yourself, and be ready on my return to give me an answer to my proposal.

"There! You see what he is, doctor,—a selfish coward. I would not marry him if he rolled in gold; but here is a note from Herbert; read that."

DEAR LITTLE PET, — I am so sorry you are sick, and

would gladly sacrifice myself for your sake. How dearly I love you nobody knows. I dream of you by night and day. I send you a bouquet of roses as a little memento of my affection. Now, if I can do anything for you, say it, as I would gladly brave suffering or death itself to release you.

Yours, very affectionately,

HERBERT.

P.S. — Since writing the above I have been invited to go hunting for a few weeks, and shall reluctantly yield to the urgent wishes of some of my friends, who say I look pale and need country air. I could not tear myself away without seeing you, so I took a farewell look at you through the key-hole of your door. Don't let that frighten you, for I held a bottle of carbolic acid under my nose while I was there, and fumigated myself with sulphur before leaving the house.

2d P.S. — Does the doctor think you will be pitted.

H. P.

“There, doctor, all my fondest anticipations are shattered. On the whole, he was the one I preferred to all, and see how he deserts me in an hour of supposed danger. Well, let him go. I know somebody who will make me happier than he could. Just read the last letter, and she handed me a scrawling note on a soiled sheet.

DEAR MISS PIPPIG. — I am at your door, and shall remain there until you get well. You can command me in anything.

OSCAR PETTY.

“That, doctor, is a man. To be sure he has not got the money of his father, nor the beauty of Herbert; but he is a man, and I shall marry him.”

Notwithstanding her eccentric manner of finding out her true admirer, I could not but approve of her conclusion. Her plot was working well. Her head had swollen so much as to be almost unrecognizable, and little blisters appeared over her face, so that her untrained nurse was easily deceived.

A few days after this I met on the street old Mr. Petty, who saw me, but looked another way and tried to pass on; but I button-holed him.

“Miss Pippig told me you had gone to New York,” said I to him, with a spark of malice aforethought.

“True, true, I ought to be away, but hang business! I decided to stay in Boston so as to get news from Miss Pippig. It is probable she will become my wife. I have proposed to her, and have offered her a good home and every comfort. In fact it is a settled thing.”

“You stayed so as to get news from Miss Pippig!” repeated I, with more malice; “but you never come to get it.”

“No, not exactly into the house,” drawled the merchant, biting his lips and coloring; “but I go down in the evening and look at the door from the corner, to see if any crape is on it. You see I worship that girl, — fairly worship her; but you know self-preservation is the first law of nature, and I feel it a

duty I owe my children to preserve my life. It is not cowardice, it is duty ; and duty shall ever be my guide. Send me up a bulletin every day, doctor, and I will foot her bills." At this he handed me the card of a prominent hotel.

Not far from this spot I saw Herbert come out of some billiard-rooms in Court Street. Those must have been the hunting-grounds to which he referred, as they are well known to be full of *game*. But I took no notice of him, nor did I communicate to Miss Pippig my meeting with those gentlemen.

At the expiration of three weeks I sent word to Mr. Petty that his housekeeper was convalescent and ready to receive him. He sent down painters, whitewashers, paper-hangers, disinfectors, and upholsterers, who renovated and cleansed the house. Miss Pippig appointed a certain day and hour to receive Mr. Petty and Herbert, and invited me to be present. I entered the parlor and found the father and son in lively conversation, — the old gentleman dandling a plain gold ring, trying to break the ice to his son of his intended marriage, and Herbert holding a dainty bouquet of roses endeavoring to make some allusion to his burning affection for Miss Pippig. We heard talking in the adjacent room, and wondered what it meant, as we were getting impatient. Mr. Petty, senior, finally rose and opened the door, when a living tableau presented itself to us. Miss Pippig, dressed in white muslin and covered with

orange blossoms and looking quite lovely, stood holding the hand of Oscar, while a minister in front of them said distinctly, "I pronounce you man and wife."

Mr. Petty and Herbert were thunderstruck; but there was the living fact before us. They stood silent a moment, and then advanced towards the married couple, when the roguish lady remarked to Herbert:

"Now, Herbert, I will answer one of the questions of your letter. The small-pox has not pitted me, but Oscar has;" and then turning to Mr. Petty continued:

"And as for you, Mr. Petty, I have carried out your instructions and had the house well fumigated."

CHAPTER XXII.

TEN YEARS OF WAITING.

I WAS sitting one evening in my office, when the bell rang vigorously, and a man came in hastily and sat down near me. He was about thirty-five, dressed neatly and plainly but rather threadbare, while his fine countenance wore an expression of earnest excitement.

“In order that you may know what to do,” he began, unceremoniously, “and how to understand the scene to which I shall call you, I will in a few words relate an episode in my life. My name is Warkus. Ten years ago I graduated at college, with nothing as capital but my education and willingness to work. I had a literary ambition, and wrote occasional papers for reviews, and earned by them a scanty living. In the house in which I lodged lived a poor young shop-girl, with her widowed mother, whose beauty, modesty, and chastity grafted themselves into my life, until I felt that immutable love which time can never efface. My best inspirations, my purest aspirations, my firmest resolutions came from her presence and love. My evenings I spent with her and her mother. What little services I could do for her, I did with eagerness; what little services she could do for me fell like a blessing upon

me. What she once touched seemed sacred to me, and her words were like a prayer, or a blessing, or rather like a voice of inspiration. We never spoke of love; but love went from each of us in a silent way, like a galvanic current, which is silent, but warms and works. I was sure she loved me, and I was sure I worshipped her; but our lips were closed on the subject.

“On one occasion I had to go to New York to make arrangements with a publisher, about a book of poems I wished to bring out, and when I returned Bertha and her mother had gone. Their rooms were empty. The neighbors told me that a rich uncle had just died, and left the young lady an immense fortune, and she had gone to take possession of a Beacon-street house. I flew to the house. A liveried servant came to the door, took up my card, and then ushered me into a palatial drawing-room. I waited a few moments; I looked at myself, and then at the luxury around me. A deep chasm had suddenly opened between us. She was rich and I poor. She might possibly no longer look with favor on her poor friend, and even if she remembered me in her affluence, I could not be dependent on her and eat her bread. I rushed from the house without waiting for her arrival, and wandered around the city till evening, and then again ran to her house. It was brilliantly lighted, and carriage after carriage came up, and rich people entered to congratulate the now rich lady. I hurried back to my cold lodgings, and passed

a sleepless night, struggling with myself between what I wished and what I ought to do. I conquered. I was no longer a suitable man to be the husband of a millionaire. My pride would not allow of it. The next day I returned to New York and obtained the position of European correspondent for a newspaper. I did not see her again until to-day, when, on my arriving from abroad, I ran impetuously to her house, and was with difficulty admitted to her presence ; but what a presence ! She lay on her dying bed in the last breath of consumption, and has refused all medical aid. Her last request is that we be married. What I want of you is to rally her, if possible, and keep her alive as long as you can. Come immediately: She mentioned your name because you once attended her when she was a poor girl."

I at once accompanied my visitor, whose tears had frequently interrupted his narrative, and hurried to the expiring woman. She lay exhausted, propped up with pillows, and coughing almost incessantly. Her lips were purple, her breathing labored and gasping, and cold, wet pearls of sweat formed death's diadem around her forehead. It seemed as if there was nothing alive about her but those burning orbs which had sunken almost into her brain, as if to shun the light and objects of day. A dark red spot flickered on her projecting cheek-bones, and her transparent nostrils fanned quickly, Her long raven hair, unbound, streamed around her as if it were her winding-sheet, while her eyebrows were

like folds of crape hung over the windows of the departing soul. There was something ethereal about her, as if the spirit was about to burst forth from its chrysalis.

As soon as we entered, her eyes met those of my visitor, and she said in a hoarse voice :

“ Thank God, Walter, I see you once again.”

I at once perceived her condition, and administered brandy and ammonia ; which I continued to do at frequent intervals as long as she lasted.

“ Bertha !” sobbed her friend, tenderly.

“ That,” said she, “ sounds like the voice I loved ten years ago. Have you thought of me, Walter, all these long ten years that you have lived in self-exile? I believed I was something to you. Was I deceived, Walter ?”

Mr. Warkus knelt by her side, seized her two hands, and pressed them upon his heart.

“ Bertha,” he murmured, “ if you knew what I have suffered during this time, you would pity me.”

“ But you abandoned me, Walter.”

“ I fled from you because I loved you so. I did not propose for your hand when you were poor ; could I do so only when you were rich? Would I not seem mercenary and interested only for your fortune? I fled from your presence ; but my love for you followed me in all my wanderings, A happy day I have not seen, until at last desperation drove me again to your side. Oh, I have suffered !”

“And do you think, Walter,” said she, softly, “that I have not suffered? I have remained true to my love. When I inherited that fortune, I rejoiced for your sake that I might aid you in your lofty aims and ambition, and I dreamed of sharing your glory; but you left me, and I knew it was on account of your pride, and yet I hoped some day to see you again. Many men offered themselves to me, but in vain. I was waiting for you. You in the busy whirl of life could distract yourself; but I, a weak woman, what could I do but wait, and weep? Which of us, Walter, has most suffered?”

“I did not dream of that, Bertha.”

“Oh, you thought I was only a woman, and would soon forget.”

“No, Bertha, not forget; but I did not imagine you loved me so deeply. Oh, Bertha, what have I lost in you?”

“Walter, I shall be happier in heaven for having seen you.”

At this moment the door opened, and in came the minister who had been summoned to marry them. He at once joined the hands of the pair and married death to life. It was difficult to say whether a funeral or a wedding ceremony was taking place. No orange blossoms flung their sweet breath from her head; no jewels like crystallized sunbeams nestled on her neck; no laughing felicitations cheered her spirits; no presents of affection and friendliness sparkled from her tables;

no wedding march enlivened the trembling heart of a bride. No, no, no. The benediction was a prayer and a farewell; the congratulation was metamorphosed into a sigh, a smothered cry of affectionate anguish; and the voices that would have breathed music broke out into a low wail. The flowers that ought to be so bright were soon to be the smilax and the pale rose, and the journey that should have been a tour of pleasure was to be the slow march to the grave.

Mrs. Warkus had a happy, transfigured expression, that seemed to say, "This moment repays me for all I have suffered." Her husband was still kneeling at her feet and kissing her hands wet with his tears. But neither spoke again. There seemed to be a spiritual communion going on between them. She appeared much exhausted, and though I increased the brandy and ammonia, she lay back, with short breath and rattling chest, and seemed to fall asleep with eyes rolled upwards. She then struggled and we knew she was no more.

I inquired more particularly of her mother the circumstances of her life, and learned that her father had died of consumption, leaving them destitute, and that for several years they were in a state of great distress from actual deprivation of the necessaries of life. After the inheritance, the daughter, although surrounded by luxury, was unhappy and seemed to feast on her sacred grief. She finally refused all society and lived in seclu-

sion, feeding on her own unnatural imagination. From this course resulted the consumption of which she had inherited the seeds. Her marriage was partly to gratify her caprice, and partly to give a protector to her aged mother.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SWALLOWING A FROG.

ON one of my summer vacations I boarded at a farm-house in an obscure town of New Hampshire, where, much against my inclination, it became known that I was a physician from Boston. I stoutly insisted that I should refuse all medical conversations and consultations; but, at the urgent entreaties of a neighboring farmer, I consented to meet his medical attendant, a certain Dr. Brims, to investigate the case of his wife, who was said to be in consumption.

Dr. Brims arrived in a chaise well plastered with mud, and laid down his whip, which he always used with the butt-end, as his obdurate horse seemed indifferent to the admonitions of the other. He took out a little yellow trunk containing his medicines, and saluted me somewhat stiffly. He was a dried-up old man, a burnt-out clinker, with very bushy eyebrows hanging down over his eyes, which were so lively that they had a continual up and down movement; in fact, his eyebrows appeared to be the only lively part in him, for every other part acted only by compulsion, or as if it had been wound up and set going. His neck was at right angles to his body, and seemed on the

point of shooting forwards at a tangent to get somewhere or something. This shooting forwards gave him the appearance of being hump-backed, but it was a mere illusion, for his hump was really in front, in the form of a capacious abdomen, which had been enlarged to meet the growing wants of his stomach in the cider business. His teeth were all gone, and his lower jaws, when his mouth was closed, shot upwards, and entirely disappeared under his upper lip. Two fleshy bags hung down under his eyes: what they contained I know not; but between the bushy brows above and these eye-bags below, all you could see were two small gray marbles endowed with sight. He was withal a fragrant man, fragrant with emanations of rhubarb and ipecac from his pockets, and exhalations of tobacco from his mouth and every part of him, as if he had been baptized in it.

We thought best to begin with a physical examination of the lungs of the patient. He seemed very anxious to do it himself, possibly to show me that science had penetrated into his mountainous home. He began to percuss on the right side, as if his hand was a sledge-hammer and her chest an anvil.

“You see,” he cried, exultantly, “here is perfect dullness of the lung. The right lung has gone to thunder, and she is living on the other.”

“Dullness!” I protested; “why, you were percussing over the liver when you found that dullness.”

“Was it?” he asked, musingly; “let me see, how high does the liver rise in the chest? This liver seems rather high.”

“You’re right, Dr. Brims,” observed Mrs. Mull; “I’ve had the liver complaint a good many years. My liver seems too high up in my stomach.”

“I don’t blame it then for complaining,” I remarked; “high livers are always complaining—live lower and it will go down.”

Mrs. Mull was a portly woman, who lived well; but she did not seem to understand my remark.

“Well, doctor,” said Dr. Brims, continuing our discussion, “where is the line of separation between the liver and lung?”

“The liver rises to the upper border of the sixth rib,” I answered.

“Does it?” he queried, incredulously; “mebbe it do down to Boston, but it don’t up here.”

I let him have his own way, and we differed still further by his calling the case consumption, and I chronic bronchitis. We then retired into the sitting-room to talk over the case, and as we went he whispered the word cider to the ruddy farmer, who brought in a large pitcher of hard cider, two pewter mugs and a plate of apples.

“O’ny two things can cure that ’oman,” began the doctor, setting down his empty mug and wiping his

mouth with his red bandana. "Doctors nowadays give too much medicine, 'specially powders and pills. The stores are filled with pills of every possible name — there's Ayer's, Herrick's, Down's, Harrison's, Schenck's, and those whose other name is Legion; in fact, this might be called the *pill age*."

"It certainly is on the part of the vendors of those who pillage the consumers," I laughed.

"As I was saying," he pursued, after making a flying visit to the pewter mug, "doctors give too much medicine, and between you and me there is more dies from the effect of the medicines than the disease. Don't you know all medicines are poison, and it's a mere question how much poison a person can stand without dying. Diseases themselves are poison; as for instance, small-pox, diphtheria, scarlet fever, cholera, etc., and it all depends whether the poison of the disease is stronger than the medicine, or the medicine stronger than the disease, or whether the patient is stronger than either of them. If the disease don't floor him, it is pretty sartin the medicine will. If I was sick, I would sooner trust natur and natur's God than all the poisons in my trunk, but of course we doctors must get a living out of other people's misfortins. When I open my trunk and see all the pretty names my poisons bear, and see the pretty colors and shapes they take, I say to myself those poisons are little devils disguised as ministering angels."

Dr. Brims stopped a moment to rest and empty his pewter mug, and then continued :

“ The longer I practice the less and the simpler medicines I prescribe, and I now prefer what nature provides ready made before me in the fields, before it has been distilled down to strong poisons. Every herb that grows is a medicine if you only knew its qualities. It is cheaper for me, safer for the patient, and it is taking things as I find 'em in God Almighty's apothecary shop, out doors.

“ Now to come down to the present case ; it will take two things to cure that 'oman. The first is a cat poultice, or, in medical language, a cataplasm. My poultice is made of live black kittens. I put a litter of 'em over the lungs, and the old she will stay where they do. Their warmth, which never cools like any other poultice, the vapor-bath of their warm breath, and the electricity given off their fur will cure any lung difficulty that isn't too far gone.”

“ I see,” I laughed, derisively, “ if Mrs. Mull makes a pillow of herself for her cats, she turns herself into a caterpillar.”

“ The other remedy I mentioned,” he said, solemnly, without noticing my interruption, “ is frog beer.”

“ Frog beer !” I repeated in amazement ; “ what is that ?”

“ Very simple. You take yaller dock, rock polypod, plantain, wild celandine, sassyparilla, sassyfras, dande-

lion-root, violet-root, pipsissewa, garden rhubarb and gill-go-over-the-ground, a pound of each to four gallons of water, and finally add twenty-four live frogs.

It seemed to me that the doctor was going to inflict Mrs. Mull with the frog plague which Aaron brought upon Pharaoh; but I made no objection, provided she would go to the seaside for a month. The doctor accordingly wrote down a formidable prescription and handed it to Mr. Mull, and soon went off with considerable hard cider in his legs, which seemed to have the rising and falling inflection, as he swayed to and fro in getting to his chaise.

I saw no more of Mrs. Mull until my next summer vacation, when she came over to see me, saying that the frog beer had cured her of the consumption, but that she was now worse than ever, owing to swallowing in the beer a live tadpole which had grown in her stomach to a big frog, and now, like another Pharaoh, she wanted me to take away the frogs from her. She was very nervous and low-spirited, and had become very thin, for she ate almost nothing so as to starve out the intruding batrachian. She had become a monomaniac on the subject, and imagined she heard it croak, felt it jump up in her stomach and then fall back with a splash. All night long she fancied she heard the croaking in the pond of her stomach, and its ineffectual efforts to get out. She almost never closed her eyes, and if she did it was only for a moment when she

would awake with a start and a jump. Occasionally she perceived the monster crawling up into her throat, when she was sure there was a lump there and she began to strangle and gasp for breath and scream. She sometimes too believed she could feel with her hand in her abdomen a lump of something which moved with a gurgling sound when she pressed upon it. And her horror was increased by imagining that this frog might spawn and a hideous group of tadpoles come forth which might chase each other down the thirty feet of her intestines. Just think of her whole bowels becoming an immense frog-pond! She never dared approach a marsh for fear that her frogs calling out responsive to the croaks of their marsh relatives might induce them to come out and endeavor to release the pining prisoners in the dungeon of her stomach.

She had appealed to Dr. Brims, but alas! he had no Aaron's rod to stretch forth, and could only propose a fishing-rod with baited hook; but she felt suspicious of him and refused to try the experiment. I saw that nothing but ocular demonstration could satisfy Mrs. Mull. I accordingly made an appointment for the next day at her house, and in the meantime hunted up a small frog which I concealed under my coat-sleeve. I first ordered her to drink a large quantity of water, and then administered a powerful emetic. I called for a pail to catch the upheaval, and in the midst of her

vomiting let the frog fall from my sleeve into the pail, at the same time pounding her strongly on the back.

“There,” cried I, “you’re all right now ; its born ; the frog is thrown up !”

“Didn’t I tell you truly ?” gasped the exhausted woman. “I knew it was there, for I felt it jump and croak.”

An explanation of Mrs. Mull’s symptoms is very easy. She was afflicted with a rare form of flatulent dyspepsia of such a nature that gas accumulates in the stomach, and by pressing upon it the gas changes position and causes a peculiar noise with splash of the liquid in the stomach. At the same time she suffered from hysteria, in which there is the sensation of a ball or lump in the throat, with suffocation. Having once got it into her head that she had swallowed a tadpole, it was very easy and natural to attribute to the frog the subjective symptoms arising from the hysteria and dyspepsia. After the supposed expulsion of her croaking enemy she resumed her appetite and sleep, and became a healthy and sane woman.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE RAGPICKER'S DEATH.

THE oldest citizens in this city may remember a trial for poisoning in a Spanish family named Rosa. The family consisted of a beautiful young wife and her husband, who was a confectioner, and a young Spaniard named Fernandez, who boarded with them and worked in their shop. It was noticed that Fernandez was infatuated with the lovely Señora, and was very much in her company in her husband's absence. At length Don Rosa was suddenly taken very sick, with symptoms of cholera morbus, and was treated for it by an eminent physician, but notwithstanding every effort he died in great distress. Young Fernandez now showed the greatest affection for the widow, which she did not seem to reciprocate; for, while he was gay and attentive to her, she remained silent and thoughtful. She seemed changed since her husband's death. She had permitted certain gallantries in Fernandez which were now distasteful to her. The sufferings and death of her husband had awakened her better nature, and her self-reproach had culminated in vows of faithfulness to his memory. It was not long before the neighbors began to hear noises of angry voices spoken in a

foreign language, and soon afterwards the widow herself was taken sick in the same manner as her husband, and my father was called to attend her. Her vomiting was incessant, her eyelids swollen, her cheeks sunken and pale and terrible cramps incessantly tortured her. One whole night my father remained at her bedside and by morning she was much better, but as soon as he left her she immediately relapsed and died. An inquest being called for, the two bodies were exhumed and examined, when large quantities of arsenic were found in them. Don Fernandez was arrested on suspicion, as an apothecary testified that the accused had bought arsenic of him on several occasions; but after keeping him a year in jail, and no positive evidence against him being found, the culprit was acquitted.

Many years after the events above mentioned, I was one morning called to see a man said to be dying. I hurried to the house with the messenger, and found that the sick man lived alone in a dilapidated house on the borders of Miller's River. The house was propped up on crutches, as it were, to prevent its falling down; the windows were broken and were covered with paper panes, the door-steps were gone, so we had to climb up into the desolate shelter. The interior had a musty, damp smell and chilly feeling. On opening the patient's room I found myself in a ragpicker's quarters. The floor was strewn with rags sorted out in heaps

according to their material and color, which emitted a noisome stench. On a filthy table was a bottle of whiskey, a few crusts of bread and a black pipe filled with ashes. A chair with no bottom to it stood at the table. The only bed was a mattress filled with seaweed lying on some boards. At one end of this lay a very thin dog with an ugly-looking face, and at the other lay a man all dressed, but he himself looked little different from any other heap of rags in the room. He was perhaps sixty, with gray hair, thin lips and haggard cheeks. There were the ruins of regular features fissured and thinned by want and worryment. Some neighbors, who stooped over him rubbing his hands and arms, said that on coming in, in the morning, to see him, he was not to be seen; but, attracted by feeble groans, they descended into the cellar and discovered him lying on a heap of coke, unable to move.

On examination I perceived the side on which he fell very bruised, discolored and paralyzed. His mouth was drawn to one side, one cheek was immovable and one eyelid closed and the corresponding brow hung down lower than the other, and he was heavily breathing with a puffing sound. The ragpicker had had an attack of apoplexy, but was still conscious and could still talk, although slowly, and with great difficulty. I bathed his head with cold water and gave him a spoonful of whiskey, which seemed to revive him a little.

“It is very uncertain,” said I to him, while feeling his feeble pulse, “whether you can live more than a few hours; and if you have any last wishes, make them known and I will do what I can for you.”

The paralytic feebly requested the neighbors to withdraw and then related to me in a slow, staccato manner, his story.

“I went down cellar to fetch up some coke, and while stooping over to shovel it up fell upon it and was unable to move or speak, but still had my senses. It was a cold, gusty night, and the wind which entered the broken windows blew out my candle. I was very cold, very stiff and numb, but could do nothing. I occasionally heard some one go by whistling or talking, but could not make myself known. When all was still and the night far advanced, I noticed light noises of gnawing and creeping, and knew that rats were surrounding me. They ran over my body and I felt their cold fur and claws upon me. Some of them bit me fiercely and you can see their marks here on my limbs. God! what a fearful night that was. I was freezing to death on a pile of coke, with no companions but voracious rats! I felt other things crawl over me, something slimy and cold, but slow and dragging. Whether it was toads or slugs, or a snake, I don't know. I was not in liquor; would to God I had been! It would have warmed me and kept up my courage. No, it was all real and true. I have lived here alone a good many

years, because nobody will live with me and I will live with nobody. During the whole night my mind suffered more than my body. As I felt death coming into my bones, and my wretched body freezing in the draught, and heard the rats running over me, there in the darkness, on a rough heap of coke, with no one to hear me or to save me — I saw two ghosts come out of the darkness and bend over me. They were living ghosts, but their breath was icy.”

The man shuddered and closed his eye, but was unable to proceed for some time.

“Doctor,” he resumed at length, “my real name is Fernandez, and I was the poisoner of Mr. and Mrs. Rosa! and the two ghosts were them. They had a package of white powder in their hands, and threw it in my face and over me. I felt it showering down upon me and knew it was arsenic. I could taste it as it fell on my lips; it was acid and strong enough to burn holes into my flesh. God! how do you think I felt at that moment, in that black, fearful cellar? Hell would be welcome to get release from such torments. I know I’m going to die, and I want to unburden the secret that has been like a red-hot iron in my mind for nearly thirty years. I poisoned Mr. Rosa because I loved his wife, and I poisoned her because she would not marry me nor let me have a share in the property. She even hinted that I had a hand in the death of her husband. She would finally have testified against me.

But she, though giddy, was innocent ; the crime was all my own. I put arsenic in their tea, their food and their medicine, and when Mr. Rosa died I expected to marry his wife and be happy ; but I was not so a moment. I was tortured with remorse, and Mrs. Rosa and I disputed and quarrelled. She threatened me and I poisoned her. It seemed happiness for me to see her suffering. I don't know whether I was crazy or not, but I felt happy in knowing I should have no one to rise up and testify against me. After she died I never knew a moment of rest or comfort. I could not work. I went away for some years into another State, but finally came back to visit their graves. I gradually got lower and lower until I became a ragpicker — there, do you see them ghosts there with their arsenic? they are throwing it at me ; that's Rosa and his wife."

The man became so wrought up by his hallucinations that he was soon exhausted and unconscious, and died the following day.

CHAPTER XXV.

A CHASE FOR A PATIENT.

IN the earlier years of my practice I was stationed in a small village in New Hampshire, where the people, from the purity of the air, the simplicity of their diet, the regularity of their lives and their abstinence from all alcoholic beverages, got into a way of being tremendously healthy; so much so, that every physician who settled there was obliged either to turn farmer or move away to more unhealthy localities. I was one day at dinner ruminating on the fearfully good hygienic condition of the inhabitants of this Arcadia, when a gentleman came in, unceremoniously sat down at my table, and began to refresh himself with my fare. I at once recognized him as Dr. Pickles, the presiding medical elder of the adjacent town. His face was of a brownish hue, seamed with valleys and highlands; his eyelids never separated more than one-sixteenth of an inch apart, so that all you could see was the equator of a pair of sea-green eyes. But his large, blunt nose with its large, almost round nostrils seemed, in a measure, to take the place of eyes, as he was accustomed to smell of everything before making use of it, probably from his habit of always smelling

the medicines which he gave his patients. His cheek-bones were high, like headlands, and his mouth a mere horizontal opening in his head, as he had no lips that could be seen. The top of his cranium was a Sahara; an immense desert, with an oasis here and there on the borders. His neck was a long isthmus, with large blue veins like rivers running over it.

Dr. Pickles, who considered my presence an intrusion in his circuit, had a quiet way of gobbling up my patients when he could. He seemed to be a kind of buccaneer; his saddle-bags were his black flag, his little black mare and chaise had a rakish, piratical look, and his little bottles were so many cannons loaded with pill-balls and rhubarb-gunpowder. Thus armed to the teeth he boldly sailed into my own harbor and declared war in an underhanded manner. Having a patient in my neighborhood, he embraced the opportunity to see how I was getting along and how my dinner tasted.

“How’s business?” he queried, without moving his invisible lips.

“No sickness,” said I, laconically.

“A doctor can’t judge of the amount of sickness by the amount of his practice,” he remarked, gloatingly, “for in the case of a popular practitioner with a large practice there always seems to be a great deal of sickness, while at the same time another less popular might complain of it being a healthy season, so that you

can't judge of the health of the town by one physician's business."

I felt annihilated by this undoubted truth, and was silenced.

"For instance," he continued, after doing considerably in the way of mastication, "I consider this a very sickly town. There's Mehitable Beggs down with the rheumatism, there's Sam Bolster laid up with a felon, there's old Mr. Small with a sprained wrist, and there's Mrs. Picket with a ten-pounder of a boy. I call this a tremendous sickly town."

In the midst of this unanswerable speech my mortification was prevented by the sound of horse's hoofs rapidly striking the ground. We both rose, and looking out of the window saw a man literally on horseback (having left his saddle at home and his hat on the road, like another Gilpin), who galloped up to the door and begged me to hasten to his house, a distance of two miles, and reduce the dislocated jaw of his wife. That was a very happy moment for me, and I was glad to show signs of business to my jealous and overbearing acquaintance. Dr. Pickles looked chop-fallen and chagrined, as his office was at least a quarter of a mile nearer the patient than mine.

"Did you ever reduce a dislocated jaw?" maliciously asked the doctor, looking hard at the farmer.

I hesitated, but finally said, "No, I never did, but I am ready to do it."

“ Well, doctor,” he remarked, in an apparently unconcerned manner, “ if you have any trouble or difficulty in getting that back, why, I am here, you know. I have reduced at least half a dozen in my life, but of course there is always a first time to a new beginner.”

I made no reply, as I was anxious to set off, and harnessing my horse and begging my wife to entertain our guest, followed briskly the hatless horseman. It was a pretty neat race down these two miles, but he came in first. We hastily alighted and Mr. Diggs, the farmer, ushered me into the sitting-room and said, “ Doctor, this is my ——”

He did not finish his sentence, as his wife was not there. He ran into every room, calling “ Oriander;” but Oriander was not there. Finally, his little child came running in and announced that her mother had started off with the white horse and buggy, to go to Dr. Pickles’ office, as she had in her impatience concluded that I was not at home, and could not come. There was no alternative. Mr. Diggs got in with me, and we ran down to Dr. Pickles’ in search of our escapist. What was our astonishment and vexation to learn from Mrs. Pickles that the chop-fallen Mrs. Diggs had arrived, and been directed to my office, where she said that her husband, who had not much to do, might be found. I must return then to my own office to find my patient; but then I should finally have the satisfaction of performing this reduction in the very face

of Dr. Pickles. Mr. Diggs and I jumped in again, and we proceeded with new zeal and fresh courage to my house. We entered the office; it was empty!

“Where is Mrs. Diggs?” I asked of my wife.

“Mrs. Diggs! Why, I told her you had gone to her house and was there, and advised her to go home and have the operation done there. It is not long since she left.”

“And Dr. Pickles?”

“Oh, he left a little while before Mrs. Diggs came.”

Although disappointed, obstacles only kindled my zeal to a greater flame, and I longed to get at Mrs. Diggs, my only patient, and get hold of her jaw.

I at once set out again with Mr. Diggs, and got along swimmingly for about a half mile, when my horse, seeing some white object on the roadside, became balky. I whipped him until I was ashamed of myself, then repented and coaxed him, but all to no purpose. I suspected that an important factor in his balkiness was his unwillingness to be deprived of his oats, which he had not finished. He knew nothing about that unlucky jaw, and took no interest in the case; all he wanted was oats. It was pure selfishness on his own part, but I could not help it. On one end of the road was a jaw calling me, and on the other were oats calling him; and oats conquered. Mr. Diggs, who had been to sea in his young days, burst out laughing and remarked:

“That’s what I call *riding at anchor*.”

I then jumped out, determined to finish the chase on foot, telling Diggs to turn round and face towards the stable and he would have no further trouble. And it turned out as I said; the balky animal trotted home all right. On other subsequent occasions I have noticed that if you turn a balky horse round and go the other direction he will go well enough. And just here it may not be out of place to draw a moral from this incident, and recommend husbands who have balky wives, that will not always follow them, to turn them round occasionally and let them go their own way awhile, and afterwards they will probably return to the road of their husbands. It is more than possible that balky wives may be in the right, after all, and the husbands in the wrong, As an honest man I confess that my horse was not in the wrong, and I would have done the same thing in his place. In other words, balkiness is not always a sign of ill-temper nor mulishness; but is perhaps more often a sign of resistance to tyranny and an insurrection on a small scale.

It was a hot summer's day and the heat and my excitement soon brought on one of my familiar sick-headaches, so that I had to sit down a little while and hold my throbbing head, but visions of an "open countenance" appeared before me, and I got up and pursued my way. I arrived at last and found Mrs. Diggs, with her face tied up and her mouth shut.

“Why, doctor,” said she, “I’m sorry you came. I overtook Dr. Pickles and he put my jaw back.”

I made no reply. That pirate of a doctor had cruised around in my waters and captured my only patient. I did nothing; I said nothing; but I thought over to myself some fearfully improper expressions, which all ended in smoke. But one thing I did do: I folded my tent and silently stole away to other fields more needful of my services.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A DRY BIRTH.

I WAS called in 1864, one hot July night, about midnight, to attend a lady in childbirth. I made all possible haste, and, on arriving at an aristocratic house, was ushered into the sitting-room, where the husband was pacing the room and wringing his hands.

“My God, doctor,” cried he, abruptly, “I am afraid my wife will die. She can never live through this; and if she does, it will kill me. Do the best you can, doctor, and I will pay you well. If you want another physician to consult with, say so. Do you want ether, or brandy, or rum, or spurred rye, or ——.”

“Nothing at all at present,” I objected, soothingly; “I will do all that is necessary, and ask help if I need it.”

The husband burst into tears and covered up his face with his hands.

On entering the sick-room, I found a lady of forty seated in an arm-chair and composedly fanning herself.

“Now, doctor,” began the lady in a low voice, offering me a chair beside her, “I want your assistance, for this is a very difficult case.”

“Don’t be alarmed, madam,” said I, encouragingly;

“I have had a large experience, and have brought ether and everything else that is needful; and if we need counsel, I will send for one at once.”

The lady smiled faintly and then went on:

“We have been married twelve years, and have never had a child. My husband worships children and has long wanted one; in fact, that is the only desideratum to his happiness. For the last year or two he has not been so fond of me as before, and has been in the habit of being away a great deal, so I thought if I had a child it would reunite us more happily, and we should begin to live again as we once did.”

Here she sighed and stopped a moment, then resumed:

“Alas! I never had a child and never shall; but would give worlds to have one.”

I looked upon her in amazement. She paid no attention to my astonishment, but calmly pursued:

“And so I have felt it necessary to have a supposititious child, and have made my arrangements accordingly. I have pretended to be in that interesting way; and, by a judicious use of cotton-batting and swathing, have deceived my husband, whom I have told the child will be born to-night. My nurse agreed to get me a foundling and bring it here to-night, and I shall pretend to be in labor.”

“But, madam,” I remonstrated, “I can’t be a party to duplicity.”

“Would you prevent the happiness of my life by refusing me simply your countenance and support?”

That simple interrogatory silenced me.

“Oh, if this labor were real!” she murmured.

“You seem,” said I, “to have a real love of labor, but no real labor of love.”

She then retired to bed. In a few minutes more the nurse arrived with a bundle under her cloak, which was rapidly transferred to her side. The little waif was under the influence of paregoric and remained quiet. Mrs. Hancock now began to groan and then to scream. The husband rapped on the door, and asked if he might come in.

“No!” she thundered, but only screamed the louder. She was rapidly divested of her cotton-batting appendage, and soon the husband was admitted, who found a little babe in the nurse’s arms. She held it up to him, and asked him if it did not resemble its father. The happy man looked at it a moment tenderly, and said it was a perfect image of its mother.

“I will love it for its mother’s sake,” he said.

Mrs. Hancock looked at me slyly, then at the nurse, and smiled and blushed, as much as to say, I hope not.

A few years after this event I was called upon to attend this lady in her last sickness. She wanted to know if she had long to live, and I frankly disclosed the truth. She then beckoned her husband to her side and said, taking his hand:

“ Tobias, I cannot die without a clear conscience. I have deceived you, and it has caused me many misgivings and self-reproaches, and I feel as if I could not be forgiven in the other world, if I am not in this. Tobias, dear, Willie is not our child; it is a foundling that I smuggled in here to deceive you with. Can you forgive me, dear? I knew you could not be happy without a child, and so I thought to make you contented with another’s.”

The husband looked at her, first with astonishment, and then, overcome at his wife’s tenderness and love, burst into tears.

Ten years after the death of Mrs. Hancock her husband died intestate. His brother, appointed administrator by the judge of probate, had already learned, in a confidential conversation with his brother, that the child was supposititious; and, as no papers could be found proving that he was legally adopted, the administrator refused to acknowledge him as heir. This was a startling revelation to the young man, who had been educated in the best manner, and supposed himself the only child and heir. He was thus suddenly reduced to poverty, and thrown from the highest society to his own resources.

At this state of affairs I was called upon by two elderly ladies, one of whom declared herself to have been the nurse of Mrs. Hancock on the occasion of the pretended birth.

“Now,” continued the nurse, “I am prepared to prove that this woman is the real mother of that child, because I was present as nurse at the birth; and I myself, when the babe was a week old, carried it to Mrs. Hancock, according to an agreement I had with her to furnish her one. Moreover, I can prove that Mr. Hancock was the real father of the child. This woman, the real mother, was once servant in the family of Mr. Hancock; and, as at that time he was estranged from his wife’s affections, he became attached to this servant-girl, and this child was the result. He engaged me to nurse this woman, and said he would pay me well, as he was the father of the child. On the birth of the waif, this poor girl was unable to keep it, and Mr. Hancock was glad to get rid of it; so I proposed to get it adopted, to which both agreed; and when Mrs. Hancock desired me to get a foundling child for her, I gladly brought this one, without ever mentioning the parents of it. This young man, therefore, is the son of Mr. Hancock, and consequently sole heir to the whole property; and as this poor woman, who has had, ever since the birth of the child, to work at washing for a living, is the young heir’s mother, she will be handsomely provided for in her old age.”

All this astounded me; but the facts were well attested by living witnesses, so that I advised them both to be present in the court at the proving of the will, of which I would inform them.

At the appointed time, which I ascertained, all were present, and the administrator avowed himself sole heir as brother, as the intestate had left no family. The young man, who had come merely as spectator, hung his head and was silent.

“May it please your honor,” said the nurse, rising, “I object to these proceedings. The rightful heir to Mr. Hancock is his son William.”

“He had no son; this young man was never adopted,” said the administrator, haughtily.

“True he has not been adopted, but he was the real son of Tobias Hancock; and this woman at my side was the mother of that child.”

The young man and the administrator looked at her in amazement; but she calmly went on to state clearly the facts in the case, which were corroborated by the mother and myself, when the judge declared William Hancock the real heir.

The young man, who seemed spell-bound in listening to these facts, now rushed forward and cried, “Mother,” and threw himself in her arms. The happy trio of mother, nurse, and child now withdrew together and formed an inseparable union.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IT WAS THE OTHER MAN.

IN September, 1868, I was one day called upon by a gentleman who desired me to go at once and see a madman. The gentleman, dressed in shabby black, wore round his neck a loosely-tied red handkerchief, but no collar. He had evidently not been shaved for a week, and his black hair, striped with white, was long and uncombed. His black eyes had a peculiar restless look, and his whole manner was uneasy and nervous. I went at once with the stranger, who, on arriving at his home, ushered me into a darkened room, with no furniture but a bed and chair. On the bed, apparently asleep, lay a stout, red-faced man, all dressed except his coat and vest.

“He’s asleep,” whispered the stranger, “but has been raving all night and tearing everything to pieces. When he is awake it is impossible to hold him, and he howls like a wolf. If he should awake now he would tear us in pieces. I want you to secure him while he is quiet, for I don’t dare to meddle with him.”

I immediately called for a clothes-line, and cautiously fastened the arms and legs to the four bed-posts; which I easily did, as the madman was sleeping very heavily.

“There,” chuckled the stranger, “that’s jolly. That will calm him down. This is the scene of Delilah and Samson, and I am the Philistines; but let him sleep a little while longer, while I show you my workshop.”

The eccentric stranger took me into an adjoining room, which at first sight appeared to be a room for storage, but which on closer inspection seemed to be filled with models and machines of different kinds.

“Here,” began the stranger, with great animation and rapidity of speech, “is my thinking shop. I am an inventor, and have spent my life in inventing useful objects. I began life with an inheritance of twenty thousand dollars, and have spent all in experimenting upon and perfecting different models of public utility; but for some reason have not been fortunate nor appreciated, and my machines have not brought me anything. But that is an every-day matter of knowledge, that men of genius are never appreciated until they are confined down, and then the world shouts after them, and buys their works. But I am not disheartened; I have got something better. I shall let the old inventions go, and bring out new ideas and projects, which within two years will make me a millionaire. I have got underway discoveries in science which will astonish and electrify the world. Look at this plan; that is a machine for grinding up fools and turning out sensible men. The world is overstocked with fools, and that’s the reason progress is so slow. The only prac-

tical difficulty is with the soul ; which is so light and volatile it would immediately rise during the process by having no specific gravity. I expect, even, by a peculiar form of eccentric pressure, to realize the theories of Gall, and develop any mental faculty, and extinguish vicious propensities by putting the head into an hydraulic press and elevating certain bumps and depressing others ; for instance : by elevating the bumps of veneration, you have a minister ; by enlarging philoprogenitiveness you generate a Mormon ; by diminishing conscientiousness you make a lawyer ; by annihilating all the bumps but self-acquisitiveness you create a politician ; by pressing up destructiveness until it is gigantic, you have a ready-made rumseller ; by mingling benevolence and cautiousness you turn out a doctor ; and so on.

I looked at the inventor in blank astonishment, and expected to see a smile of satire ; but he remained serious and enthusiastic, and continued :

“ Here is a machine for condensing sunbeams, and using them for cooking purposes, adapted particularly to seamen and soldiers.”

“ How would you do on cloudy and wintry days ? ” said I, amused at this singular idea.

“ Oh, that is easy ; the surplus of heat is boxed up in my absorber, and can be kept or shipped to any quarter, and renewed once a month ; in fact, a station could be established on the line of the equator, which could

run all the year round. But here is an invention I expect to sell to the government for one hundred thousand dollars; it is used to draw down and concentrate lightning, to load bombshells with so as to form condensed thunderbolts. One thunderbolt explosion is warranted to kill a regiment without the cruelty of wounds and mangling of bodies, and hence a philanthropic way of fighting, suitable to this enlightened age."

The man's black eyes fairly snapped, his face was red with excitement, and he gesticulated wildly. I made up my mind he was either a fool, or insane; but said nothing. At this juncture we heard a loud noise and call for help. The inventor stood still and listened.

"That's the madman," said he; "let us go and see him howl."

We hastened into the other room, and found the patient struggling, writhing, groaning and cursing all at once.

"What does this mean?" bellowed the man in bed.

"It means," answered the inventor with a chuckle, "that the doctor and I have secured the madman, and we are going to see whether you will be quiet or not. The Philistines be upon thee, Samson!"

"Madman! I am not a madman!" cried the struggling man in bed, endeavoring to loosen his limbs from the cords. "You are the madman."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the inventor. "I mad!

Didn't I invent the compass that Columbus used? Didn't I make the telescope for Galileo? Fulton got his idea of steam propulsion for boats from me. Watt stole one of my models of a steam-engine. Morse never dreamed of the telegraph till he saw my batteries. I mad! Ha, ha, ha! He thinks everybody mad because he is. He's as mad as a March hare."

"Loosen my arms, I'm smothering," implored the prisoner, "I'm no more mad than you, doctor."

I began to unloose the cords.

"Let that madman alone," screamed the inventor. "He will kill us; he will cut our throats."

"Unbind me, or I will break every bone in your body," yelled the stout man. "It isn't me that's mad; it is the other man."

I was in a quandary. Were there two madmen, or which was the lunatic? Revolving this thought in my mind, I suddenly withdrew from the room, and hurried into another room where I found a frightened woman, who called herself the inventor's wife, and who told me her husband became insane from loss of fortune, and constant study to perfect impossible machines. He had labored a great many years on one labor-saving machine, spent thousands of dollars, and worked at night with exhausted brain, until finally his mind broke down from overstrain, when the invention appeared *almost* perfect.

Almost? The most discouraging, the most heart-rending word, expressing the failure of a life-time, the bursting of a long-cherished bubble, the thwarting of a hope on which the energies of life, soul, and body, have been concentrated — that word is, almost. The brave ship that withstood the assaults of foreign storms, arrives in sight of her native land, to be foundered on hidden shoals. She was almost in port. The speculator who has risked his all, and expects to-morrow to be a millionaire, by a sudden change in the market becomes a beggar. Moses, after forty years' wandering in the wilderness, climbed with painful steps to Pisgah's top, and saw in the beautiful distance the land of Promise. He was almost there; but he had to lie down and die. Cæsar, when he arrived at the dizzy height to which his ambition spurred him, and the imperial crown glittered in his hands, was smitten down, and all his dreams were over. As the woman told me her painful story, these thoughts came into my mind, and I felt great sympathy for her and her insane husband. After I had told her my adventure, she added that her husband had put on his attendant's coat and vest and unexpectedly slipped out while the latter had fallen asleep, after a night's watching and a possible overdose of whiskey.

At the instance of the family I made out the necessary papers, and the poor but brilliant inventor was committed to the insane asylum.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CURE OF THE CANKER.

THERE are two persons to be pitied in a case of hypochondria: the doctor and the patient. The latter's sufferings are in a measure imaginary, although they are to himself real and important; the former has to endure much importunity and annoyance, often without compensatory satisfaction. The hypochondriac's whole business is physical introspection; he passes in review every sensation, normal and abnormal, of every organ in the body, and keeps, as it were, a day-book and ledger account of all these feelings. He seems to enjoy his long catalogue of ailments, partly from constitutional mental weakness, and partly from an inordinate love of sympathy, and petting. He likes to be the centre of conversation, and compassion, and when certain symptoms become trite, he sets his fertile imagination to work and easily manufactures others to order. On the other hand, the doctor must make incessant visits, hear a tedious recital, give reasons where none are to be found, and have the miserable satisfaction of knowing that his patient is determined not to get better.

My second patient in the beginning of my med-

ical practice was the Widow Pipes. I had been very strongly recommended to her by my first patient, Mr. Wormwood, and was very thankful to him for it; indeed, I was so thankful that I immediately went round with a basket of fruit, to the little Wormwoods, to show my gratitude substantially.

Mrs. Pipes was a woman who had seen better times, but had degenerated after the decease of the late Mr. Pipes, who had left her two houses, ballasted with heavy mortgages, some railroad stock below par, and some stock in a mining company of an imaginary silver mine in Canaan, N. H. She could realize nothing out of this property; in fact, she could not *move hand or foot in the stocks*. It was all Mr. Pipes' fault, who had been too late in looking after his shares. He was always too late from the time he came into the world, and came two weeks after he ought to. Late to his business, late to the cars, late to dinner, late in paying his dues to the bank, late to bed, and late to rise. His career proved the falsity of the adage, better late than never. After his death, his friends, in alluding to him and his career, always said *the late Mr. Pipes*.

Mrs. Pipes sent me a note, requesting me to call upon her at precisely six o'clock, P. M. That was the longest day I had seen since I had put out my sign; I was anxious to make a second charge in my day-book, for I had always entertained a veneration for dying words, and particularly those of Marmion, "Charge,

Chester, charge ;” but I had nothing to charge. I found Mrs. Pipes a portly woman with a portly nose projecting from a very ordinary face. She had a very querulous voice, pitched on a high key, with a shade of nasal intonation. Her clothes seemed to slop over in their superabundance, and to have no fit at all, unless it was an hysteric fit. Bazar patterns had not been invented in her day, and her clothes were made so that she could move round under them with plenty of room for a poultice, or plaster, which she never went without. She sat in an arm-chair, with a shawl over her head and shoulders, and a blanket encasing her feet.

“ I am so glad you have come, doctor,” she began, with her piping voice, “ because I have so much confidence in you, owing to your success with the Wormwoods. The reason I mentioned six, was that my son returns from his work at six, and being a widow, I thought it best to have somebody present. The Wormwoods was a feather in your cap, and if you will do so well by me, I will advertise you over the whole world. I am a great sufferer with the canker ; it is in every part of my system, eating me up by inches. I inherited it from my mother, who died with it, and I am afraid I shall too.”

Here there was an intermission of five minutes, while she bedewed her handkerchief with tears and bay rum. Mrs. Pipes had a great deal of humor about her, if she

did love crying ; but her humor was all in her eye — it was aqueous humor.

“ Let me see, where did I leave off?” she continued, after she had got her breath, and bathed her face with her bay rum. “ My symptoms change every hour in the day, so that I am obliged to pay the strictest attention to keep the run of ’em all. I’ve got the canker in my stomach so bad that I cannot eat a morsel except the greatest delicacy, otherwise it gives me the heartburn, and water-brash, and stocks is so low that I can’t afford it, and there it is. And then my kidneys are all stopped up, and I’ve a backache that almost kills me. It’s the canker in the kidneys, doctor. Don’t you think I’ll die with the canker of the kidneys? Just look at my tongue, it is coated all the time.”

Another intermission for tears and bay rum.

“ Let me see — where did I leave off? You see, doctor, I can’t keep the run of all my symptoms, and as for my lungs, they are almost gone with the canker ; I believe I have only one left, and the canker is gnawing away at that, and my legs are beginning to swell ; just look at them.”

She showed me the biggest lower extremities that I ever saw. They must have resembled the Prodigal’s “fatted calf,” but the swelling was genuine hard fat, stowed away for further consumption.

“ Oh, my poor memory ; I knew I should not remember half of my diseases when you came. I am so nerv-

ous I forget everything when a doctor is present, and so I have written down the symptoms I felt yesterday."

Here she presented me with a four-page history, which I put in my pocket, promising to read it at night. I then wrote a prescription, took my hat, and proceeded as far as the door, when she called after me :

"Doctor! doctor!"

I reluctantly came back.

"I forgot to mention about my heart. It seems to stop sometimes, and flutters, and then cold sweat breaks out over me. It must be the canker. Don't you think I'll die of the canker of the heart, doctor?"

I consoled her, and started for the door. when again that dreadful call saluted me :

"Doctor! doctor!"

I turned round and faced her, but did not let go of my grip on the knob.

"I forgot to speak of my liver. I've got the overflow of the gall, and can feel it in my blood. Don't you think it is the canker of the liver?"

I bowed assent.

"But the worst of all I've got the rheumatic rheumatism in all my bones, and can't walk a step till I've stirred round some time, and got limbered out. Can't you get the rheumatic canker out of my bones, doctor?"

I nodded my head, pointed to my recipe, and flew from the house, with the word canker ringing in my ears.

The next day I called again at her request, and found her all dressed for the street, with hat and shawl on. I was elated with the success of my prescription, and felt flushed like a soldier returning from victory. Perhaps the most coveted remuneration which a physician receives, is the evidence before him of the success of his toilsome efforts ; and the appreciation of it, either verbally or pecuniarily, by the patient, is not nearly so dear to him, and this for two reasons : his humanity is gratified by the relief of suffering, and his pride is flattered by seeing the accuracy of his judgment in the management of the case.

“ Ah, madam,” said I, gleefully, “ I am glad you are going out. I told you that you would soon be better.”

“ Going out,” she repeated, moodily. “ I’m not going out at all.”

“ Then what are you all dressed up for ? ”

“ Why, I’m going across the hall to the next room, and I always have to cover up when I change rooms, for fear of taking cold. I keep a thermometer in every room, and find there is a difference of from one to two degrees in going from one to another.”

She then rambled on in her usual way, at the end of which she handed me another letter for my evening’s entertainment. I made her daily or semi-weekly visits for several months, when finally my power of endurance gave way, and I resolved to go no more, even at

the peril of losing her patronage. On my last visit she said :

“ Doctor, I can’t keep my food down. It’s always coming up.”

“ Can’t you keep your food down?” I echoed, “ then shut your mouth and bolt it, madam.” At this I withdrew.

I lost sight of my hypochondriac patient for two years, when I met her by chance on the street. She was dressed very nicely, had a good color, and was walking very fast. Perhaps her stocks are gone up, thought I, or she has found some weak-minded people to invest in her silver mine.

“ I congratulate you,” said I, “ on your good appearance and good health, and am glad that by following my advice and prescriptions you got along all right. By the way, I have a little bill against you for medical services, which I have no doubt you will be glad to pay. I sent it once, but found you had moved to some unknown place.”

“ But you did me no good, doctor.”

“ Didn’t I prescribe nearly every day, and faithfully attend you?”

“ Yes, but I never took your medicine, or I should have been dead long ago. I went to the apothecary, and found your recipes contained strychnine, and arsenic, and morphine. I had a narrow escape, I can tell you. Besides, I don’t believe in medicines, and could

never bear them, my stomach is so weak. I was low-spirited and dyspeptic, and only wanted you for company."

"Then what did cure you, Mrs. Pipes?"

"My brother's will."

"What was that?"

"Oh, he willed me ten thousand dollars, provided I would walk two miles every day, and eat meat and potatoes."

With this she bade me good morning, and passed on. The next day I received a large package, on which I found a slip of paper with the compliments of Mrs. Pipes.

"Well," thought I, delighted, "she is honest if not grateful, and I am sorry I misjudged her so. She is willing to pay for my attendance, if she did not take my medicines."

I opened the package with some eagerness, and discovered a magnificent book, which on opening proved to be a scrap book, on the leaves of which were pasted all my prescriptions, probably fifty, or more. On the fly leaf was the inscription: "Bills of Fare for a Weak Stomach."

I was not to be outdone, for on the following day I sent her a package of her abominable letters, with the label: "Memoirs of the Canker."

CHAPTER XXIX.

WHAT MY FIRST PATIENT COST ME.

EVERY physician of long practice, as he looks back upon his first patient, will acknowledge his deficiencies and ignorance on that occasion. A recent graduate may be fluent in theoretical medical lore, but at the bedside that knowledge is not of very great value unless indorsed by experience. The best physicians and surgeons in Europe and America frequently make very false diagnoses. How much more is a beginner, with the symptoms of a hundred diseases ringing in his ears, liable to be shipwrecked at the bedside of his first patient without the compass of experience to guide him?

After many a long year since the commencement of my medical practice, I still look back with a certain fondness and tenderness upon my first patient. It is somewhat the same feeling a lawyer has for his first client, a pastor for his first convert, a statesman for his maiden speech, a father for his first child. But though I look back upon him with so much interest, I am sure he has not looked back upon me with interest—nor principal either. A doctor may be looked upon as a kind of *lay* preacher, whose business it is to lay and hatch out eggs of good health, good spirits, and con-

cord ; but alas ! how often it happens that the doctor, like the hen brooding over duck's eggs, sees the cherished little ones, as soon as they are hatched, take to the water and abandon their fond parent. But I am anticipating.

After four years of hard study, with a light purse, but lighter heart, I hired the front room of a respectable house for an office, and then putting out an elegantly painted sign of physician and surgeon, sat down to wait for a patient. My professors in their valedictory advice had recommended me to seek every occasion to make examinations of those in good health, so as to be able to judge of the sick. I therefore invited in my old school friends and relations to see me, and no sooner were they seated than I began to draw out my instruments to examine eyes, ears, lungs, and throat, and set to work in my capacity of investigating committee to overhaul my astonished visitors. My friends took this in bad part, from their want of sympathy with science, and finally ceased to call upon me. I pitied them for their narrow-mindedness. I was a burning star of enthusiasm, a star of the first magnitude, while they — well, they may have been stars, but they were of a diminutive kind, an asterisk.

But there was one honorable exception in a buoyant old man named Sol Feggio, who was so willing that he wanted to come several times a day. He always wanted to borrow a few cents every time to buy tea,

though he smelt horribly of gin or turpentine ; but I overlooked that on account of his devotion to science. This venerable man was so thin that I could make an excellent study of the skeleton on his bones, which creaked in the joints in every movement of his body ; in fact, he creaked all over. He was so unused to smiling or laughing, it was so against his disposition, and his facial muscles were so little used to it, and so rigid, that when he smiled there was a creaking noise about his mouth, as if the muscles were out of practice ; and there was so much stiffness and awkwardness about it, that one did not know whether he was making an effort to grin or groan. But he was more lovely in my eyes than a Hebe, for I felt myself somewhat deficient in my knowledge of the joints, and was glad to take him in as a sort of *joint stock company*. By putting him in the sun I could see, by transparency, his stomach and liver, and the rolling movements of the bowels. He got so used to stripping for me, that on one occasion when I entered a prayer meeting where he was, he began to take off his coat and creak his joints when he saw me.

Having now become familiar with man in a healthy state, and having seen my teachers diagnose diseases, I was anxious to put my knowledge to the test on a sick man. I was almost wicked enough to wish old Sol might get some disease, so that I might experiment on him. But whoever heard of parchment becoming

sick? I might give him a double dose of poison, but it would cause no excitement in his parchment organs. I could glibly repeat every symptom of every known disease, and the dose of every drug; but what avail was that to me if I had no one to experiment on? I finally spoke to old Sol of my ardor for practice, and he recommended me to my first patient, who was a Mr. Wormwood, the father of ten children, a marble-worker, and a prominent man in the church. I mean he took a prominent pew; that is, he paid for two sittings, and filled up the rest of the pew with his children.

Old Sol, much elated, told me he was authorized to request me to visit Mr. Wormwood himself, and advised me to go at once. In order to be prepared for any emergency, I took with me my medical bag, containing my instruments of examination; my stethoscope, my pleximeter, my ophthalmoscope, my laryngoscope, my otoscope, my dynamometer, my thermometer, æsthesiometer, my hypodermic syringe, my pocket-case of instruments, a bottle of ether, together with a book for taking notes of the case. With this bag, I bade defiance to every disease, real or imaginary. I was almost a Don Quixote; my bag was my shield, and my lance was ready for any giant windmills.

I rang the bell boldly, and called for Mr. Wormwood. His wife opened the door, and holding it about two inches ajar, so that only a flaming nose and a fierce pair of eyes could be seen, looked at me sus-

piciously, and seemed to think I was a travelling agent, armed with some patent inventions in my bag, and hinted that she was in need of nothing to-day. I said I called to see Mr. Wormwood himself, when she led the way to the presence-chamber. After making some allusions to the weather and politics, in order to turn him off the scent of my nervousness,—for I trembled all over with excitement,—I thought I would follow my teacher's method of questioning in regular order, beginning with the head and proceeding downwards until I found out the disease. I opened my bag and emptied its contents on the table, to have them handy.

“I told you,” roared Mrs. Wormwood, fiercely, “I didn't want no patent wares, nor nothing. I've seen travelling agents before. I don't want none of your egg-beaters, nor knife-sharpeners, nor fluting-irons, nor corkscrews, nor glass-cutters, nor stove-polish, nor patent cement. I've been married twenty-five years, and have a perfect horror of all patent things and new-fangled inventions. What was good enough for my mother is good enough for me.”

“I beg pardon,” interrupted I, suavely, “I thought you expected me, as Mr. Sol Feggio told me you desired me to call and see Mr. Wormwood. I am the doctor, and these are my instruments of examination.”

Mrs. Wormwood apologized handsomely, and begged me to proceed with my patient. I was born with a happy knack at asking questions, and as a boy had

put to silence everybody that visited my father, including the pastor and schoolmaster. I threw my questions at Mr. Wormwood in rapid succession, and followed him up with battering-rams, and stormed the city. Taking out my instruments, one by one, I measured him all over. Sometimes I felt as if I were a surveyor, measuring out a house lot; sometimes as a tailor, getting him cut for a new suit. I examined his sight, his hearing, his throat, his brain, his heart, his lungs, his liver, his stomach, all the while taking notes, until I had written over ten pages about the condition of his internal and external organs. After I had got all through I wiped the perspiration from my brow, and Mr. Wormwood wiped the perspiration from his brow. It had been a pretty powerful wrestling match, and I felt myself beaten, for I had no idea what ailed the man; but it would never do to hesitate, so I sat down and wrote a very complicated recipe, a kind of family recipe, suitable for any disorder. I then rose, and was about to go, when Mr. Wormwood said, coldly,—

“Hadn't you better examine my foot? That's what I called you for.”

I felt mortified enough, for that was the only part of his body which had been neglected. I looked and found an inflamed bunion. I managed to conceal my ignorance under the plea of seeing if he were a good subject for life insurance.

In a few days I was called again to see a sick child,

that was covered with a thick rash ; but what could it be? It might be scarlet fever, or measles, or acute eczema, or erythema, or varioloid, or nettle-rash. I began to run over the symptoms of these in my mind. I was capital at theory, but could not put my knowledge to practice. I was in despair, when it occurred to me that mothers are familiar with children's diseases, and perhaps Mrs. Wormwood might enlighten me.

"Quite a sick child," I remarked, sympathetically.

"Yes, doctor, a very sick child, I call him."

"Let me see your tongue, bubby."

"Won't!"

"Do, Freddy, darling ; do put out your tongue for the doctor."

"Won't!"

"Come, put it out, Freddy, and I'll give you a cent."

"Where's the other one you promised me?"

"You see, doctor, he's too sick to put out his tongue."

"Yes, he's a very sick child, Mrs. Wormwood ; looks something like scarlet fever."

"Oh, no ; it is not that. He had the canker-rash and scarlet fever when he was two years old."

"Of course, it isn't the scarlet fever, but I said it looks like it."

"Oh, yes, it does look like it, of course."

"Perhaps he has been poisoned with lobster, and got the nettle-rash."

“Poisoned with lobster, doctor! why, the poor child never tasted a morsel in his life. Don’t you see, doctor, he’s got the measles?”

“Of course I do, Mrs. Wormwood; but that wouldn’t hinder him from having the nettle-rash, as I can see the traces of wheals over his body.”

“Traces of wheels over his body! he hasn’t been run over, doctor.”

“Excuse me, madam, but I was using a medical term. I am always on the lookout for a complication of diseases, and nothing can escape me. This is a pretty severe case of measles, and is liable to go hard with the little fellow.”

“For Heaven’s sake, doctor, you alarm me. Do your best; spare no expense.”

I thought it was good policy to put the worst side out, so that if he got well I should get the credit of it; and if he died, I could say I told you so, madam, and would get credit for my foresight. I became very attentive. I went four or five times a day, and wrote a new recipe every time; then visited the apothecary to see that it was put up right. He asked me how business was, and I told him it was getting lively, as I was making not far from a dozen calls a day. He wanted to know the prevailing diseases, and I said measles were very thick in the neighborhood.

Mr. Wormwood was a marble-worker, with a specialty of gravestones, and said he patronized only

those who patronized him. "We have to work for each other in this world," said he; "you work for me in your line, and I return the same." I objected that I was a young man, had no lot to set one up, and no place to store it. "If that is all," said he, "I have a brilliant idea. I will make you a handsome headstone, with your name on it, and the neat epitaph of 'Beloved by all his patients.' You can set this up in your office; it will be an ornament to the room; it will be something for your patients to gaze upon while waiting their turn; it will give you the satisfaction of knowing that you are provided for after death; it will be convenient to offer as security, in case you want to raise a small sum; and it will be an advertisement of my handiwork." This speech convinced me, and I ordered one at once.

Being now in full swing of practice in Wormwood's family, I bought a day-book and ledger, and kept his account posted up to date, so as to be ready at a moment's warning; in fact, I knew every visit by memory, and could tell the sum total backwards or forwards. Soon after this the scarlet fever broke out, and I had a very active campaign with the infantry. I made three or four calls a day for three weeks, and then some of them had the scarlatinal dropsy, and I had more to do. My business here became now so incessant that I felt obliged to move nearer my patient, so as to be handy for night calls, and save time. I

therefore took an office on the same street, and moved bag and gravestone. Old Sol wanted to know if the resurrection was at hand, as the gravestones were moving. I soon found, however, that Mr. Wormwood had the whim of moving every time he had sickness in his family, as he thought the malady was owing to an unhealthy house, and imagined dampness to hover, like an invisible fiend, in every nook and corner, and especially in the cellar. He used to invite his friends down cellar, to see if they could smell anything musty; and I had to begin every visit with a subterranean inspection. I therefore had to give up the comfortable idea of being near my patient. I heard a terrible report afterwards, that Mr. Wormwood never paid any rent, on account of this ubiquitous dampness; and when his landlord presented his bill he would say, "Your house is damp and untenantable, sir, and it has cost me a fortune to pay doctor's bills."

Mr. Wormwood was the only subject of my conversations. I conversed about his afflicted family with my landlady, with the minister, with the sexton, with the postman, with the apothecary, with the grocer round the corner, and modestly received their congratulations that I had not lost a patient in his multitudinous family. About this time my landlady called for her bill; but my money was all gone. I offered to sell or mortgage to her my gravestone; but she was superstitious and declined. I then told her I was about to

send in my bill to Mr. Wormwood, and should soon be flush. If she had looked in my face at that moment she would have seen the flush there. She was pacified until I had carried my patient's family through the chicken-pox, pneumonia, whooping-cough, and croup in succession. Of course, as long as I was attending in sickness, I could not have the effrontery to send in my bill; but it did seem as if they were all born sick, and lived on sickness.

Now, other bills began to pour in upon me; the tailor's, the surgical-instrument maker's, the shoemaker's, etc. First I offered to surrender up my gravestone, as my only available assets, but it was declined; then I exhibited Mr. Wormwood's bill to the creditors, and they all decided to wait. I added up my patient's bill every night, and found that it was getting up to three hundred dollars. In the latter part of October my landlady became more pressing, when I finally informed her I should send in my bill on the first of January. I sent it in, but I heard nothing from it. He had the reputation of being awful slow; in fact, he might be called the *sloe plant*. I was getting into a fearful situation, when I reluctantly consulted a lawyer; but it was too late. The villain had become insolvent to the tune of ten cents on the dollar, and soon moved out West, where I hope he remains. I now, with a heavy heart, figured up my losses by Mr. Wormwood's family, and found he had cost me,—

Pew rent,	\$10 00
Gravestone,	50 00
Medical services,	300 00
Lent money,	25 00
Lawyer's fee,	3 00
Moving gravestone,	5 00
	<hr/>
	\$393 00

CHAPTER XXX.

“IS THY SERVANT A DOG THAT HE SHOULD DO THIS
THING?”

IN 1845, I moved into Charlestown from the little hilly town of Marlow, N. H., where I first began practice after graduation. The inhabitants of that town were so healthy and so few, that a doctor, a lawyer, and a grave-digger were the only ones likely to become paupers, and hence they were obliged to seek other fields. I remember the first time I entered that town, that, ignorant of its population and area, I requested the stage-driver to put me down in the most thickly-settled part of the place.

“There is no thickly-settled part,” he remonstrated.

“No matter,” I returned, “put me down in the most thickly-settled part you know.”

“Very well,” said he, dryly.

It was towards evening, and I could not well make out the lay of the land; but he finally put me down in a desolate spot, and set my trunk on the ground.

“What’s this?” said I, expecting to see a town or a village.

“This,” he remarked, with a scarcely perceptible smile, “*this is the graveyard, and is the most thickly-settled part of the town.*”

I could not be angry with him, for he was too good-natured, but gave him an extra fare for loading on my baggage again, and taking me to the village tavern, where I remained until I could find a suitable home. There is no use to disguise it, I made a great sensation. There was no doctor, and very little need of one; but I thought I must begin where I had no rivals, and the kind villagers welcomed me. I saw very little money, but managed to live with the Homeric payment of cattle and produce. One visit, with medicines thrown in, would be worth a bushel of oats, or a peck of corn, or a half-peck of wheat. A long sickness would be settled by a cow or six sheep. Three or four visits would be worth a firkin of butter or a cheese, or a half-barrel of flour. In this way I eked out several years, when the dreary prospect before me, and my ambition, induced me to move down to Boston, as being the centre of the civilization of the globe. By taking this step I had assumed a great responsibility, as I now had a wife and four children, and was in straitened circumstances. I had been a hard student, and felt that I was perfect in my art, as far as my experience and knowledge went; but although practice makes perfect, yet the contrary did not seem true that perfect makes practice.

On a bitter December night I went to bed feeling disheartened. I covered myself up with my comforters, but still I shivered and shivered, and could not

help bursting out in the language of Job, “ Miserable comforters are ye all.” But finally I fell asleep, and then began to dream of dwelling in marble halls. In the midst of this delightful vision, my door-bell rang with great violence. I went to the door and saw a burly somebody enveloped in a huge overcoat.

“ Is this the doctor ? ” said a gruff voice.

“ It is,” I replied, blandly.

“ Well, doctor, I am Mr. Snow, and live opposite you.”

He made a pause to give me time to digest that remark and its full import. I had often looked over to the grand mansion of the opulent Mr. Snow, and wished the family had need of my services.

“ Charlie has been taken very sick,” continued the merchant, “ and as he has been a faithful servant to us, I feel as if I ought to look after him. I wish you would come over at once and do all you can to relieve the poor sufferer.”

When I heard it was only a servant I felt rather taken aback, but consoled myself by thinking that if I were successful in treating a servant I might be called to the family, and their influence might be useful. Visions of aristocratic patients, fat fees, and two-horse carriages stopping at my door rapidly pictured themselves on the panoramic canvas of my mind. While these castles were building in the air of my imagination, I was rapidly dressing, and was soon in the dwelling of

the wealthy merchant. My dreams were becoming partly true already, for I was treading on marble halls. I was ushered by a servant with dripping eyes into a chamber of the upper story. The family were all assembled, and the younger members were weeping as if their hearts would break.

“Do all you can,” said a little frizzle-headed boy, “for he is so good we can’t spare him.”

The light had been turned down to a dim bluish flame, which shed a lurid hue over the room, and a shade stood before it so as not to attract the eyes of the sufferer. The family were whispering to each other about the mournful event, and singing the praises of the virtues of the afflicted patient. Several bottles stood on a table at the headboard of the bed, which had already to no purpose been used on the sick one. I first approached the family to inquire into the history of the disease, and enlarged on the frailty of mankind, the uncertain tenure of life, and the needfulness of resignation.

“Poor fellow,” said one, “he began with vomiting, refused everything but water, and appeared delirious. He was always so lively and wide-awake, and now he lies quietly in his bed and never makes a sound.”

I now approached the bedside, and found the patient almost entirely covered up, and sleeping quietly. I took out my watch with my right hand, and sought for the pulse under the bed-clothes with my left. I sud-

denly felt something so strange that it could belong to no human being. I jumped up in terror, and exclaimed :

“Is this Esau?” and pulling down the bed-clothes, I perceived a dog.

“I thought it was a servant,” I gasped.

“It is a servant, in the purest sense of the word,” said Mrs. Snow. “Charlie has saved our lives on several occasions ; he has been the inseparable companion of my children, their playmate and protector. He has grown up in my family since he was born. His parents likewise belonged to my family. He rejoices with us when we are gay, and lies down quietly when we are sad. We understand his mute language, and he understands all we say to him. Would we not be ungrateful to neglect or ignore him when he is sick? He has that intelligence and instinct that make him equal to man’s better qualities, and superior to his worst. I feel the same for him as for my children, and should grieve nearly as badly to see him die. We are so used to consider him as a part of our family that perhaps my husband forgot to mention that it was a dog ; but that is nothing—he is sick, and we are deeply interested in his welfare, and should be glad to have you exercise your best skill in restoring him to health.”

Mrs. Snow’s plea was so affectionate that my first feelings of indignation gave way to better ones, and I consented to prescribe, hoping she would remember me

when other members of the family were sick. The dog got well, and he proved a grateful friend, as well as the family. I never afterwards passed my shaggy patient without his running up to me, wagging his tail, and holding up his head to me for caresses. Mr. Snow employed me a great deal subsequently, and was instrumental in increasing my practice. I have always since that time considered my momentary indignation at being called to a dog unworthy of me, and feel that beneficence to animals is only one step inferior to humanity to man. The *philozoic** society, if I may be allowed to coin a needed word, expresses the noblest aspirations of the human heart. A man who would not be kind to the dumb beast is one not to be trusted with the care of relieving suffering humanity.

**Philozoic* means loving animals, corresponding with philanthropic, and *philozoic society* would be a proper phrase to replace the tedious circumlocution, The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

CHAPTER XXXI.

POST-MORTEM PHILOSOPHY.

MR. APPLEBY'S wife was dying of consumption. I had been up all night with her, and now was reclining on a sofa in the parlor, in the endeavor to get a little rest. The family were grouped round the dying bed, gazing at the snow-like face, and waiting for the last breath. Suddenly the door-bell was pulled, and I could hear a gentleman tell the servant that he wished to see Mr. Appleby. She informed him that her master's wife was dying, and he could not be seen. The stranger replied that was the very reason he wished to see Mr. Appleby. At this the servant, asking the man to walk into the parlor, went up-stairs to inform her master of the visit. I felt awkward at being an involuntary listener, but could not do otherwise than keep my position at the end of the room.

“I beg your pardon,” said the stranger, sympathetically, “for disturbing you at this unseasonable hour; but I have been informed by your physician that your wife is in a dying condition.”

The stranger was dressed in black, and wore a clean-shaven face; but what attracted immediate attention was his mouth, which was very wide, and filled with

large, white, protruding teeth, so that it had the appearance of a cemetery full of gravestones ; and even when he shut his mouth, the gravestones still protruded, and gave him a dismal appearance. So natural was the resemblance, that one almost fancied he saw on these headstones an epitaph, with " Here lies " upon them.

" Yes, that is only too true," observed Mr. Appleby, uneasily.

" And if I can be of any service to you — "

" No, none at all," interrupted Mr. Appleby, sharply ; " she is past hope, and nothing can help her."

" But you will let me offer you my sympathy."

" No sympathy can recall her nor console me. No words can take her place. Sympathy is vanity."

" That depends on how you look at it," persevered the stranger, with a compassionate smile, which fully displayed his headstones. " I have reflected a great deal on dying and death,— in fact, I never think of anything else,— and have arrived at some new trains of post-mortem philosophy, which puts dying in a different light ; so that, instead of being something horrible and to be regretted, it is something to be longed for."

" If that is so," said Mr. Appleby, sitting down, and holding his handkerchief before his eyes, and drawing a long sigh, " I will listen to your reasoning, if that will give me any comfort."

" The advantages of dying," began the stranger, with his gravestone smile, " are so striking and numerous,

that it is astonishing anybody desires to live. Sophocles, a Greek poet, has said, 'The best thing for a man is not to be born at all; or, being born, to die as soon as possible;' and an ancient Stoic impressed this so clearly on his disciples, that it was difficult to keep them from suicide. It may be that the Greeks, with their prodigious curiosity, were impatient to see that paradise inhabited by the gods and illustrious men; but my philosophy is not based so much on a desire for the bliss of the other world, as the advantage of escaping certain troubles in this. And it is remarkable, that the nearer you approach your end, the more important you become. Friends, relatives, doctors, apothecaries, and nurses are constantly on the alert as to who shall do the most to ease your way out of the world; but when the last breath has quitted the body, you become still more important. Your name, and the history of your life, are paraded in the newspapers. All your faults and vices are at once obliterated, and all your real and imaginary virtues are carefully remembered and circulated among the people. Those, even, who had no interest in you before, are now anxious to catch every item illustrating your course of life. You are driven to church, and your pastor delivers an address in your honor, which draws tears from every eye. They praise you; they weep over you; they bless you; they point you out as an example to be followed by the young. But, apart from the honors attending you after death, think of the

troubles you so easily escape, that beset you in this thorny life. Those who moved every few months to get cheaper rent, or were put out because they did not pay any, have got a permanent home now on a lease that will never run out. For the future you are all provided for. All your debts are cancelled at one stroke, if you left nothing. You have no more taxes to pay on the first of November; no more water-rates; no more interest on mortgages; no more notes to meet in the bank; no more grocery nor provision bills to face monthly when you are out of work; no pew-rents nor society assessments; no house-insurance to renew every three years; no doctor's bills to stare at you; no dress-maker's figures to terrify you when you are short. All these bugbears have vanished; and there you lie snugly in your lodgings of one room, with all the curtains drawn, and you can sleep on without fear of summons for any business or engagement; for death keeps no almanacs nor clocks; everything is run down and closed up. Those weary bones that have never known rest, will now rest forever. The sun will shine over you; friends will stand over you and bring flowers, and you are everything now if you were nothing before."

I listened to the man with astonishment. When he began, I took him for a home missionary of some new sect; but as he proceeded, I concluded that he must be some insane bankrupt who had gone through the horrors of poverty, and was looking forward with a grim satis-

faction at laying off this mortal coil. There was a mixture of sense and eccentricity in his remarks, that was almost incomprehensible. Mr. Appleby, himself, who appeared to be on the borders of financial ruin, and in great distress, was apparently interested in some of the reflections; but, towards their close, he became impatient, and, bowing his thanks, started to return up-stairs; when the stranger, taking him by the arm to detain him, said, quietly:

“Have you selected an undertaker, Mr. Appleby?”

“No, I have not thought of that as yet.”

“In that case, take my card. I am an undertaker, and if you want a genteel thing in rosewood, or an imitation of black-walnut to suit the times —”

Mr. Appleby had disappeared before the sentence was finished; and the undertaker, putting some of his cards on the table, solemnly withdrew.

This undertaker was a very eccentric man; always looked upon everybody as a possible future customer, and always had an eye to business. He never thought of a man as Mr. So-and-So, but as a two by five or six pine, rosewood, or black-walnut coffin, and two, six, or twelve carriages; — in other words, he looked upon everybody boxed up, and not as living beings.

Some months after this interview, I was called to attend this same undertaker for enteritis. When I entered the room, he was suffering very much, and looking very wild and excited.

“Do you think I shall die, doctor?” was his first salutation. “If you can do anything for me, do it at once. I don’t feel as if I was ready to go yet.”

“But have you forgotten that post-mortem philosophy which puts dying in a different light, so that, instead of being something horrible and to be regretted, it is something to be longed for?”

The undertaker looked at me in silence a moment, and his projecting gravestones were more dismal than ever. “I tell you, doctor,” he observed at length, “that it is very easy to point the way to other people, and say, ‘This is the way; walk ye in it;’ but when it comes to ourselves, we are cowards. We shrink from that awful leap into the unknown sea of eternity. I desire to live, if I have to endure every trouble under the sun.”

The man was very sick, but he recovered, and I heard no more of his post-mortem philosophy.

CHAPTER XXXII.

NOT WANTED.

It occasionally happens to all medical gentlemen to go where they are not wanted, either because they delayed too long before starting, and the patient had to send for another physician; or because the patient, getting worse, and feeling dissatisfied, sends for another without notifying his first attendant; or when, from some error in the address, they get into the wrong house; or finally, when some friend sends for them for a patient who prefers somebody else, or wants nobody at all. I have undoubtedly experienced all these supposed cases, but remember in particular one in which I was not wanted, but yet became very useful.

As I entered the hall of a Mrs. Matchett, who had sent for me, a woman stopped me and said she wished to speak a few words to me before I entered the sick-room.

“Mrs. Matchett,” said she, in a confidential way, and keeping her eye on the door of the sick-room, “Mrs. Matchett is in trouble. She is a young woman who started in life to be happy. She married a young mechanic that she loved, and they got along nicely in

their housekeeping, and were as happy as two canaries until one unlucky day,—it was of a Friday,—her sister Melinda came to board with her. Melinda, she was a shop-girl, and spent all her money on dress and finery. To tell the truth, Melinda was a pretty girl, if she had only behaved as she ought to, for handsome is that handsome does; but she was a born coquet, and used all her arts on Mr. Matchett until he was completely carried away, and began to neglect his wife and go out a promenading with Melinda. I smelt something, but held my tongue, for I never was a meddling woman, if I do say it,—I, that am the Widow Blodgett, and aunt to Mrs. Matchett. One evening Matchett and Melinda went out for a walk and never returned; and that was two months ago. Just think of that, from your own sister! Oh, it's breaking poor Jane's heart. I can see it; she's going into a decline. She's only a shadder now. She's crying and taking on half the time. What she needs is something to quiet her nerves and console her. Now, if you can learn her to be resigned, you may save the poor critter's life."

I was glad to get rid of the loquacious aunt and go into the forsaken woman's room. I saw an interesting young woman, who was groaning bitterly. I judged by a hasty glance around the room that she was in straitened circumstances, and by an open sewing-machine, covered with incompleted work, that she got her living by it.

I have always held the opinion that, if a physician cannot cure, he should relieve ; and if he cannot relieve he should comfort and console. I have often seen patients look for their verdict in a doctor's countenance. A word fitly spoken is to them as apples of gold in pictures of silver. A physician, then, should be ready with suitable words to lavish sympathy, induce hope, and encourage patience. In accordance with this I thought it my duty to pour out balm in the stricken one's ear.

“I have heard of your loss, madam, and know that the breaking up of your home, the sundering of conjugal ties, the desertion by sister and husband are above the reach of ordinary condolence ; but still I may be permitted to offer a word of hope that the erring ones may see the baseness of their actions and return again to your forgiving arms. To err is human, to forgive is divine.”

The young woman by this time had turned round and looked up at me curiously.

“ You're the second minister that's come here to talk with me since my husband eloped with my sister,” said she, spitefully. “ I don't belong to your congregation, and I don't go to your Sunday school. I didn't send for you, and I don't want to talk on the subject. It's all very kind and good of you to come and talk with me ; but I never could bear home missionaries.”

I took up a book lying on the table, out of curiosity, when she continued, in her sarcastic way,—

“No, that isn't a hymn-book nor Bible; I haven't got one in the house, and you needn't send round a Bible agent nor take tracts out of your pocket, for I have no time to read them, as I have to earn my living by work, and have no time to read tracts nor attend prayer-meetings. There's where I got acquainted with husband, and I've hated prayer-meetings ever since.”

At this point the bell rang, and she abruptly rose and went to the door, apparently glad to have an excuse to get away from her supposed missionary. She remained in the hall conversing with the new-comer, evidently not caring to give him welcome to her rooms. I thus necessarily heard the conversation while awaiting her return.

“Good morning, doctor.”

“Good morning, madam. Are you Mrs. Matchett?”

“Yes, sir; I am.”

“I believe you sent for me.”

“No, I did not send for you; but perhaps my aunt did.”

“Well, somebody sent for me, and I am anxious to do you all the good I can. You have been suffering, I understand, both physically and mentally, and need all the sympathy you can get, and I am glad to administer all the consolation that lies in my power. You seem low-spirited, weak, and depressed, and no doubt need something to tone up your body and something to divert your mind.”

“What you say, doctor, is very true, in part; but you can do me no good. My mind is made up. I am resigned, and no medicine is needed. What I want is not medicine, but a divorce from my husband, with alimony; I will accept of nothing less; so you need not write any recipe, nor leave me any medicine, for I shan't take it.”

“Of course I shan't leave you any medicine, madam; I leave that to the doctors of medicine.”

“But I thought you were a doctor.”

“I am, madam, a doctor of divinity,—in other words, a minister of the gospel; but am always called doctor. Your aunt said you had met with trouble, and wished me to call and comfort you.”

“That is unnecessary, for another minister is already in my room, who has been saying to me the same things you have; but it isn't a minister I want,—it is a lawyer.”

At this point the Widow Blodgett came forward to have a little explanatory talk with the reverend gentleman, and Mrs. Matchett returned to her own room.

“Mrs. Matchett,” said I, smiling, “here is a misunderstanding. You are very much mistaken in your man, for I am the doctor of medicine your aunt sent for, and, judging by her story, I thought you needed consolation and sympathy in your troubles more than medicine. To be sure you are affected with a certain degree of nervous debility, brought on by your misfor-

tunes, but it is kind words and cheerful society that you need."

"You are quite right," she returned, "and I am sorry for troubling you; but the best medicine for me now is a divorce, with alimony."

It was evident enough that I was not wanted; and I was about to abandon the field in behalf of the legal gentleman, when the door opening into the yard was opened, and a man entered the room. He was good-looking, plainly dressed, and embarrassed in his manner. The opening of the door caught Mrs. Matchett's attention, and she turned round. There was instant recognition; it was husband and wife. Mrs. Matchett fell at once into an hysteric fit of great violence, and her husband rushing forward caught her in his arms, and caressed her, with tender epithets. I requested him to lay her down, with a pillow under her head, and sent him off with a prescription. Her screeches, her tears, and her horrible laughter made every one shudder. On her husband's return I gave her a sedative, and she soon became quiet. The noise and excitement had brought into the room her aunt and the minister, who stood over the distressed woman.

"What are you back here for?" were the first words that she uttered.

"Because I am sorry I went away, and want to live with you again."

"Live with me! go back to my sister. Where is she?"

“Your sister is a worthless woman, and I want nothing further to do with her. She tempted me, she suggested our flight, and I was weak enough to listen; but I am sorry for it.”

“Oh, I suppose she has left you now for another man, and so you have come back to me for a home,” sneered his wife. “I tell you I want nothing further to do with you; I want a divorce.”

At this the minister turned to Mrs. Matchett and put the question,—

“Did you ever love your husband?”

The interrogatory was a bombshell. To talk of love in her excited state of mind seemed absurd. There was a long silence, but finally she answered,—

“Why, certainly I did.”

“Is there anything in the man himself, except the elopement, that would hinder your living with him?”

“No.”

“Did you ever, by your behavior at home or abroad, give your husband cause to be estranged from you?”

Another long silence, and finally she said,—

“I suppose I have.”

“According to your own acknowledgment, Mrs. Matchett, you have faults as well as he, and perhaps your conduct has had some influence in inducing him to listen to another. You should forget another’s faults by remembering your own. Your sister won your husband from you by means of the very arts by which you

first won him. When he came, as your suitor, did you receive him in silence, or let him go without a kiss? Did he find you with a soiled dress or disarranged hair? Did you pout when he brought you no present? Did you scold when he came home tired, and unable to converse in a lively manner? Did you wear a long, sad face when he was yearning for and needing a smile and a cheer? Marriage is merely a civil ceremony to unite hands; and only love, enforced by the outward manifestations of love, can unite and hold hearts united. To retain your husband's affections you must still ply those arts which nature teaches you, in order to retain the once-coveted prize. Husbands are always in need of those little attentions which sweeten daily life, while a neglect of them brings estrangement. If your husband would now devote himself exclusively to you, and forgive you, would you not return to him and forgive him?"

Dead silence.

"Your present hesitation," continued the minister, "may ruin the present and future of two hearts that Heaven has brought together. Will you make one more trial?"

A rain of tears was the answer.

"Mr. Matchett," pursued the minister, turning to the husband, "what I have said to your wife of the importance of life-long courtship, applies equally to you. You owe her the same kind attentions that she

does to you. Take her hand, and let me join you again as one heart. What God has joined together let no man put asunder. We can learn a lesson from the pearl oyster. The pearl hunters open the shell, put inside a shot or bead, and then having shut it up replace it where it was. The irritation of the foreign substance causes the oyster, as the best way of getting rid of the intruder, to cover it with pearl. Is it not well for man to cover up the disagreements and annoyances of life with the pearl of forbearance and love?"

The kind words of the old minister struck deeply, and the wife fell upon her husband's neck and forgave him.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE WASHERWOMAN.

At the lower end of Corey Street stood, some years ago, a two-story house back from the street, with a side entrance into the basement, over the door of which were the words, "Washing and ironing done here." I was one day coming down from an upper tenement of the same house, when the washerwoman living in the basement, who had been waiting for me at the door, requested me to come down and see her child. I was struck with her language, her manners, and her carriage. She had evidently been brought up in good society, and received a good education, but had drifted downward to the lowest haunts of poverty. On descending a few steps, we entered a large kitchen, serving as laundry for the poor washerwoman. A large basket full of ironed clothes, stood ready to be sent off, and washtubs were set up for immediate use. The floor was clean, the tinware bright, and everything betokened poverty, but great neatness. What attracted my attention more than all was an odor of sewer-gas, which, from some defective opening in the house-drain, was flooding the house with its subtle poison. This invisible fiend, this Lucretia Borgia, was holding out its

gaunt clutches to stifle the family. After pausing a moment, she led me through this to a back room, serving as sleeping-room for her family. It was dark and damp. The only light was admitted through a sash of three panes, and the sewer-gas made it still more dreadful. The floors were resting on the earth, and two sides of the room were encased by earth; in other words, it was a coffin, a mouldering, mephitic coffin, in which living beings were incarcerated for the crime of poverty. No sun ever penetrated that gloomy cellar, to cheer its desolate inmates. On a miserable bed lay a child about two years of age, suffering from the manifest signs of membranous croup. The poor thing, who was very thin, wan and scrofulous, had already been very sick two days, and was vainly trying to get a quantity of air sufficient to oxygenate the blood, but the want of success was shown by the purple tinge on her cheeks. Her head was thrown back, her respirations were hoarse and whistling, her cough muffled, her eyes bloodshot, and her hands wildly thrown about in her struggles to inhale a little air. Privation from the most common things of life, as air, water and fire, gives us the most distress; and if to these be added bread, everything else may be considered a luxury.

In one corner of the room sat a girl about eighteen, holding a cat, and singing some wild, incomprehensible song. Her song, floating about the hissing breathing of

the child, seemed a dirge. She was an idiot, who had lost her mind at the age of three, after an attack of scarlatinal brain fever. Her only occupation was to sing a monotonous song and rock her cat; sometimes she varied her tones by imitating the various sounds of a cat, as mewling and purring; and so perfectly could she do it, that it was inimitable. The child, the idiot and the cat were the closest of friends, and seemed bound up in and understood each other. And now that one of the trio was sick, the other two seemed conscious of it and dejected.

“All this misery is not enough,” said the poor woman. “Besides an idiot daughter and a sick child, I have lost my husband; he is not dead, but he is dead to me. He was a drinking man, and when, two years ago, I reproached him for only bringing me four dollars a week, while he earned ten, and spent the rest for drink, he left me without warning, joined the regular army, and I have not heard from him since. And now, to complete my wretchedness, the landlord is going to turn me out doors. Look at this;” and she handed me a paper reading as follows:—

CHARLESTOWN, July 10, 1869.

TO MRS. JOHANNA TABB:

You will please take notice that John Ketchum, the owner of the premises now occupied by you, namely, two rooms in the basement of No. 57 Corey Street, has executed and delivered to me a written lease of said

premises for the term of one year from date. As I desire to take possession of the premises you will please vacate them within forty-eight hours.

JOSEPH STEPPER.

“Pay no attention to this, my good woman,” said I. “The law will not justify any one in turning out doors a sick family.”

I immediately sent home for my croup apparatus, consisting of a kerosene stove, and copper kettle with a very long nozzle, and having lighted the stove and filled the kettle with lime-water, placed its nozzle near the head of the child, that it might breathe the lime steam. Her mother was directed to feed the apparatus all night, as it needed, until I came.

The next day I found, on arriving, two coarse-looking men in the kitchen, in the act of taking up some of her furniture, and putting it out doors. The washerwoman was sitting on a washtub crying bitterly.

“What means this?” I demanded.

“It means,” returned one of them, bluffly, without removing his pipe, “that this woman here don’t pay no rent, and we’re going to obey orders and put her things out.”

“Touch not a pin belonging to this poor and distressed mother,” I said, sternly, “for if you have no mercy on such misery, I forbid you to proceed.”

“And who may you be?” asked the spokesman.

“I am a physician ; just look in there,” and I opened the door of the dormitory.

The two men looked in and seemed abashed. They muttered some apology, and slunk away.

On returning to the child, I found, although she had experienced considerable temporary relief, she was sinking. I now told the heart-broken mother, that there was only one more resource, and that was tracheotomy, or an incision in the windpipe to insert a silver tube, through which the child might breathe. I could promise relief, but no certain cure ; yet the poor woman, after long hesitation, consented. Placing the child on the kitchen table, with pillows under her shoulders, I etherized her, and then cut down to the windpipe. A whistling, bubbling sound, with diminution of hemorrhage, showed that it was entered. I inserted and fastened in the tube, and soon after the little sufferer fell asleep. The idiot seemed somewhat interested and excited, and looked on during the whole operation ; but still continued her monotonous singing. After enjoining upon Mrs. Tabb the necessity of constant watching and regular cleansing of the tube, I returned home for the night.

About three in the morning, I was sent for in haste, and was pained to find the little one dead. The sobbing mother told me that, finally, overcome with fatigue, she fell asleep, and on awakening found that her idiot daughter had risen and stealthily removed the tube.

It is probable' that the idiot had supposed the tube inserted into a cut wound was cruelty, and that she was doing her sister a kindness in removing it. After this she resumed her chair, and sang more cheerily than ever.

In a few days I called again to see the family, and found Mrs. Tabb more distressed than ever.

“Oh,” she burst out in heart-broken tones, “I could bear to see my darling child dead and out of her pain, if I could only have given her a Christian burial. I was obliged to call upon the city to bury her, and the undertaker without ceremony, put the little dear into a pine box, and taking it under his arm, carried her out, and rapidly drove off. I was denied the prayers and sympathy of a minister of God. I had no means to get a carriage to follow the coffin, and even if I had, the undertaker gave me no opportunity to get one. And now I know not where my little Ella is laid. If I could only have seen her laid away, and put even a few wild daisies or violets on her grave, and could have knelt down myself and prayed for the little one, I could have parted with her; but to let her go out of the house, and be buried, I know not where, I cannot endure it; it will torture me the rest of my days. And now all I have left is that poor idiot child.”

To bestow our sympathy on others is a relief to ourselves; we feel better for it; it is the heart's benevo-

lence ; but it is of very little value to a mother who has lost a child. Grief will not listen to reasoning ; a broken heart prefers to revel in the very poignancy of sorrow ; and to pour out this sorrow in tears, in wails, and the wild gestures of despair, is the only satisfaction which the heart will accept.

I could only deplore, and be silent ; but I interested myself in behalf of this unfortunate woman, and got her comfortable rooms. The story of her calamities coming to the ears of the postmaster, he informed her that he had just sent on to the dead-letter office at Washington, an unclaimed registered letter for her. He immediately telegraphed to the capital, and was successful in getting back the letter. Mrs. Tabb found it was a letter from the executor of her uncle's will in Liverpool, who had left her ten thousand pounds sterling, and the executor promised that if his letter arrived safely, and she would send her exact address, he would remit to her one hundred pounds, to bring her back to England. In another month, Mrs. Tabb, with her idiot daughter and the cat, set off for Europe. The cat, although fierce to strangers, was so friendly and sociable to the lonely idiot, that it was treated as one of the family.

It was not more than a fortnight after the departure of the washerwoman, that a man with a wooden leg called upon me and stated that he was Mrs. Tabb's husband.

“About a month ago,” he said, “I went one night to bed, the worse for liquor, fell into a heavy slumber, and soon had a frightful dream. I thought I saw my little child, that I have never seen, lying sick and wanting air. She was suffering intensely, and then I saw her die. Tell me, doctor, the date of my child’s death.”

“It was the thirteenth of July.”

“Good God! that was the date of my dream; and so impressed was I with it, that I got my discharge, which I easily could on account of my amputated leg. On arriving here, I found some old neighbors, who told me my family had moved away, but they knew not where, and I came to you for information. To be sure I abandoned them on account of drink; but from the date of that dream, not a drop has passed my lips. Her death has brought reform; and I pray God, that when my poor wife sees my wooden leg and my reform, she may have pity on me and forgive me.”

I knew of but one way of giving him a clew to her whereabouts, and told him to call again in a fortnight. In the meantime, I wrote to the postmaster of the dead-letter office, narrating the circumstances and inquiring whether he remembered the letter, and could send me the name and address of the executor. I soon received an answer, stating that he was just writing a note to the executor that Mrs. Tabbs was not to be found, when he received word to the contrary; that he

had found this note in his waste basket, and now enclosed it to me. This information I communicated to Mr. Tabb, who immediately wrote to his wife in Liverpool, in care of the executor, and by return of steamer he received his passage-money to England.

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