

MISS MILNE AND I.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

With the morning came the purchaser of my practice—a tall, gaunt, cadaverous looking young man, a very mild specimen of the frock coat and white tie order of doctors. A private letter from Mrs. Needs told me that he was not just the kind of man she would have liked to introduce, but he was a willing purchaser, and had given two hundred pounds more than my minimum price, so that he was not to be despised.

On the evening of that day I saw Miss Milne for the first time after my parting with Edith. She came about 10 o'clock, and as she had been without money for some time, I expected her, but with feelings very different to those that had possessed me previous to our last interview. I no longer feared her. She had done her very worst, and there appeared very little devilry left for her to accomplish, so that I walked in with a firm step to meet her.

"I have called to ask you for some money, Dr. Rigby. I have had during the last few days, and am likely to have for a day or two to come, some extra expense, otherwise I would not trouble you."

I felt confident that the extra expenses were connected with the illness of her child, but said nothing, simply taking out my check book and asking her how much she required.

"Ten pounds will be sufficient, I think."

I wrote a check for that amount and handed it to her. As she crossed the room to receive it she dropped on the floor a card. As I stooped to pick it up and restore it to her, I noticed it was that of an undertaker, and then, still thinking of her child's illness, I became intensely curious. Unable longer to resist the temptation, I remarked: "I am very sorry to hear that your child has been ill."

With a bold, defiant look she turned to me, and replied: "Yes, but he is better now."

"Better?"

"Yes, he's dead."

"Dead! And you call that better?"

"Far better, don't you think so?"

"'Twould be better for all of us to be dead."

"For some of us, perhaps."

"There's no perhaps about it, Dr. Rigby. Life for men even is a mistake; for women it's the greatest curse God (if there is such a being) can inflict upon one."

"But, Miss Milne, you surely feel the loss of your child? You always appeared to be very fond of him."

"My feelings are my own business; I don't wear my heart upon my sleeve for daws to peck at."

This was said with a sneer, and was evidently intended to have some personal allusion.

"You certainly do not," I replied emphatically; and had I not seen her under very different circumstances I should have believed she had no heart to deck her sleeve with. She evidently knew my thoughts, for she added: "You think, of course, that I have no heart."

"You had once, I know, but now—"

However, if you are not sorry for yourself, I am very sorry for your loss."

"Thank you," she replied, with a bow, and left me.

CHAPTER X.

Nothing worth recording happened during the next fortnight, and I was within a week of my departure from my old, horrible home without any fixed idea as to my destination, when one evening Miss Milne was announced.

In those days, and later, I always dreaded her appearance. I dreaded it more than ever now, because, although as far as Edith was concerned, she had done her worst, yet she might have heard of my going and continue her persecution of me by preventing it; she might even, when I had gone, put the police on my track; she might do anything, for, as I think I have shown, she was capable of anything.

I had half made up my mind to tell herself of all that had happened—the infinite trouble she had brought into my life—and so perhaps reawaken the good side of her. It was therefore with very mixed feelings that I entered the room, making her a slight bow as I took my seat.

"I hear," she began, "that you are thinking of leaving this neighborhood."

"Yes," I replied, filled with horrible suspense, but speaking carelessly enough, "I was going to see you tomorrow and tell you of my arrangements."

"Indeed! Well, I came down this evening to tell you that I object to your going."

"Miss Milne, what on earth are you aiming at? What can possibly be your motive?"

She gave an unnatural laugh, and replied: "Do you think I am fool enough to lose the whole of my occupation without a struggle, to give up calmly the only thing I care to live for?"

"There is one road of escape where even your vengeance will not follow me."

"Why, my dear sir, I have ten times the pluck you have, and I can't do it. I have tried, dozens of times; I have had the prussic acid in a wine-glass at my bedside; I have written the usual

last letter, and walked to the Regent's park canal. No, no, Doctor Rigby, suicide is the luxury of the madman and the genuine philosopher, 'tis not for us."

The mere reading of these words will convey to the reader no idea of their maddening irony; each word and spear-stung me to the quick, and before she had finished I had jumped to my feet. A bottle of the strong solution of morphia, used for subcutaneous injection, was on the table near me; in a frenzy of rage and despair I rushed to it, drew the cork, and holding it close to my lips, hissed out: "Look, you thrice damned curse of your own sex and mine, see if I have not the pluck!"

and in a moment I should have swallowed the whole of it had she not, with one bound across the room, dashed the bottle from my hand. For a moment we stood face to face, motionless and irresolute, and with our eyes downcast. She was the first to speak. Taking a lapel of my coat, in each of her hands, she said in a voice deliberate but now soft and gentle: "You are not the coward I took you for."

The miraculous alteration in her voice rather than her words, arrested my attention; I looked up and no longer saw the Miss Milne of ten minutes since, no longer the demon in woman's clothing, but, as though by magic, the whole character of her had changed; the bad was dead, the good again living and active. The seven devils had been cast out.

Of the why and wherefore of the marvelous metamorphosis, of the science of this sudden death and sudden birth, I know nothing. I only know it happened.

"No, no," she continued, as I looked straight in the face, no longer afraid, and saw her smile as I had not seen her smile for many a month, "you are not the coward I took you for, Doctor Rigby. I have been an enigma to you, I have been a puzzle to myself; I think I have been mad this many a month. I have admired you one month and despised you the next; one day I have hated and the next loved you."

"Loved me!"

"Yes, loved you as I think I alone among women can love."

"You have adopted a strange method of showing your love."

"Ugh!" she exclaimed with a glimmer of her other self. "You know nothing of women; we love and we hate in the same degree, and our lives and our hates lie side by side, separated by the thinnest of walls, which one drop of jealousy will dissolve. But," and she laid a firm hand on my shoulder, "I have loved you madly and hated myself for it. I love you madly now."

And bowing her head, she added in slow, almost inaudible tones: "Give me one real kiss and you have seen the last of me, I will never trouble you again—will you?" she asked, trembling at my delay, and looking up with the face of a child. "I am not wicked, I am not mad now."

I took the girl in my arms, I let the memory of her past float away in her tears, I let her arms entwine themselves about my neck, I let her passionate lips touch mine, I let her nestle her head upon my shoulder, and forget in this strange present all the terrible past.

When she had released me, her hands fell powerless by her side, and with drooping head she stood motionless. Then a shiver ran through her from head to foot. That shiver was the last volcanic display that had just shaken her. She looked up, and her face was now calm and impenetrable; evidence of neither love nor anger was visible, but a fixity of determination had entire possession of her.

"I am, as you know, a woman of my word, Doctor Rigby, and I have promised to cease troubling you, so that now there is nothing left but to wish you good-by."

She put out her hand as she spoke, and, taking it in mine and holding it, I asked her what she intended doing.

"Of my future movements I know nothing; I have not had time to think. All I know is that I will not trouble you any more."

"You will, of course, allow me to help you with some money; I am in funds and can well afford it."

"Thank you, no; I am not one of the sinners that suffer paroxysmal fits of repentance, and then repent of their repentance. I would seriously like to undo some of the injury I have done you, but that I fear is out of the question; at any rate, I will not make matters worse by taking any of your money."

"But may I not give it to you as a free gift?"

"No; don't tempt me. I have no child to live for now. You wonder, I see, at my smiling."

"You are a puzzle."

"Do you wonder, after finding the world so far from being a paradise, that I do not regret that my child has said good-by to it?"

"But your life has been a terribly hard battle."

"Is any man's, much less woman's, life worth living? No, no," she continued, half to herself and half aloud. "I wish there were some painless road of escape."

Then, with a sudden reawakening, she extended her hand again, and taking mine in hers, gave it one silent pressure, and was gone—gone forever from the scene of her triumphs and my humiliation.

CHAPTER XI.

Sydney, New South Wales—I'm at the back of God's speed, at the tail end of His earth, amid a strange people who are Americans without the American's "go," and Englishmen without the ballast of the Englishman's conservatism; in a land in which have flocked the venturesome and the visionary, the restless and the discontented.

I am in Sydney, the capital of New South Wales. Since the close of the last chapter I have literally "rushed across the astonished earth," and am now sitting in "the doctor's quarters" at the quarantine station, which are situated immediately on your right as you enter this most glorious of glorious harbors.

When I reached Sydney I found the whole city in a ferment of excitement over a case of smallpox that had been discovered the day before in the Chinese quarters.

Twelve hours after my arrival a note was brought to me at my hotel from the government medical officer, requesting an immediate interview. I found him at his club.

"You are lately from London, I believe, Dr. Rigby?"

"I am."

"Do you know anything of smallpox?"

"I venture to lay claim to a considerable experience of the disease."

"Will you undertake the stamping out of what in this unvaccinated community might become a very frightful epidemic?"

I gladly undertook the task and on the following morning was installed in my new office. Under the name of Mr. Johnson I took lodgings in a quiet street; 'twas necessary to hide my identity under a nom de guerre, as my opinions, my every movement, and almost every word I uttered, were reported in the morning and evening papers, and there were the most faithful portraits of me in the illustrated weeklies. I was shunned as one having leprosy. I don't know what my landlady must have thought, for almost every hour of the day and night saw a policeman rush up in a state of wild excitement to report "another suspicious case," and then from every corner and recess in the neighborhood there would emerge one of the army of reporters set to watch me, with his terrible notebook.

And so I awoke each morning to find myself more and more famous, with the salary of a prime minister, with work that had been a daily matter of course in London, and looked upon as anything but heroic, with a popularity that a politician might have envied, amid new scenes and new surroundings. I might have been and should have been really happy but for the ever present memory of Edith and the haunting Nemesis of my other self.

In the dizzy whirl of intense excitement Edith was not forgotten. The faint possibility of still being near her, and the picture of the old colonel reading my name in the papers any morning, were constantly before me.

"As a slight return for your kindness and forbearance," said a reporter to me one afternoon, "I have run down from the treasury to tell you a piece of news that I have just learned that may be of great importance to you."

"That's very good of you; and what is the news?"

"There has been a meeting of the cabinet, and it has been decided to send you into quarantine."

"Me to quarantine. On what grounds?"

"Well, they have an idea that if you go first to see a genuine case, then only a suspicious one, you infect the latter by taking germs of the disease with you."

Has it not occurred to them that this new system will involve finding a new medical man for each suspicious case, and if the suspicious case should turn out to be a genuine one, locking him up (the medical man), as well as the patient in quarantine?"

"I don't suppose it has; they are too utterly lunatic to think of anything properly. At any rate, doctor, you will have to go; but allow me to give you one word of advice, and that is, don't go voluntarily, make the policeman take you. If he only puts his hand upon his shoulder that will be sufficient. I don't think they have the legal right to arrest you."

I thanked him for his advice as he rose to go. And if this book should fall into his hands he must allow me through the medium of its pages to thank him again; his caution was worth many hundreds of pounds to me, and, more than mere money, it was a practical evidence of kind-heartedness that was very acceptable just then.

(To be continued.)

Certainly a Clever Man.

"Is he a good lawyer?"
"A good lawyer! Why, say! I've known him to prove the truth of what isn't so, and not half try."

BIRTH OF NATIONAL AIRS.

Writing of "Yankee Doodle" and "John Brown's Body."

In one sense national music is any music which is beloved by a nation. Under this head would come "Home, Sweet Home," and "Swanee River," a more tender lyric of home and of its memories than Stephen C. Foster's "Old Folks at Home," of which about 500,000 copies were sold, would be hard to find. It was often under interdiction during the civil war because it made soldiers down-hearted. Another kind is of a patriotic nature.

Often a national song is at first of local fame and interest, and by merit becomes national, and may even be spread the world over. Thus, as the voice of friendship and loyalty, "Auld Lang Syne" is known the world over, and the "Marsellaise," which began as a marching song for a corps of the army of the Lower Rhine, became the universal cry of liberty in patriotic struggles everywhere. The whole composition came to Rouget de l'Isle in one night, 1792.

Two French songs sung during the reign of terror were in some degree induced by American events, and these form a preliminary to our American music. In revolutionary times and previously there was but little music in America.

During the revolution there was no American composer of note. No American tune during the revolution took root as the one which began and ended the war, and existed in England in 1775 or 1776—"Yankee Doodle." The words were written during the French and Indian war by Dr. Richard Shuckburg, a British surgeon, in a sort of parody way on seeing some of the New England troops marching into Albany, and set to an English dancing tune.

In Europe "Hail, Columbia," is considered our chief national anthem, and has certain rights to be so considered, as it was composed on American soil, only they put the cart before the horse, and the tune was composed and played nine years before the words were fitted to it. The tune was known and immensely popular as "Washington's March," and played till it was threadbare.

Nine years after it was written Gilbert Fox, an actor, was to have a benefit. He was announced to sing a new patriotic song, and got Joseph Hopkins to write words for him to the tune of "Washington's March." A new patriotic tune meant everything in those times. The theater was crowded. Fox sang the song, and had to sing it over eight times, and then the audience sang the chorus. This was in 1798, and it was called the "The New Federal Song."

The oldest of our national tunes is the English national anthem, "God Save the King," and even during the revolution people sang the tune with patriotic words. Several songs were sung to the tune with varying success, and in 1832 the melody was given in good earnest by the Rev. S. F. Smith at a children's temperance celebration at the Park Street Church in Boston, and it has taken such root that "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" became our national melody.

Now a word about what we call our chief tune, "The Star-Spangled Banner." The words were formed here, the music abroad, and there is much false history about it. It began as a drinking song in 1795, of an English club which met at the Crown and Anchor Inn, on the Strand. Later, in 1802, it was used as a Masonic tune, and in 1798 Thomas Paine, at Boston, put words to it, called it "Adams and Liberty," and it was sung everywhere in the darkest part of the war of 1812. Francis Scott Key, watching the British bombard Fort M'Henry, wrote, in a moment of inspiration, this national song, "The Star-Spangled Banner."

"John Brown's Body" was first sung in a purely local way at Fort Warren, but it became the chief marching song of our army in the rebellion, and Julia Ward Howe set to the inspiring tune the great hymn, "Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory of the Coming of the Lord," and thus was a song of war transformed to a song of peace.—Boston Herald.

Troubles of the Historian.
"Your husband must be very busy these days," said the neighbors to the wife of the historical novelist. "I haven't seen him in the yard for a week."

"Oh, the poor man is almost distracted," said the wife. "His publishers have ordered a story for immediate publication introducing the characters of Maye Yobe, Pat Crowe, Outlaw Tracy and Peter Power, and he doesn't know whether to have Pat Crowe kidnap Peter Power or have him marry Mary MacVane in the last chapter.—Baltimore American.

It Didn't Matter Anyway.
The following explanatory note accompanied a young man's wedding gift to a friend: "My Dear Girl—You will find in the box a thingamajig, which has something to do with eating. It's a cross between a harpoon and a hayfork. It may be for spearing pickles or stacking chopped cabbage. Anyway, you will be so happy that you won't care."

OLD FAVORITES

The Red, White and Blue,
O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee,
Thy mandate makes heroes assemble,
When liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

Chorus:
When borne by the Red, White and Blue,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

When war waged its wide desolation,
And threatened our land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia, rode safe through the storm,
With her garland of victory o'er her,
When so proudly she bore her bold crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the Red, White and Blue.

The wine-cup, the wine-cup, bring hither,
And fill you it up to the brim;
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor the star of their glory grow dim!
May the service united ne'er sever,
And hold to their colors so true!
The Army and the Navy forever!
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord, hast power to save.

I know thou wilt not slight my call,
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death.

In ocean's caves still safe with thee,
The germ of immortality;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.
—Emma Willard.

CAUSE AND CURE OF COLDS.

Exposure of Some Popular Fallacies on This Perennial Subject.

Considering the amount of ink which has been used in discussing the subject of colds, discouraging small results followed. A physician says regarding the matter: "The truth is that a cold is due to an almost infinite variety of causes, some local, some practically inevitable, and no one method will prove effective in all cases. Very few are the fortunate individuals who never have colds, and most of those living in our northern climate must be resigned to having one or two in the course of the winter, but one who takes cold readily and often is not in a healthy condition and should seek medical advice. The cause in such a case may be local, consisting in some malformation in the interior of the nose which keeps the mucous membrane in an irritable state. This fault in anatomical construction can usually be remedied by an operation which is seldom severe. But before resorting to this the general system should be questioned in order to determine whether or not the fault lies with that. Often this is the case, even when a nasal deformity also exists.

"One of the chief predisposing causes of a cold is a disordered digestion, especially intestinal digestion as a result of overeating or the use of alcohol. It has been said that an underfed man cannot catch cold, while an overfed one can scarcely avoid it. Whether this is strictly true or not, there is certainly some close relation between the digestive organs and the nose, and inaction of the bowels is a frequent forerunner of a cold.

"The adage that one 'must stuff a cold and starve a fever' is pernicious—a cold is a fever, and one of the surest means of cutting it short is to take a laxative, abstain almost entirely from food for twenty-four hours and drink two or three quarts of cool water. Another 'popular remedy,' which is really an aggravator, is a 'hot toddy' at bedtime. A hot drink, hot lemonade, for example, is good, if the sleeper does not throw off the bedclothes the minute he drops off; but the alcoholic addition is not merely superfluous, but injurious. Alcohol in any form predisposes to a cold and retards the cure of one already present. Cool bathing, deep breathing, daily exercise in the open air, fresh air in the house at all times and especially in the bedroom at night, abstemious living and not letting waste materials accumulate in the body—these are the best means of removing one's 'tendency to catch cold.'"

Child Insurance Forbidden.
The insurance of the lives of children is forbidden in Montreal.

If ever we join a lodge, it will be to find out what the letters put behind officers' names stand for.