WHY TOMAS DUBH WALKED

By Seumas Macmanus,
Author of "A Lad of the O'Friels," "Ballads of a Country Boy," "The Leadin' Road to Donegal," "Donegal Fairy Stories," etc.

TOMAS' good woman reached to each of us a fine bowl of cream with an iron spoon in it of the size a hungry man likes.

"Musha, craythurs, it's stharriv'd with hunger yez must be! Fill the farlin's first out i' that pot, an' the minnit yez is done I'll have yez brewed such a dhrap o' tay as 'ill rouse the hearts in yez."

Neither Tomas Dubh nor I needed much persuasion other than that given by crying stomachs to attack it with hearty good will. Before the fire we sat, and we drew the pot between us, and, getting our legs about it, plunged in our spoons with small delay, ladling up the stirabout as right hungry men can, sousing it in the cream and speeding it on again to our watering mouths; for, when you've been on the hills from early morning till late at night, and eaten but a few mouthfuls of oat bread and butter in the interim, what with the walking, the running, the spieling, the sliding, what with the whiff of the heather, and with all the feurfortach (or hungry grass) you must have tramped over, I'll warrant, though you have been the most dismal dyspeptic that was ever on a doctor's books' you'll bring back an appetite with an edge like the east wind. Tomas and I fetched back just such appetites, and very little else, for I was (putting it mildly) an indifferent shot and tried Tomas' temper sorely.

As Tomas had put it in anticipation, a fine pot of stirabout with a bowl of yellow cream proved "no mad dog to him," nor yet to me. Neither of us had time for a word. "Ivery time ye spaik it's a mouthful lost," was Tomas' maxim. We dug our ways through the pot from either side till only the thinnest film separated our "claims," when Tomas rung his empty spoon in the empty bowl and said, "God be thankit!" on which I, too, feeling a sensation of satisfaction permeating the far lands, threw my spoon to the bottom of the pot with a "Thanks be to God, and amen!"

And now Ellen was pouring out for us two large bowls of tea that was thick and dark as a blind window.

"Do ye like yer tay sthrong, Jaimie?" she asked me.

"Well," I said, shaking my head doubtfully at the black flood she was pouring into the bowl, "my mother doesn't commonly make it so strong."

"An' there ye are, now," she said. "That's how doothors differ. Tomas here wouldn't tell his name for tay if ye didn't make it as sthrong for him as the shafts of a cart."

"Why, I shouldn't thing it a mortial bad plan to make a habit of takin' yer tay lige that, Tomas Dubh," I said.

"Tay," Tomas said oracularly, as he gazed at it with a blissful expression in his eye, "tay," he said, "is niver so good—an' I'd as soon ye'd give me so much dishwater to dhrink—if it's not made that a duck might walk on it."

I had grave doubts about this, but as Ellen had the bowls now creamed, and the piles of oat-bread and the stack of butter at our elbows, I couldn't afford time to dispute it.

Tomas and I attacked the pile and the stack and the bowls of tea so bravely and sustained the attack so spiritedly that it was little wonder Ellen expressed the opinion that she "wouldn't like to be the aiting-house would do a big thrade with many such customers." We didn't stop to bandy compliments with her. And Tomas only passed two remarks during the demolition. He said:

"Ma'am if what yer bread wants in hardness was borrowed from yer butther, there'd be a big 'mendment on the two of them."

And later he said reflectively:

"The back o' me han' an' the sole o' me fut to you, Meenavalla!"

I gave him an inquisitive look hereupon, whilst in the act of having what Tomas would call a good "schlug" out of my bowl; but Tomas was too intent upon his business to mind my look.

When Tomas felt both hunger and thirst allayed, and that, over and above, he had taken in something for positive pleasure, he pushed his emptied bowl from him, blessed him with all the fervor of a man satisfied with himself, Ellen and the whole world, and winding up with another "God be thankit!" turned to the fire, drew out his short brown pipe and began to fill it; and I, feeling within that blissful sensation which pervades the breast of one who has hungered and has fed heartily, did in every particular likewise.

"What put me in mind of it," Tomas said suddenly from out of the reek of smoke the little brown pipe was raising, "was your firin'."

I blew a spy-hole through my own halo of smoke, and tried to see Thomas on the other side of the fire. "Put ye in mind of what?"

"Meenavalla. An' the way of it was your firin' put me in mind of the Red Poochers."

"The best from h— to Guinealand."

"Yes?" I said, modestly and vainglory struggling within me.

"An' then ye bein' the worst shot atween the same two disthricts, ye naturally put me in mind of him."

Now I did not, and do not, claim to be an expert marksman, but I confess the comparison, drawn as it was antithetically, hurt my feelings.

So I smoked on as silently as the asthmatic gully I pulled would permit. And Thomas, beyond the fire, proved himself my fellow—even his pipe noisily confessed the same weakness.

"Av course," Thomas said, after a couple of minutes, "ye knew I was game keeper at Meenavalla wanst?"

"I did."

"Did you know what fetched me out of it?"

"It must 'a been that the owner considered Thomas Dubh had too good a reputation, and was too honest, for to be watched in Meenavala."

"I was five years in Meenavala"—Thomas sat upon a stool so low that his knees stuck up on a level with his breast; he rested his elbows upon his knees and his chin in his hands, and told his story to the fire—"five for meself an' Ellen was snug an' warm, plenty to ait, an' not much to do, an' a fire all the winther would roast a quadhroopit. But the fourth raison there was an English jintleman from a place they call Hartford had the shootin' i' the place taken. But lo an' behold ye! the first week in A'gust the weather was mortal fine, an' I was tempted to slip off over to me mother's country to help her wid the grain o' hay, for she was in the black need o' help—without a man body nixt or near her wee place. Well, over to her, to put as much of her wee grain o' hay through my fingers as I could do in the time; an' then back again. An' the first news met me slap in the face when I come back was, that I wasn't away the second night till the poochers was on the place, an' night and nightly they had shot it for the remainder o' the week!

"The curse o' the crows light on the same poochers as a hard bed to them! But when the English jintleman come it's poor shootin' Lord knows he had; an' the sweetest o' tempers wasn't his—small blame, indeed, to the man anondher the circumstances. He said he might as well have takin' the elephant shootin' as the grouse shootin' of Meenavalla. He wanted to know was there e'er a chance of a lay-on or a bear, or any other baste o' prey on the place he might get the chance of a shot at. I, av coorse, toul' him there was no loy-on in that part o' the wurrl'; an' I said there was no bear barrin' wan, an' if he shot that wan he was liable to be hung for shuicide—"

"Are ye sure ye saved that, Tomas?"

"Sartint sure—but it was when I got the rascal's back turned. But I did tell his face wan thing. It was of a day he had the heart o' me bruck with the chirmin' and charmin' an' the blasphaimin' he carried on with. Sis I till him, 'Yer honor,' siz I, 'there's wan way, an' if we could work it we'd get frightsome big bags o' game, an' no mistake.'

"HOW DID YE GET THEM BIRDS, ME MAN?"

'What way's that?' siz he, coming' till a stan' still. 'If ye can manage to put me on sich a way,' siz he, 'I'll make it well worth your while.' 'Well, I'm mortial thankful till yer honor,' siz I back again till tim, 'an' the way's simple enough—if it only worked.' 'D—d ye,' siz he, lettin' a tearin' ouns (oath) out of him, 'an' out with it at wanst, till we hear what it's like.' 'Well, it's this, yer honor,' siz I. 'If ye could somehow or other manage to fetch down a grouse with every grown ye give, an' a snipe with ivry curse, we'd have mighty full bags ere we'd be long on the hill—do ye see?'

"An' faith he did see it, an' it's some poor body's prayer I must 'a' had about me at the time kept him from puttin' the contents o' his gun intil me sowl. An' I then l'arnt what Peadher Mor, the tailor (God rest him!) used often to tell me—that a madman and an Englishman is two shouldn't be joked with.

"Any how, this lad took himself off in a fortnight with a bigger load of sin (I'm thinkin') than snipes, an' he wrote a square parch of a complaint to Belfast, to Mister McCran, the owner of the place, an' Misther McCran he give me the divil to ait over business. He went within an ace of makin' me cut me stick; an' threatened that if iver he'd hear of a single brace of birds bein' pooched off the place again, I'd go as sure as me name was Tomas.

"Well, glory be to goodness, when I come by a good thing I know it; an' small blame to me, I like to stick till it; so I sayed to meself, Tomas Dubh, siz I, 'plaise the Lord ye'll sleep with wan eye open an' the other niver closed for the saisons to come, an' then you'll be as wide awake as who's-the-other; an' from this out the poocher who puts salt on your tail 'ill be as clever a man as yourself.'

"Well an' good, the nixt saison come around, an' an Englishman again tuk the shootin' of Meenavalla. He was a Misther Bullock (Lord save us! what onchristian names them English big bugs do have), I b'lieve, from head to fut of London sthreet. Well, howsomedivir, this Misther Bullock had tuk the shootin' this year, an' when Misther McCran informed me of this, he toul' me also if there was as much as the wark of a poocher's heel found on all the place I would get laive to go thravelin' for me health."

"An' for yer appetite, eh, Tomas?"

"On or about the twelfth of A'gust I gets another letther from Misther Bullock himself, to tell me he had another shoo*n' taken down the counthrey in the neighborhood of Glenveigh, an' that himself an' a frin' he was fetchin' with him would spend a week on the Glenveigh mountain first, an' then they'd dhrive up through the Glenties way on his buggy, an' take the nixt week out of Meenavalla, an' for me to be prepared for them on or close afther the twentieth. An' he sayed it was toul' him the lan' had been pooched last year till the shootin' of it wasn't worth the powdher, an' to remember that he wasn't goin' to stan' sich nonsense; if there was a feather touched on the place he would shue me masther for all he was worth. 'Make your mind aisy, me boy,' siz I, when I read his letther about that. The poocher who wings a bird on Meenavalla atween now an' the twentieth 'ill be a conshumin'ly clever fellow who's in the habit o' gettin' up afore he goes to bed at all.' An' very good care I had been takin' for the three weeks gone that no poocher would look at it across a march ditch; an' betther care still, if betther could be, I was goin' to take that gun's-iron (barrin' me own) wouldn't be leveled over it for the nixt eight days. For I was on it a'most day and night, an' the tail of a poocher's coat niver wanst showed; an' I was detarmined it would be so till the big fellow himself would step on the grass.

"It was just three evenin's afther the letther come that I was out, as usual, on the mill, an' I was havin' a couple o' puffs at the grouse on me own account, when I noticed a thrap drivin' along the road below: an' half an hour afther I sees Ellen on the top o' the skreg above the house, wavin' her shawl to me. 'Surely,' siz I to meself, 'it's not the Bullock arrived.' But when I reached Ellen, that same was the identical news she had for me. An' I'll not deny that I gave a hearty good curse. He seen me shootin, Ellen, as he come along the road, conshumin' till him! But I hurried down to the house. Wan jintleman was coolin' the pony (a purty wan) up an' down the road; an' the other, who was my man, Ellen toul' me, was in the house. I put the boldest face I could on me an' marched in as undaunted as if I'd been only sayin' me prayers on the hill. But I knew be the scowl o' him that I was in for it. 'Are you Gallagher?' siz he, quite short, an' without rachin' his han' to me. 'Yis, yer honor, siz I, removin' me hat, 'Tomas Dubh Gallagher. Ye're mighty welcome to these parts,' rachin' him me han' an' givin' him a mortial sight warmer shake han's than I seen he wanted. 'Was them poochers I seen on the hill, Gallagher, as I come along?' siz he—though mighty well he knew who the poocher was at the same time. So, all things considhered, I thought it best to tell the thruth an' shame the divil. 'No, sir,' siz I, 'it was meself.' 'What!' siz he, 'have you turned poocher as well as presarver? Upon my word, a purty fellow ye are! A purty gamekeeper! What did ye fetch down?' 'Nothin', plaise yer honor,' siz I, for nothin' it was. 'Well, plaise goodness,' siz he, 'I'll not sleep in me bed the night till I report ye to yer masther, an' I'm now givin' ye warnin' of it.' I pleaded with him as best I could, an' showed him the outs and ins o' the thing, but I might as well 'a' been spaikin' Spanish to pavin' stones; he was bound to report me, an' report me he would, for it had always been his opinion, he sayed, that afther all the cry-out ag'in' poochers there was no poocher worse nor the gamekeepers themselves—an' in the intherest o' his brother sportsmen all over the kingdom, he sayed, more nor in his own intherests, he'd have to report it. 'I see,' I siz, 'ye got my letther,' tossin' it from him onto the table, for the letther had been lyin' in the windy from the time we got it, an' he had it in his han' when I come in. 'I wasn't to have come, as I sayed there, till the twentieth, but my sweetest curse upon all poochers—not forgettin' all gamekeepers—my sweetest curse on the whole assortment o' them. My Glenveigh place when I come on it was either pooched or gamekeeper, or both, an' I wouldn't have got a hamper o' birds off it in a month. I have promised a great number o' presents o' fowls to my frien's in England—promised to have them for them in the first week—an' it's lookin' pretty like as if my promise is goin' to be bruk for the first time in me life—an' all through poochers an' gamekeepers, d—n them! Be ready,' siz he, afther he had foamed an' fumed up an' down the house, an' cursed curses that I wondhered didn't burn a hole in the roof gettin' out—'be ready,' siz he, 'afore the screek o' day in the morra mornin', an' be but with us till I see what we can find in the nixt couple o' days. In the manetime go out an' house that pony an' give him the best care Meenavalla can afford; yer wife ill make a little shakedown for ourselves an' give us a bite of anything aitable, for our bellies is biddin' our backs good morra with the fair dint o' the hunger.'

"The first sthray light wasn't on the hill in the mornin' till the three of us was there afore it an' us bangin' away for all we were worth. The two jintilmen got intil betther humour when they found how plenty the birds was, an' they fetchin' them down like hailstones. But, behould ye, I used always feel more or less pride in meself as bein' a purty dandy shot, but I can tell ye them two jintlemen very soon knocked the conceit out o' me; the second jintleman was a pleasure to see shootin'; but to see the big fellow himself puffin' powdher was a sight for sore eyes. That man, sir, could kill round a corner. Goin' on 40 years, now I'm handlin' a gun, an' have come in the way of a good many sportsmen that knew what end of the gun shot come out of as well as who's-the-nixt, but that man's elqual, or anything comin' within an ass's roar of it, I niver yet did meet.

"Anyhow, to make a long story short, we dhropped the birds so fast—or, I should say, he dhropped them so fast, for though we lowered a smart number enough for the or'nary Christians, it was nothin' at all in comparishment with what he did—so fast did they dhrop that again the third night he had the place purty lonesome enough of game. He had got all nicely hampered an' packed off; an' he started, himself an' his companion, off in their buggy nixt mornin', saying he'd have another thry at Glenveigh again' an' be back to Meenavalla wanst more in somewhat betther nor a week's time. Though both o' them graised me first like jintlemen afore they went, he didn't seem to relent a bit about the report to Misther M'Cran—it was his solemn duty, he sayed, an' he couldn't overlook it.

"It was only the second evenin' afther, I was comin' down aff the hill, an' just as I had got onto the road, an' I carryin' hung over the top of me gun, a brace of snipe I managed, by good management, to scrape up, when roun' the bend o' the road, afore I could say 'God bliss me!' comes a trap tearin' with two jintlemen on it. 'Bad luck to yez,' siz I, an' God forgive me for cursin', dhropping at the same time both gun and birds, for I was sartint sure it was the chaps right back on me. But, in another minute, I seen I was mistaken, for naither o' them had the red whiskers o' my man; so I lifted me belonging's an' went on whistlin'. When the thrap overtuk me, it pulls up, an' without as much as Good-morra, Good-evenin', or the divil take ye, the biggest lookin' bug o' the two snaps me up with 'How did ye get them birds, me man?'

"'By goinn' for them,' siz I. 'I knew it was an ondaicent way to answer a sthranger, but the boul'ness of him went again' me grain. 'Who are you, sir?' was the nixt imperence he outs with. 'I'm a son o' me mother's' siz I, an' maybe ye know me betther now.' 'Maybe,' siz he, 'ye'll be so kind to tell me where Black Thomas Gallagher, the gamekeeper, lives in these parts?' 'Sarra to be off me,' siz I, 'what's this, or who is he this, I'v been saucin'?' 'Yis,' I siz to him, 'I think I can show ye that, bekase I'm th' identical man himself.' 'Oh,' indeed,' siz he, pullin' himself together, 'are ye, indeed? I didn't think when I tuk Meenavalla for the saison I had got sich a witty gamekeeper intil the bargain. I'm a lucky man, truth,' siz he, an' his naybour laughed hearty. I turned square on the road an' I looks at him. 'Ye're anondher a great mistake, sir,' siz I; 'the shootin' o' this place has been taken by Misther Bullock, of London.' 'Exactly,' siz he, 'Misther Bullock of London (which is me), has got the privilege of payin' for the shootin'; an' his gamekeeper, be all signs, is to get the fun an' the snipes.' 'Come now,' siz I, 'none o' yer tricks upon thravelers, Misther Bullock o' London was here the beginnin' o' the week, an' shot the lan' as clean as the day it was creeaited, an' there's not a jintleman from wan end to the other o' London street but maybe is at the present spaikin' his tooth in wan o' the grouse, an' wishin' to the lord he was 10 times hungrier.'

"But, mo bhron! the face that jintleman (and his naybour, too) dhrew on himself when I sayed this, was somethin 'frightsome to behold; an' may I niver die in sin if the gun didn't shake in me han'. He thundered out o' him such an oath as would be a Godsend to a quarryman for splittin' rocks, an'—"

"Ellen, a chara, said Tomas, "I misdoubt me this fire would be out long ago if ye hadn't the doors boulte. Threw a grain iv turf an' another lump of fir on it, a thaisge."

"Well, Tomas?"

"Well, Jaimie?"

"I want to hear it out. Was that Bullock?"

"Conshumin' till him, iv course it was."

"An' him shot the place? The red fellow?"

"Was the Red Poocher, iv course, who was after sthrippin' Bullock's Glenveigh shootin' as bare as a baid head just afore Bullock come on it."

"An' what happened to you, Tomas?"

"I walked—an' I'm here now."

HAS THE SEAT OF LIFE BEEN FOUND—Continued From the First Page of This Section

it was the adrenal active principle, thus distributed to all cells, which sustained their life. Dr. Sajous has thus solved simultaneously the problems of tissue respiration and cellular life.

"Again, he found that the purpose of the secretion of the thyroid gland, a very large group of blood vessels near the larynx, was to excite a center in the brain connected with the adrenals by nerves, and that it was therefore by stimulating indirectly the adrenals that the thyroid extract produced its wonderful effects.

"It is here that the great practical importance of Sajous' discoveries is demonstrated. Not only did the find that thyroid extract excited the adrenal center, but that several of our remedies—iodine, the iodides, mercury, cocoa, and others—did likewise.

"The unexplained action of these remedies in combating some of the most destructive diseases of mankind thus became clear; they increased the oxygenizing power of the blood and the activity of the vital process, and thereby the power of the body to fight disease and destroy bacteria, the poisons they secrete and toxic wastes.

"Now, as to the functions of the leucocytes. The white cells of the blood have been given several different roles by physiologists, but Sajous was the first to show their true function; the identity of that which causes them to act as scavengers; to appear in great numbers in the blood under certain conditions, normal and morbid; and to contain digestive ferments.

"He showed that their role in the body was to take up or 'engulf' food products of any kind, both in the intestinal canal, after the foods had been partially digested in the stomach and intestines, and in the blood and other body fluids; to convert these food products into living granulations—through the adrenal principle which their ferments contain—and to transport them to the tissue cells.

"Sajous thus contributed another great advance in our knowledge of cell life; not only did he show the identity and source of the dynamic principle which sustains life, but also the process through which our foods become endowed with life, and, moreover, the manner in which our tissues are built.

"He describes in detail all the diseases that are most fatal to mankind, and shows conclusively that wherever cure had been effected by remedies, it was through agents which, by stimulating the organs referred to, increased the blood's asset in auto-antitoxin—the name given by him to the antitoxin which our body produces to antagonize disease.

"But how does auto-antitoxin destroy dangerous organisms, the toxins they secrete—poisons, the toxic products of chemical changes? Sajous shows that this differs in no way from the process of digestion, and that if auto-antitoxin is present in excess in the blood, the red corpuscles themselves may be digested."

Why, when the great medical journals joined in such a chorus of laudation, when great practitioners found themselves constrained to give the work the cachet of their approval, has it remained until now so little known, so narrowly appreciated?

The answer must be paradoxical; it is too important to have its importance immediately comprehended.

Only when years have elapsed after the first outlines were made public, and when months have passed since the whole astounding series of discoveries was made known, does the inertia of a profession give evidence of being swayed.

And this in spite of the notable fact that Dr. Sajous, instead of disputing the previously accepted treatment, agrees substantially with both, thus leaving his discoveries comparatively free from the difficulties and the oppositions that have beset so many innovations of the past.

But the magnitude of the revolutions made by his research and the far-reaching deductions and consequences of the fresh wonders he propounds have called for a range of knowledge, a profundity of insight and a breadth of comprehension—to say nothing of the will and the opportunity to take up anew the whole round of physiology, pathology and therapeutics—such as are united in only a few leaders of the medical profession.

Now, with the fundamental principles definitely demanded by the men foremost in the application of the science, it becomes inevitable that the full knowledge must swiftly spread, and that such a world-wide discussion must ensue as attends all discoveries of so momentous a character.

Only a few years have gone by since Dr. William Osler, reviewing the contributions to medicine during the nineteenth century, observed that there have come into our ken a large number of drugs of the action of which we know little, while we put them into bodies the action of which we know less.

Skoda's dictum is equally famous, that we can diagnose disease, describe it, and get a grasp of it; but we dare not expect by any means to cure it. Sir Michael Foster has declared that our physical knowledge consists largely of guesses and gaps.

To the guesses and gaps of Foster, to the "black, hopeless, helpless, therapeutic pessimism," as one medical writer termed the dictum of Osler, the earliest hint of reply came in the first volume of "The Internal Secretions and the Principles of Medicine," published by Sajous five years ago in a portentous work of 800 pages.

He reviewed there the important departments of physiology, general pathology, general therapeutics and immunity. It was too tremendous in its demand upon the intellectual enterprise of the profession; only a few among the more discerning grasped its real significance.

Nevertheless there was that in its pages which stirred large expectancy; and when, on June 3 of last year, Dr. Sajous announced to the American Medical Editors' association, his intention of disclosing shortly the complete details of the results which had attended his patient labors, the medical reviews of the country felt warranted in declaring it probable that an absolutely scientific therapy was at last within sight.

In September the second and concluding volume of a ponderousness greater than the first, made its appearance. There the author disclosed fully the wonderful new science of the ductless glands and the pituitary body, closing up the gaps, sweeping away the guesses, filling with light and positive knowledge the black, hopeless and helpless pessimism which Osler had so epigramatically defined.

The mysteries of disease, the mysteries of its cure, the infinitely greater and more vital mysteries of life and health in life on which the minor secrets of ill health and remedy graft themselves as excrescences—these baffling riddles have now been resolved to their ultimate human analysis.

Who is the man who has accomplished this gigantic labor and out of is has wrought a structure so cyclopean?

His profession, for all the innovation forced upon it by his daring yet patient genius, knows him as a scientist who values most highly the researches, the experiments, even the empiricisms of the science which the most eminent of his colleagues profess to regard with such melancholy discomfiture.

A fellow of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia, a member of the Academy of National Science, he is a member, also, of that assemblage of distinguished minds, the American Philosophical society, and not only a Knight of the Legion of Honor, but an officer of the Academy of France.

Until the unparalleled magnitude of his chosen task absorbed him to the exclusion of all other interests he was professor of anatomy and physiology in the Wagner Institute of Science, lecturer on laryngology in that most respected of American institutions, Jefferson Medical college, and, again, professor of laryngology and dean of the faculty in the Medico-Chiurgical college.

Dumas in his history of the Medicis, referring to the Medici Chapel in Florence, wrote in 1844:

"Sleep in peace in your tombs of marble and porphyry, Medicis. You have done more for the glory of the world than was ever done before, or has ever since been done by any prince, king or emperor."

Giovanni de Medici was created prince of the blood royal by Henry IV in France in 1606 and was the founder of the Franco-Flemish branch of the Medici family. Among his descendants on the one hand, was that Dr. Charles E. de Medici-Jodoigne-Sajous, the medical authority referred to by Gritl in his work on Florence; on the other, one of his direct descendants was Count Charles de Medici, who came to the United States in 1850 and married here. Returning with his wife to Europe on an American ship, the present Count de Medici, Dr. Charles Eucharistè de Medici-Sajous, was born during the voyage, December 13, 1852.

Dr. Sajous is, therefore, 55 years old. Returning to the United States when he was 8 years of age, he has made his home here ever since, graduating from Jefferson Medical college in 1878.

The inheritance which came to him was speedily reinforced by an income from the practice of his profession—an income which, by reason of the distinguished position he so rapidly attained, was considerable, even in that day of the dawn of wealth for physicians.

Then, gradually, out of his vastly varied professional activities, ranging as they did from special practice and general instruction to the broadest observation of all medical research in his editorial capacities, there came to him the same black, hopeless realization of the existing theoretical chaos which, later, has beset the Oslers of the profession.

From the hour when he first thrilled with the thought of solution as a possibility this eminent physician presented in himself the phenomenon so common to modern psychology—that of the man obsessed by an idea. But he displayed a characteristic which, in all the history of human advancement, has belonged only to the few. He was great enough to surrender himself to his obsession.

And not himself alone. His practice, his dignities, his emoluments, his whole professional income, his private fortune—all, in the course of these twenty years of indefatigable research and overwhelming labor, have been sacrificed that he might carry his first, astounded hope to its doubtful fruition.

Today, with nothing but his two volumes as an asset for his lavish expenditure of wealth and more ravish expenditure of life Dr. Sajous is retiring to his profession for his livelihood, striving at the age of 55, to build up a practice under almost the same prospect of patient waiting that confronts the latest batch of graduates from the Medico-Chirurgical college of whose faculty he has been the dean.

Glass of Wine by His Own Fire.

From the Westminster Gazette.

When Drury Lane theatre was first destroyed by fire—the recent calamity was the third of its kind—Sheridan, its owner, was occupied in the commons with his parliamentary duties and his sympathetic colleagues immediately voted the adjournment of the house and hurried off to see the conflagration. Sheridan himself opposed the adjournment, but being outvoted went and watched the destruction of his property from a neighboring house of refreshment, sharing a bottle of port with Barry.

His apparent indifference prompted some friends to expostulate with him, whereupon the author of 'The School for Scandal" petulantly observed, "It is hard when a man cannot drink a glass of wine by his own fire." This fire completed Sheridan's financial downfall, and, forsaken by his friends, he died soon after the new theatre began its checkered career.

"Danger;"

"It's dangerous to hug the shore in war,"
Said young Lieutenant McFelt.
"But it's far more dangerous to hug a girl—
With a pin in the back of her belt."
—Chicago News.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN NET—By Otto Reinert

BRIDGET came rushing into the dining-room shrieking with fright.

"Oh, ma'am, there's a rat in the kitchen—the biggest rat I ever saw."

Isn't it strange that whenever one sees a rat it's of immense size? One never sees a small rat, especially servants. It's always the biggest they have even seen.

Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis hurried to the kitchen at once, followed by Rex. Rex by the way, is a bull terrier. At one time when Mr. Jarvis bought him he was the pet of the household, but some of his excursions into the gardens of the neighbors resulting generally in the payment of heavy damages have brought him into disfavor with his master.

Mrs. Jarvis still loved him and even implored her husband to buy another dog as a companion for Rex, who would then surely not spoil anything.

Now the time had come for Rex to prove his worth. To the best of his ability he proved it in 15 minutes. To tell the truth the kitchen looked like a political club after an election, but what did that matter? On the floor lay the beast which had so rudely disturbed Bridget's evening dreams. There it was and Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis recognized it in an instant. It was Miss Simpson's angora kitten which had strolled in through the back door.

That evening Mr. Jarvis made up his mind. He would sell the confounded dog at once, but he was wise enough not to say so to his wife. That good lady was in tears at the harsh things that had been said about poor Rex. It wasn't any fault of his she sobbed. He was a dear, good dog and she would have another like him to keep him out of mischief.

Next morning Jarvis called at the office of "Field and Fancy" and handed in an advertisement: "Bull terrier for sale. Handsome, well bred, and very gentle. Any offer accepted. Call this office Wednesday at noon."

"That settles it," he muttered as he left the office. "I'll take any offer I get, then one morning I'll smuggle the animal to town with me and tell Lucy it must have run away."

"Field and Fancy" was one of the weekly papers read in the home of the Jarvis. So when he returned on his usual train on Monday evening Mr. Jarvis looked over the advertisements. Yes, there it was, the offer and the only bull terrier for sale. Not a word was said about the affair. Mrs. Jarvis would never find out even if she should see the advertisement as it did not mention any name or address. Mr. Jarvis chuckled at his brilliant idea.

Mr. Jarvis was wonderfully cheerful Wednesday morning as he kissed his wife good-bye. So was she.

Shortly before 12 o'clock Jarvis left his down town office and started toward Twenty-third street where "Field and Fancy" was published, a clerk informed him that no one had called yet, but it was not quite 1 so he might just as well wait a few minutes.

Mr. Jarvis went into a waiting room and began to study his favorite newspaper. He had not long to wait for a moment later the door opened and someone entered. He turned around slowly and looked at the person over the top of his glasses.

It was Mrs. Jarvis.

"What in the world are you doing here, Fred," she exclaimed as soon as she caught sight of him.

"Exactly what I was going to ask you, my dear," Mr. Jarvis replied as he recovered somewhat from his astonishment.

Mrs. Jarvis looked at her husband for a few minutes inquiringly. Then she spoke.

"Oh I know what it is. You have come to buy another dog for me, haven't you?"

Mr. Jarvis gasped.

"I? Another dog?"

"You know I want one, dear, and of course I can see now that you intended to surprise me by buying that bull terrier."

"Well—that is my dear—yes—I came about the bull terrier." Jarvis liked to tell the truth when he could.

"Oh how sweet of you Freddy. I really didn't think you would buy another. In fact I came up myself to see how much they wanted for the dog, but I shall like it so much better if you buy it."

Mr. Jarvis looked puzzled but his wife went on.

"It's passed 12 Freddy dear, so the man ought to be here now. Perhaps he's down stairs in the office. Do go down and see."

Jarvis hesitated.

"He'll be here in a minute," he said, "they will send him up."

"Do go down, dear, and see if the man is there. We can't wait all day."

Down he went, but not to the office. After a Scotch high ball in the saloon on the corner opposite, Jarvis returned to the waiting room shaking his head.

"There is no use, he won't be here today," he said, "we better go."

"I'll see myself," said Mrs. Jarvis trotting down stairs.

"Can you tell me if the man who wants to sell a bull terrier has called yet," she asked the clerk.

"Yes ma'am, he was in the waiting-room when you came in. He went upstairs again a few minutes ago."

"Well, he's not there now," said Mrs. Jarvis with some heat.

The clerk said he would run up and see. He returned a moment later.

"Yes, ma'am he's there now."

Mrs. Jarvis went upstairs again. Looked around the room with a searching glance and shook her head.

"What is it dear?" her husband asked.

"I can't make it out at all," she gasped. "Have you seen a man in here?"

"No dear," he replied meekly.

There was a heavy footstep outside and a tall heavy gentleman came in leading a ferocious looking mastiff.

"Oh, there he is," Mrs. Jarvis exclaimed, "what a beautiful dog."

"Yes ma'am and he's as gentle as an angel," the man said.

"There now, Fred, do buy him. You promised you would."

Mr. Jarvis had an idea.

The man with the mastiff spoke: "Well to tell you the truth, ma'am, this here dog is almost as good as sold to a man what is been advertising for a mastiff, but I don't mind letting you have him for $10 more than I'm offered."

"What's the price?" Mr. Jarvis asked with a sickly smile.

"Well, I'll let you have him, governor, for $45. He's worth a hundred any day. He's a dog, sir; I tell you, he's a dog."

"So I suppose," Jarvis retorted, "do you think I mistake him for a giraffe?"

Five minutes later Jarvis had bought the dog and paid out $45 and was taking him home, his own property.

"I never knew you were such a darling, Fred," Mrs. Jarvis said as they walked toward the ferry, "but I thought you said you were after a bull terrier?"

"So I did. It was my joke."

But Mrs. Jarvis never understood why her husband looked so sour at the success of his own joke.

Oslerism a Mistake.

It appears that to backseat men at 40 would simply rob the world of most of its masterpieces, the creation of which depends on the intellect. An interesting article in the Century gives the average age at which the best work in various lines has been produced.

According to the writer of the article the records give an average age of 50 for the performance of the masterwork. For workers the average age is 47 and for thinkers 52. Chemists and physicians average the youngest, reaching their highest efficiency at 41, which may account for the theories of Dr. Osler.

Dramatists and playwrights, poets and inventors follow at 44; novelists give an average of 46; explorers and warriors, 47; musical composers and actors, 48; artists and divines occupy the position of equilibrium at 50; essayists and reformers stand at 51; physicians and surgeons line up with the statesmen at 52; philosophers give an average of 54; astronomers and mathematicians, satirists and humorists, 56; historians, 57; naturalists and jurists, 58.

"As may be noted," says the writer, "there is a rearrangement of the order at this time, but the thinkers, as before, and as would naturally be expected, attain their full maturity at a later period than the workers. The corollary is evident. Provided health and optimism remain the man of 50 can command success as readily as the man of 30."

Russian Empress Romances.

From Tit-bits.

How many people are aware that the marriage of the Empress Marie Feodorovna of Russia, the czar's mother, who is at present in this country visiting her sister, Queen Alexandra, and who hopes to make her home in England, provided one of the most pathetic love stories in the annals of royalty?

Before the empress, who was Princess Dagmar of Denmark, married Alexander III she was engaged to his elder brother, the czarevitch. In 1865 at Nice the Grand Duke Nicholas fell from his horse and was so badly injured that his life was despaired of. His fiancee hastened to him and never left his side till he breathed his last. The succession to the throne devolved on the Grand Duke Alexander.

He stood by the deathbed of the czarevitch, who, in the presence of the emperor and empress, placed the hand of the weeping princess into his, saying to her with almost his last words: "Marry my brother; he is true as crystal, and I wish it."

Enforced by political reasons, this request was law to the bereaved girl

Memories.

Birds singing in the blossoms!
Rivers rippling in melody;
Green meadows and white clouds
In a bright band of blue;
The breath of dew-wet violets
And then—dreams! dreams!
And O for a lost springtime.
And Love, that is only Memory!
—Atlanta Constitution.

THE "HIGHER SELF"—The Best Way to Reach It

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.
(Copyright, 1908, by American-Journal-Examiner.)

THE new thought, or higher philosophy, is attracting the attention of the world today.

It is undermining and supplementing old-fashioned orthodoxy.

It is the religion of the future. The air is full of it, and the churches are honeycombed with it. It teaches faith in God and a belief in human nature's divine inheritance. It is optimistic, self-reliant and wholesome.

That so beautiful and true a philosophy should be abused and misrepresented by cranks and fanatics is a misfortune, yet it is a misfortune which befalls every great progressive movement, and the just critic does not condemn the cause because it has unwise and unworthy followers. Meantime such followers should not be countenanced or patronized.

A woman proclaimed to a class studying under her direction that to develop the "higher self" should be each human being's one object in life, and that if this development necessitated the casting off of husband, home and children there should be no hesitancy and no looking backward.

The woman herself had followed this line of conduct, and the roadway behind her was strewn with wrecks of several homes, husbands and children which had served their purpose as "developers" and been cast aside by her.

One look into her cool and selfish face was enough to warn an intuitive mind not to follow in her line of development, yet for a time she was the vogue among both intellectual and fashionable people in two continents.

But her sun set, as all such suns must, not to rise again until she comes back with her enlightenment in another incarnation.

A man preparing himself to be a teacher of the development of the "God within" has calmly, coldly and unhesitatingly announced to a devoted and faithful wife that he can no longer live with her.

"I have passed beyond the need of human ties of this kind," he says. "You would be a hindrance to me, I to you. Each soul must develop in its own way. I have the kindest feelings for you and will always be your friend, but if you remain with me I shall be unable to grow as I desire to grow in order that I may teach humanity these great truths."

Knowing that I had written much on the subject of the "new thought," this stricken soul turned to me in her hour of awful darkness.

"I am not wise or learned," she said, looking at me with the eyes of a wounded deer. "Perhaps I may seem very ignorant to you, but I want to ask you if a man has to turn against his nearest and dearest ones in order to grow to this new thought.

"Is it right for him to cast off such a love as mine? Why, he is the only lover I ever had—he wooed me when I was only sixteen years old and would not take 'No' for an answer. I thought him so wise and so much above me I feared to become his wife. But I married him at eighteen, and we have been perfectly happy for twelve years.

"Nothing ever came between us to shadow our lives until my husband turned to this philosophy of developing his higher nature. I want him to do what is best for him always—but, oh, I suffer so at this awful mandate of his! I have always lived for him and leaned upon him, and I cannot understand how any high philosophy can make a good man so cruel."

No great, high philosophy ever makes any soul cruel or neglectful of its nearest duties.

The man who casts off a loving devoted and faithful wife to "develop his higher nature" will never reach the mountain top of truth, because all such heights are attained through first climbing step by step by the stairs of accomplished duties.

There is no wisdom, there is no pleasure, there is no success on earth in any avenue worth the crushing and wounding of a faithful, true, and loyal heart.

I am not a stickler for allegiance to marriage vows after a marriage has become a mockery or a hell. A man whose wife becomes a virago, a nagger, a wasteful spendthrift of a woman, is, to my thinking, justified in separating from her. A woman is right in leaving a man who makes her life a purgatory of discord and misery.

No human being should be allowed to destroy the peace of another's existence when that peace can be obtained by separation. But the man who casts off a good wife or the woman who casts off a good husband on the plea of "higher development" is a culprit and a coward and deserves ostracism.

It is an insult to the God of Love when such beings pretend to be teachers of his truths. Out upon them and away with them!

God measures souls by their capacity
For entertaining his best angel, love.
Who loveth most is nearest kin to God,
Who is all love or nothing.