

THE RUSSIAN DOCTOR.

A Tragic and Romantic Story from Real Life.

(ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN OF MRS. ELISER FORSK.)

BY MRS. FRANCES A. SHAW.

felt himself a stranger. Familiar faces had vanished. The elderly people of his boyhood were in their graves—the young had usurped their places. A "Casino" had taken the place of the nine-pin alley at the Red Lion. The hills were dotted with the summer villas of rich city people. Not far from the vine-wreathed house stood a charming Swiss villa, inhabited by the family of a wealthy merchant of the nearest sea-port town.

To the great surprise of his house-keeper, the Russian doctor showed no immediate inclination to resume his practice. He declared that he must confine his social obligations to the receiving and returning of calls, leaving dinner and evening parties and afternoon coffees to Marianne. The writing of a long-contemplated medical work would engross him for some time to come. Until that was ended he must adjure general society.

Marianne gave free vent to her disappointment. She had hoped for a triumphal social career by her cousin's side. She had also hoped that he would marry. In that event, why should she not be the chosen one? "A doctor is expected to marry," she said to him. "I venture to predict that your hour will come; that you will some time fall head over ears in love."

The doctor laughed, but Marianne said to herself that her excellent management might hasten on that fateful hour. The mirror she that night consulted in the privacy of her chamber reflected a woman remarkably fresh and youthful-looking for eight-and-thirty.

Our Russian doctor had lived three months in the vine-wreathed house. He had heard the nightingales sing their old-time songs to the roses; he had seen these roses bloom and wither. Autumn invaded the land, lavishing its



"Hortense!"

most gorgeous lines upon tree and shrub, only to shake the leaves in reckless sport from the branches, and send them torn and shivered through the air, thus teaching that in nature, as in human life, the fairest things are the most evanescent.

One evening in late autumn a messenger came from the Swiss villa summoning the Russian doctor in all possible haste. In the absence of the family and their physician, the youngest child, the only one left at home, had fallen violently ill of croup. Our doctor hurried away, and a few moments after entered an elegantly-furnished house. A servant in gorgeous livery ushered him up the winding stairs to a luxurious apartment leading into the chamber of the little sufferer. The door softly opened, and Arnim Elbthal stood in sudden terror upon the threshold.

"Hortense!" he whispered, with white lips. In the reflection of a rosy lamp the living image of that long-lost one stood before him. It was the same slender, graceful, white-robed figure, only taller and more developed than the blooming child of those olden days. Here was the same head enframed in wavy brown hair which seemed strewn with gold-dust. The charmingly-cut profile, the piquant nose, the warm complexion—all seemed the very same. Was he dreaming? Was he under some enchanter's spell? He drew nearer.

"The Russian doctor," the servant announced, and vanished.

An upturned face showed the eyes of Hortense gazing into those of the doctor—not sunny, clear and confident as in that early day, but sad and entreating. On the lap of the young girl lay the child, moaning and clasping her hand.

"Hortense St. Hilaire!" murmured the doctor, as in a dream.

"That was my mother's name," came the answer, in a foreign accent. "My name is Desirée Duvois, and I am French governess in this house. You are Dr. Elbthal, and you knew my mother as a child. How delighted I am to see you! I have so longed to make your acquaintance. I sent you your picture as sure of your skill."

Her eyes now fell upon the child who breathed heavily. In a moment Arnim was near her, all other thoughts and remembrances lost; in the physician who examined the patient and gave directions in that clear, decided way which impressed all he met.

"I shall remain until the crisis is over," he said.

Desirée's eyes spoke her gratitude. She nodded, but asked no question. The child's nurse, who slept in the next room, entered noiselessly. The little form was laid in bed, the doctor

and the governess sitting on either side.

The doctor ventured only one question: "Where does your mother live?"

The girl's eyes filled with tears as she answered: "Mamma died six years ago—papa long before. I scarce remember him. I am an orphan. Distant relatives in Paris brought me here a year ago that I might earn my own living."

Her voice choked, she bowed her head and hot tears fell upon the tiny hands of the sick child which clutched at the lace trimmings of the satin quilt. Poor young creature. How hard to see her days pass thus, loveless and homeless! Poor Hortense—to be forced to die leaving a daughter alone and unprotected in a cruel world!

Now began the laggard course of those leaden hours all know who have watched by a sick-bed, noting every pulse-beat of the sufferer who is struggling with life and death. At the foot of the bed covered the old nurse, panic-stricken and helpless. The other servants, anxious and excited, gathered in the kitchen and gave vent to their fears in sepulchral whispers. At last the violent paroxysms subsided, the child's breathing grew more calm, and, as the first sun-beam stole through the heavy curtains, the doctor's deep voice murmured: "Saved!"

For answer, Desirée bent over his hand, and kissed it.

"Now have the family physician summoned," he said. "I was only his substitute. I think, Mlle. Duvois, that, as soon as the child's parents return, you may feel free to visit the house where your mother lived as a child. My cousin Marianne will be delighted to know you."

With a beaming glance Desirée reached him her hand.

"I shall certainly come to thank you and to talk with you of my mother. I bless little Fanny's illness which has brought to me the friend of my youth."

They parted each with a hearty *auf Wiedersehen!*

The master and mistress returned at evening, the former very grateful to the doctor, the latter, a parvenu who stood much upon ceremony and had great ideas of her personal consequence, enraged that Desirée had taken upon herself the responsibility of summoning a physician who had not even sent in his card. The old nurse, jealous of the child's affection for the governess, added fuel to Madame's wrath by representing that little Fanny had not been alarmingly ill and it would have been safe to await the family physician. In spite of her husband's protests the imperious woman gave her governess notice to leave at New Years. Desirée begged permission to leave at once, and dispatched a note to the Russian doctor asking the hospitality of his house for the few days prior to her return to Paris.

With this letter in his hand, the doctor sought Marianne, requesting her to go in person and invite Mlle. Duvois. "I knew this young girl's mother as a child," he added. "She loses her place on my account, and I feel that she has claims upon me."

"I have nothing against her coming if she does not stay too long," answered Marianne. "In any event you are master of your own house. I hope I shall like the girl."

"I am sure of that. She resembles her sunny-tempered mother, and will be a genial element in our house during the long, dreary winter, if we can only manage to keep her with us until spring. My medical work will occupy most of my time, and you will need some companion."

"Not one of this sort," replied Marianne. "French women are frivolous and coquetish, and few of them can endure a well-ordered household. If this young girl wants to help me, I will give her a trial, though I know she will only hinder. I will go and invite her, I want to see the much-praised furniture of those airy city people. I would like to show the mistress of that house that other folks have just as good a right as she to look down upon their neighbors. The idea of her imagining she can snub you!"

Marianne gave her head a toss and flounced out of the room to make a careful toilet for the proposed visit. But she did not create the desired impression. The mistress of the villa did not appear. She deemed no excuse save that she was not at home to visitors. Marianne tried to vent her spite against the mistress by showing great sympathy for the governess, and inviting her in the most urgent manner to the doctor's house. She went that very evening, and was installed in the "garden chamber," once occupied by her mother.

The next morning her silvery laugh penetrated to the study, and Arnim involuntarily laid aside his pen. The very voice and laugh of Hortense! What a novel, precious, refreshing sound in that silent house! Arnim listened and felt that he should work all the better for this laugh. Bird-songs and flower-perfumes were pleasant things. It was delightful to hear some music other than the jingling of Marianne's keys, some tones different from those severe ones in which she lectured the servants, or her plaintive wailings over the high price of provisions and the inefficiency of Kathie and Ivan.

Desirée gave the conversation another turn. For the first time in Arnim's bachelor life a young girl formed part of his domestic establishment. "She will bother you to death," Marianne had prophesied. "She will turn the house upside down. These young girls are always leaving their things about. They never put anything back in the right place. I only hope you

Could a fresh rosebud disarrange these rooms? Desirée seemed to fill the old house with that sweetest of aromas—the rosy perfume of youth.

While Arnim showed her every place over which the feet of Hortense had tripped in those dear old days, while he pointed out to her in forest and garden the familiar trees whose boughs had rustled over that sunny head, a tide of youth seemed to course through his own veins. With deep emotion he received from Desirée's hands her mother's German exercise book and his own copy of the Eichendorf poem. At last, as in a dream, he held in his hands the ball which in so untoward a manner had led to their acquaintance. This poor object existed still; but where was she, the bright, joyous creature, his first and only love?

Desirée told him how her father, through ill-luck and the treachery of others, had lost his own fortune and that of her grandfather. Some inadvertent hints satisfied the doctor that Hortense had married a gambler whose career had ended in suicide.

With tearful eyes the young girl dwelt upon her mother, and the life, happy in spite of all its trials, they had passed together. With bated breath she described the slow dying-out of that always fragile existence—of the great transfigured eyes, of the final falling asleep, which had been painless



THE SELF-SAME BALL.

as that of a tired child in its mother's arms. Her mother had cherished one dream to the last—that of return to Germany and to the forest house. She had told her child much of Arnim Elbthal and of those happy days when she had been his pupil. Then came for Desirée that loveless, joyless sojourn among strangers—first under the roof of a distant relative of her father, a stern man who considered the homeless orphan a burden, and ere long sent her to the cloister of the Sacred Heart, where she might fit herself for her future vocation of governess.

This one year had been to her as an oasis in the desert—a brief rest in a flowery garden, an asylum of peace and love. The bitterest tears she had shed since her mother's death had fallen at parting with the pious sisters. When placed by her relative as governess in the house of the wealthy merchant she was ill from homesickness for the silent cloister. Ere long the exacting duties of her position had left no time for unavailing regrets and tears.

"I was not fitted for the place," she said. "I soon found that I had much, very much, to learn. Doctor Elbthal, if you would make me happy, give me some instruction during these days I remain with you. You will not have to complain of any lack of industry in your pupil."

More than delighted to become the young girl's tutor, Arnim drew up a programme of study which was strictly adhered to on both sides. Marianne was in raptures at an arrangement which would keep the young thing busy and relieve her of the hapless task of initiating a French girl into the mysteries of an art in which only German women were fitted to excel.

Desirée grew happier day by day, and ere long revelled in the natural joyousness of youth. She blossomed out like a flower that has found its native soil. A sunbeam had entered the doctor's house. It must be coaxed to remain and brighten the coming winter. Brief as had been his stay under his roof, Arnim felt that without its presence, life would be desolate. He grew restless for a little time he missed the young girl's light step flitting past his door—if the soft, rhythmic melody of her voice ceased for the moment to penetrate his study

CHAPTER III.



ESRÉE introduced now and then some pleasant little innovation into the immaculate primness of the vine-wreathed house. With Ivan, always her faithful ally, she foraged the gardens of the town for plants in full leaf and blossom, and with them adorned the doctor's study. "The place where one works ought to be bright and cheerful," she said. "Now that winter is near, we must have a memory of the summer and a prophecy of the spring."

Arnim awaited with impatience the hour for lessons when she would come bounding into his study. What stolen glances he would cast at her over his manuscript! How full of grace and charm was her every movement, how

—The Czars receive from his treasury officers every year 9,500,000 rubles for household expenses and 2,000,000 rubles for his stable. A ruble is worth 55 cents. In addition to this, the Crown Prince, now a boy at home, receives 2,000,000 rubles a year until he is of age.

AMERICAN MONKEYS

Prof. Bickmore Dwells Upon the Virtues of the "Howlers."

Professor Albert S. Bickmore's lecture at the American Museum of Natural History recently was on "Monkeys of the New World." The word monkey, he said, had been derived from manakin or manakin, and meant "unfortunate little fellow." In South America monkeys are to be found on and south of a line between the city of Mexico and Vera Cruz, but none above that line. The American monkeys have a broad nose and their nostrils turn outward and downward. A peculiar species has the teeth, only five inches high, which has two more teeth than any monkey in Africa. Another was the bearded monkey, so named because of a beard which surrounded his face in a fashion made notable by a celebrated journalist some years deceased. The animal (the monkey) was very careful of his beard and never wet it when drinking. He would hold his hand into the form of a cup, dip it into and fill it with water, and then drink from his hand slowly while with one of his other hands he would carefully press his beard out of the way of contact with any drops of water that might fall. The picture shown did not represent as handsome a monkey as one might suppose so fastidious a monkey to be.

Another odd species was the white-throated monkey, and still another, "Humboldt's monkey," discovered by that great explorer, and sometimes called the "negro" monkey because of the curly wool upon its head. Other monkeys had tails so sensitive that when their owners were passing rapidly through the forests, dragging their tails behind them, they could tell instantly when their caudal appendages came into contact with any thing good to eat. These same tails were very powerful, and their owners could hook them over a limb and, hanging by that support, go fast asleep. If a monkey were shot when in this position he would not fall; he would simply continue to cling there until decomposition set in. The natives shoot monkeys with poisoned arrows, which they blow out of long hollow reeds. When the wounded monkey becomes unconscious from the effects of the poison the hunter runs up and puts some salt into his mouth, after securing him, and the salt being an antidote for the poison, the hunter gets a live monkey as good as new. Natives of the Amazon eat monkeys. In fact, they are the chief food supply of a large section of the people. The meat is said to be nice and tender and very nutritious. The lecturer related an anecdote of an explorer who was given a dish of monkey meat and found it excellent. He would have enjoyed the meal, he said, had he not been so nervous over the thought that he might be devouring one of his respected ancestors.

The lecturer described in detail the species of the South American monkey known as the "howlers." These monkeys travel in groups and they are very jealous of each other's abilities as howlers. Each group has a champion howler, and when two groups meet one howler from each sits opposite the other, surrounded by the rest, and then each tries to out-howl the other, the respective groups joining in the chorus. This din can be heard at a distance of from two to three miles, and the terror of a huntsman who goes to sleep in the forest and is suddenly awakened by a group of howlers in the trees above him can be better imagined than described. Monkeys like bananas better than any thing else, although they are fond of green corn and the breadfruit, which grows abundantly in the luxuriant forests of South America.

—N. Y. Times.

MILES OF CANNON.

How Great Britain has Fortified the Rock of Cape Gibraltar.

The great sight of Gibraltar is the fortifications, which are on an immense scale, as the whole circuit of the rock is seven miles. But not all this requires to be defended, for on the eastern side the cliff is so tremendous that there is no possibility of scaling it. It is fearful to stand on the brow and look down to where the waves are dashing more than one thousand feet below. The only approach must be by land from the north or from the sea on the western or southern side. The two latter are defended by a succession of batteries carried along the sea wall and up to the side of the rock, so that there is not a spot on which an assailant can set his foot which is not under the fire of the guns.

The northern side is pierced by great galleries cut in the rock, which are the unique feature of Gibraltar that distinguishes it above all the other fortresses in the world. These were begun more than a hundred years ago during the great siege, which lasted nearly four years, when the inhabitants had no rest day nor night. After we have passed through one tier, perhaps a mile in length, we mount to a second, which rises above the other like the upper deck of an enormous line-of-battle ship. Enormous, indeed, it must be, if we can imagine a double-decker a mile long.

As we tramped past these endless rows of cannon, it occurred to me that their simultaneous discharge must be very trying to the nerves of the artilleryman (if he has any nerves), as the concussion against the rock is much greater than if they were fired in the open air, and I asked my guide if he did not dread it? He confessed that he did, but added, like the plucky soldier he was, "we've got to stand up to it!"—Scribner's Magazine.

FIRST CLASS HORSES.

Ample Reward Awaits Breeders Who Produce Them.

Respecting horses, there is one particular, only one, in which all are agreed; they should be handsome. Large or small, fast or slow, black, bay, white or mixed, they will suit somebody if symmetrical. This points a moral; appreciation of beauty is a divinely appointed faculty; not to respect and cultivate it is to ignore an effective agency for suppressing the sensual and satanic and developing spirituality and refinement. A beautiful horse is a constant gratification to its owner; it is kindly cared for; friendly relations are established; the noble beast repays every kindness by faithful service—it is very bad for owners not to be attached to their horses. Horses, like men, are sometimes rather unlovely; better breeding and just the right training will make them all right. Unfortunately, nineteen horses out of twenty fall below a proper standard; they are noticeably defective in their makeup—head and heels too large; muscles, mane and tail too small; bones too high; neck and head too low; parts not compactly joined together—"composite order"—carelessly composed. A horse may, according to the service required of him, be a 1,000-pound buggy horse, a 1,200-pound coacher, a 1,600-pound cart horse; all these are wanted; but each class should be bred and kept distinct from every other class. Promiscuous breeding—breeding to no definite end, after no definite model; haphazard mixture of odds and ends—has filled this country with unsalable horses, not pleasant to look at and not effective for service. You may go through town after town in Western New York, making thorough search for a coach team that a Rochester banker or a railroad lawyer will consent to ride after, without finding it—I have seen it tried repeatedly. The banker and the lawyer were willing to pay \$1,000 for the team, but they couldn't find it. Our finest mares bring too much money to raise colts from, so we sell them to go into the cities, or keep them in the harness, or if we do raise colts from them, breed to poor stock-getters.

Selecting our best mares, and breeding them to the best French coach stallions, and continuing to breed to them without crossing with any thing else, in a few years we can raise fine carriage horses with much certainty and profit. French coachers have been bred for a great many years under supervision of experts appointed by the French Government. While good carriage horses are in demand at good prices, there is also great lack of good draft horses. Our horses are notoriously too small; the popularity of the Blackhaws a few years ago, and the craze for trotting horses, caused breeders to patronize small stallions till there is an overstock of that kind. A reaction has set in, and now we find many sacrificing everything to size. They breed to sleepy, clumsy, loose-made stallions, flabby and flatfooted, simply because they weigh eighteen or twenty hundred—quality is sacrificed to quantity. The markets certainly call for more large horses, but they must stand the pavement; they must have vigor as well as size; must have action and energy. This, then, the American horsebreeder should do: fix on some particular class of horses to raise; select a model; adopt a standard and work to it—decide on the color, size, shape, speed suitable to the class to be propagated; reject from the breeding stock every animal that doesn't come up to the requirements. Continuous breeding in a definite time establishes certain characteristics; it is just as easy to establish a breed of black, ten-hundred, four-minute (plenty fast enough) buggy horses, as it was to fix the red in the Devon cattle. As the case now stands, not one farmer in fifty can make a plausible guess at the color, size, shape of the colt his mare will have. Is the ambition of progressive farmers satisfied when they have had to the fastest trotter, the biggest Clyde or Percheron, or the cheapest scrub? Honor and fortune await Americans who will do for horses what Baker, Bates, Cruikshank, did for sheep and cattle.—Hugh T. Brooks, in N. Y. Tribune.

Practical Forestry.

America is the only part of the civilized world where tree-planting is not made a special industry by the owners of lands. In England and Scotland and in European countries the culture of forests for profit alone has been carried on systematically for generations back. In a little but very entertaining and useful work, entitled "Practical Forestry," by Prof. Curtis, an Irish professional forester, are given several instances of the rapidity of growth of planted timber and the large profit derived from it. Large estates grow all the timber for the various purposes required, and upon one estate Prof. Curtis mentions that a large building was erected of home-grown timber by the very men who planted it, and that the yearly thing of the plantation had paid all expenses and a regular income besides. In these cases land unfit for cultivation—rocky slopes, mountain land, incurable swamps, sandy tracts—all profitable for other uses, are thus planted and made valuable.—N. Y. Times.

—Grated Sandwiches.—Grate a pound and a half of cold boiled ham in a bowl with a tablespoonful of pickle chopped fine, a tablespoonful of mustard, and a little black pepper, beat six ounces of butter to a cream, and add the ham. Have thin slices of bread and butter and spread the mixture on both sides of each slice.

THE CORN PLANT.

Important Facts Demonstrated by Chemical Studies and Analyses.

Corn (maize) is the great silage crop. The fact is generally acknowledged that the corn plant will produce the greatest weight of green growth to the acre, and that its form is such that the cutter and the silo offer the best chance of feeding it without waste. It is not strange, therefore, that our experiment stations have of recent years given extra attention to the chemical composition of the maize. The stations of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Wisconsin and Minnesota have been particularly active in gathering this information, until now a careful synopsis of the various experiments will net some valuable facts.

It has been supposed that sweet corn would give the best results in the silo. Careful investigation does not uphold this theory, but proves that the sweet corn does not possess a very high percentage of feeding value. When the small yield of stalks per acre is estimated, sweet corn ranks lowest in agricultural value. Chemistry proves that it is not profitable to raise sweet corn for an exclusive ensilage crop when a large field corn can be grown and allowed to mature ears. At the same time, when a crop of sweet corn can be grown so that the ears can be sold in the market and the stalks put in the silo, an excellent profit is made. Chemistry shows that there is considerable difference in composition between the different varieties of corn, and that different soils produce different grades of grain. Rich land not only produces more corn, but better corn than that grown on poor land. This difference is more marked than is generally supposed. Chemistry also shows that when the ensilage crop is planted so that each plant has room to produce an ear and to reach a perfect development far more nutriment per acre is produced than when the stalks are thickly crowded into drills. Chemical analysis would indicate that an acre of stover or field corn from which the ears are taken will yield more and better silage than an acre of thickly planted corn which does not mature ears.

Analyses by Prof. Johnson show that the leaves of the corn plant contain 4 of the dry matter, the lower half of the stalk, and the husk and upper part of the stalk the remainder. The leaves and the husks are by far the richest in the albuminoids, the former containing 51 per cent. of the total amount found in the entire plant, while the husks contain 22 per cent. Thus the leaves and the husks together contain about three-fourths of the albuminoids, and we see that the old practice of "stripping" secured much of the feeding value at comparatively little cost. But the silo has proved that the stripped stalks can be made valuable too. In chemical composition there is little difference between the upper and lower parts of the stalks. This is contrary to general belief, as is also the statement that there is very little difference in the digestibility of the different parts of the plant. As the chemists all insisted that the stalks must be cut or shredded in order to insure digestion, it is evident that the silo affords an excellent means of securing their feeding value. It appears that the lower half of the stalks contains one-fifth of the albuminoids, one-third of the starch and fat, and from one-third to one-half of the fiber. It is evident that the most profitable variety of corn for fodder or ensilage is one that suckers freely, and presents the greatest amount of leaf surface with the smallest stalks.—Rural New Yorker.

SOME WISE SAYINGS.

Gems from the Best Works of the World's Great Authors.

They always talk who never think.—Pope.

'Tis late before the brave despair.—Thompson.

True benevolence is love to all men.—Confucius.

The worst of mad men is a saint run mad.—Pope.

Childhood has no forebodings.—George Eliot.

What we frankly give, forever is our own.—Granville.

Aspiring boggary is wretchedness itself.—Goldsmith.

As the purse is emptied the heart is filled.—Victor Hugo.

Who bravely dares must sometimes risk a fall.—Smollett.

Where children are there is the golden age.—Novalis.

Beauty is God's handwriting, a way-side sacrament.—Milton.

Children have more need of models than of critics.—Joubert.

With children we must mix gentleness with firmness.—Spurgeon.

The bearing and training of a child is woman's wisdom.—Tennyson.

The first duty towards children is to make them happy.—Charles Bazelon.

God never had a house of prayer, but Satan had a chapel there.—De Foe.

He who rules must humor full as much as he commands.—George Eliot.

Women like brave men exceedingly, but audacious men still more.—Lemaitre.

The highest exercise of charity is charity to the uncharitable.—Buckminster.

Beauty is the first present nature gives to women and the first it takes away.—Mere.

The smallest children are nearest to God, as the smallest planets are nearest the sun.—Richter.

The good things of life are not to be had singly, but come to us with a mixture.—Charles Lamb.

—A Burlington girl is learning to play the cornet, and her admirers speak of her as "the fairest flower that blows."