

# THE RUSSIAN DOCTOR.

A Tragic and Romantic Story from Real Life.

(ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN OF MME. ELISE FORK.)  
BY MRS. FRANCES A. SHAW.  
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ardent helper. The lessons were naturally somewhat neglected.

One evening the doctor came home later than usual from his walk. The lamp was already lighted in the drawing-room; the door to the terrace stood open. He paused upon the threshold to hear a man's voice say:

"I will entice him here with an old Russian folks song he used to love. If ever so deep in study it was sure to bring him. I will see if it still has the olden power."

A tall, slender figure seated itself before the piano, and a rich, cultured harp-toned song in Russian the song of the "Three Span."

Entrancing as were the tones, they did not divert Marianne from her crocheting-work. She sat at the round table, her full, red-checked face unmoved as usual. Arnim's glance swept past her. Where was Papillon? She sat drawn up upon the sofa in the window recess, her head bent forward, and listened intent, almost breathless. In the wide-open eyes, the naive astonishment of the child was blended with the admiration of the appreciative woman. From the lips of the singer the stream of melody poured calm and full. Heine's song of the troubadour, Bertine de Born, met the ear of the listener in the doorway.

His "Welcome Hilmar!" fell almost like a discord into the midst of these beautiful tones.



THE WELCOME.

The singer broke off with a shrill accord, and springing up cried:

"Arnim, dear old friend!"

Marianne gazed in surprise at her cousin, and seemed displeased at his late return. But Papillon grasped his arm and cried, excitedly: "You are here at last, uncle! We thought you had got lost in the forest." Then she gazed at him with glowing face, and burst into tears.

This remarkably tender reception pleased and touched him. "I believe my friend's singing has made you nervous," he said, smiling. "Hilmar, how could you thus disturb the peace of this house?" The two friends then embraced, and Arnim added: "Now we will go to my study and smoke until Marianne summons us to supper. Papillon will help my cousin."

"How glad I am to be here," said Hilmar, taking his friend's arm. "The ladies in your absence displayed your German home in its fairest light. Later we will continue our festival of song. Auf Wiedersehen!"

As the study door closed behind the two men, Hilmar asked:

"But where is your little girl?"

"Marianne introduced you to her. We call her Papillon. She was deeply moved by your singing. My cousin and I are unmusical, but Desiree is very susceptible to all artistic impressions. In this respect she is more French than German."

"Do you call her a child? Well, if that means a being of unspoiled freshness and grace, she is certainly a child. But you will allow me to treat your Papillon as a grown woman?"

"Certainly, but do not show her gallantry which she will not understand. She has lived in a subordinate place as governess, poor little thing! and is just beginning to recover from the pressure. Leave her in peace, I implore you! Now let us speak of yourself. You do not seem strong. We must try and make you well. You must remain here so that I can watch over you. I demand from you perfect obedience. My first prescription is rest."

Ivan entered, and with ecstatic grins announced in Russian that supper was ready. What a delight to meet someone he could address in his native tongue!

In spite of Marianne's secret misgivings and doubtful prophecies to Desiree, the supper was excellent. The table was charmingly arranged as usual, and it contained one unusual adornment, a glass of flowers and sprays from the garden, arranged with great taste by Desiree. Hilmar took a carnation from the glass and placed it in his button-hole. At table he showed himself a wonderful raconteur. His descriptions of the elegant circles of the Russian capital and of the musical and artistic life there were entrancing. Desiree listened in rapt attention, but said little.

Later, the guest at Marianne's request, sang some more songs. As he rose to withdraw, Desiree asked:

"Is it difficult—this Russian language?"

"So difficult that your uncle never

could learn it. I myself despair of ever speaking it sans faute. My mother always spoke the beloved German in her family, and in society people speak French."

"I only wish to understand your Russian songs."

"To-morrow I will translate them for you, Mlle. Desiree."

## CHAPTER V.

THINGS went on as usual in the house of the Russian doctor. Desiree took her daily lessons while the guest wandered forth with his sketch-book, declaring that the forest and its environs offered an inexhaustible store of interesting subjects. The terrace was his chosen place for aquapelle painting; in the twilight hours he sang to his own accompaniment on the piano. Marianne, who never allowed her hands to be idle, took refuge in her crocheting work. Desiree's wanderings with Arnim ceased as the gentlemen took frequent long walks together. The two women passed much of their time in the garden.

"Uncle told you that our guest had led the usual frivolous life of rich young men in St. Petersburg," said Desiree one day to Marianne, as they sat together in the garden, and the young girl's deft fingers fashioned a breakfast cap of true Parisian elegance. "What did he mean by that?" she asked, bending low over her work and blushing deeply.

"He must have meant that the young baron had done little else than flit from one ball and assembly to another—that he squandered much money and indulged in countless flirtations. One must not look deeply into the lives of men. There are few model men like my cousin."

"But Ussikow looks melancholy and ill. I can not understand why he has found no woman to love him and be loved by him in return."

"He has found plenty, dear child, but such love lasts on neither side."

"A love that can not remain true is no love at all. This poor man has not found the love he sought."

"Hilmar is not in the least to be pitied, you foolish child. He is happy and content. He will some day marry a rich wife. I do not understand why women think him handsome. He can in no way compare with my cousin, who has the only beauty useful in a man—that of perfect health."

"But uncle has gray hair and his whiskers begin"

"That is because he has undergone so many fatigues," interrupted Marianne, "because he still studies so hard. He is in all ways the superior of Hilmar von Ussikow. Now let me try on the cap before the glass. It is charming. But that ribbon over the top must come off. It looks too coquetish for me."

The same hour found Hilmar and Arnim roaming through the forest, and talking over Hilmar's choice of his future home. "The physicians recommend the environs of Lake Geneva," said the invalid.

"That is the best air for your nerves," replied Arnim. "In winter you can go over the Alps to Lake Como. With proper care and the right atmosphere you may soon be restored to perfect health. Most of all, you need rest."

"Wherever I have sought rest it has seemed that of the church-yard. How happy you are. What a housekeeper you have in Marianne."

"Does she please you?"

"I envy the man to whose comfort she ministers."

"Then woo and win her. She may be the wife you need."

"Possibly. But here we are in my favorite haunt, the forest-meadow. Just look at that enchanting group of old beeches! Trees grow more beautiful and interesting with age. Pity it is not so with men! I would like to sketch a little here."

"Then I will go back to the house. Do not stay out late, Hilmar."

Arnim Elbthal walked slowly home; moderate as was his step, his heart beat violently. He had regretted having so spoken to his friend, yet the thought that Desiree might one day take Marianne's place in his house filled him with a quiet happiness. Where could she be more safely guarded, more lovingly cherished—this precious jewel of his lost Hortense—than in the vine-wreathed house where her mother had passed such halcyon hours?

"Heaven has arranged all," cried a voice in his heart, "we have but to calmly wait."

From this day the doctor seemed more absorbed in his work. Hilmar was given over mostly to the society of Marianne and Desiree.

It gave him pleasure to know that his guest took daily walks with the two women, that he sat with them on the terrace, reading aloud by the hour, that his conversation was mostly with Marianne. What would Papillon say when called upon to greet Marianne as Hilmar's betrothed?

The morning shadows fell obliquely on the strawberry bed, a light wind was stirring. Papillon went with a little basket on her arm to gather the wanted store. She had thrown back her straw hat. Her brow was thoughtful, her head bent forward. Steps approached.

"May I help, Desiree?" asked Hilmar's voice.

She turned toward him a face suffused with blushes, and placed her forefinger on her lip.

"Hush!" she whispered. "I will show you a happy family."

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"HUSH!" SHE WHISPERED.

He drew nearer. Looking sideways over her shoulder, he met two round bird-eyes, fearless and yet entreating. A ground-sparrow was feeding her young while her mate looked on from a bush near by.

"Why do you think this little brood so happy?" he whispered, in French.

"Because they have a home—a father and mother."

Something in the voice and glance of the young girl moved him deeply.

"Are you not sheltered here as in your father's house?" he asked.

"Certainly. But it is a refuge—no home. Still I am more than grateful. Now let us observe this little family. The mother-bird gazes at you as if she would say: 'I know you will do me no harm.'"

"That is because I am with you," said Ussikow.

"O no! Children and animals have an instinct in these things. It is because you are a good man, and would not harm any living creature."

"Do you really think me good?"

She looked at him with dilated eyes, and said, simply: "You are a friend of Arnim Elbthal."

"But it is the nature of man to lay low all that stands in the path of his ambition and his dreams."

"He lays low only to build up anew," said Desiree.

"How many a little nest is destroyed by man's hand—how many a home full of peace and joy. Ask the mothers—they will tell you it is so. A stranger enters the united family circle, the carefully guarded jewel of the house inclines to him—love rends it from father and mother—the domestic happiness has an end. The beloved child goes forth with the stranger in fulfillment of the command of Holy Writ: 'Thou shalt forsake father and mother and cleave unto thy husband.'"

A shudder passed over the young girl's form—she trembled like the sapling in a sudden gust of wind. Then she said, calmly:

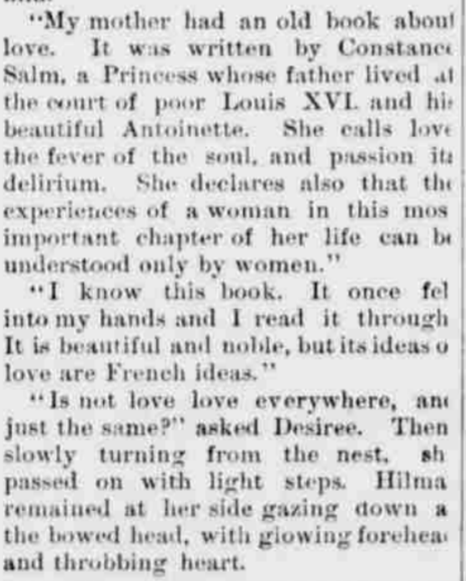
"This must be so if love is what I imagine it."

"What does Papillon know of love?" asked Hilmar, gravely, his dark eyes seeking to fathom the lovely face before him.

"My mother had an old book about love. It was written by Constance Salm, a Princess whose father lived at the court of poor Louis XVI. and his beautiful Antoinette. She calls love the fever of the soul, and passion its delirium. She declares also that the experiences of a woman in this most important chapter of her life can be understood only by women."

"I know this book. It once fell into my hands and I read it through. It is beautiful and noble, but its ideas are French ideas."

"Is not love love everywhere, and just the same?" asked Desiree. Then slowly turning from the nest, she passed on with light steps. Hilmar remained at her side gazing down at the bowed head, with glowing forehead and throbbing heart.



ENOUGH OF BERRY-PICKING.

"As you have read the Princess Salm's book, you must know her favorite song—the one she learned from her mother," he said. "It expresses infinite yearnings in a few simple words."

"Yes, and I know the melody Mamma taught it to me." And, lightly as a bird, she warbled the first two lines:

"Comme le jour me dure  
Passer loin de toi!"

"She may ere long know by experience what the poet sung," he thought, lost in contemplation of this youthful form. There was something so touching, so original, so almost childlike in her whole personality, in the expression of her face, that it seemed impossible for the waves of passion to ever break at her feet. And yet what blessedness to awaken this heart to love!

They had reached the strawberry bed—a mass of glowing red among green leaves. Desiree gave a little cry of delight. She was again Papillon.

"What an abundance ripened over night! The picking will be easy. You

## A SECOND THOUGHT.

It is so long since thou wast lost to view,  
Through the dim shadows rather gone before.  
That with grief's wonted pangs there throbs  
once more.  
The dread that my lone heart, however true—  
As years take all—may lose thy likeness, too—  
The ungraven image it can still adore.

Vain dream! for calming time will but restore  
Those visioned love-limned lineaments anew.—  
As in a lake the mirrored moon may show  
Inconstant, dimmed by every blurring breeze,  
But pure and rounded when the ripples cease—  
In my soul's sleep shall thy reflection glow.  
From wavering glimpses perfect by degrees,  
As sorrow's surge subsides to waveless peace.  
—"F. V." in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## Trying to Reform the World.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton recently told a story about the way in which she began her work of reforming the world. When she was a girl of 10 or 12, she used to see her father, Judge Cady, administering law from the bench. She noticed that the judge, in laying down the law or giving his decision, always referred to his law books for guidance. She set to work in his library reading these books, and as she thought he could not say anything but what he found there, she carefully tore out and burned those pages that contained principles of decisions of which she disapproved. How could he, while on the bench during a trial, make application of anything not to be seen in the books by which he was guided? She discovered a great deal that was offensive in every law book that she inspected in his library. Out came the pages, which she cast into the fire until the book suited her, and she felt sure that her father would be compelled to confine himself to such law as she left. She kept on at this work for a long while, until she was caught at it; but by that time a great part of Judge Cady's law library had been spoiled in her efforts to reform the world.—New York Sun.

## "International Identity Cards."

The police authorities of Vienna for some time past have, on application, issued so-called "international identity cards," consisting of a photograph, on which a brief personal description of the owner is written in three languages (German, French and English), and to which an official certificate and seal is attached in such a way as to prevent the possibility of the exchange of the carte de visite photograph. The card is kept in a small leather cover, can therefore easily be carried, and for purposes of identification is fully as useful and even more convenient to travelers than a passport. This same idea was used in issuing press tickets to our Centennial Exhibition in 1876. Each press ticket bore the photograph of the editor or reporter who presented it, and this precaution prevented "passing" from being transferred.—Home Journal.

## Music a Modern Science.

Music is a modern science, the complete scale, as we have it, being an invention of strictly modern times. Ancient nations employed only the pentatonic scale, or scale having five notes, to wit—two, three, five and six, and in the Orient today the pentatonic scale is the only one known in their music. The Arabians, it is true, employ a scale somewhat different, having quarter tones instead of half tones like our own, some of the Arabian instruments being tuned to quarter tones in such a way that music adapted to them cannot be played upon a European instrument of any kind, or even sung by a European without giving the Oriental the impression that the tune is false.—San Francisco Examiner.

## Hotel Clerk's Novel Scheme.

The night clerk at a West Side hotel has a novel scheme to prevent inebriated customers from getting away without paying their score. At the same time he combines business with pleasure, and thereby gets more sleep than any other night clerk in town. Every morning at 1 o'clock he strews the floor in front of his desk with parlor matches, and then drops off to sleep. If a customer attempts to pass the sleeping clerk without paying his check his feet encounter the matches, and they immediately set up a fusillade that arouses the sleeping clerk and enables him to capture the man who eats and runs away.—New York Press "Every Day Talk."

## Beautiful Sunset Phenomenon.

Following the disappearance of the upper limb of the sun's disk at sunset, there has been observed the phenomenon of a beautiful green ray, its flash being as rapid as that of lightning, and only visible under rare conditions of clearness of the sky. The explanation offered for its appearance is that of the simultaneous contrast of colors, the theory propounded originally by M. Chevreul.—Globe-Democrat.

## A Confederate Copper Cent.

A copper cent in the possession of a Chulista, Fla., citizen is said to be more than worth its weight in gold, because it was coined for the Confederate government during the rebellion, from a die which was captured by the United States authorities after the forty-second piece had been struck off. It is thought that only about twenty of these coins are now in existence.—Chicago Herald.

## Russia's Wheat Crop.

A very large share of the wheat imported into Great Britain is from Russia, the largest competitor of the United States. The annual average of the wheat crop of the United States for several years past has been 436,000,000 bushels, and the export 133,000,000. The average crop of Russia for the same period has been 227,000,000 bushels, and the export 70,000,000.—Chicago Herald.

## Charged for the Correction.

"Do you wish to take a cab, sir?" inquired the hackman.  
"No, I want a cab to take me," was the reply of the jurist.  
And the cabbie meekly bowed his head and made the charge \$4.75 per cent, of which was for the enforced lesson in grammar.—Detroit Free Press.

## A Trifle Overlooked.

Farmer (returned from town)—There's the barbacker, an' the molasses, and the condition powders for the sick brindle heifer, an' the—  
Wife—Where's the quinine, John, I asked you to get for me!  
Farmer—B'gum, I forgot all about it.—The Epoch.

## Proof Positive.

Al—I must have been very drunk yesterday.  
Ed—How so?  
Al—Look at this bill from my tailor, respicited.—Tid Bits.

A worn out society belle is like old maple sugar. It has a certain kind of sweetness, but has to be laid on the shelf while the new crop comes out.—New Orleans Picayune.

The cowboys would like to have some good all around poet write a stirring lyric to be known as "The Cattle Hymn of the Republic."

Of all thieves fools are the worst; they rob you of time and patience.—Gleanings.

## WHAT SHALL WE WEAR?

BUSINESS SUITS, FROCK COAT SUITS AND DRESS SUITS FOR MEN.

How Pet Dogs Wear Harness when Out for a Walk—A Pretty Indoor Costume—Which Represents in Its Cut and Garniture New Styles.

The cut here given illustrates an indoor costume that represents in its fashion and its structure, leading styles. The skirt of this costume is of heavy brown cashmere, braided with the same color and trimmed with a flounce thirteen inches deep, laid in box pleats.



BRAIDED COSTUME.

For the front drapery arrangement, a breadth of material one yard and a quarter wide and one yard five inches long is pleated to the band at the upper edge and caught up on the left side. The back breadth, which is two yards ten inches wide and one yard six inches long, is pleated into the band, the material being arranged in a large box pleat in the middle and in smaller flat ones at the sides and then caught in the middle.

Waistcoat pieces complete the fronts of the bodice, which is further ornamented with revers two and three-quarter inches long. Large flat bronze buttons are also used in the ornamentation of the bodice. (See cut.) Such braided ornamentations as here described may easily be made by our readers, or braided sets may be purchased for the purpose.

## Harness for Dogs.

The dog has come to be an important feature in the world of fashion, and what he shall wear and how to make it is therefore a question of more or less interest. The pet dogs owned by ladies and sent out daily to walk are commonly led by a leather or chain leader attached to the collar.



HARNESS OF LEATHER WORK FOR DOGS.

The harness here illustrated is not only intended for ornament, but also to prevent the collar from pressing into the neck of the dog when a leader is attached to it. The latter, in the arrangement shown, is put through a ring in the middle of the belly band of the harness. The harness from which the illustration is taken consists of four straps, each three-quarters of an inch wide and long enough to reach around the body of the animal. Sometimes light colored leather is used, sometimes dark. Occasionally strips of red cloth, somewhat wider and pinked out at the edge, are stitched on under the leather. The straps are joined and ornamented with gilt, silver or nickel headed nails. These harnesses can be purchased ready made, though many ladies prefer having them made to order.

## New York Fashions for Men.

The following New York styles in men's clothing were recently described in Harper's Bazar: Business suits are of dark mixed suitings and checks and stripes that are not conspicuous—indeed, are almost invisible—producing dark gray shades, brown and red mixtures, black and brown checks, etc. These suits may have a cutaway coat, fastened by three or four buttons, as the size of the wearer dictates, or else a four buttoned sack coat; the waistcoat may have a "step" rolled (notched) collar or a standing "step" collar; the edges are double stitched. Trousers for these suits—and indeed for all suits—are cut medium wide and hang straight, but they are not of exaggerated width, nor do they have the folded crease down the front and back which belongs to ready made clothing. A dark silk or satin scarf tied in a large knot, a black Derby hat and tan or mahogany colored gloves with wide black stitching are worn with business suits.

These dressy morning suits that are worn in the afternoon as well have a cutaway coat and vest of black or dark blue "corcoran" cloth, or of diagonal that is not "very wide, or else of the crape finished cloth. The frock coat suit is accepted as the correct day dress suit for formal receptions in the afternoon and for day weddings, alike for the bridegroom, ushers and guests. Fine black diagonals, corcoran cloth or chevri—a cloth without facing—are used for the double breasted frock coat, which is of medium length, is fastened by four buttons, has corded silk facing, is bound with ribbon braid and lined with black satin. The vest of the same cloth is single breasted and medium high. The trousers are of dark stripes, though slightly lighter trousers are worn by a bridegroom and his attendants. White or very light ottoman silk scarfs, with a jeweled scarf pin, and pearl colored gloves stitched with pearl, are worn by the groom, best man and ushers. The guests also wear light scarfs with colored gloves. A high silk hat completes a frock coat suit.

Dress suits for evening are of the finest black diagonal or Angolas, especially those for young men; broadcloth is little used. The dress coat is cut with narrow swallow tail and low rolled shawl collar in long continuous roll, or it may be a notched collar if the wearer prefers.

## WHAT THEY WEAR.

The full undraped back is seen on many new gowns from the best houses.

Red and its cousin german, terra cotta, are much liked for long seaside wraps.

Muff and boxes of flowers and lace are less in demand among the summer coquetries of costume.

In drapery irregularity is the word, and the more individual the arrangement the better.

Pattern gowns already braided are wonderfully cheap—and more wonderfully pretty for the price.

The accordion pleated skirt that opens or shuts with each step of the wearer is much liked for the new mohair tuffs.

Simple woolen mantles are trimmed down the front and around the neck with a knife-pleating of silk of the same color.

The useful blouse waists are now made in blue or pink as well as scarlet, saffron, and worn with lace skirts for the house.

Many long loops of ribbon falling from the throat and caught in at the waist are supposed to give style to cotton morning gowns.

Rouze Sanglier, otherwise "pig's blood," a new vivid red, is often combined with the blue gray "wood smoke" brought out this spring.

Heaven be praised! The effort of certain ill conditioned designers to have street gowns made a bare dragging length is coldly unsuccessful.

Word comes from Paris that satin is again in high favor, especially for dinner and evening gowns, as well as for the costumes of very young brides.

A calla of white translucent enamel, with golden heart and a diamond dewdrop, is the newest flower brooch, as well as far and away the handsomest of the season.

Overshirts are not out in set fashion anymore, drapery being obtained by tacking the breadths of the gown to the foundation quite at taste, caprice or convenience.

Striped plush is threatened for next winter's cloaks, but we still indulge a lively hope that those in authority will experience a change of heart before that time.

A waist and drapery of the best cambré hair or Henrietta draped above a skirt of more or corded silk makes a combination gown as serviceable as it is stylish.

A knowing one says that to make the close sleeve worn with the empire gown, the proper "wrinkle" is to use a stocking for lining, and cut the outside some six inches longer.

The blouse bodice, now so much to the fore, is not much but a yoke with a full ruffle sewed upon it, the ruffle long enough to come six inches below the belt in front, four on the hips and five behind.

Jackets of white cloth or serge, plain or braided with silk or gold, will be worn as the season advances, but must be made of the best cloth and well cut, or they are dowdy and common looking beyond expression.

Big aprons of spotted cream mull, lace-edged and finished with a wash of pongee or moire, are worn at breakfast or tea time by fashionable young women, and are simply too fetching for anything.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

## FASHIONS FOR MEN.

Ribbed cashmere underwear will be the "popular and sensible" later along.

It is again admissible to knot a Windsor through a finger ring or special brooch for that purpose.

There are more custom shirtmakers in this country than ever before.

Silk embroidered cotton neckwear will be sweeter this summer than most people think at present writing.

A hint is given by some fashion makers that high cut vests will be as prevalent again next winter as two years ago.

The fancy flannel shirt, cut like the linen dress article, with bosom and cuffs, is growing in favor as the most comfortable garment of its kind ever put on the market.

A year ago there was but one house in the country engaged in the exclusive manufacture of fine night dress. Now nearly every shirt house has its special "slumberwear" department, and a healthy competition has set in.

The latest fad in percale shirts is in combination of stripes and small figures. The latter are placed between the stripes, on them when they are broad, and all sorts of other ways when they ain't. There is room for much ingenuity.

Almost every known fabric of a light or diaphanous nature has been pressed into the manufacture of the popular flowing aproned scarf, that is providing the pattern and weave are attractive. Even the merry little band bow has caught the popular infection and gracefully falls into line.

All doubt upon the question of collar waists that may yet exist may be removed by our emphatic assertion that none but pure white collars will be permissible to be worn with any shirt, irrespective of the latter's color. In localities where this rule is not popularly followed reputable citizens will be allowed to carry firearms.—Clothier and Furnisher.

## SUMMER RESORT NOTES.

The "bridge of size" is the longest one built from the West End Hotel, Long Branch, out to the cliff that overlooks the sea. It is a triumph of architectural skill as well as an evidence of enterprise.

As an evidence of Bar Harbor's intention to keep up with the times and the procession, it is stated that a casino will be added to these already many attractions of the place this promising season.

On the authority of several of the leading Saratoga hotel proprietors, it is stated that the advance rental of rooms exceeds last year's record for a corresponding time, and these, added to the other indications of a pleasant and encouraging kind, delight the said proprietors.

Habitues of the Isle of Shoals affirm that it is the "Beautiful Isle of the Sea" of song, celebrity, and since the "right little, tight little" was discovered and utilized for a summer resort, its prospects were never quite so good as this year of 1888.

## IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

The new English rifle, the Lee-Buttont, is pronounced on trial as "unsatisfactory."

Aubertin, the man who shot Jules Ferry, has been declared insane and put in an asylum.

A new steamer, the Empress, on the Dover-Calais route, is expected to cross the channel in fifty minutes.