

THE RUSSIAN DOCTOR.

A Tragic and Romantic Story from Real Life.

(ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN OF MRS. ELISE FORER.)

BY MRS. FRANCES A. SHAW.
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the wild waves of Marianne's fumigation fever were stayed.

"If it allays your fears, do what you will," he said, "only let my study alone."

It was remarkable how people of all conditions seeking help besieged the house of the Russian doctor. The reputation of his skill, his goodness and unselfishness spread like wildfire. His door-bell rang constantly day and night. He was kept so busy that he had scarce time to think of Hilmar's absence. When he did recall it it was with a sense of relief at his distance from Desiree.

On the morning of the fourth day since his guest's departure he proposed sending a messenger for tidings. "Our artist is no doubt filling his sketch-book in some picturesque region," he added, "and will complain about my running after him as if he were a child. But I want to get him here and then send him off to Vovay."

As he thus spoke he glanced at Desiree, who had risen noiselessly and was attending to the flowers on the window-ledge. She did not turn as Arnim left the room with an *Auf Wiedersehen!* Her reply was scarcely audible. The little head remained bowed over the flowers, the hands plucked nervously at the leaves. Arnim set his teeth. A wild impatience surged through his breast. He would fain have pressed this tender form to his tortured heart with the despairing cry:

"Have I then lost your confidence? Do you love this stranger better than me? Will you leave the house that once harbored your mother to go with him?"

But he saw that Marianne's eyes rested upon him with a questioning glance, and controlling his emotion, he went silently.

At noon a messenger appeared saying that the doctor would not return until evening. Ussikow was found. He lay ill in the village of Grunfeld. Ivan must go to him to-morrow with stores of linen and other necessities and remain until his removal was possible.

Desiree received this intelligence with white face and throbbing heart. A few minutes later she stood before Marianne, who exclaimed:

"Good heavens, how you look! What is the matter with you? Take the drops at once! God forbid that you should bring the typhus into our house!"

The girl turned impatiently away. "Nothing is the matter with me," she said, "but he is stricken with the fever in a neighboring village, and is without care. Ivan goes to him to-morrow. Not until to-morrow! O, my God, how long it will be before morning!"

"Who, child? Arnim?"

"No, no! Hilmar Ussikow! I implore you go to him at once."

"What do you say, foolish girl? I go to this stranger! I would really like to know why!"

"To nurse him, to save him! Uncle Arnim says that in this sickness, nursing does every thing. And just think of it—he lies in a low musty peasant chamber, among strange, rough people, uncared for and alone! Perhaps there is no one to even hand him a drink in his thirst and agony. You must go to him. Every moment's delay brings him nearer death."

"I must go! Are you mad, Desiree, and why I, out of all the world?"

"Because he loves you!" cried the girl, despairingly. "Because he wishes to make you his wife."

For a moment Marianne seem petrified. Then she shrugged her shoulders and answered:

"My child, even if Ussikow loved me to distraction—and I have not remarked that he cares for me in the least—I would not leave this house one hour for his sake. In the first place, it would be highly improper—even for his promised wife, and would cause no end of talk; in the second place, I might get this dreadful fever, and perhaps my death. I would, in no event, accept an offer from this gentleman; I do not care for him, and I will never leave my cousin. What would he do without me? Now come to the table child. It is half an hour past the time. It was thoughtless in Arnim to send the message at this hour. The fish is no doubt spoiled. But how excited you are! French women are terribly hysterical."

"Do you think Ussikow will die?" asked the girl, with quivering lips.

"It is more than likely in this disease; but if he can be saved, my cousin will save him. It is a rare piece of good luck that he is not sick in our house, and that he can not be moved. If he could, Arnim would have him here in spite of our protests. Now, do force yourself to eat something, child! I feel all broken up myself, but to go with an empty stomach in times like this is dangerous. Lie down after dinner, and this strange mood will pass. I am glad Arnim has not seen you so."

"I beg you do not tell him a word!"

"If you stop this nonsense and act like a sensible creature I will tell him nothing."

Was it "sensible" to wander restlessly up and down through house and garden, to count the minutes until evening, to stare with glowing eyes

into the distance, to press feverish hands to a burning forehead, and ask if the pitiless sun would never go down, to stammer incoherent prayers for one alone—one who was perhaps now tossing in delirium, and longing vainly for some hand to smooth his pillow?

Could Arnim have suspected with what longing Papillon awaited him—a longing not on his own account—would he have hastened home?

Night had already fallen when he entered the family sitting room mortally weary, and threw himself into his arm-chair. When Desiree saw him she uttered a cry.

"Are you afraid of me, Papillon?" he asked, in a hollow tone. "Marianne, give me some nourishing food. Send Ivan to me at once."

Marianne hastened out to do his bidding. Desiree approached and took his hand.

"Poor uncle!" she said. "Must you exert yourself so much? How are your patients?"

"Do you mean the one in Grunfeld, child?" he answered, sadly, and stroked her hair. "He fell ill suddenly—how seriously I can not tell until to-morrow. I shall drive over again at noon. Removal is out of the question, but the house where he lies is comfortable, the best good. The house belongs to an elderly widow who has seen most of her family sicken and die, and knows much of illness. She will do her best for him, but I hope to find a nurse. Ivan" he added as the Russian servant entered. "You must leave early in the morning with linen and other comforts for your sick countryman. You may await me at Grunfeld."

"All right!" said Ivan, with a stolen glance at Desiree. "The master commands, Ivan obeys."

It was past midnight. Deep silence brooded over the vine-wreathed house. A light step stole down the stairs and over the threshold—a woman's figure disguised in wrappings, a bundle in hand. From the hood of red cloth beamed a pale, charming, girlish face. Below at the front door stood Ivan with a large, closely-packed basket.

"Come!" whispered the young girl. "Let us hasten."

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With the lapse of time Ivan's misdoings became more open, and the list of opprobrious adjectives was read to him almost daily. Kathe grew old and gray in the house, still haunted by fear of pestilence and other dire calamities, and with a new source of trouble lest some evil might happen to the adored Desiree on her many journeys.

When Desiree and her husband were on their travels, frequent letters from them flew like white-winged birds over to the doctor's house. "We are happy" was their constant refrain to the incredulous surprise of Marianne, who had prophesied trouble and had from year to year awaited that action for divorce which was sure to come. "It isn't in the nature of things," she said, "for a man fickle as Hilmar Ussikow to get on with an ignorant child like Desiree, who does not know how to heel a stocking or oversee a family baking."

Later on, children's feet tripped through the doctor's garden, and a beautiful, radiant mother, with her husband's arm around her, looked on smiling as the great-uncle played ball with her little lads. The ball was the self-same one Hortense had thrown into the eye of the young student.

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He was horrified at himself. He clasped his hands in agony. What terrible power over him had every feeling connected with the thought of this young girl!

"Lead us not into temptation!" whispered the quivering lips, while drops of anguish stood on the strong man's forehead. The day was bright, the birds sang, nature wore her festal summer robes. Refreshing airs streamed down from the mountains, the swallows shot past with exhilarating cries of joy. How beautiful was the world! How hard it must be for one to leave it when blest with the love of a Desiree!

The widow's cottage now rose before him; the window of the sick man's chamber was open; the life-giving summer air streamed in unhindered. "Papillon's hand has been busy here," he thought. Hesitating, he passed the threshold. The old woman limped to meet him. "How is our patient?" he asked, softly.

"Better, I think, since the sweet-heart came. Poor young thing! He knew her directly, and as she stepped to his bed, he cried: 'Darling, you have come at last! Now I shall die easily. Lay your hand on my forehead!' She did so—and sits there yet, sweet lamb!"

The doctor entered the sick chamber. Yes, there she sat, the beloved one, pale and weary, but with a blissful light in her eyes. Her hand rested upon the forehead of the sufferer, who was now sleeping. Ivan recognized his master, and drew stealthily into the back-ground.

"Uncle, he called my name, he begged me lay my hand upon his forehead!" whispered Desiree, with a faint smile. "I have been praying for him, and that you might come. Now that you are here, all will be well."

"Yes, my child I hope so. We will save him with the help of God. I shall remain until the crisis is over. We will await it together as at that night when I first met you, Papillon."

Hilmar recovered. That low-walled peasant chamber became a flower-wreathed paradise for two happy, united hearts. After a time the patient was removed to his friend's house, the cherished place where he had first met Desiree. Here in the late autumn was celebrated a quiet marriage. Immediately after, the bridal pair journeyed to the south.

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KING OF MAN EATERS.

A Shark Which Inspires Fishermen With Considerable Awe.

A very large and ancient-looking shark has been swimming about Taboga Bay recently. It is known to the Islanders and generally down the bay by its marks, and by those who know it, it is called the "Somerbera," owing to it having seized and eaten a man of Anton some years ago under peculiar circumstances. It appears a schooner was sailing slowly along off Anton Point when the hat of one of the crew was blown overboard. The man jumped into the sea to regain his hat, when he was seized by this shark which promptly dived with its prey. Subsequently, off the Morro Island, the same animal was seen to seize the brother of the Rev. Salinas, of Tobago, while he was bathing, and to carry him under. No further traces of his second victim were ever seen.

The same shark is credited by the bay sailors with other deaths, but the instances mentioned are vouched for by many. The natives, who claim to recognize it as an annual visitor, speak of these incidents as a matter of island history, dating from the period when the factory of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company was at the Morro, and when the animal first acquired notoriety by eating an Englishman who attempted to swim from a vessel then at anchor there to another.

All the fishermen have a peculiar, and it appears well-founded, terror of this animal, and none will dive in the vicinity of its haunt, although the water is not over five feet in depth. In connection with this carnivorous monster, the old inhabitants of Taboga relate a legend, and in which they appear to have perfect faith, which is worth recounting. They believe that below the spot where he so constantly swims, when on his periodical visits to Taboga, there lies a valuable coral bed, and when in that vicinity the shark believes it to be its peculiar duty to keep constant and careful guard over that treasure.

One thing in connection with this peculiar legend is, however, certain, and that is that none of the bay divers, and they are all good men, as they have proved when pearl fishing, will attempt to dive in that vicinity, and you can not persuade any of the islanders, addicted as they are to the water, to bathe in that place. This animal, we are informed, is of the shark species, and not a marine monster of the flat-headed type, such as was the last big one caught there some few years ago by an Italian man-of-war which was then at anchor off that island.—*Panama Star.*

SAVAGE SQUIRRELS.

Thousands of the Little Creatures Attack an Indiana Pioneer.

Many instances are narrated of weasles attacking, savagely biting and sometimes even killing human beings. But squirrels are regarded as more timid and harmless animals, yet the following anecdote illustrates that they, under certain circumstances, may become formidable antagonists. Colonel J. L. Culbertson, of Edwardsport, Ind., tells it as a story of his experience about the year 1854, the time of the great migration of squirrels from the East to the West.

He was a young man then, and one day took his rifle and went about a mile from town to hunt. He was going through the woods when he met the army of squirrels. They became so thick around him and seemed so fearless that he stood in amazement. Finally he struck one with a stick. The squirrel uttered a sharp squeak, and instantly myriads of squirrels from all directions rushed to the defense of their associate and attacked Mr. Culbertson, who kicked them off and clubbed at them with his gun. They climbed up his legs, jumped upon his back and on top of his head. He fought desperately, but the more he succeeded in hurting, the louder the chattering and screaming around him became, which only brought greater numbers of the infuriated little animals to the attack. They bit his legs and arms and gashed his face and neck, and lacerated his hands, fairly scrambling over each other in their fierce assault.

He dropped his gun and retreated as fast as he could, fighting desperately as he went. Blood streamed down his face and neck and hands. They bit him through the ears, and held on until they actually tore their hold loose. He got out of the woods, and still scores followed him and clung to him until they were pulled off by the clerk and others in a store into which young Culbertson rushed for assistance. Some of the friends who helped to pull off the squirrels, and who saw him come into town literally beset with them, still reside at Edwardsport. His friends washed his wounds and stayed the flow of blood which trickled down his legs and back and gushed from his face and neck, and with good care and attention, he slowly recovered.—*Youth's Companion.*

Georgia has a white slave. John S. Hughes, of Atlanta, owed a farmer a bill that he was unable to pay, and jokingly offered a bill of sale of himself to cancel the bill. His offer was accepted, and a lawyer drew the documents. After signing, however, Hughes repented; but his owner wouldn't relent, and lawyers who were consulted said the sale was valid and the courts would endorse it. Much against his will, the white slave has been obliged to go on a farm to work for his owner.

When an Arab of the desert wants to inquire if his sister is going to leave home for awhile, he says, "Are you going oasis?"—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

IRISH ANTIQUITIES.

The Half-Mythical Traditions of the Tuatha-de-Danaan.

Among the most interesting monuments of pre-historic pagan times in Ireland are those found on and near the banks of the river Boyne, in the county of Meath, a few miles west of Drogheda. Here was a cemetery of some of the princes and chieftains of Erin at a period to which no certain date can be ascribed, but to which may be referred the half-mythical traditions of the Tuatha-de-Danaan, the fair-haired race of strangers, valiant horsemen, singers and harpers and magicians, who are supposed to have conquered some part of the island, and to have established their King's throne on the hill of Tara. Of their protracted war against the Fomorians and the Firbolgs, whoever those invaders were; of the Fomorion King Balor, who had one eye in the middle of his forehead and another in the back of his head, which could kill men by a glance; and of Maeda Airgeat Lamb, the King with a silver hand, made to replace his hand lost in the battle of Moytura, the lovers of romantic fables may read at their pleasure. It is probable that Meath was, in a very remote age, the abode of a warlike people, who gained a considerable ascendancy over the tribes of the adjacent parts of Ireland, and whose King may sometimes have been the head of a federal league to resist the incursions of the Danes and Norsemen.

The sepulchral mounds, cairns or barrows in the neighborhood of Dowth and Newgrange, associated with the names of King Dubbath and Achad Aldai (the name of "Dowth" being a corruption of "Dubbath") in the opinion of Celtic scholars) were examined by members of the Royal Irish Academy forty years ago. The Dowth mound is an immense pile of small boulder stones, in the interior of which are chambers and passages constructed of very large blocks of stone rudely laid together in the "dolmen" fashion of Bel tany and other Celtic examples; the first chamber, formed in the shape of a cross (though certainly not of Christian design), contained a broken stone coffin, with a few bronze or iron ornaments, and half-burnt human bones. A passage twenty-seven feet long conducted to a series of small crypts, and to a square chamber, the stones of which are sculptured with a variety of decorative, perhaps symbolical, patterns and devices. The more important of these have engaged the study of antiquarians with a view to ascertain their possible significance. They appear in the greatest richness and complexity on the huge stones of the interior of the great sepulchral monument at Newgrange; the carvings are of wonderful diversity—circles, spirals, zig-zag, indentations, lozenges, and lines and dots, which some think to be a form of writing.—*London News.*

PRACTICAL LESSONS.

How People Might be Taught the Rights and Duties of Citizenship.