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WAS IT A MURDER?

Horrible Experience of a Famous

English Surgeon.

Why Sir George McDonald Once Upon a

Time Gave Up the Practice of His

Profession for Five Years—Dis-

secting a Living Man.

When the Duke of Sutherland was on his

way to Florida last fall he had with him a

medical gentleman who, besides his great

knowledge of medicine, was a first-class

narrator. He amused the Duke's party

with many anecdotes of English celebrities,

says the Atlanta Constitution. One day he

told the following story to explain why Sir

George McDonald, the celebrated surgeon,

had given up the practice of his profession

for five years just when five years' practice

was most valuable to him.

"When Sir George McDonald," he said,

"began his medical career the fates seemed

to smile on him. From the time he entered

Edinburgh University he was recognized as

a man of genius, and the great eminence to

which he has raised himself was confidently

predicted both by his professors and his

fellow students. He knew that a few years

after he graduated a professor's chair

would be waiting for him, and in the still

more distant future visions of wealth

and honor were before him. Suddenly it was

reported through Edinburgh that McDonald,

the promising young surgeon, was suffer-

ing from nervous prostration, and then the

news followed that he had thrown aside his

brilliant career and would practice the pro-

fession no more. The news was true. One

night McDonald went home an enthusiastic

surgeon, and when next seen he was evi-

dently born down by some great secret

grief, and the mention of a surgical op-

eration seemed to fill him with horror. He

went abroad and for five years he remained

a wanderer without occupation. Then he

was persuaded to return to Edinburgh and

resume his profession.

"One afternoon as Dr. McDonald was

leaving the lecture hall of the university he

was approached by a well known purveyor

of subjects and told that a man had died

suddenly the day before of what was sup-

posed to be heart disease, and for a certain

consideration the body might be obtained.

After a few minutes' conversation Mc-

Donald walked on and the purveyor hurried

off to attend to his ghoulish business.

"That night, just as the moon was rising

over the top of the Edinburgh houses, an

apparently empty wagon, with two men on

the seat, drove up to Dr. McDonald's house.

After a careful look about one of the men

gave a low whistle, and almost immediately

a window on the ground floor was opened.

Against this window the wagon was backed,

and the two men lifted a long, heavy

object, wrapped in a sheet, and passed it

into the house. The sound of money chang-

ing hands followed; then the window was

closed and the wagon was driven hastily

away.

"In lifting the heavy bundle the wrap-

pings had been disturbed, and when Dr.

McDonald turned from closing the window

the moonlight was shining on the pallid

face of a corpse. Quickly he lit a number

of lights and then drew a heavy curtain

from one side of the room he pushed a long

table, on which were dark boxes, showing

that it had been used many times before.

On this he lifted his purchase and carefully

examined it. It was the body of a man

in the prime of life, and except

that 'rigor mortis' had set in,

and that every joint was like a ball of

iron, the man looked as though he were

asleep. There were no signs of wasting

THE BOOMER'S WAYS.

How an Old Farmer Was Cured of the

"City Fever."

Watchtower, Kan., is one of the cities

of the West that has enjoyed a genuine

"boom;" a word which stands for a state

of things in which prices soar, while people

lose their heads, and with them, very often,

their money. Everything "rushes." Every

man is a "rusher," or a "hustler," and the

air is full of schemes for making thousands

in a day. During the excitement in Watch-

tower, when land was selling at fabu-

lous prices, an old farmer drove into the

city and hunted up a real estate agent for

the purpose of making a trade, says the

Youth's Companion.

"I've got a farm that I want to trade for

a city lot," he explained. "My oldest girl

wants a taste of city life and the excite-

ments of the great metropolis, as she calls

it. I'm satisfied with the farm myself, but

the women folks want to live in town."

"Very well, sir," says the agent, blandly,

"we can suit you. About how high a figure

can you go?"

"Well, about a three-thousand-dollar lot.

My farm is worth all of that."

"Call around this afternoon," said the

agent, "and I will take you to see some of

the finest city lots in Watchtower."

Promptly at the time fixed the old man

presented himself at the office of the agent,

whose team was at the door, a span of

horses and a buggy.

"Get right in, and we'll ride out to the

lots," he said, politely.

"How far is it?" asked the farmer, won-

dering if the city lots were so far apart that

two horses and a buggy were necessary to

get to them.

"Oh, not very far," replied the agent, as-

suringly.

They got into the buggy and the agent

drove rapidly through the main avenue of

the city. The farmer kept gazing at the

fine business blocks and wondering when

the three-thousand-dollar lot would be

reached.

Soon the avenue began to merge into the

prairie road, the houses grew farther and

farther apart, until they finally disappeared,

and the agent and the farmer were riding

through the open prairie dotted occasionally

with farm buildings, and still the agent

urged his horses, as if he were anxious to

get back to his office before dark. "Well,

well," thought the farmer, "this is the

great metropolis, is it?"

Finally, after driving some ten miles,