

MY FAIR YOUNG PATIENT.

A Good Story Told by a London Doctor

I am a family doctor, with a sufficiently... among the lower middle class whose homes...

After my connection at Mount Aureo had continued, to the seeming satisfaction of all concerned, for some two years, I began to receive more frequent summonses thitherward...

Mr. and Mrs. Midas Contango had both begun to dread that Miss Muriel's indisposition would culminate in bronchitis or a decline. The slightest cough, the least...

One day late in the April succeeding, when Miss Muriel had been oddled up at home for four months instead of being sent back to Brighton to continue her studies...

The fashionable physician drew up in his imposing equipage at the door of Mount Aureo half an hour behind time appointed...

"What!" said the society exquisite, for such the celebrity certainly was—"what!" exclaimed he in grandiloquent tones, striking a theatrical attitude...

all may be well. Let me hear from this gentleman, your family attendant, the symptoms as he has interpreted them.

"Well, well; there seems to be nothing serious; but we must examine the chest with the utmost exactness to decide that."

"Ah! humph!" said the oracle; "it seems there is something—but extremely difficult to differentiate.—Let us hear what percussion yields."

"Oh! very likely; but there, nevertheless, it is.—Now come, however; though having ascertained the truth about the case—my time is short, let me convince you. I will turn my back to the patient, and you shall again percuss."

"That was exactly what her mother said to me." "There you are; and mamma was quite right; there must be some cause for it. We may not be able to lay our finger upon it, for we must examine and understand our patients thoroughly very often before we can make out their ailments, and then one finds the mischief, because you see, we are expected to discover it."

"Nonsense! There always is. But even if there were not, we are equally bound to find it; for if you tell these anxious people, 'I can discover nothing wrong,' they will naturally put it down to your ignorance, and send for somebody else who has knowledge enough of human nature or sufficient 'savoir faire' not to be embarrassed with so small a difficulty.—Now, do you see my meaning?"

"Theoretically there is nothing, practically there is." "You may put it so, if so it please you. But I assured you that there is—and there is—your vigilance and punctilious exactitude notwithstanding, a little convenient difference in resonance. The mamma heard the remark, as I intended her to do; she has not the remotest idea what it means—why should she have?—but she is perfectly happy now that the cause of her darling's cough has been discovered, because she thinks, the cause being known, the cure will follow. The more unintelligible the explanation, the more convinced is she of its correctness. One may remedy, you know, a difference in resonance; but how can you pretend to cure a person whom you persistently declare to have nothing the matter with her?"

as departure from slavish adherence to what is mis-called principle to stand between us and success?

"Well!" admitted I a little sadly, "perhaps you are right." "Of course, I am, my dear young friend. I am a cynic, but I succeed. I have been, for instance, beseeched to meet you here today.—And now for treatment."

A little delicate counter-irritation was suggested and agreed on; then the fashionable physician stepped into his elegant turn-out before the door of Mount Aureo, amid the profuse thanks of Mrs. Midas Contango, a hundred guineas richer for his half-hour's visit.

Miss Muriel subsequently recovered her temporarily defective resonance sufficiently to gladden the hearts of her parents by making a marriage—at their cost—into a noble house. I still have the pleasure of ranking her among my patients, but for no organic or other serious ailment; and I have it on excellent authority that her husband, Viscount Barrenlands, would be extremely glad at times, when he has been inordinately extravagant with his unearned increment, if Lady Muriel's vigour of voice and physique were both a little less robust.

U. S. Sunday Desecration. Bishop Littlejohn, of the diocese of Long Island, has written a powerful letter on the subject of Sunday desecration in the United States. In it he says: "It is simply frightful to behold the rapid increase of almost every form of Sunday desecration."

A Radical Change Proposed. The defenders of the Established Church in England have succeeded in inducing the Government to introduce and support a measure which, if it becomes a law, as its ultimate outcome, put in serious peril the continuance of that church as a state organization.

Vacant Lands in the Eastern States. So great is the number of farms in the New England States left vacant by their former occupants having gone to the West or drifted to the cities that determined efforts are being made to repeople the depopulated areas. In Vermont the drain has been so heavy that it is estimated that 200,000 acres of vacant farming land exists there.

Her man Oelrichs, the rich New York club man and politician, astonished the people of Long Branch on a recent Sunday by swimming three miles out to sea and back. He had arranged a match with some New York professionals, who did not turn up in time, so Mr. Oelrichs swam out alone to show what he could do if pressed.

FOREIGN NEWS

The total receipt of the Eiffel Tower since the opening on the 15th of May to the 30th of July amount to 2 421,739 francs.

The Congo district appears to be developing as a producer of tobacco. Brussels tobaccoists say that its leaves are remarkably well adapted for cigars, being of exceedingly good flavor and very supple.

The Sultan of Turkey wishes to reduce his weight. Prof. Schweninger of Berlin, who cured Prince Bismarck of his too pronounced tendency to stoutness, will, at the request of the Sultan, instruct two Turkish physicians in his special method of treatment.

Preparations are already being made in several German university towns to celebrate next year the three hundredth anniversary of the invention of the microscope by Zacharias Janssen of Middelburg put together the first microscope in 1590.

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Considerable friction has arisen at the Paris exhibition through the attempt of the jury which awards prizes to sit in judgment on the product of the factories at Sevres, Gobelins, and Beauvais. They all refuse to be judged or examined or reported upon, and the contest between them and the jury has finally gone for settlement to Premier Tirard.

It is possible that the widowed Crown Princess of Austria may yet become Empress. The Archduke Francis, the heir presumptive to the throne, and the eldest son of the Emperor's second brother, the Archduke Charles Louis, is devoted to her and wants to marry her. A great obstacle to his wish, however, is the fact that he is an epileptic and extremely weak minded.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Vienna "Gambrius," publishes a table of European breweries and their output for the year 1887. The whole number of breweries in Europe was 50,811, and the production of beer and ale amounted to about 4,580,000,000 gallons.

Switzerland 40, Denmark 68, Germany 73, Upper Austria 116, Lower Austria 121, Belgium 150, Wurtemberg 218, and the king of Bavaria leads all competitors with 248 litres, or nearly 65½ gallons for every man, woman, and child in the country.

TREASURES OF INDIA.

In the courts of the native princes of India hoarding takes place on a vast scale, says "Chambers's Journal." The maharajah of Burdwan died lately and left a large hoard. It proves that anterior to 1835 there was much hoarding when it is stated that the maharajah had withdrawn from his store £230,000 of silver, which was in the form of Sikka rupees, none of which have been coined since 1825.

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Other instances of hoarding were given by an officer of the Indian postoffice in 1886, who stated that a native prince was then hoarding gold at the rate of £40,000 to £50,000 a year, and on the death of two native princes recently it was believed that they had left £4,000,000 each. One of these princes took a loan of £300,000 from the government of India in 1887, when he must have been in possession of a large hoard himself; for it is a point of honor with a family not to break into a hoard, which is treated with the sacredness of a family picture.

WIRELETS.

It is understood that the Holy Office proposes making the regulations governing mixed marriages much stricter in Canada. Mr. J. C. Aitkens, who has been making a tour of the North-West Provinces, thinks that the total crop will be about nine million bushels.

He Had Been There. Young wife (to tramp at kitchen window)—"Now, my poor man, here's a nice, little turn-over for you which I've just taken out of the oven." Tramp (suspiciously)—"Bin marked long?" Y. W. (blushing)—"Two weeks, but—"