

STORIES FROM THE DIARY OF A DOCTOR.

A DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

I had taken an interest in Fernal since he was a lad, and had watched his early medical career with pleasure. His brains were decidedly above the average, and he was in all respects a first-rate sort of fellow. As a medical student he was fond of coming to me for advice, which I always gave frankly. By-and-by, he secured the post of house physician at Guy's Hospital—his short career there was marked by much promise, and when the death of a relative enabled him to buy a share in a good country practice, I told him that I regarded his future as secure. He married soon afterwards, and at his special request I was present at the wedding. After this event I saw much less of him, but his letters, which reached me once or twice a year, assured me that he was doing well and happily in every sense of the word.

I had not seen Fernal for nearly three years, when one day, towards the end of the winter of '93, he called at my house. I was out when he arrived, but when I opened my door with my latchkey he came into the hall to greet me.

"Halloa!" I exclaimed, when I saw him. "How are you? What has brought you to town? I hope you are well. How are the wife and child?"

"My wife is well," replied Fernal; "the baby died a month ago—oh, the usual thing—influenza."

He paused and looked me full in the face—I glanced at him and almost uttered a shocked exclamation.

"We have had an awful visitation of the plague," he continued; "it is my belief that it has been worse at Westfield than in any other part of the country."

"You don't look too fit. Have you had an attack yourself?" I said.

"Yes, and I am overcome in every way. The fact is, I rushed up to town on purpose to consult you."

I gave him another quick glance. When last I saw him he was a handsome, well-set-up fellow, full of muscle and vigour, with the Englishman's indomitable pluck written all over him; now he looked like a man who had undergone a sort of collapse. He had contracted a slight stoop between his shoulders, his abundant black hair was slightly streaked with grey, his eyes were sunken and suspiciously bright, there were heavy, black lines under them, and his cheeks were hollow.

"I shall be all right presently," he said, with a laugh. "Will you have the goodness to overhaul me, Halifax, and put me into the way of getting back my old tone? Can I speak to you—can you devote a little of your time to me?"

"All the time you require," I answered, heartily. "You have arrived just at a convenient moment; I have come back to dinner, and don't mean to see any more patients before nine or ten o'clock to-night. I have several hours, therefore, at your disposal; but before we touch upon medical subjects, you must have some dinner."

As I spoke I ushered Fernal into my dining room, and, ringing a bell, ordered Harris to lay places for two. Dinner was served almost immediately, but I noticed to my dismay that my guest only played with his food. He drank off several glasses of good wine, however, and the fact was soon discernible in his increased animation.

"Come into the study and have a smoke," I said, when the meal had come to an end. He rose at once and followed me. We drew up our chairs in front of a cheerful fire, and for a time smoked our pipes in silence. It needed but a brief glance to tell me that Fernal was completely broken down—I should never have recognized him for the bright, energetic fellow whose happy wedding I had attended three years back. I waited now for him to begin his confidence—he did not say a word until he had finished his first pipe, then he sprang to his feet and stood facing me.

"I can't attempt to describe what a time we have had," he said abruptly—"that awful influenza has raged all over the place. The more I see of that insidious, treacherous complaint, the more I dread it. It is my firm conviction that influenza has caused more deaths and wrecked more lives than the cholera ever did. You have seen Russell, my partner—well, he and I have been completely worked off our feet: I can't tell you what domestic tragedies we have been through."

"Well, you have not come up to town simply to tell me about them?" I interrupted, abruptly.

"Of course not; I daresay you can record just as dismal a tale."

"Worse, if possible," I replied; "but now to turn to yourself: you say you have been attacked by the enemy?"

"Yes—worse luck—it was after the child's death. She was a bright, healthy little soul, eighteen months old. Perhaps you don't know what a first child is in a house, Halifax?—my wife and I simply lived for the little one. Well, she succumbed to the malady in a day or two. Poor Ingrid broke down completely—she did not have influenza, but her strength gave way. She lost appetite and sleep. Nothing roused her but my unexpected illness. I suppose one does feel surprised when a doctor-knocks up. Yes, I was down with the complaint, and had a short, sharp attack. I was up and about again in no time. I thought myself all right, but—"

"You acted very unwisely in going about so soon," I replied; "you are not fit for work yet."

"Is it as bad as that? Do I show that things are amiss so plainly?"

"Any doctor can see that you are not the thing," I answered. "You are broken down—your nerve has gone; you want rest. Go home to-night, or, better still, wait until morning, and then take the first train to Westfield. See Russell, and tell him plainly that you must have a month off work. I can send him down a substitute, if you commission me to do so. Get away, my dear fellow, without delay. Take your wife with you—the change will do her as much good as it will you. Go somewhere

on the Continent. Have complete rest in fresh surroundings, and you will be a different man when you return."

"God knows I need to be different," said Fernal. "At the present moment I don't recognize myself."

Here he hesitated, paused, and looked away.

"The fact is," he continued, suddenly, "I have not yet told you the true reason which brought me to consult you."

"Well, out with it, old man," I said, encouragingly.

He tried to give me a steady glance, but his eyes quickly fell.

"The fact is this," he said, abruptly, and rising as he spoke: "the influenza has left an extraordinary sequel behind. I have an inexpressible dread over me. By no means in my power can I drive it away."

"Sit down and keep calm," I said; "tell me your fears as fully as possible."

Fernal sat down at my bidding. After a pause he began to speak.

"You know," he said, "what an uphill thing an ordinary doctor's career is. I thought I had done a very good thing when I bought a share of Russell's practice. I found, however, that it was nothing like as large as I had been given to suppose. I did all that man could do to increase it—I have been popular as a doctor, and fresh patients now come daily to consult me. In short, I am likely to do well, and if only I can keep my health, to make a fair provision for my wife."

"Why should you not keep your health?" I asked.

"That is just the point," he replied; "at the present moment, for practical, useful purposes my health is gone—my nerve has deserted me."

"You must be more explicit," I said.

"What is up?"

"I dread making a fearful professional mistake, and so ruining my prospects as a medical man."

"What do you mean?"

"I will try and explain myself. Since I have had influenza I have been subject to brief but extraordinary lapses of memory. You know we dispense our own medicines. Well, this is the sort of thing that happens almost daily: I see a patient—I diagnose his case with my usual care. I then go to the dispensary to prepare the right medicine for him—I take up a bottle, as likely as not of some strong poison, and find that the whole case has vanished from my mind; I do not in the least know what I am holding the bottle for nor why I am in the dispensary my patient and his case, the diagnosis I have made, the medicine I want to make up, become a complete blank to me. After a lapse of several minutes my memory returns; but this state of things comes on oftener and oftener, and the fear of it has made me thoroughly nervous and unfit for work. You see yourself, Halifax, that grave consequences may arise from such a peculiar state of nerves as mine. I may during a lapse of memory put something into the medicine which may kill my patient. My terror on this point at times almost reaches mania—I am nearly beside myself."

"Does your memory desert you at any other time?" I asked.

"Yes, but the curious thing is that it only fails me in connection with my profession. When I am alone with my wife I feel at comparative ease, and almost like my usual self; but when I am driving to see patients, I often completely forget my most important visits. I neglect the patients whose lives are in danger, and visit those who have comparatively little the matter with them. Of late I have given my coachman a list of all the patients whom I wished to see. He takes me to the right houses, but when I see the patient I forget the complaint under which he is labouring. Only yesterday I encountered the rage of a man who was suffering from an acute attack of double pneumonia; by asking him if his rheumatic pains were better. Of course, this state of things can't go on. Don't tell me that all my fears are fanciful. I have studied diseases of the brain, and know that my case is a serious one."

"It is serious, but temporary," I answered. "You have just been down with the complaint which leaves a most extraordinary sequel behind—a complaint which none of us with all our study have yet fully gauged. You are tired out, mind and body—you want rest. You must not attempt to make up your own medicines at present. I can't hide the truth from you; if you do, the consequences may be serious. You must get away at once, Fernal. I told you a moment ago that I can get a good man to take your work for a month or even two months, if necessary; if you like, I will write to Russell on the subject to-night. He will, of course, see the necessity of your leaving."

Fernal did not reply at all for a minute. After a pause he said:—

"I suffer from other symptoms of a distressing character. I am possessed by that very ordinary delusion of the insane—that I am followed. I walked to this house to-night, and, in spite of all my efforts to assure myself to the contrary, I could not resist the suspicion that someone tracked me from the station to this house. The only thing that comforts me is that we have no insanity in our family. I cling to that fact as a drowning man does to a spar."

"You are not insane," I replied, "but you will be if you don't take rest. All your present most distressing symptoms will disappear if you take my advice. You had better not return to Staffordshire. You are welcome to make my house your headquarters until you have arranged matters with Russell. Meanwhile, telegraph to your wife to join you here—get away to the Continent before the end of the week. I promise you that long before the summer you will have returned to work like a giant refreshed."

Fernal heaved a heavy sigh. After a time he rose from his chair and leant against the mantelpiece.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

In the Book Store.

Have you "A Pair of Blue Eyes" inquired the gentleman of the pretty girl clerk, new to the business.

Of course not, she replied promptly; can't you see they are brown?

AGRICULTURAL

Crates for Handling Fruits and Vegetables.

Crates that are indispensable are each year coming more and more in demand, for either handling, storing or shipping. Barrels cause harsh treatment and are not convenient for rapid work where a delicate touch is required, while crates present a more shallow depth and larger open surface.



FIG 1. "NESTING" CRATES.

As they can be piled on each other, quantities of crates occupy no more space than barrels and frequently not as much. A crate is easily handled by two persons, and



FIG 2. CRATES WITH HANDLES.

allows air to circulate freely between its contents (doing away with the need of bins, barrels, etc., through which air cannot readily pass), and the essential requirement of sweating is obtained. The crates may be piled one above another in the cellar or storehouse and the fruit moved from one place to another with great ease. Make crates to fit into the wagon box, and an astonishing quantity of stuff can be handled at a load. But these rectangular crates will not "nest" into each other so well as when made in the shape suggested in Fig 1, which is a decided advantage. These can be made larger and with handles, or handles put on the usual form (Fig 2), for quick carrying short distances. Handles may be rigged with hooks so as to be instantly removable instead of being attached to the crate.

The Care of Horses.

The best feed for horses of whatever class, is oats, corn, bran and hay. When a horse is off his feed, or slightly ailing from any cause not indicative of violent disease bran mashes with good nursing will bring him out all right in nine cases out of ten. Nothing is better than an occasional feed of roots—carrots, potatoes or turnips. If a half peck of these could be given daily as a morning or evening meal, the effect would be quickly shown. The foal should be taught to eat roots as soon as possible.

For young colts, oats alone with grass or hay, according to the season, should be allowed. In winter, half oats and corn, ground or whole, may be fed with benefit, unless the young things are intended for racing and are in warm stables, when the corn would be too heating. All working horses should have three meals a day. The hours of feeding are of great importance. These should be, if possible, the same daily.

Watering is of fully as much importance as the feeding. A horse is particular as to the water he drinks, yet he may be accustomed to any water, if fit for human use. Running water is best; that of ponds without outlet or inlet is the worst, and should never be used. Well water may be given without fear. Water should always be given, if the horse will drink before feeding. In hot weather water frequently; only a few quarts should be given at a time, for a heated horse will take more than is good for him. Upon stooping, let the horse have two or three light sips, just enough to moisten his throat, and when starting give him six quarts or more as the occasion seems to demand. Under no circumstances allow a heated horse to drink heartily.

The importance of steadiness and care in the management in the stable, and in the grooming of horses, cannot be over estimated. Always be kind to a horse, and not have him in constant fear, as this has made many ugly horses. Many stablemen imagine that the currying comb is an instrument for cleaning the legs and body of the horse; its only use should be to clean the brush and to loosen the scurf on the fleshy—not bony parts of the body. Clean when the horse is dirty, always once a day when the horse is kept in the stable. Horses that run in the pastures in summer require no grooming. Always clean the horse's legs when brought in from the mud or snow; if this is neglected it will cause scorchings, stocked legs, etc.

A horse should always be blanketed when standing in a draft or in rain; use a cloth or a rubber blanket as the case may be. In blanketing a horse see that the blanket is sufficiently large to cover the animal from the neck to the tail; see also that the breast flaps protect this sensitive part, and that the blanket is large enough to cover sides and flanks fully.

The feet are half the horse; in fact, a horse with bad feet is as nearly a worthless animal as is possible. When the horse is brought in from the road each foot should be examined with a pick to see that no gravel or hard substance has found lodgment between the frog and shoe. If the hoof is inclined to be hard and brittle, oil it. In all respects, kindness and attention to a horse are both satisfactory and remunerative.

Guinea.

We are glad to note that the Guinea fowl is receiving more attention lately from breeders and farmers generally. It stands on its own merits, which when known entitle it to esteem. It is especially useful where there are enemies to poultry lurking around, such as hawks, crows, rats, etc. They detect danger quickly, and give the alarm in such shrill and harsh notes as thoroughly to frighten the enemy before the owner can appear on the scene. The Guinea fowl retains its wild characteristics in spite of many years of domestication, preferring to roost in trees rather than

within an enclosure, and always hiding the nest in some lone, far-away spot. As egg-producers they are unsurpassed, producing a large number in the course of the year. In rearing, the young fowls are very tender, and require great care, but after their coat of down is replaced by one of feathers they are perfectly hardy and require but little care. The food for young Guineas should be of moistened bread, table scraps, minced onion tops, dandelion, etc. Feed but little and often while the feathering process is taking place. The flesh of the Guinea fowl is dark and of a gamey flavor. Their eggs are of the size of a pullet's egg, but are very rich and compensate in quality for their small size. White Guineas are especially attractive in appearance, while a cross between the old established fowl and the white produce beautiful specimens, their white crests being especially noticeable.

PRINCE OF WALES' YACHT.

Usually the Prince is on Board During a Race.

Life on board a racing yacht is not all pleasure either for the owner or his representative, or for the captain and crew. As, naturally, his Royal Highness has not the time at his disposal for all the duties of ownership, he has deputed the charge of the yacht to Mr. W. G. Jameson, a member of the well-known Dublin family whose name is so closely connected with yachting. Mr. Jameson stepped on board the Britannia in Gourock Bay on the morning of the day that she went on her trial cruise, and he has accompanied her on her voyages ever since, having been on board of her every race she has sailed.

No fitter man could have been found for such a duty. Mr. Jameson, in his early days, was a noted sailor in Dublin Bay, and, being of a strong athletic frame, he was specially successful in the single-handed matches for twenty-tonners, which at one time were very popular with the members of the Royal Alfred Yacht Club. In later years he sailed with his brother, Mr. John Jameson, in the *Samoens*, *Irex*, and *Iverna*, taking an active part in the management of the yachts, for it must not be forgotten that racing a large yacht successfully nowadays is

QUITE A BUSINESS

and requires as much care and attention devoted to it as many concerns by which a man earns his bread and butter. On all occasions, when amateur helmsmen were required, "Mr. Willie," as the men called him, steered his brother's boats, and with such skill as generally to bring her in first. Indeed it used to be a common saying that, in Mr. William Jameson's hands, his brother's big cutters were every bit as likely to win as when steered by the famous skipper of all of them, Capt. William O'Neil. With such qualifications, well known to all yachting men, it can easily be understood that the Prince of Wales was considered fortunate in securing Mr. Jameson to represent him in the Britannia.

But there is another personage to whom for the past three years the Britannia has been even more of a home and abiding place. This is the famous skipper, Capt. Carter, to whom, probably, in junction with Mr. Jameson, the Britannia owes, as much as to the skillful designing of Mr. Watson, the possession of many of those racing flags, signs of past victories won, which make so brave a flutter when on special occasions she is decked out with them. A good-looking, thoroughly sailor-like man of between 40 and 50, Capt. Carter is as familiar in the High Street or on the parade at Cowes as any of the prominent members of the squadron itself.

The Britannia carries a crew of twenty-seven hands all told. Besides the captain, there are the first and second mates, carpenters, two stewards, cook, and twenty deck-hands. Each of the deck-hands has his special job, and the case of the more particular stations he

SPECIALLY SELECTED

on account of his fitness for it. There are two men whose duty it is to do all the work aloft, known as the first and second mast-head men. All work in connection with shifting or setting topsails is done by them, and it is perilous enough at times. For this position men seem to be born, not made and it is astonishing, in view of the nature of the work, how rarely an accident occurs. For bow-sprit-end work, principally in connection with setting and stowing jib-topails, three men are especially detailed. The chief mate takes charge of the head sails and all the fore end of the yacht, and the second mate looks after the back runners, and generally takes command of all the hands abaft the mast. The second mate has also to act as lee helmsman—that is, to relieve the skipper by taking the tiller when the vessel is running or reaching for a lee mark. On board the Britannia, however, it is seldom that the steering is intrusted to any one except Capt. Carter and Mr. Jameson, the latter acting as relief helmsman in almost every race. The crew is a wonderfully well drilled one, and many of the men have been with her since she was launched. When the Prince of Wales races in the Britannia he generally sleeps on board, occupying a state room adjoining the saloon. Forward is a state room for Capt. Carter, and the remainder of the crew are berthed in a roomy fore-castle.

Ample Apology.

Germans are not given to doing things by halves. When they study they do it with thoroughness. Even in their apologies they go to the root of the matter. Here, for example, is a card published by a tailor in the "agony column" of a Berlin newspaper. Evidently he believes that an open confession is good for the body as well as for the soul:

"I herewith declare that the journeyman blacksmith Herr Karl X. is a very honorable man—most honorable; and I take this opportunity of withdrawing the most defamatory charges I made against him. Herr Karl X. has already given me a good thrashing for the said slanderous words, but Herr Schiedemann informs me that Herr Karl X. will not do so again if I state in a public newspaper that he is an honorable man and put a thaler in the poor box."

WHAT UNCLE SAM IS AT.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ABOUT THE BUSY YANKEE.

Neighboring Interest in His Botany—Matters of Moment and Mirth Gathered from His Daily Record.

Central Pacific has an 80-ton locomotive. It is said that the New Englander makes the best mill hand.

Chicago's manufactured products are valued at \$800,000,000.

Cincinnati makes every year over \$150,000,000 worth of goods.

The number of idle cotton operatives in Fall River is placed at 23,220.

President Cleveland has a new launch, which burns either kerosene or alcohol.

An orchardist in Pomona, Cal., has in his nursery sixty varieties of olive trees.

Ex-President Harrison's fee in the Indiana will case is said to have been \$15,000.

Delaware has 21,906 persons engaged in its factories, the annual output being \$37,571,848.

The manufactures of Illinois employ 312,198 persons, the annual output being \$909,642,280.

William Waldorf Astor has an income of eight million nine hundred thousand dollars a year.

Colorado has 17,067 employees in its factories, making annually a product valued at \$42,480,205.

The factories of Indiana furnish employment to 124,349 persons, the output being \$226,825,082.

Some of the great trees in Humboldt, Cal., are said by scientists to be nearly three thousand years old.

In the competitive drill of the cadets of the high school at Fort Smith, Ark., the girls carried off the prizes.

A Syracuse inventor is at present working on a bicycle, the framework of which is made of seasoned hickory.

An Ogdensburg fisherman is exhibiting a sturgeon recently caught in the St. Lawrence which weighs 145 pounds.

If the United States had as great a population relatively as Japan it would have a population of 960,000,000 people.

Durham, N. C., is one of the greatest tobacco manufacturing points in the South. One firm there makes 300,000,000 cigarettes every year.

Philadelphia has 2,000 miles of regularly laid out streets, and 100 miles of street car lines. It produces every year \$500,000,000 of goods.

Buffalo has a city hall that cost \$1,530,000. Over 90,000,000 bushels of grain have passed through Buffalo going east in a single season.

A number of English agents are in this country looking over the financial situation and examining the opportunities for good investments.

The sums which Dr. D. K. Pearson, of Chicago, has given to various colleges and schools in the last five years aggregate more than \$1,000,000.

The increase of wealth in the United States amounts to \$7,000,000 a day, which, counting Sundays, foots up more than \$2,500,000,000 annually.

J. S. Gill, a wealthy Vermont manufacturer, has offered the Oddfellows of that state property valued at \$20,000, to be converted into an Oddfellows' home.

Miss Frances Willard lives on the time lock principle of division of the day—eight hours for work, eight hours for sleep and eight hours for rest and recreation.

Rev. Dr. J. C. Morris, pastor of the First Methodist church at Birmingham, Ala., has his congregation "by the ears" for roughly denouncing card playing for prizes.

The Rev. Father Sherman, the son of the late Gen. Sherman, will engage in missionary work in the North-West under the direction of the Jesuit order, of which he is a member.

In less than two years the Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip has extended into 13 denominations, and it now has chapters in more than 25 States of the Union and in Canada.

Ora Kees and Mollie Kees, two young girls, have started a paper at Grayson, Ky. It is called the Eastern Kentucky Republican, and, as its name implies, is Republican to the core.

Mrs. Martha C. Fisher, of Washington, D. C., having use for a baby carriage when living in Japan with her husband in the early days, invented what is now known as the jirikisha.

The Christian Advocate notes that the town of Durham, Me., with a population of 1,253, has furnished thirty Methodist ministers, and how many of other denominations it does not know.

During the last four years there have been erected in the city of Chicago forty new Methodist mission churches, valued at nearly \$500,000. Of these thirty-one have become self-supporting.

The recently elected police force of South Bend, Wash., is probably the smallest and biggest in the country. It consists of two men, one of whom weighs 295 pounds and the other 285 pounds.

Georgia papers are telling in apparent good faith of a negro at Blakely, Ga., who was struck on the head by a bolt of lightning a few days ago, and who, though receiving a deep gash in his scalp, is now as spry as ever.

The enormous quantity of silk used during the past two years, due to the fashion for puffed sleeves, has had the effect of causing an increase in the price of silk. Dealers say it will not be felt on this side of the water for several months to come.

One of the deepest oil wells in Los Angeles, Cal., has suddenly started gushing oil at such a rate that it cannot be kept under control. It has overrun the neighborhood, and is still flowing. The output is estimated by experts to be 800 barrels per day.

A big duck ranch at Damariscotta, Me., is making considerable profit for its proprietor. With twelve large incubators he has raised about 25,000 ducks this season, and marketed them in Boston and New York city at prices ranging from 30 to 40 cents a pound.