

# STORIES FROM THE DIARY OF A DOCTOR.

## LITTLE SIR NOEL.

"If you please, sir," said my servant, Harris, "there's a young gentleman waiting to see you in your consulting room."

I paused—I was coming home in a hurry to lunch.

"But this is not my hour for seeing patients," I said.

"He is a very young gentleman, sir; he came with a lot of luggage—here it is, all piled up in the hall."

I looked around my neat, well-appointed hall in astonishment. In one corner of it were a couple of large trunks. A strap with rugs, a hat box, and other belongings of the traveller accompanied the boxes.

"Who in the world can have arrived?" I thought to myself.

I hurried off to my consulting room as I spoke. I was not feeling too well pleased. I was in a great hurry, and had a specially hard afternoon's work before me. When I opened the door, however, my momentary irritation vanished. It was impossible for it to survive the expression of the little face which started suddenly into view when I appeared. A boy of about eight years old, in a brown velvet jockey suit, jumped up from his seat by one of the windows and came forward to meet me with one small hand outstretched.

"You are Dr. Halifax, are you not?" he asked.

"Right, my little fellow, and who are you?" I answered.

"I'm Noel Temple. Mother sent you this note: she said you'd look after me. I hope I sha'n't be very troublesome."

He sighed a little as he spoke, poised himself on one leg, and looked up into my face with the alert glance of an expectant robin.

"Noel Temple," I repeated—"Temple I—forgive me, I don't know the name."

"You used to know mother very well—she said so—she said you were playfellows long ago, and you used to quarrel—don't you remember?"

"What was your mother's name before she was married, Noel?" I enquired, suddenly.

"Forester—Emily Forester."

"Then, of course, I know all about her, and you are most heartily welcome," I said, in a cordial tone. "Find yourself a seat while I read this letter."

I threw myself into a chair and opened my old playfellow's letter. It ran as follows:—

"MY DEAR DR. HALIFAX,—I hope you don't forget the Grange, where we once spent a long and happy summer when we were children? I am in a desperate difficulty, and have resolved to throw myself on your mercy. You can't have forgotten the name of your old playfellow, Emily Forester. I married when I was eighteen, and have been in India ever since. My husband, Sir Francis Temple, died six months ago. Noel is our only child. I have just seen a doctor about him—he says his heart is affected, and that there is irritability of the left lung. He has ordered him to leave India immediately; I have no time to explain why it is impossible for me to accompany him home. I am sending him, therefore, at the eleventh hour, in charge of the ship's captain, who, on landing, will put him into a cab and send him straight to you. For the sake of old times—be his guardian to a certain extent. Please take care of the child's health, and place him in a suitable family who will look after him and attend to his interests in every way. His solicitors are Messrs. Biggs and Flint, of Chancery Lane. They will supply you with all necessary funds. I am certain you will be good to the boy.

Your sincere friend,  
"EMILY TEMPLE."

When I raised my eyes after perusing this epistle, little Noel was standing in front of me; he was evidently making a minute study of my character. I looked up at him without speaking. He gave a sigh of relief.

"What's the matter?" I said then.

"You'll do," he replied. "I wasn't certain. I was dreadfully anxious, but I see it's all right." He held out his hand.

I clasped the little brown paw and, rising abruptly, said:—

"Come along, Noel. If you're as hungry as I am, you'll be glad of lunch."

"I should rather think I am hungry," said Noel. "I've had nothing to eat since eight o'clock this morning, when Captain Reeves bought me two sponge cakes. Do you like sponge cakes, Dr. Halifax?"

"I can't say I do," I replied. "Now, here we are—place yourself opposite to me at that end of the table, Harris, lay a place immediately for Sir Noel Temple."

Harris left the room. Noel burst out laughing.

"It's so funny of you to call me Sir Noel," he said. "Don't you think it's rather stiff? Aren't you going to say Noel? We can't be really friends if you don't."

"All right," I replied, "you are Noel to me—but I must give you your title to the servants."

"Why so? Some people think it very fortunate to have a handle to their names."

"You wouldn't think so if you had got it because you had lost your father," said Noel, fixing his big eyes steadily on my face.

His lips quivered—I saw that he could have cried if he hadn't been too brave to allow the tears to come.

"I quite understand what you mean, little man," I said. "Come, I can see we'll be capital friends. Now, here's a cutlet—fall to. If you're not in a hurry to eat, I am."

When lunch was over I took Noel back to my consulting-room, and made a careful examination of his lungs and heart. I saw that he was free from organic disease as yet, but was a fragile, delicate boy, and one who was likely to develop serious mischief at any moment.

I saw that it would be impossible for me to keep him in my bachelor establish-

ment; besides London was no place for him.

The next two or three days passed without anything special occurring. I found it impossible to take Noel out with me, but I desired Harris to walk with him in the parks, and concluded that he was having a fairly good time. On the evening of the fourth day, however, I observed that the child's face was slightly paler than usual—that he ate little or nothing as he sat perched up opposite to me at late dinner, and that he sighed heavily once or twice.

The weather was autumnal, and the winter would soon be on us. I thought that Bournemouth would be a suitable place for the little fellow and that evening before I went to bed I wrote a long letter to his mother telling her what I thought of the boy's health, and also said that I was about to advertise for a suitable home for him.

My advertisement appeared in due course and, as a necessary consequence, answers arrived in shoals. A friend of mine, a Mrs. Wilkinson, who only lived a few doors away, promised to attend to the matter for me. She would look over the answers, and reply to those she thought at all suitable. She did so, but nothing satisfactory seemed likely to be the result.

One evening, on returning home, Harris met me with the information that a lady had called, who wanted to see me on the subject of the advertisement.

"Where is she?" I asked.

"In your study, sir."

I went there at once, and found myself face to face with a tall, sweet-looking woman of between forty and fifty years of age. She wore a neat-fitting bonnet, a jacket of old-fashioned cut, and a pair of shabby gloves. She looked like what she was—a lady in poor circumstances. Her face wore an anxious and troubled expression. The moment I appeared she started up to meet me.

"You are Dr. Halifax, are you not?" she said.

"That is my name," I replied.

"I am Mrs. Marsden. I saw your advertisement by chance this morning. I hurried to town at once. I went to see Mrs. Wilkinson—she asked me to lose no time in having an interview with you. While talking to her, I made a remarkable discovery. Under the circumstances, it is strange that such an advertisement should have been inserted. I am unwilling to take offence, however. Poor Emily has always been peculiar. I wish to say now that I am desirous to care of the boy. I will promise to take every care of him."

"Do you know Lady Temple?" I asked, in astonishment.

Mrs. Marsden smiled faintly.

"Lady Temple is my sister," she replied.

"She is my sister, and I am married to her late husband's cousin. My husband, Mr. Marsden, is first cousin to the late Sir Francis Temple. The dear little boy is, therefore, a near relation on both sides."

"How is it that Lady Temple never thought of sending the boy to you?" I inquired.

"It is impossible for me to tell you. I am naturally the person who ought to have received the child on his arrival in England. My husband and I are not well off. We have a house at Bournemouth, and have long wished to have the care of a child in order to add to our income. Your advertisement attracted us both. I came up to town to answer it. You may imagine my surprise when I learned who the child really was, from Mrs. Wilkinson."

"It is strange that Lady Temple never mentioned your name," I replied.

"She must have forgotten it—this seems an unaccountable reason, but I can give no other. She is erratic, however—she has been erratic all her life. I am much older than my sister. I was married when she was a child. Still, of course, I love her, and would do all a mother could for her boy."

I thought for a moment—then I said: "The child has been absolutely committed to my care by his mother. He is very delicate, and is the heir to a large fortune."

When I said these words Mrs. Marsden turned very pale, then a brilliant colour flooded her face.

"I wish to say something," she remarked, after a pause. "What I am going to say may prejudice you against me. I am desirous to have the child for every reason—I am his near relation, and can naturally do more for him than a mere stranger. I also sorely need the money which his advent into our family will bring; nevertheless, I won't take charge of the boy, in case you are good enough to intrust him to me, without your knowing the simple truth. It is this—in the event of little Noel dying, my husband inherits the Temple property. In short, that delicate child is the only person who stands between my husband and considerable fortune."

"Thank you for telling me the truth," I replied.

"I hope this will not prejudice you against me, Dr. Halifax. The fact of my telling you what I have done ought to assure you of the honesty of my purpose."

"It would be impossible for me to doubt you," I said, glancing at her face.

"I am glad you say that." She clasped her thin hands together. She had removed her gloves during our interview. "I have had much trouble, and I am not a happy woman. I have suffered the sorest straits of poverty; the money which we will receive with the child will be of great value to us. My husband will be astonished when I tell him what the result of my inquiries has been."

"Well," I replied, hastily, "I can do nothing without consulting the mother. I am anxious to have the boy comfortably settled, and to get him out of town. I will send a telegram to Lady Temple to-morrow, asking her to reply at once and to tell me what she wishes."

"Thank you. Are you likely to get her answer to-morrow?"

"I may do so in the evening. Are you staying in town, Mrs. Marsden?"

"I shall remain until you hear from my sister."

"Kindly write your address on that slate. I will let you know as soon as ever I receive Lady Temple's reply."

At the first possible moment in the morning I sent a telegram to Lady Temple. It was worded as follows:—

"Can't keep boy in London—his aunt,

Mrs. Marsden, wishes to take charge of him. Shall he go to her? Wire reply."

I received the following answer at a late hour that night.

"Yes—arrange with Helen.—Emily Temple."

This reply ought to have filled me with satisfaction, but it did not. I could not doubt Mrs. Marsden, but what about her husband? The boy was delicate—the man would gain immensely by his death. I resolved, notwithstanding Lady Temple's telegram, to do nothing definite until I had seen Marsden. I wrote to ask Mrs. Marsden to call early in the morning. She came. The sweet expression of her face, and a certain honesty of eye, made me ashamed of my suspicion.

"Here is Lady Temple's reply," I said, putting the telegram into her hand when she entered the room.

She glanced at it.

"Thank God!" she exclaimed. "You scarcely know what a relief this will be to us."

I broke in abruptly.

"I have something to say," I continued. "Notwithstanding Lady Temple's permission, I don't intend to part with little Noel without stringent inquiries. The mother is in India—the boy has been committed by letter to my care. Please don't suppose that I distrust you personally, but the case is peculiar. I must have an interview with your husband. I will come down to Bournemouth on Saturday and will bring Noel with me. I may or may not take him back with me to town again. When I see you on Saturday we can discuss the matter further."

"Thank you—thank you," she replied. "I respect you all the more for being particular. At what hour may I expect you on Saturday?"

I glanced over a timetable.

"Noel and I will run down in the afternoon," I said. "Expect us between four and five o'clock."

She rose instantly—I bade her good-bye, and she left me.

I said nothing to Noel about the proposed change until the Saturday morning. Then I asked him if he would like to accompany me to the seaside.

His eyes danced with pleasure.

"I love the sea," he replied. "I mean to be a sailor when I'm a man."

"Well," I said, "you will choose a very good life. I intend to take you with me to Bournemouth to-day. Ask Harris to pack some things for you, and be ready when I come home to lunch."

The child nodded his head brightly. I left him and went out to see my patients.

When I returned to the house I was met by Harris, who wore a very anxious expression of face.

"I am so glad you've come back, sir," he said. "Little Sir Noel has been ill."

"Ill," I cried; "where is he?"

"He is lying on a sofa in your consulting room, sir; he particularly wished me to take him there. He says he would rather be in the consulting-room than any other part of the house. He seemed so ill that I thought you wouldn't mind."

"Quite right—I will go and see him," I replied.

I entered my consulting-room quickly. Little Noel was lying on a sofa. I had left him in the morning in apparently fair health. I was startled now with the change in his appearance. He could scarcely speak—his breath came quickly—there was a suspicious blue tint round the lower part of his face.

I brought my stethoscope and applied it to the heart. There was considerable anæmia, but I could trace no sign of absolute heart disease. The child, however, was very weak. I saw that he must not travel that day.

I telegraphed to Mrs. Marsden to tell her that Noel was ill, and that she could not expect us that day.

The child remained feverish and poorly during the greater part of that Saturday, but on Sunday he was nearly himself again. I saw with a pang that he was extremely delicate. There was not only heart weakness to contend against, but considerable irritability of the left lung. I began to consider whether he ought not to winter abroad—it was certainly necessary to send him out of London as quickly as possible. Nevertheless, as the hours went on, all my prejudices against placing him with the Marsdens increased rather than diminished.

I was just preparing to leave the house on that Sunday morning, and was standing on my door steps preparatory to entering my carriage, when a hansom drew up and stopped abruptly.

"Am I addressing Dr. Halifax?"

"That is my name," I replied.

"And this is mine," he said, pulling a card out of his pocket.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Village Without Clocks.

From the note book of a recent traveler in Alsace: "On my return from Belchen I looked upon the beautiful villages of the Lewen Valley, and being a tourist who likes to poke his nose into everything, I turned by chance into the church at Kirch-

bers. On coming out I took out my watch to regulate it by the clock in the church tower, but there was no clock in the church tower. Hence I went into the village inn, and there asked the time. But mine host could not oblige me. 'You see,' he said, 'we have no use for clocks. In the morning we go by the smoke rising from the chimney at the parsonage up on the hill. The parsonage people are very regular. We dine when dinner is ready. At 4 p.m. the whistle of the train coming from Massmunster tells us that the time has come for another meal, and at night we know that it is time to go to bed when it is dark. On Sunday's we go to church when the bell rings. Our parson is a very easy going man; he doesn't mind beginning half an hour sooner or later.'

## Knew His Man.

Don't you think it very strange that Jack Hardupps doesn't pay me the \$10 he borrowed?

No. I think it would be very strange if he did.

## Once Was Enough.

Why don't you keep horses, Todd?

My wife is afraid of horses.

For what reason?

Why, you see, we made a runaway match.

# WEALTH OF THE WORLD.

## ENGLISHMEN AT PRESENT HAVE THE LARGEST INCOMES.

Australia the First Country in Wealth. But that Country in Mortgage to British Capitalists—How the British Public Spend Their Money—Division of the National Income Between Capital and Labour.

The great body of Englishmen are, as a rule, the wealthiest in the world. As regards the absolute amount of wealth in the country, the United States takes the first place; but when we come to examine the private incomes of England as compared with those of America, England is a long way in front. While the average citizen of the United States receives £24 a year, the inhabitants of the United Kingdom are richer by at least £10, their incomes being £34 per head.

Still pursuing the comparison, with respect to other countries, a well-known authority states that, as regards the amount of wealth per inhabitant, the United Kingdom stands second only to Australia; and when we consider that most of Australia is mortgaged to British capitalists, we may say that in reality the United Kingdom has most wealth per head. Excluding Ireland, where the rate is only £124 per inhabitant, the ratio for Great Britain is £263 per inhabitant. If all the wealth of the principal countries came to be equally divided among the people, England would stand well ahead; as the following figures will show:—Australia, £370 per head; the United Kingdom, £224 (excluding Ireland, £263) per head; France, £224 per head; United States, £210 per head; Germany, £140 per head.

It follows, then, that the Englishman has

### MOST SPENDING MONEY.

and it is an interesting point, as to the proportions in which the inhabitants of England spend their income on necessaries and luxuries respectively.

From a reliable source we get the following information on this point:—Food and drink absorb 56.9 per cent. of the income on the average. Dress takes 16.8 per cent.; house rent, 13.2; tobacco, 1.5; education and literature, 2.6; religious contributions, 1.4; locomotion, 0.8; amusements, 1.4; taxes, 5.4. Putting this in another form, we may take our gross personal expenditure at £880,000,000 a year. Out of this we spend about £729,000,000 on necessaries, and £151,000,000 on luxury and waste. This gives a gross percentage of 83 per cent. on necessaries, and 17 per cent. on luxuries.

In an examination of the rate of spending among Englishmen, it is interesting to notice how a classification of the people, according to the house rent they pay, will work out. There are 3,624,808 families who inhabit houses or cottages rated at less than £20 a year, out of a total number of 7,100,000 houses.

The number of highly-rated houses is not so great as one would imagine. Only 223 houses are rated at £1,000 and over; 9,214 houses at £500 up to £1,000; 8,633 houses from £200 to £500. After we have allowed the usual average of

### FIVE PERSONS

to each family, there remain on all calculations, based upon rate books of the various municipalities, about 5,000,000 people not accounted for.

Among this great number, however, we have to reckon the homeless of great towns and cities the criminals in goals, the paupers in the work-houses, the incorrigible tramps who have no settled place of dwelling, but are always moving on; and, in addition to these, we must reckon the canal-boat people, those who belong to travelling shows, the gypsies, etc.

Speaking of luxuries suggests the question as to how many British trades are occupied in producing pure luxuries in which the English people freely spend their money. By luxury we understand the term to embrace those commodities which could be dispensed with without lowering the standard of civilized life. Bearing this in mind, the luxuries or superfluities of nineteenth century life keep about a dozen trades going in Great Britain which otherwise would have no existence.

The trade in perfumes and cosmetics in all its branches; the manufacture of wigs and false hair for ornament; jewellery in its various branches, which include the cutting and polishing of precious stones; the closely allied trade of making artificial jewellery; and chemical imitations of stones; the culture of

### FANCY FLOWERS,

such as orchids; the manufacture of British wines, as well as the mineral water trade; the procuring and preparation of feathers and fur for ornament; glove making; and the making of material for games, playing cards, toys, etc.; ornamental pottery; and, lastly, although it by no means completes the list, the building of yachts and racing boats.

The last point we may notice in dealing with the money of Englishmen takes up the question as to the proportion in which the national income is divided between capital and labour. In this estimate we include the land-owner with the capitalist, and we take Mulhall's estimate of the country's income, namely, £1,285,000,000.

The following statement was recently made on this point:—Capitalists, land-owners, and the upper middle classes, who have capital invested in business, draw £571,000,000 a year. Working tradesmen, professional men living on salaries and artisans draw still more, namely, £714,000,000. Here there appears to be a certain equality, but the difference that actually exists is seen when we come to consider the number of individuals. There are 222,000 families who do no work, but draw on the average an income of £1,500 a year. These take over a fourth of the national income—£330,000,000.

### THESE ARE CAPITALISTS,

pure and simple. The artisan classes—the representatives of labour—number no fewer than 4,774,000 families, and their

average earnings come to £97 a year. Their whole income does not exceed £467,000,000, or rather more than a third. The proportion of small incomes is still further seen by noting how much of the national income escapes the payment of income tax by workers—not capitalists. Earned incomes, which do not pay income tax, are put at £620,000,000, and those which pay it at £173,018,585. The figures here are only for Great Britain.

Things are not as bad as they used to be. During the last fifty years the industrial population has increased some 30 per cent. in point of number and 160 per cent. in point of income. On the other hand, capitalists have had good times in the last half century, for their total wealth has increased 110 per cent. Individually, they have not done so well as this. There are more of them, so that when the whole is divided up their individual wealth has increased only 15 per cent.

## ALL EYES ON AFRICA.

Historians, Travellers, Social Economists and Sportsmen Interested in the Fascinating Dark Continent.

Africa and its possibilities as a future vast continent supporting millions is a favorite topic with those who look ahead to the time when new territory shall be required for the over-plus of old and new world population.

The writers on the Dark Continent are beginning, while weaving together fascinating romance, description and latter day history, to get at the heart of Africa commercially and practically, its importance to the civilized world from the counting-room standpoint, and its chances of extensive settlement in the near future. Dr. Robert Brown, an English savant and litterateur, who has just completed his fourth and final volume of his book, "The Story of Africa and Its Explorers," answers the question definitely and interestingly. "Is Africa so very valuable after all?"

"The future alone can tell," says Dr. Brown. "Unless gold and diamonds are found to be more widely distributed and in greater quantities in accessible places fit for Europeans, only a small portion of Africa will ever be filled by the outflow of the world, which was young while yet it was old."

### THE DARK CONTINENT

as it is now possesses so many interesting points of view that there is a good excuse for story tellers and writers generally to come forward with book after book. Three volumes have recently appeared in Europe: Dr. Brown's, in English, the other two in French. The first of the latter is "A Travers l'Afrique Australe" (Across Southern Africa), by Jules Leclercq, and the other "Mes Grandes Chasses dans l'Afrique Centrale" (My Big Hunts in Central Africa), by Edouard Foa, the explorer. Leclercq deals wholly with the difficulties of South African government which are due to racial distinctions. "The Briton governs; the Boer possesses, the Kaffir encumbers. Whilst the Briton annoys the Boer, and the Boer troubles the Briton, the Kaffir gets in the way of both. He is very prolific and increases rapidly." Leclercq's great argument is that the cry of "Africa for the Africans" means a cessation of racial antipathies and an empire covering the whole of South Africa that will be loyal to the British crown. "Resting on its powerful base at the Cape Britain advances with giant step on it, conquest of all Southern Africa."

Cecil Rhodes, this author of course speaks much of. "The Plutarch of the twentieth century," he says, "will describe the extraordinary career of this man who arrived here poor and obscure and now at the age of forty is at the summit of fame and fortune." And again, describing Mr. Rhodes's country house, he goes on: "It is a veritable African museum, containing antiquities Mr. Rhodes brought from the ruins of Zimbabwe, and which he generously offered to the Cape Town museum."

### CAPE TOWN

is noted for its Public Library and its Town Museum. The latter has a superb collection, well illustrating South African geology, anthropology and fauna, while the former, which was founded by Sir George Grey, in its splendid collection has many fine sets of printed and manuscript works relative to the language and races of Africa. Even the smallest town in South Africa has its public library.

Cape Town itself is an unattractive city, damp and dirty and ugly architecturally, despite the fact that it occupies a site of great scenic beauty. Nobody lives there who can afford a country house. The favorite locality for suburban residents is Wynberg, forty minutes by railway, a place of delightful climate and charming outlook.

Edouard Foa's book tells the story of sport in the Zambesi country. M. Foa bagged in three years 704 animals, of which 319 were big game. Zambesi is a magnificent shooting country. The sportsman has a chance there at lions, antelopes, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, hyenas, elephants, leopards, elands, buffaloes and zebras, besides caiman, monkeys and bustards. Primitive methods are out of date in Africa at the present time. Even there they shoot in a very "end of the century" way, and some genius has devised an electric projector to illuminate the line of fire during night shooting.

## Worth the Admission.

Farmer Makestraw—I say, Mariah, we must all drive in to Squashtown next week. A feller named Professor Flyhigh is going up in a balloon, an' then he'll jump off, with nothin' but an umbrella to hold him.

Mrs. Makestraw—Is it a free exhibition? Farmer Makestraw—No, it will cost us twenty-five cents apiece; but if that umbrella ain't no stronger than most that's sold nowadays, we'll git the worth of our money."

## The Bicycle Girl.

She rode her wheel  
With active zeal,  
Although there were some rumors,  
That she was mad  
Because she had  
No creases in her bloomers.