

STORIES FROM THE DIARY OF A DOCTOR.

I glanced at the name—"Mr. Paul Marsden."

"Indeed," I said, "with some annoyance. You have come up to town doubtless on receipt of my telegram?"

"Precisely—my wife has a cold, or she would have accompanied me. We were sorry to hear of the boy's illness. I want to speak to you about him. Can you give me a few moments of your time?"

"Yes—come this way, please."

I ushered Mr. Marsden into my consulting-room. Little Noel hadn't yet come downstairs. Marsden had a bold manner and a certain swagger about him. His eyes were dark—he wore a sweeping moustache—his head was closely cropped. There was the unmistakable air of the bully in his manner. I saw at a glance that he meant to carry things with a high hand. I disliked the man intensely from the first.

"Now, look here, Dr. Halifax," he said, "I know everything—my wife has told me exactly what transpired between you and her. By the merest accident, she and I are both acquainted with the fact that her nephew and my cousin has been sent to England. My wife is willing to take care of the boy if the terms are satisfactory. She will give him a mother's care, and will devote herself to his health and to his training generally. She does this because I wish it, and because, to be quite honest with you, we both need the money. We should expect the boy's guardians to pay us a sum which could be discussed later on."

I interrupted.

"Money is not the consideration," I said. "I want a thoroughly comfortable home for the child, where his interests are certain to be made the first consideration."

"I understand you—that's your point of view. If we are well paid, it will be to our interest to keep the boy in health. I have never seen the child, and have naturally not a spark of affection for him. The late Sir Francis was my first cousin. Failing this child, the estates and title come to me. The boy's death, should it occur, would therefore be to my benefit. I state this fact quite frankly. The fact of my having done so ought to assure you of the integrity of my purpose. I feel it, under the circumstances, to be absolutely to my credit not to leave a stone unturned to keep the child's fragile life in existence. I understand, however, the sort of feeling which makes you hesitate to commit him to my care. Your telegram of yesterday I regarded as humbug—I felt sure that the reluctance which my wife perceived in your manner would be likely to increase, not diminish, as time went on. I took the liberty, therefore, of sending a cablegram myself to Lady Temple. I have her reply in my pocket."

As he spoke, Marsden unfolded a sheet of this paper. He put it into my hands. I read the following words:—

"Ask Dr. Halifax to deliver Noel to your care and Helen's without delay.—Emily Temple."

"You see," continued Marsden, "that I have come with authority. I shall be glad to take my wife's nephew back to Bournemouth this afternoon, if he is fit to travel."

I didn't speak for a moment.

"In the face of that cablegram you can't detain the boy," continued Marsden.

"If his mother really wishes him to go to you, I have not another word to say," I replied, after a pause. "I regret, however, that she did not know her own mind when she first sent the child to England. It is still, however, my duty to care for his health, and I must see that your house is in all respects the most suitable for him to live in."

"You can do as you please with regard to that," said Marsden. "I have no doubt you will not like the house, but if money is no object we can soon move into one more suitable."

He rose as he spoke and walked towards the window, putting his hands into his trousers pockets as he did so. The more I looked at the man, the more cordially did I dislike him. Could I have invented the smallest excuse, I would have kept Noel from his tender mercies at any risk. While I stood and thought, Marsden turned quickly and faced me. He pulled his watch out of his pocket.

"I am anxious to return to Bournemouth at once," he said. "If the child is well enough to travel, can you not bring him down to-day? I should like to have this matter settled as quickly as possible."

"I believe the child can travel to-day," I said. "Will you have the kindness to take a chair? I will go and give directions about his clothes being packed."

Shortly afterwards we were on our way to Waterloo Station. We caught our train, and in due time found ourselves at Bournemouth. Noel was nearly quite silent all the way down. I observed him without appearing to do so. His sensitive eyes, with their distended pupils, a sure sign of delicacy, often travelled to the hard, flippant face of Marsden. Marsden whistled, joked, and was as vulgarly disagreeable as man could be.

We reached Bournemouth, a cab was secured, and we drove straight to the Marsden's house. Mrs. Marsden came to the door to receive us. The moment I glanced at her, I was struck with the nervous expression of her face. She gave her husband a glance of almost terror, then with a forced smile turned to the boy, stretched out her arms, and clasped him to her heart. Her manner to the child was full of tender affection.

"What fools women are," said Marsden, roughly. "To see my wife, anyone would suppose that she was the mother of that little brat. Come along in, Dr. Halifax. I hope Mrs. Marsden's manner satisfies you. You can see for yourself into what a snug corner your flagging has dropped. Mrs. Marsden, when you've done hugging that boy, will you see about tea? Here, doctor, make yourself at home."

As he spoke he ushered me into a stuffy

little parlour with a smell of stale tobacco about it. Mrs. Marsden followed us into the room—she held Noel's hand in hers. "Can I see you alone for a few moments?" I said to her.

"Certainly," she answered. She led me into a small drawing-room, shutting the door carefully behind her.

"I see," she said, "the moment we were alone, that my husband has had his way. He went up to town determined to have it."

"I will be frank with you, Mrs. Marsden," I replied. "Your husband would not have had his way but for Lady Temple's cablegram. In the face of that I could not detain the boy. Until I hear to the contrary, however, the care of his health is still in my hands, and while this is the case, it is my duty to arrange matters so that he may have a chance of recovery."

"Is his life in danger?" inquired Mrs. Marsden.

"It is in no danger at present." "He looks sadly delicate." "He is delicate. He suffers from weakness of the heart and a general delicacy, probably due to his early years being spent in a tropical climate. At the present moment, however, the boy has no actual disease. He simply requires the greatest care. Can you give it to him?"

"I think so." "I believe you will do your best," I answered, gazing at her earnestly. "The child needs happiness—plenty of fresh air, and the most nourishing food. If his mind is satisfied and at rest, and if his body is kept from exposure, he will probably become quite strong in time. Are you prepared to undertake the care of the child, Mrs. Marsden? Remember that he will require the closest care and watching."

"He shall have the best that I can give him," she answered. "Before God, I promise to be true to the child—he shall want for nothing—I will be a mother to him."

"I believe you will be good to him," I said; "but please understand, I am not so certain about your husband. I don't suppose for a moment that he would do the boy a grave injury. If I seriously thought that, notwithstanding Lady Temple's cablegram, I would not leave him here; but without meaning to injure the child, he would probably be rough to him. In short, it is necessary that the little boy should be placed in your hands altogether."

"I will manage it, you needn't fear," she answered.

"Pink spots burnt on each of her cheeks—her hands trembled."

"Very well," I said, "I am willing to trust you. I will see the child's solicitors to-morrow. Terms can be made which will abundantly satisfy your husband's expectations. I will leave Noel with you until I have had time to write to Lady Temple and to receive a reply from her. If the boy improves in health, the arrangement can be permanent. The first thing necessary to be done on your part, however, is to leave this house. Please see an agent to-morrow, and select a house in a dry and sunny part of the pine wood."

"I will do so," replied Mrs. Marsden, "and now I think tea is ready. Will you come into the dining-room with me?"

I accompanied Mrs. Marsden into the shabby room where Marsden had first led me—the close smell again affected me disagreeably.

"May I ask you to open that window at the top?" I said to Marsden; "my patient must not be exposed to draughts, but it is necessary that he should have a certain amount of fresh air."

"What do you mean?" said my host, with a scowl.

"What I say, sir," I replied. "The boy must not have his meals in such a close room as this."

Marsden went up to one of the windows, opened it about an inch, and then took his seat at the table. Mrs. Marsden sat opposite the tea equipage; she had helped Noel to a cup of tea, and was just handing one to me, when the room door was opened and a cadaverous-looking young man of about one or two and twenty entered.

"Oh, is that you, Sharp?" said Marsden. "Dr. Halifax, let me introduce my young friend, Joseph Sharp. Sharp you have the privilege of making the acquaintance of a Harley Street doctor, of some reputation. Take a good look at him, my boy; if you are prudent and clever, you may follow in his footsteps some day. Sharp is studying medicine," continued Marsden, by way of explanation to me—"he looks like one of the fraternity, doesn't he? Sharp has just the right hand for an operator—so I always say. He prefers medicine, but I tell him he's lost to surgery."

While Marsden was speaking, Sharp wiped the perspiration from his face—his appearance was by no means prepossessing. He sat down near me, and once or twice raised his eyes to glance inquisitively at Noel. Noel was studying him with the frank stare of a child.

"Are you preparing yourself for the medical profession here?" I asked, after a pause.

"Yes," he replied, "I am filling in my vacation by studying materia medica and dispensing at Dr. Biggs's—I work there all day."

"And sleep here," interrupted Marsden. "Sharp is a good fellow, Dr. Halifax. I often say he has the making of a fortune in him if he only knows how to apply himself. By the way, in case that boy is ill, I suppose you will like Biggs to see him?—we can't telegraph for you whenever he has a cold in his head or anything of that sort."

"I will arrange that," I answered.

"My friend, Dr. Hart, will look after the child—I am going to see him before I return to town. I am afraid I must now say 'Good-bye.'"

I rose as he spoke; at the same moment little Noel sprang to his feet and ran to my side.

"I want to go back to town with you," he said; "I don't wish to stay here."

"Come, my little man, no folly of that sort," said Marsden roughly. He stepped forward and laid his hand on the child's shoulder.

"Leave him to me," I said. "Come, Noel, I will speak to you in the drawing-room."

I took the child's hand and led him out of the room.

"You must be a brave boy," I said, stealing my heart against his tearful face. "Your mother wishes you to stay here for a little, and your aunt has promised to be

very kind to you. I'll come and see you this day fortnight. Now you know, you are not going to cry—manly boys don't cry."

"No, I won't cry," said Noel. He made a valiant effort to swallow a lump in his throat. "I'll stay if you wish me to," he added, "but you'll promise faithfully to be back in a fortnight?"

"You have my promise," I replied. "Thank you," said Noel; "I trust you—you are a perfect gentleman—gentlemen can always be trusted."

He put his hand into mine and we returned to the parlour. I was shaking hands with Mrs. Marsden, when I was attracted by an unusual sound. I looked around me, thinking that a bird had come into the room. To my astonishment, I noticed that Sharp was imitating the dulcet strains of the nightingale with wonderful accuracy. After producing some exquisite notes, he stopped abruptly, and beckoned Noel to his side.

"Are you fond of music?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Noel.

"Would you like to whistle like that?" "Yes—oh, yes."

"Let me look at your throat—if you have the right sort of throat, I can teach you to imitate any bird that ever sang."

The boy opened his mouth eagerly—his sorrows were completely forgotten—he didn't even notice when I left the room.

At the end of ten days, I had a letter from Mrs. Marsden. She had not only found a house, but had moved into it—Noel was well and happy, and was looking forward with interest to my visit.

I kept my word, and the following Sunday arrived again at Bournemouth. Mrs. Marsden had given me the new address, and I soon found the house. She received me in the hall.

I scarcely knew her for the same woman who I had interviewed me a fortnight ago. Her face was brighter and the anxiety had left her manner. She was neatly and properly dressed, and looked like what she was, the mistress of a charming and well-appointed house.

"You will like to see Noel," she said; "he is in the garden with Joe, as we always call Mr. Sharp. He is devoted to Joe, and will never stay with anyone else when he is in the house. Oh, there they both are. How delighted Noel will be to see you again."

Mrs. Marsden opened the French windows of the pretty drawing-room as she spoke, and called the boy's name.

"Here is Dr. Halifax, Noel," she cried. "Hallo! I'm coming," answered little Noel, in his clear tones; "you must come, too, Joe—yes, I insist." Then he called out again, "Tell Dr. Halifax that I'll be with him in a minute with Joe, Aunt Helen; now then Joe, come on."

The two approached the window together. They made a strong contrast. The boy looked lovely and blooming—there was colour in his cheeks, animation and hope in his eyes. Sharp's cadaverous face, his underlined, undeveloped person, his large mouth and small eyes with their red lids, gave him altogether a repulsive tot ensemble. Nevertheless, the child adored him. By what possible means had he won the boy's heart? Even when Noel sprang to my side, he glanced back at Sharp.

"I am so glad to see you, Dr. Halifax," he said. "Oh, I'm as well as I can possibly be—you ask Joe about me. Joe is clever; he's teaching me all sorts of things—I've got some carpenter's tools, and I'm making a ship. Joe knows the names of all the different sails. Then he's teaching me to imitate the birds—he says my throat is the right sort. I can do the robin and the thrush and the blackbird now, and next week I shall have a try for the lark's notes. You stay quiet, Dr. Halifax, and listen. Now, what bird am I imitating?"

He stepped back, screwed up his little mouth, and whistled some beautiful notes. I made a correct guess.

"That's the sweetest thrush's song I've heard all the year," he said.

He clapped his hands with delight.

At dinner I observed that Marsden's place was empty. I inquired for him.

"When I did so, Mrs. Marsden's cheeks became suffused with pink."

"I meant to tell you," she answered. "My husband has left us for a time."

"Left you?" I asked. "Where has he gone to?"

"To America—sudden business has called him to South America—he will in all probability be absent for the winter."

I guessed now why Mrs. Marsden's manner had so altered altered for the better. Marsden was away—she could do exactly as she pleased, therefore, about the boy. The boy was of course perfectly safe with her, and I might, therefore, cast all anxiety with regard to him from my mind.

Shortly afterwards I took my leave. There was no necessity for me to see little Noel again for some time, and when I received a sudden telegram about him, he had to a certain extent passed into the back part of my memory.

The telegram was from my friend, Dr. Hart, in whose medical care I had placed the boy. It contained the following words: "Sir Noel Temple ill—heart attack—wish to consult you."

I wired back to say that I would go to Bournemouth by the evening train; I did so, and reached Dr. Hart's house about ten o'clock.

"I'm heartily glad that you are able to come, Halifax," he said, as he led me into his smoking-room. "I have just come from the child—I don't like his condition."

"When I heard about him last, he was in perfect health," I replied.

"That is the case—he remained well until last Monday—I was suddenly sent for then and found him in a state almost approaching syncope. I gave him the usual medicines and he quickly revived. Since then, however, his condition has been the reverse of satisfactory, and he was so weak to-day, and the medicine had so completely failed to produce the expected results, that I thought it best for you to see him."

"I am glad you sent for me," I replied. "The child has from time to time suffered from functional derangement of the heart. He had a nasty attack just before he was taken to Bournemouth, but on examination I could not trace the slightest organic disease."

"I have only examined the heart carefully," replied Hart, "and cannot trace any cardiac disorder. The state of the little patient, however, puzzles me considerably—there is nothing to account for the complete depression of the whole system."

"Well," I replied, "I will go with you at once to see the child."

It was nearly eleven o'clock when we arrived at the Marsden's house. Mrs. Marsden was up; she was evidently expecting us. When we rang the hall-door bell, she opened the door herself.

"Come in," she said. "Oh, Dr. Halifax, I'm so glad you are here. I think Noel is a shade better. The boy has spoken about you several times to-day—he has repeatedly said that he wanted to see you. He suffers greatly from restlessness and low spirits—that is, when Joe is not in the room with him. He is more attached to Joe than ever, but of course he can't be with him during the day, as Dr. Biggs requires all his time. Joe is with the child now—he sleeps in his room—they are quite cheerful together—I even heard Noel laugh as I came downstairs."

Mrs. Marsden's face looked much worn, and her eyes were red as if she had been crying. No one could doubt the genuineness of her trouble about the child. She hurried us into one of the sitting-rooms, and said she would go upstairs to prepare little Noel for our visit.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ELECTRIC LIGHTING.

Cost of Gas and Electric Lighting For Railway Trains.

Much progress is being made in Europe in the electric lighting of railway cars. In Germany many of the cars have for a long time been fitted with gas, which is regarded with distrust, as the disastrous effects of a railway collision have frequently been heightened by the breaking out of fire caused by its escape and ignition. The weight of the electric lighting apparatus is much less than that of the gas apparatus of equal efficiency; the cost of electricity, moreover, compares favourably with that of gas. Dr. Buttner, a German railway expert, puts the cost of a gas plant for 170 cars at \$2,500; whereas an electric charging station of the same capacity can be installed for \$6,250, just half the amount. In this country travelers already recognize that much of their comfort depend on a good artificial light in the railway car, and railway companies will soon be driven to providing better lighting facilities. As the means of illumination adopted is in a majority of cases almost certain to be electricity, some figures which have just been compiled on the subject of train electric lighting in England are instructive. On the London, Brighton, and South Coast railway the trains cost about \$2,000 each to equip with the electric light, and the working cost for maintenance and renewals for the twelve months ending Dec. 31, 1894, was \$270 per train. There are now in use 36 suburban block trains of 10 to 12 cars each and four main line fast trains equipped with this system, or a total of 410 cars. Experience proves that these trains are more serviceable than gas lighted trains, being always ready to run and to run continuously. They do not need haulage to charging stations or to be left at any particular depot. The company estimates that it gets about 15 per cent. more work out of them than from gas-lighted trains, so that, taking the cost of building an English ten-car train at \$15,000, there would be a saving of about \$225,000 in the construction of about 100 trains—i.e., 85 electrically-lighted trains would do the work of 100 gas-lighted trains. The cost of upkeep decreases considerably with the number of trains fitted.

A CHRISTIAN OUTRAGE.

How Much Better are we Than the Chinese Whom we Abhor?

Sam Lung, a Chinese laundryman near New York city, has two sons who were born in San Francisco, but are now living with their father. Last Monday, says the Boston Herald, Lung, who had got his boys admitted as pupils in a public school, took them there and they were put in a class in the primary department. Before the class was dismissed at noon threats of violence were made against them. Neither was molested on his way home, but when they returned to their classroom shortly before one o'clock more violent threats were made by other boys, and they appealed to the teacher for protection. In the afternoon these Chinese lads were beset by other boys, pumelled in the head and also stoned. Policemen were obliged to disperse the crowd and place the boys in the hall of a house until further assistance arrived. And the newspapers of this free land are crying out at the Chinese for their outrages upon foreign missionaries! What is the difference, pray, between our boasted civilization, our watchword of fraternity and equality, and the savage reasoning of the children of Confucius? In the name of Christianity, one of the oldest religions of the world is being overthrown, and the rights which every man, every nation inherits from the soil on which they stand, are invaded by a people abhorrent to the millions professing it. Atrocities have been lately committed in China that have roused England and shocked Americans with the deep love of progress in their hearts. They can look at the massacre of these missionaries from only one point of view. They are unable to take into consideration the brutal fanaticism that possessed those slayers of these innocent people. They see only cruel "heathen" besetting kindly disposed Christians and slaying them like sheep. But how about the children at Greenpoint, N. Y.?

What sort of intolerance and savagery was it that possessed them while punching and stoning two American-born Chinese boys because their father claimed the right of a tax-paying citizen and sent them to a public school? If the Chinese minister at Washington has a grain of humor, not to mention justice, in his composition he will ask the same question in a more diplomatic fashion, perhaps, though not with more reason.

A Poor Plan.

He—You never seem to care a straw whether I am comfortable or not. You are not the sort of a wife your sister was to her husband. As long as he lived she was perfectly devoted to him and never tired of seeking his happiness.

She—Yes; and what was the result? He got to loving her so much that he made a provision in his will that she should never marry again.

FALL FUN.

Jones—"How's Wheeler getting along since he bought a bicycle?" Brown—"On crutches, I believe."

Blubb—"Did you spend a pleasant vacation?" Slobb—"No my wife attends to all the spending."

Stranger—"I would like to see your bill collector a moment?" Editor—"Certainly! John, hand the gentleman that shotgun."

Jazlin—"Whose make is your watch?" Brazlin—"The fellow who sold it to me. I guess. He made about \$20 on the transaction."

No, Maude, dear, the tailor would scarcely make a good matrimonial agent, although he does press other people's suits for them.

"I am moving to-day because I could not pay the rent!" "That's first rate, I am moving for the same reason; let's change quarters!"

Miss Planephace (exhibiting her photograph)—"Everybody says it does not do me justice." Miss Pert—"Evidently the artist is a man of tact."

"What do you think of your engagement ring?" "You dear, sweet old boy, it's the handsomest I ever had—I mean I like it ever so much."

"They must be having electrical storms at home," said Mrs. Harley, reading a letter from her sister. "Jane says they are having shocking weather."

Mrs. Brown—"You really must join our sewing circle." Mrs. Jones—"My dear, I haven't the time to spare. I have to do so much mending for the children."

The bashful one—They say that there are bacilli on a woman's lips. I wonder what they are like?" She (encouragingly)—"Why don't you try and find out?"

They set out on a bicycle built for two, Alas, ere the year was done, We found them—'tis very sad, but true— On a salary built for one.

Customer—"A loaf of bread, please." Baker—"Five-cent loaf or ten-cent loaf?" Customer (precisely)—"I will take one of the loaves that you sell for five cents."

Yeast—"I never saw such a man as Jumpy. He seems to get a new trunk every month." Crimsoubak—"Yes; he changes his boarding place every thirty days."

Boatman—"No, mister, I can't let you have a boat now; there's a heavy swell just coming along."irate "Arry—"Swell be banged! Ain't my money as good as his?"

The Complaining Boarder—"This meat is about the toughest that I ever came across." The Philosophic Boarder—"Yes; but then there is not very much of it, you know."

A maiden writes: "Can you tell me how to change the color of my hair, which all the young men tell me is red?" Certainly we can. Get rich; they will then call it golden or Auburn."

"If I were only pretty," she sighed. "You can easily become so," said her best friend. "How?" "Disappear mysteriously. I never read of a girl who disappeared mysteriously who was not pretty."

Angry pedestrian (picking himself up)—"The next infernal scoundrel—O, I see! It was a man on horseback. Never mind, sir. It didn't hurt me. I thought it was one of those darned bicyclers."

Hortense—"I suppose there is always some thing in life to spoil a man's happiness." Van Jay—"Yes; if a man is poor he can't be happy, and if he is rich the chances are he will get married."

Miss Dashi—"I thought you told me you could swim!" Caddie Fopley—"I—I can, I assure you, in some places, but the water is so deucedly thin here, don't you know, that it won't hold me up."

"What makes you look so worn and weary, As if you were quite tired of life?" "Alas!" he sighed, in accents dreary, "I've just been shopping with my wife."

He—"I don't think there is anything much finer than to have a beautiful yacht." She—"I'm surprised at you. Haven't you considered a beautiful wife?" He—"Oh, yes; but I mean on the ground of economy."

Edwards—"Brown's system reduces horse racing to an exact science." Richards—"Does it?" Edwards—"Yes. In order to tell how much money a man will lose it is only necessary to know how much he has."

"No," said the very advanced woman, "I shall not wear bloomers any more."

"Why not?" "The pockets are so easy to find that my husband has gotten into the habit of going through them when I am asleep."

"I love you passionately, Maude—be mine." "I cannot, Gerald. I always said I would marry a brunette, and you are a pronounced blonde." "That will enable me to prove what I have so often told you. I will dye for your sake."

"You say the trout weighed 10 pounds?" "Yes, sir; it was the biggest trout I ever saw." "And it got away from you?" "Yes." "Will you make an oath to that?" "I'll take no more oaths; I swore enough about it when he got away."

Stout man (whose appetite has been the envy of his fellow-boarder)—"I declare, I have three buttons off my vest." Mistress of the house (who has been aching to give him a hint)—"You will probably find them in the dining-room, sir."

"Wonder why Jones moved away from here. He was doing a good business, wasn't he?" "Oh, yes—there were other troubles. You know how fond he was of telling stories?" "Yes, I guess I do." "Well, he's been forced to take these stories to a new country."

"Why," asked Dismal Dawson, leaning over the fence, "why do you keep on diggin' when the boss ain't around?" "Because I really like the job," said the new farm hand. "Got a real likin' for work?" "Sure." "You'd orter take treatment."

Old Mercator (to little Billy Ducks, just left school, who applies for situation as office boy, and produces testimonial from clergyman)—"We don't want you on Sundays, my good little boy. Have you a reference from any one who knows you on week days?"

The Reason Therefor.

Why do you think Mrs. Poits doesn't love her husband? She is so polite to him.