STORIES FROM THE DIARY OF A DOCTOR.

LITTLE SIR NOEL.

"You will do more than that, you will go to Hartmoor—yes, I am sure you will. Don't call this mission outside your province. You are a doctor. Your object in life is to relieve illness—to soothe and mitigate distress. I am ill, mentally, and this is the only medicine which can alleviate my sufferings."

"If possible, I will accede to your request," I said. "I'm afraid I cannot speak more certainly at present."

"Thank you; thank you. I know that you will make the thing possible."

"I can at least visit the Governor, Captain Standish; but remember, even if I do this, I may fail utterly in my object. I must not write to you on the subject—just rest assured that I will do my utmost for you."

She gave me her hand, turned aside her head to hide her tears, and hurried from the room. I thought a good deal about her sad story, and although I was doubtful of being able to communicate her message to Bayard, I resolved to visit Hartmoor, and trust to Providence to give me the opportunity I sought.

Some anxious cases, however, kept me in town for nearly ten days, and it was not until a certain Saturday less than a week before the day appointed for the wedding that I was able to leave London. I went to Plymouth by the night mail, and arrived at the great, gloomy-looking prison about eleven o'clock on the following morning. I received a warm welcome from the Governor and his charming wife. He had breakfast ready for me on my arrival, and when the meal was over told me that he would take me round the prison, show me the gangs of men at their various works of stone-quarrying, turf cutting, trenching, etc., and, in short, give me all information about the prisoners which lay in his power.

He was as good as his word, and took me first through the prison, and afterwards to see the gang of men at work. I was much interested in all I saw, but had not yet an opportunity of saying a special word about Bayard. After dinner that evening Captain Standish suddenly asked me the object of my visit.

"Well," he said, "has your day satisfied you?"

"I have been much interested," I replied.

"Yes, yes, but you must have had some special object in taking this journey—a busy man like you will not come so far from town, particularly at this time of the year, without a motive—even granted," he added, with a smile, "that we are old friends."

I looked fixedly at him for a moment, then I spoke.

"I have come here for a special object," I said.

"Ah, I thought as much. Do you feel inclined to confide in me?"

"I certainly must confide in you. I have come to Hartmoor to see a man of the name of Bayard—Edward Bayard; he was sentenced to five years' penal servitude about a year ago—I was present at the trial—I have brought him a message—I want, if possible, to deliver it."

While I was speaking, Captain Standish's face wore an extraordinary expression.

"You want to see Bayard?" he repeated.

"Yes."

"And you have brought him a message which you think you can deliver?"

"Yes. Is that an impossibility?"

"I fear it is."

He remained silent for a minute, thinking deeply—then he spoke.

"One of the strictest of prison rules is, that prisoners are not allowed to be pointed out to visitors for identification. It is true that at stated times the convicts are allowed to see their own relations or intimate friends, always, of course, in the presence of a warder. Bayard has not had anyone to see him since his arrival. Are you personally acquainted with him?"

"I never spoke to him in my life."

"Then how can you expect——?"

I broke in abruptly.

"The message I am charged with is in a certain sense one of life or death," I said; "it affects the reason, perhaps the life, of an innocent person. Is there no possibility of your rule being stretched in my favour?

"None whatever in the ordinary sense, but what do you say"—here Captain Standish sprang to his feet—"what do you say to seeing Bayard in your capacity as physician?"

"What do you mean?"

"Simply this. I should be glad if you would see him in consultation with our prison doctor. I know Bruce would be thankful to have your views of his case."

"Then he is ill?" I said.

"Yes, he is ill—at the present moment the prisoner whom you have come to see is in a state of complete catalepsy—stay, I will send for Bruce and ask him to tell you about him."

Captain Standish rose and rang the bell. When the servant appeared he asked him to take a message to Dr. Bruce, begging him to call at the Governor's house immediately.

"While we were waiting for Bruce," said Standish, "I will tell you one or two things about Baynard. By the way, we call him Number Sixty here. He came to us from Pentonville with a good character, which he has certainly maintained during the few months of his residence at Hartmoor. He is an intelligent man, and a glance is sufficient to show the class of society from which he has sprung. You know we have a system of marks here, and prisoners are able to shorten their sentences by the number of marks they can earn for good conduct. Bayard has had his full complement from the first—he has obeyed all the rules, and been perfectly civil and ready to oblige.

"It so happened that three months ago a circumstance occurred which placed the prisoner in as comfortable a position as can be accorded to any convict. One morning there was a row in one of the yards—a convict attacked a warder in a most unmerciful manner—he would have killed him if Sixty had not interfered. Bayard is a slightly built fellow, and no one would give him credit for much muscular strength. The doctor placed him in the tailoring establishment when he came, declaring him unfit to join the gangs for quarrying and for outside work. Well, when the scuffle occurred, about which I am telling you, Sixty sprang upon the madman, and, in short, at personal risk, saved Simkin's life. The infuriated convict, however, did not let Bayard off scot-free; he gave him such a violent blow in the ribs that one was broken—it slightly pierced the lung, and, in short, he had to go to the hospital, where he remained for nearly a fortnight. At the end of that time he was apparently well again, and we hoped that no ill-consequences would arise from his heroic conduct. After a consultation with Bruce, I took him from the tailoring and gave him book-keeping and the lightest and most intelligent employment the place can afford. He has a perfect genius for wood-carving, and only this morning was employed in my house, directing some carpenters in putting together a very intricate cabinet. He is, I consider, an exceptional man in every way."

"But what about these special seizures?" I asked.

"I am coming to them. Ah, here is Bruce. Bruce will put the facts before you from a medical point of view. Bruce, let me introduce my friend, Dr. Halifax. We have just been talking about your patient, Number Sixty. What do you say to consulting Halifax about him?"

"I shall be delighted," answered Bruce.

"I think I understood you to say, Standish, that Bayard is ill now?" I asked.

"That is so. Pray describe the case, Bruce."

"Your visit is most opportune," said Dr. Bruce. "Sixty had a bad attack this morning. He was employed in this very house directing some carpenters, when he fell in a state of unconsciousness to the floor. He was moved at once into a room adjoining the workshop—he is there now."

"What are his general symptoms?" I asked.

"Complete insensibility—in short, catalepsy in its worst form. His attacks began after the slight inflammation of the lungs which followed his injury. Captain Standish has probably told you about that."

"I have," said Standish.

"He may have received a greater shock than we had any idea of at the time of the accident," continued Dr. Bruce, "otherwise, I can't in the least account for the fact of catalepsy following an injury to the lungs. The man was in perfect health before this illness, since then he has had attacks of catalepsy once and sometimes twice in one week. As a rule, he recovers consciousness after a few hours; but to-day his insensibility is more marked than usual."

"You don't think it by any possibility a case of malingering?" I inquired. "One does hear of such things in connection with prisoners."

The prisoner doctor shook his head.

"No," he said, "the malady is all too real. I have tested the man in every possible way. I have used the electric battery, and have even run needles into him. In short, I am persuaded there is no imposture. At the present moment he looks like death; but come, you shall judge for yourself."

As Dr. Bruce spoke, he led the way to the door; Captain Standish and I accompanied him. We walked down a stone passage, entered a large workshop with high guarded windows, and passed on to a small room beyond. The one window in this room was also high, and protected with thick bars. On a trundle bed in the centre lay the prisoner.

For a moment I scarcely recognized the man. When I had last seen Bayard, he had been in ordinary gentleman's dress; he was now in the hideous garb of the prison—his hair was cut within a quarter of an inch of his head—his face was thin and worn, it looked old, years older than the face I had last seen above the dock of the Old Bailey. There were deep hollows, as if of intense mental suffering, under the eyes—the lips were firmly shut, and resembled a straight line. The bulldog obstinacy of the chin, which I had noticed in the court of the Old Bailey, was now more discernible than ever.

"If ever a man could malinger, this man could," I muttered to myself; "he has both the necessary courage and obstinacy. But what could be his motive?"

I bent down and carefully examined the patient. He was lying flat on his back. His skin was cold—there was not a vestige of colour about the face or lips. Taking the wrist between my fingers and thumb, I felt for the pulse, which was very slow and barely perceptible—the man's whole frame felt like ice—there was a slight rigidity about the limbs.

"This is a queer case," I said, aloud.

"It is real," interrupted Bruce; "the man is absolutely unconscious."

When he spoke, I suddenly lifted one of the patient's eyelids, and looked into the eye—the pupil was contracted—the eye was glazed and apparently unconscious. I looked fixedly into it for the space of several seconds—not by the faintest flicker did it show the least approach to sensibility. I pressed my finger on the corneael there was not a flinch. I dropped thid—again. After some further careful examination, I stood up.

"This catalepsy certainly seems real," I said—"the man is, to all appearance, absolutely unconscious. I am sorry, as I hoped to have persuaded you, Captain Standish, to allow me to have an interview with him. I came to Hartmoor to-day for that express purpose. I have been intrusted with a message of grave importance from someone he used to know well in the outer world—I should have liked to have given him the message—but in his present state this is, of course, impossible."

What treatment do you propose?" asked Bruce, who showed some impatience at my carefully worded speech.

"I will talk to you about that outside," I answered—I was watching the patient intently all the time I was speaking.

Standish and Bruce turned to leave the room, and I went with them. When I reached the door, however, I glanced sud, denly back at the sick man. Was it fancy—or had he looked at me for a brief second? I certainly detected the faintest quiver about the eyelids. Instantly the truth flashed through my brain—Bayard was a malingerer. He had feigned catalepsy so cleverly that he had even imposed upon the far-seeing prison doctor. He would have imposed upon me, but for that lightning quiver of the deathlike face. I had spoken on purpose about that message from the outside world. Mine was truly an arrow shot at a venture, but the arrow had gone home. When I left the room, I knew the man's secret. I resolved, however, not to reveal it.

Bruce consulted me over the case. I gave some brief suggestions, and advised the prison doctor not to leave the man alone, but to see that a warder sat up with him during the night. Standish and I then returned to the drawing room. We spent a pleasant evening together, and it was past one o'clock when we both retired to rest. As we were going to our rooms, a sudden idea flashed through my mind.

"Have you any objection," I said, turning suddenly to Standish, "to my seeing Number Sixty again?'

"Of course not, Halifax; it is good of you to be so interested in the poor chap. I will ask Bruce to take you to his room tomorrow morning."

"I want to see him now," I said.

"Now?"

"Yes, now, if you will allow me."

"Certainly, if you really wish it—I don't suppose there is the least change, however, and the man is receiving every care—a warder is sitting up with him."

"I should like to see him now," I repeated.

"All right," answered Standish.

We turned and went downstairs; we entered the cold stone passage, passed through the workshop, and paused at the door of the little room where the sick man was lying. Standish opened the door, holding a candle in his hand as he did so. We both looked towards the bed; for a moment we could see nothing, for the candle threw a deep shadow, then the condition of things became clear. The warder, who had charge of Bayard, lay in an unconscious heap on the floor—the prisoner himself had vanished.

"Good God! The man was malingering after all, and has escaped," cried the Governor.

I bent down over the warder; he had been deprived of his outer garments, and lay in his shirt on the floor. I turned him on his back, examined his head, and asked Standish to fetch some brandy; a moment or two later the man revived.

He opened his eyes and looked at me in a dazed way.

"Where am I?" he said. "What, in the name of wonder, has happened? Oh, now I remember—that scoundrel—let me get up, there is not a moment to lose."

"You must not stir for a minute or two," I said. "You have had a bad blow, and must lie still. You are coming to yourself very fast, however. Stay quiet for a moment and then you can tell your story."

"Meanwhile, I will goand give the alarm," said Standish, who had been watching us anxiously.

He left the room. The warder had evidently been only badly stunned—he was soon almost himself again.

"I remember everything now, sir," he said. "I beg your pardon, sir, I don't know your face."

"I am a friend of the Governor," I answered, "a doctor from London. Now tell your story, and be quick about it."

"We all had a good word for Sixty," replied the man; "'e was a bit of a favourite, even though 'e wor a convict. To-night he laid like one dead, and I thought, poor chap, 'e might never survive this yere attack; all of a sudden I seed his eyes wide open and fixed on me.

"'Simpkins,' he says, 'don't speak—you are a dead man if you speak, Simpkins, and I saved your life once.'

"'True for you, Sixty,' I answered him.

"'Well,' he says, 'it's your turn now to save mine. You 'and me over your hat, and jacket, and trousers,' says 'e. Be, quick about it. if you say "no," I'll stun you—I can—I've hid a weapon under the mattress.'

"'Oh, don't you go and break prison, Sixty,' I answered; 'you'll get a heap added to your sentence if you do that.'

"'I must,' he said, his eyes wild-like. 'I saw it in the papers, and I must go—there is one I must save, Simpkins, from a fate worse than death. Now is it "yes" or "no"?'

"'It's "no,"' I answered, as I makes for him.

"I'd scarcely said the words," continued the man, "before he was on me—he leapt out of bed, and caught me by the throat. I remember a blow and his eyes looking wild—and then I was unconscious. The next thing I knew was you pouring brandy down my throat, sir."

"You are better now," I replied; "you had better go at once, and tell your story to the authorities."

The man left the room, and I hastened to find Standish. There was hurry and confusion and a general alarm. There was not the least doubt that Bayard had walked calmly out of Hartmoor prison in Warder Simpkin's clothes. One of the porters testified to this effect. A general alarm was given, and telegrams immediately sent to the different railway and police stations. Standish said that the man would assuredly be brought back the following morning. Even if by any chance he managed to get as far as London, he would, in his peculiar clothes, be arrested there immediately.

I remained at Hartmoor for a good part of the following day, but Standish's expectations were not realized. Although telegrams were sent to the different police-stations, there was no news with regard to Edward Bayard. It was presently ascertained that Simpkins had money in the pocket of his jacket—he had just received his week's wages, and had altogether about £3 on his person. When this fact became known the success of the escape was considered probable. As there was nothing more for me to do, I returned to London on the evening of the following day, and reached my own house in time for breakfast.

I was anxious to see Lady Kathleen, but was puzzled to know how I could communicate with her. My doubts on this point, however, were set to rest in a very unexpected manner. When I returned home after seeing my patients that afternoon, Harris surprised me with the information that Miss Levesen was waiting to see me. I went to her at once. She came forward to greet me with a look of excitement on her face.

"You remember your patient, Lady Kathleen Church?" she asked.

"Perfectly," I replied. "I hope she is better."

"Far from that, she is worse—I consider her very ill. Her wedding is to take place in a few days, but unless something is done to relieve her terrible tension of mind, we are more likely to have a funeral than a wedding on that day."

"What are her special symptoms at present?" I asked.

"She has been going from bad to worse since you saw her, Dr. Halifax. This morning she went out by herself for a short time, and returned in a very strange state of excitement. Her own impression was that she was losing her senses. She begged and implored that I would send for you. And I resolved to come to fetch you myself. Can you come to see her?"

"Certainly," I replied; "at what hour?"

"Now, if you will; there is no time to be lost. Will you return with me? Your patient is very ill and ought to have attention without a moment's delay."

"My carriage is at the door: shall we go back to your house in it?" I asked.

"Certainly," replied Miss Levesen.

She rose from her chair at once—she was evidently impatient to be off. As we were driving to Piccadilly, she turned and spoke to me.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE CZAR'S CORONATION.

Next Spring's Ceremonies Will Cost Over $5,000,000.

The imperial coronation shortly to take place in Moscow will doubtless be one of the grandest State displays ever witnessed in Europe. Russian coronations are not numerous; an occasion of this kind comes but once in a lifetime, and the policy of the Russian imperial family has always been to dazzle the eyes of their subjects by magnificent court dramas, in which the Czar is really a czar. To this end Russian coronations have been made as splendid as the resources of the empire could permit. The coronation of the Emperor who has just passed away cost over $4,000,000; that of his predecessor considerably over $5,000,000; but in each case a show was provided for the people of Russia that was vividly remembered until supplanted in the popular mind by the splendors of the next. The coronation is regarded as much more than the simple act of placing a bauble on the head of the first man in the State; it is a series of gorgeous ceremonials, and the people of every nation that forms a part of the greatest empire on the earth are required, through their representatives, to assist, while the spectacle is made still more brilliant by the presence of the Embassadors of every Power on the globe, and of large numbers of princes of the reigning houses, for royalty always assembles on these occasions to congratulate the newly crowned monarch.

THE PREPARATIONS

for a Russian coronation are very elaborate, and comprise, among other things, the laying up of great stores of provisions in Moscow, for the houses of that venerable city are compelled, on coranation occasions, to entertain from 500,000 to 600,000 strangers who journey to witness the ceremonies. Every province in the empire sends a deputation; every tribe, in the far-away districts of Siberia, on the steppes of Central Asia, from the Khivans to the Esquimaux along the shores of Behring Strait, sends one or more representatives to present the homage of the tribe to the great White Czar. Poles Finlanders, Laplanders, Cossacks, Russians of a dozen names, Circassians, Georgians, Bashkirs, Turks—for the Russian Empire contains millions of Mohammedans, Tcherkesses, Abassians, Calmucks, Tartars, Karapapaks, Daghistanis, Armenians, Kurds, Chinese from the district conquered by Russia from China, Mongols, deputies from dozens of wandering nations in the heart of Asia; for over fifty languages and double that number of dialects are spoken in the Russian dominions, and the people of every language must present their homage to the Czar in their own tongue. The imperial coronations always take place in the Cathedral of the Assumption, one of the many in the Kremlin.

HORRIBLE LYNCHING.

The Mob Crushed the Victim's Joints and Filled His Body With Lead.

The lynching of Neal Smith, the colored convict, near Chattanooga, Tenn., was even more horrible than first reported. Smith was taken from the stockade used for confining prisoners by a mob of not less than 200 men. The Sheriff and Jailer Ed Cox, with several men, were on guard, but the men refused to listen to reason and threatened to tear down the stockade and burn it unless Smith was delivered. The prisoner was turned over to the crowd, who led him to a point near where the assault was commit. He confessed his guilt, and was then treated to torture unparalleled in history.

After being mutilated in a fearful manner by the father of the girl Smith assaulted, W. M. Henderson, who subsequently cut off the negro's ears, he was seized and held while one of the crowd pounded his fingers joint by joint, one finger at a time, until the hand was a shapeless mass of bloody jelly. This was because in the struggle to subdue Miss Henderson he had bitten off one of her fingers. The men then took turns shooting at him until when he died he must have had four or five pounds of lead in him. He was literally shot to pieces, and the bloody pulp, which only an hour before had been Neal Smith, was thrown into a heartily prepared pile of brushwood and burned until not a scrap of bone remained.

How Long Will You Live?

The probable duration of a man's life may be known if the ages at death of his parents and grandparents are known. If these be added together and then divided by six the quotient will be his approximate term of life. If the quotient exceeds sixty one year may be added for every five; if it falls below sixty one year should be subtracted for every five. The presumption in this proportion is that with good fortune a man may equal, but he may not hope to excel, the average of his parents' and grandparents' lives.

MISSION AMONG SAVAGES.

DR. MACKAY'S STRANGE LIFE AS MISSIONARY TO FORMOSA.

His Native Wife and Her Children—Landed, a Stranger and Alone, to Preach the Gospel and Now a Power in the Country.

On the 14th of October there sailed from Vancouver one of the strangest and most remarkable white men who ever set foot on Chinese soil. It is the Rev. J. L. Mackay, for twenty-three years a Christian missionary to the wildest heathens on earth. The clergyman was accompanied by his wife, a native Formosan, and by their three children, Master George William and Misses Bella Katie and Mary Helen. He came back to civilization for the sole purpose of seeing his native Canada once more. Needless to say that his arrival in the Dominion with his native wife and the three beautiful children proved a sensation in religious circles. In far Formosa, the return of Dr. Mackay is eagerly awaited by the whole population of that Chinese island. An elaborate public reception is to be accorded him there, and every Formosan dignitary is to take part in what is practically a recognition that the island is now a Christian State as a result of the generation of labor of one man.

THE ADVENTURES

of this missionary it is superfluous to say have been more extravagant than those of Robinson Crusoe and Gil Blas put together. When he arrived in the land he was the only white man within miles and miles. He was ignorant of the language. The Chinese hated all Christians. Plots to murder him were as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa. He began his work in 1872, a stranger in the land. To-day there are in his mission, scattered throughout North Formosa, sixty churches, four of them self-supporting; a living baptised membership of 2717; a communion roll of 1805; and each one of the sixty churches is ministered to by a trained native preacher. At Tamson he has established Oxford College with fifteen students in training for the ministry.

"My work began at Tam-sin," said the missionary, speaking of his first days in Formosa. "I was alone, without an interpreter, and among those who hated and despised the 'barbarian.' What I had already picked up of the Chinese language I must now utilize or submit to being imposed upon. After four days I succeeded in renting a Chinese house that was intended to be used for a horse stable by military mandarins. For this building I agreed to pay $15 a month. It was a filthy place. The British Consul lent me a chair and a bed. A Chinese gave me an old pewter lamp."

Thus the beginning. The home to which the Doctor is now returning is that of a gentleman, and his neighbors are gentlemen, too, even if they be Formosans. The island is really as civilized as Japan, and we need feel no surprise, therefore, at the recent attempt to declare it an independent republic. The missionary has botany classes formed of natives. Alpine clubs, likewise made up of Formosans, and scientific societies of the same membership. He is even a Colonel, in what may be termed a Formosan militia, and drills the natives in regimental tactics, with the idea of

SUBDUING THEIR TASTES

for the hideous form of native warfare and allowing their surplus energy to assert itself in defense of the villages against wild piratical hordes and heathen despoilers from the mainland.

Among the Lam-si-hoan savages in the trackless Ki-lain plain the Doctor has made himself warmly esteemed. Those wondrous people have rarely seen a white man, unless perhaps he was roasted on the dinner table. They were subdued by the Chinese, but remained savage in their tastes until the advent of Dr. Mackay, through whose influence they have in large numbers been Christianized. The Doctor began by living among them in the hardest privation, studying their language, and never manifesting the smallest distrust of their good faith. His methed gained upon them almost from the first. These tribes are known as the Black Flags. They live in the mountains of Formosa. They have drilled head hunters, who more than once lay in wait for the "black bearded banditian," as the Doctor came to be called in their dialect. This was before he had come into personal contact with these fierce savages. Dr. Mackay is the only white man who has had an opportunity of conversing with the weird people.

Apart from the purely religious feature of the Doctor's labors, he has made remarkable discoveries in relation to the geology, botany, and zoology of Formosa, and also with reference to the ethnology of its inhabitants. The Doctor's private library and museum at his native home have for years been a source of interest to scientists all over the world, and his marvelous collection has always been at the free disposal of those who wished specimens. His notes have been in demand at all meetings of scientific societies, and there is no higher living authority on all subjects connected with the island. Not, indeed, that he has had an opportunity to do literary work, although he has written one book, "From Far Formosa," but it has not yet appeared

The West Ahead.

Eastern man—The boasting of you Westerners makes me tired. When you cut up your quarter sections into town lots, and sold 'em at a high price, it was to the East that you looked for buyers, wasn't it?

Western Man—Jus' so.

Then it was Eastern capital that put money into your pockets wasn't it?

Of course.

Then what have you to brag of?

We brag of our smartness in keepin' that money in our pockets instead of buyin' back the lots at half price when you Eastern capitalists wanted to sell.

Not His Trouble.

Did you have any trouble with your French when you were in Paris?

No; I understood my French well enough but those measly Parisians didn't. They had all the trouble.