

STORIES FROM THE DIARY OF A DOCTOR.

ON A CHARGE OF FORGERY.

"While we have an opportunity, I wish to say something," she said.

"What is that?" I asked.

"I should naturally be glad if Lady Kathleen married my brother, but I wish you to clearly understand that I am not one to force the marriage. I fear the poor girl has not got over another most unfortunate attachment. Under present circumstances, I have made up my mind to cease to urge the wedding which we had hoped would so soon take place. I can't get my brother, however, to view matters in the same light, he is determined at any risk to keep Lady Kathleen to her promise."

"He cannot force her," I said.

"By moral suasion, yes—you do not know the man, Dr. Halifax."

I said nothing further—we had drawn up at the magnificent mansion in Piccadilly, and a few moments later I found myself in the presence of my patient. Miss Levesen brought me as far as the door, then she withdrew.

"Go in alone," she said, "that will be best. I don't want my brother to think that I'm in any way plotting against his interests."

She said these last words in an almost frightened whisper, and vanished before I had time to reply. I knocked at the door—a man's voice called me to enter, and I found myself in a pretty boudoir.

The young girl who had come to see was lying on a sofa—her eyes were shut—a handkerchief, wrung out of some eau de Cologne and water, was placed over her brow. A man was seated by her side—he was evidently nursing her with extreme care, and there was a look of solicitude on his face. I gazed at once that this man was Levesen. A hasty glance showed me that he was in the prime of life. He was dressed irreproachably, and looked not only gentlemanly, but aristocratic. He rose when I entered, and bowed to me rather stiffly. I hastened to tell him my name and errand. Without a word he offered me his seat near the patient. Lady Kathleen had opened her eyes when I came in—she roused herself from the sort of death-like stupor into which she had sunk, and gave me one or two glances of interest and relief. I put some questions to her, but I quickly saw that in Levesen's presence she was constrained and uncomfortable.

"Do you object to my seeing the patient for a few moments alone?" I asked of him.

His answer surprised me.

"I do," he said, "there is nothing you can say to Lady Kathleen that I have not a right to listen to. She is suffering from nervousness—nervousness bordering on hysteria—she needs sleep—a sedative will supply her with sleep. Will you have the goodness to write a prescription for one?—you will find paper, pen, and ink on this table."

He spoke in a quiet voice, the rudeness underneath being covered by a very suave manner. I was just turning to put some more questions to Lady Kathleen, when she surprised me by sitting up on the sofa and speaking with startling emphasis and force.

"You won't go away?" she said to Levesen.

"I will not," he replied.

"Then I will speak before you. No, you cannot cow me—not while Dr. Halifax is here. You shall hear the truth now, Francis, unless you change your mind and leave the room."

"I prefer to remain," he answered, with a sneer. "I should be glad to know what is really in your mind."

"I will tell you, I only marry you because I am afraid to refuse you. The only influence you have over me is one of terror. At the present moment I feel strong enough to defy you. That is because Dr. Halifax is here. He is a strong man, and he gives me courage. I don't love you—I hate you—I hate you with all my heart and strength. You don't love me—you only want to marry me for my money."

While Lady Kathleen was speaking, Levesen rose.

"You see how ill your patient is, doctor," he said, "my dear child," he added, "you are not quite accountable for your words at the present moment. Pray don't talk any more while you are so feverish and excited."

"But I have something more to say," she answered. "Perhaps you will think me mad—perhaps I am mad—still, mad or sane, I will now say what is in my mind. I hate you, and I love Edward Bayard. I saw Edward in the park this morning. He was standing close to Stanhope Gate. I passed him. I wanted to turn back and speak to him, but before I could do so, he had vanished. Yes, I saw him. It was that sight which completely upset me—it took my last remnant of strength away. When I returned home I thought I should die—the shock was terrible—perhaps I did not really see him—perhaps I am mad, and it was a case of illusion. Oh, Francis, don't ask me to marry you—don't exercise your strength over me—give me back my freedom. Don't make a girl who hates you as I do, your wife."

"Come," said Levesen, "this is serious. Stay quiet, my dear child; you are really not in a condition to excite yourself. I did not know, doctor," he added, turning to me, "that the case was so bad. Of course, Lady Kathleen is suffering from illusion, seeing that Bayard is at present working out the sentence he richly deserves at Hartmoor."

"He is an innocent man, and you you know it," said Lady Kathleen.

"Poor girl, her malady has grown much worse than I had any idea of," continued Levesen.

"That does not follow," I replied.

"Lady Kathleen is very ill, but she is not suffering from illusion. It is very probable that she did see Bayard this morning, seeing that he escaped from Hartmoor two nights ago."

"What?" said Lady Kathleen.

"My words seemed to electrify her. She sprang from the sofa, and clasped one of my hands in hers."

"Edward has escaped from prison?" she said, with a sort of gasp.

Levesen said nothing, but his face assumed an ugly, greenish tint.

"It is true—" I began.

My words were interrupted. A sudden noise was heard in the drawing-room which communicated with the boudoir. Quick footsteps approached, the door of the boudoir was burst open, and a man whom I had never seen before rushed in, and clasped Levesen by one of his hands.

"What in the world is the matter, Franks?" said Levesen in a tone of displeasure.

"Matter!—it is all up," said Franks, in a choking, trembling voice—"that—that poor fellow has escaped—he is in the house. Oh, I know he has come for me—he—he'll murder me—he'll shoot us both, Levesen. I saw him in the hall, and he carried a revolver. He'll kill us, Levesen. I say—he will kill us—there is murder in his eyes—he is a madman—oh, what shall we do?"

"For God's sake restrain yourself," said Levesen; "it is you who have taken leave of your senses."

"No, it isn't," said another voice; "he has reason enough for his fears."

The door had been opened a second time, and Bayard, the man I had seen last in prison garb, looked like death upon his trundle bed, standing before us; he carried a revolver, but did not use it. Franks, who had been almost beside himself, rushed now towards Bayard and flung himself on his knees at his feet.

"Spare my life," he said; "don't take my life. I have repented for months. Spare me—don't murder me—I'm afraid of you. Let me go, I say."

The wretched man raised his voice almost to a shriek.

"Don't kneel to me," said Bayard.

"I won't take you for the wife—I don't want it. Tell the truth, you coward. You gave me that cheque?"

"I did, Bayard. I did. I've been in misery ever since—I was tempted and I fell. It is true. Don't take my life."

"I don't want your life," said Bayard.

"I would not soil my hands with your blood. You have got to answer me one or two questions, however. You gave me the cheque for £5,000?"

"Yes, yes."

"Levesen gave it to you for the purpose?"

"He did."

"Franks, you don't know what you are saying," interrupted Levesen; "terror has turned your head."

"No, it hasn't," Levesen, replied Franks. "You did give me the cheque to give to Bayard. I can't help telling the truth. I would do a great deal for you, but I prefer ruin and disgrace to the mental anguish our crime has caused me. This fellow will shoot me if I don't tell the truth now, and by heavens, I'm not going to lose my life for you, Levesen."

"As far as I am concerned, you are safe," said Bayard, laying his pistol on the table. "You have admitted the truth, that is all I want. As to you, Levesen, the game is up. You never guessed that I should break prison to confront you. You and Franks between you invented the most malicious conspiracy which was ever contrived to ruin an innocent man—you got me false imprisonment, but it is your turn now. You shan't escape, either of you. This gentleman here, I think I know him—I saw him two days ago at Hartmoor—will be my witness. Your game is up; I, too, can plot and contrive. I feigned serious illness in order to lull suspicion, and so got out of prison. I did this because you, Levesen, goaded me to madness—you took away my liberty—my character—you ruined my entire life; but when, added to these iniquities, you determined to force the girl whom I love, and who loves me, to be your wife, I felt that matters had come to an extremity. By a mere accident, I saw the notice of your engagement to Lady Kathleen in a paper which another convict lent me. I was in a hospital at the time. From that moment I played a desperate game. I escaped from prison with the intention of shooting you, if necessary, you black-hearted scoundrel, rather than allow you to become the husband of the girl I love."

"The girl who loves you, Edward," said Lady Kathleen.

She flew to his side, and threw her soft, white arms around his neck. He gave her a quick, passionate glance, but did not speak.

"You must make a statement in writing," he said to Franks. "As to you, Levesen—no, you don't leave the room—for Levesen had softly approached the door—"I have a pistol here, and I'm a desperate man. You will know best if it is worth exciting my rage or not. You will witness Franks' confession. Now then, Franks, get your deposition down. I see paper, pen and ink on that table. Now write, and be quick about it."

"You write at your peril, Franks," said Levesen. "Are you mad?"

"Give yourself away as you are doing? What is this fellow here, but an escaped convict? I don't put anything on paper, Franks."

"Yes, but I will," said Franks, suddenly. "It is not only that I am frightened, Levesen—upon my word, I am almost glad of the relief of confession. You don't know what I've been through—perfect torture—yes, no more and no less. Bayard was no enemy of mine. I know you gave me money, and I have not much moral courage, and I fell; but the fact is, I'd rather serve my own time at Hartmoor than go through the mental misery which I have been enduring of late."

"Put your confession on paper without a moment's delay," said Bayard, in a stern voice.

His words rang out with force. Notwithstanding his dress, his shaven head, his worn and suffering face—he had the manner of the man who conquers at that moment. The spell of fear which he had exercised over Franks he so far communicated to Levesen that he ceased to expostulate, and stood with folded arms, sullen face, and lowered eyes, not far from the door. I saw that he would escape if he could, but Bayard took care of that.

"Write, and be quick about it," he said to Franks.

The wretched Franks bent over his paper. He was a short, thickly-set man, of middle age. His face was red and mottled. Large beads of perspiration stood on his brow. His iron-grey head was slightly bald. The hand with which he wrote shook. All the time he was writing there was absolute silence in the room. Lady Kathleen continued to stand by Bayard's side. She had lost her nervousness and

hysteria. Her cheeks were full of beautiful color, her eyes were bright—she had undergone a transformation.

At last Franks laid down his pen. He took his handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the moisture from his brow.

"Give me the paper," said Bayard.

Franks did so.

"Will you, sir, read this aloud?" said the ex-prisoner, turning suddenly to me.

"Certainly," I answered.

The queer group stood silent around me, while I read the following words:—

"On the 4th of May, 188—Francis Levesen, whose secretary I have been for several years, brought me a cheque for the sum of £5,000, which he had made me to give to Edward Bayard. He told me to give the cheque to Bayard, remarking, as he did so:—

"The fellow is in difficulties, and will find this useful."

"Bayard at the time was engaged to Lady Kathleen Church, Francis Levesen's wife. I replied that I did not know Mr. Bayard was in money difficulties."

"He is," said Levesen; "he has been fool enough to put his name to a bill for a friend, and has to meet a claim for £3,000 within the next ten days. He asked me to lend him that sum to meet the difficulty in Lady Kathleen's presence yesterday. I refused to grant his request at the time, and he seemed in distress about it."

"And yet you are now giving him £5,000," I said. "That seems strange, seeing that he only requires a loan of £3,000."

"Never mind," said Levesen, "a little ready cash will be acceptable under the circumstances. Get him to take the cheque. The fact is, there is more in this matter than meets the eye. I want you to help me in a small conspiracy, and will make it worth your while. You are to give this cheque to Bayard when no one is present. See that he presents it at my bank. If you can act quietly and expeditiously in this matter, I will give you that thousand pounds you want so badly in cash."

"What do you mean?" I asked, looking at him in fear and astonishment.

"You know you want that money," he replied.

"God knows I do," I answered.

"To meet that bill of sale on your furniture," continued Levesen. "Your wife is just going to have a baby, and if the furniture is sold over her head, you fear the shock will kill her. Is not that so? Oh, yes, I know all about you—a thousand pounds will put all straight, will it not?"

"Yes, yes; but the deuce is in this matter," I replied. "What are you up to, Levesen—what is your game?"

"Levesen's face became ashen in hue. "My game is this," he hissed into my ear; "I mean to do for that wretched, smooth-tongued sneak, Bayard."

"I thought he was your friend," I answered.

"Friend!" said Levesen. "If there is a man that I hate, it is he. He has come between me and the girl I intend to marry. I have made up my mind to ruin him. In short, he shan't have Lady Kathleen. I shall lock him up. Now, if you will help me, the deed can be done, and you shall have your £1,000."

"I was as wax in his hands, for the state of my own affairs was desperate. I asked what I was to do."

"I mean to have Bayard arrested," said Levesen. "I mean to have him arrested on a charge of forgery. When the moment comes, you are to help me. I mean to prove that Bayard forged the signature to the cheque which you now hold in your hand. He will declare that you gave it to him—you are to deny the fact—in short, you and I will have to go through a good deal of false swearing. If we stick together and make our plans, I am convinced that the thing can be carried through. My ward can't marry a man who is going through penal servitude, and, by Heaven, Bayard shall have a long term."

"I said I couldn't do it, but Levesen said: 'Sleep over it.' I went home. The Evil One fought with me all night and before that morning he had conquered me. The thousand pounds and the thought of saving the home were what did for me. We carried out our scheme. I am prepared to swear to the truth of this statement before a magistrate."

"John Franks."

"It would be well to have witnesses to this," I said, when I had done reading. "Lady Kathleen, will you put your name here?"

She came forward at once, writing her full name in a bold, firm hand. I put mine under hers.

"And now, Bayard," I said, "this is not a moment for showing mercy; a foul deed has been committed, and only the stern arm of justice can set matters right. Will you have the goodness to go at once for the police? Levesen and Franks must be taken into custody to-night on the charge of malicious conspiracy against you, for causing you to be falsely imprisoned, and for perjury."

"One moment before you go, Bayard," said Levesen—moving a step forward and speaking with the studied calm which all through this strange scene had never deserted him. "There is another side to Franks' story, and when I have said my say to-morrow morning before the magistrate, I can easily prove that the statement made on that piece of paper is worth no more than the paper on which it is written. There is likely to give even a moment's serious consideration to such a trumped-up tale told under pressure and at the instigation of an escaped convict. You can do your worst, however—I am so conscious of my own innocence that I have no wish to escape."

"Have you done speaking?" said Bayard.

"I have—you will repent of this," Bayard left the room. In less than half an hour, Levesen and Franks had been carried off to the nearest police station, and Bayard was left alone with Lady Kathleen. I went then to find Miss Levesen. I had a painful task in telling the poor lady the shameful truth. She was a hard woman, but she at least had been no partner in Levesen's horrible conspiracy.

The events which followed can be told in a few words. The next morning, early, I took Bayard to see my solicitor, who instructed him to return to Hartmoor, and to give himself up; in the meantime, a petition was immediately presented to the Queen for his free pardon.

That pardon was obtained in less than a week—although Bayard had to go through a short nominal punish-

ment for his assault on the warder and his escape from Hartmoor.

One of the sensational trials at the autumn assizes was that of Levesen and Franks. The intelligent jury who listened to the trial were not long in making up their minds with regard to the verdict. I do not know that I am a specially hard man, but I could not help rejoicing when the judge's sentence was known. Levesen and Franks are now serving their time at Hartmoor—their sentence was seven years' imprisonment.

As to Lady Kathleen, she has completely recovered her health, and the long postponed wedding took place before Christmas of that year.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HISTORY OF CAST STEEL.

How the Secret of its Manufacture Was Revealed to the World.

The history of cast steel presents a curious instance of a manufacturing secret stealthily obtained under the cloak of an appeal to philanthropy. The main distinction between iron and steel, as most people know, is that the latter contains carbon. The one is converted into the other by being heated for a considerable time in contact with powdered charcoal in an iron box. Now steel thus made is unequal. The middle of a bar is more carbonized than the ends, and the surface more than the center. It is, therefore, unreliable. Nevertheless, before the invention of cast steel there was nothing better. In 1730 there lived at Attercliffe, near Sheffield, a watchmaker named Huntsman. He became dissatisfied with the watch springs in use, and set himself to cast steel heated in a homogenous. "If," thought he, "I can melt a piece of steel and cast it into an ingot, its composition should be the same throughout." He succeeded. His steel soon became famous. Huntsman's ingots for fine work were in universal demand. He did not call them cast steel.

That was his secret. About 1770 a large manufactory of this peculiar steel was established at Attercliffe. The process was wrapped in secrecy by every one within reach. True and faithful men were hired, large wages paid and stringent oaths administered. It did not avail. One midwinter's night, as the tall chimneys of the Attercliffe steel works belched forth, a traveler knocked at the gate. It was bitter cold, the snow fell fast, and the wind howled across the moat. The stranger, apparently a plowman or agricultural laborer seeking shelter from the storm, awakened no suspicion. Scanning the wayfarer closely, and moved by motives of humanity, the foreman granted his request and let him in.

Feigning to be worn out with cold and fatigue, the poor fellow sank upon the floor and soon appeared to be asleep. That, however, was far from his intention. He closed his eyes apparently only. He saw workmen cut bars of steel into bits, place them in crucibles in a furnace. The fire was urged to its extreme power until the steel was melted. Clothed in wet rags to protect themselves from the heat, the workmen drew out the glowing mold. Mr. Huntsman's factory had nothing more to disclose. The making of cast steel had been discovered.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

To him that has no employment, life in a little while is laid in the grave, and when novelty is laid in the grave, the funeral of comfort will soon follow.—Anon.

Believe nothing against another but on good authority; and never report what may hurt another, unless it be a greater hurt to some other to conceal it.—Penn.

Friends should not be chosen to flatter. The quality we prize is that rectitude which will shrink from no truth. Intimacies which increase vanity destroy friendship.—Channing.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy; and the two can not be separated with impunity.—Ruskin.

The active part of man consists of powerful instincts, some of which are gentle and continuous; others violent and short; some baser, some nobler, and all necessary.—F. W. Newman.

How much that the world calls selfishness—a too exclusive solicitude to maintain a wife in luxury, or make one's children rich.—T. W. Higginson.

Good breeding is the result of much good sense, some good nature and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them.—Chesterfield.

Learn to be pleased with everything; with wealth, so far as it makes us beneficial to others; with poverty, for not having much to care for; and with obscurity, for being unenvied.—Plutarch.

Those who live with a man can write his life with any genuine exactness and discrimination, and few people who have lived with a man know what to remark about him.—Johnson.

Meekness is imperfect, if it be not both active and passive, leading us to subdue our own passions and resentments, as well as to bear patiently the passions and resentments of others.—Foster.

We are ruined not by what we really want, but by what we think we do; therefore, never go abroad in search of your wants; for if they be real wants they will come in search of you.—Colton.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness, and small obligations given habitually, are what preserve the heart and secure comfort.—Sir H. Davy.

FINANCES VERY LOW.

Wife—I hear that the last number of the Weekly Humor has a lot of jokes about donation parties. I think it would please the editor if you should write the introduction in indignant letter on the subject.

Struggling Minister—I can't afford the stamp, my dear. You forget that we have just been through a donation party ourselves.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Two Small Boys.

There are two small boys I know, Whose names are Johnny and Joe, And whatever they do or wherever they go, Joe is quick and Johnny is slow.

"Wait," Johnny off calls to Joe In a voice quite full of woe, "Now what is the use of hurrying so?" But he's always late, as his friends well know.

"Come, John, hurry up!" cries Joe, Then off with a rush and "hallo!" He goes, but often he stubs his toe, And falls, and the tears begin to flow.

Now if Johnny were quicker and Joe more slow, I'm sure 'twould be better; don't you think so?

How Puss Got Her Name.

She lived in a small town through which the railroad ran, dividing it exactly in the middle.

She belonged to no one, yet was loved by everybody. She had one little kitten, but no name. She would go from house to house and get something to eat, and she was always welcome wherever she went.

When she would go into any of the stores the storekeepers would generally say, "Good morning, Kitty," and they would sometimes take the boxes off the shelves and let her get on the shelves and catch mice.

One day she wanted to go on the opposite side of the town. She had to cross the railroad, so she picked up her kitten and started off. When she reached the railroad she was quite tired. She sat down on one side of it, but she did not notice that her tail was hanging over the track. She laid her kitten down by her side to rest a little. While she was sitting there she heard the train coming. She did not move, though, for she had lived there all her life, and she had often watched the train pass and was not at all afraid of it. The train, of course, did not stop and rolled right over the poor cat's tail. She did not even jump up but sat quite still until the train passed. After the train had rumbled by she looked as if she was nearly frightened to death, but she picked up her kitten and went off, leaving her tail lying on the track.

Just as soon as the people saw her again with that little stump of a tail, they commenced to call her Bobtail, and always kept it up. So Bobtail, by losing her tail, gained a name.

Presence of Mind.

What is it to have presence of mind? Why, to have your wits about you when they are most needed.

A boy was passing an examination in one of the public schools last week and, although not very successful, the teacher remarked: "That boy has a good mind. I couldn't confuse him."

In boy parlance, he didn't get "rattled." He had presence of mind.

A few days ago, in attempting to swing off a moving train, a boy lost his hold and fell between two tracks. Luckily he landed clear of the track of his own car, but both legs stretched across the track opposite, on which a car was rapidly approaching. No time for him to rise, and to attempt it between two moving trains was extremely dangerous. What did the boy do? He had presence of mind and, shifting his legs from off the track, straightened his body out and lay still, while the two trains whizzed by him, each within a few feet of the other.

In one of the big department stores in Toronto, not long ago, a small "cash" girl had her hand imprisoned by the heavy lid of a box closing unexpectedly. Under the fright and pain the young girl faints.

"Get some water, quick!" commanded the floorwalker to one of the clerks. And she ran quickly and—turned out the electric lights!

That was want of presence of mind.

A Dog Story.

Here is a dog story which you can believe or not, as you please:

A gentleman remarked of a friend's dog that the two eyes of the animal were remarkably different in size.

"Yes," was the reply, "and he takes a mean advantage of the fact when-ever I have a stranger to dine with me. He first gets fed at one side of the guest, and then goes round the table to his other side and pretends to be another dog."

A Child Brought to Life.

Frankton, Ind., is talking of the seemingly miraculous restoration to life of a small child of Mr. and Mrs. John Sippie. The little tot was playing with a hickory nut, and it chanced to fall in a tub of water that was sitting on the ground. Its head was plunged beneath the water, while its feet were stuck up over the tub. How long it had been in that position is not known, but it was found there was no signs of life, and it was black in the face and declared to be dead. A physician was summoned, and while the messenger was gone after him a man stepped out of the crowd that had quickly gathered, and taking the child by the feet hung it head downward and began to stroke the body that was as limp as a rag. After a time the water began to run from the child's mouth, and before long signs of life began to be seen. He continued his stroking the body until the child was fully restored to consciousness, and he then placed it in its mother's arms and departed long before the physician made his appearance. Who the man was is not known, but the child that was dead now lives.

Baldness.

My dear boys, said the good old professor, I trust that none of you here would go into a place where he wouldn't take his mother or sister dear.

"Oh! yes indeed, I would, a youth replied, the professor his brow did mop; Where! where is it? he shrieked; the youth rejoined, Why, into a barber shop.