

# The Recovery of Dr. Lecaut

By C. KENNETH BURROW.

## PART II.

Lecaut rapidly reviewed the situation, and that not altogether from Pauline's point of view. He had obtained, by the merest chance, a footing in Madame Corton's house, and he meant to retain it. It was, indeed, Madame Corton rather than her daughter whom he saw sitting so near him, and he had an agreeable fancy that it was Madame Corton's hand which he had held.

"In order to make a pretext for seeing you again," he said, "we must make a little plot, you and I. I must learn from you. Very well, that you have no illness. You say that we must invent one!" Pauline's eyes shone.

"Beautiful!" she said. Lecaut proceeded to feel her pulse and take her temperature.

"That will suffice," he said. "And now I will return to Madame Corton."

Madame Corton, hearing his step on the stairs, met him at the door of the room below, and the doctor found himself once more in that subtle and thrilling atmosphere which had so suddenly reawakened his interest in the world of peace.

"Well, doctor, what is your verdict?"

"Your daughter," said Lecaut, in his most suave, professional manner, "is in a condition slightly febrile, and has a pulse lacking a little in regularity."

"Oh, Dr. Lecaut!"

"I assure you, madame, that there is no occasion for alarm. A slight disturbance of the nerves, no more," Lecaut had avoided Madame Corton's eyes as he said this. When he looked at her again she was smiling; it was a smile that he could not quite understand.

"It will be necessary for you to see her again?" she asked.

"Assuredly. Such cases require careful treatment."

"Even though in themselves they are of no importance?"

"They may seem of great importance to the patient. The reassurance of the sufferer is half the battle."

"Yes, I understand that. Then you will be good enough, Dr. Lecaut, to come to the Rue des Cailloux as often as you think necessary," Lecaut rose.

"Madame, dismiss all apprehension from your mind," he said. "I think I can promise your daughter a complete recovery, but it may take time."

Lecaut hurried back to the Rue Lamartine and found Nivette awaiting him with some impatience.

"You must have found Madame Corton vastly interesting," the lawyer said, "or was it the daughter? Why, Anatole, your face is shining. Is everything still flat?"

"Nothing is flat to a sound and sane man," said the doctor.

"Then you have recovered your own sanity?"

"One side of it, but there is always the risk that insanity may break out in a fresh place. That may happen to me. Have you heard anything of Henri Marmet lately?"

"Now, that is very strange," said Nivette. "I heard from Henri only this morning. He will be in my house to-morrow night. Lecaut jumped up and paced the room rapidly."

"Admirable!" cried the doctor. "To-morrow night, you say. Had Henri any news?"

"Only that he is prodigiously in love, which, to be sure, is nothing new."

"With whom is he in love?" demanded Lecaut, stopping abruptly beside Nivette, and laying a hand on his shoulder.

"My dear Anatole, how do I know?" "Did he describe the girl? Were there no details?"

"A rhapsody is not a description. According to Henri she is the only woman in France worth a moment's consideration."

"He is wrong there," said the doctor.

"As for details, he met her half a dozen times in Rouen, went mad and has been trying to find her ever since. Lecaut sat down suddenly and laughed. Nivette began to feel a little uneasy.

"Come, come, my friend, pull yourself together," he said. "Ring for wine. You leave this house as glum as an owl and return to it as excited as a girl going to her first dance. What has happened?"

Lecaut presented the case to Nivette with great animation, and the lawyer took it up with an enthusiasm which his richest client could not have aroused. He himself, in view of Lecaut's preoccupation, rang for another bottle of wine and the old friends discussed romance and its particular application to this case as though romance existed only in the Rue Lamartine.

Lecaut found it extremely difficult to refrain from telling Pauline at once that Henri Marmet was in Dourlaix. But his devotion to Madame Corton demanded that his visits should be continued, and it was also necessary to convince himself that Henri Marmet's love for Pauline was something more than a youthful infatuation, for it must be admitted that Marmet, to the doctor's knowledge, had been infatuated before. So for a week the lovers were kept in ignorance of their nearness to each other, and Lecaut cultivated his opportunities with an assiduity which did credit to both his intelligence and to his heart. Then, unexpectedly to them, but in accordance with a simple plan devised by the doctor and Nivette, the

lovers met one day in the Grande Place.

When this news was communicated to Lecaut by Pauline, he said:

"My child, it is now, perhaps, that your real troubles begin. So far I have been your friend in secret; I have convinced myself that Henri Marmet loves you devotedly. Now Henri must approach Madame Corton in due form."

"Then you knew that he was in Dourlaix?"

"Yes. He arrived the day after my first visit to you. He is staying with my friend, M. Nivette. In fact, it was M. Nivette and myself who arranged that you should both be in the Grande Place at the same hour."

"How wonderful you are, Dr. Lecaut!"

"Both as doctor and as friend I did what appeared to me to be my duty. I had, you understand, to effect a cure."

"I am better, much better."

"Nevertheless, for the present, I wish you to maintain the fiction that my visits are necessary." The understanding that flashed into Pauline's eyes disconcerted Lecaut.

"Ah, the little mother!" she cried; "I knew that you would fall down and worship her."

"I admit the worship," said the doctor, smiling, "but I have not yet fallen down. That may come, however. In the meantime, and during your continued indisposition, I will contrive to introduce Henri's name, remind Madame Corton that she met him at Rouen and beg for permission to introduce him to her house as the son of my lost friend. After that the lovers must manage their own affairs."

"The lovers—oh, yes, the lovers," said Pauline. And Lecaut was conscious that he blushed.

When Lecaut, a few days later, led up to the introduction of Marmet's name with, as he imagined, infinite discretion, he was disconcerted by Madame Corton's enigmatic smile.

"Why," she asked, "do you only speak of him now when you might have spoken a week—two weeks—ago?" The doctor made an effort to cover his sudden confusion by picking up from the floor a ball of colored silk that had fallen from Madame Corton's lap. But he could find no answer to that direct question.

"I myself," Madame Corton continued, "happened to see M. Marmet in the Grande Place only a few days ago. But he did not see me."

Lecaut had the impression that his heart contracted and then expanded almost to bursting. Had he, Anatole Lecaut, the renowned physician of Dourlaix, been found out in a quite unprofessional plot?

"At the same time," Madame Corton proceeded, "I saw your patient Pauline. She also did not see me. In the circumstances, I judged that it was best to remain unseen. And somehow I associated you with that meeting. That was strange, was it not?"

Lecaut, who had vainly been endeavoring to prepare defences, gave up the attempt.

"Madame, you have me at your mercy," he said. "I confess to being an accomplice. But whatever you may think of me, I cannot, I do not regret my action. I saw young love, pure and honest love, in distress, and I came to its aid."

"That is easily understood. But why was I, Pauline's mother, left out of all this?"

"Your daughter was ashamed to confess to you that she had given her heart so unreservedly to one who had not asked for it, and might spurn the gift."

"So she preferred to pine in secret. Yet she gave her confidence to you."

"Because she had heard Henri Marmet speak of me with affection."

"He spoke of you with enthusiasm," said Madame Corton.

"Then, when you telephoned to me—"

"I believed that you were the Dr. Lecaut of whom he had spoken."

"I am bewildered, madame." The doctor was, in fact, more than bewildered.

"May I say that I, too, am bewildered?"

"In what respect, madame?"

"Why did you find it necessary to see Pauline almost daily when you knew that all that was troubling her was this love affair?" Lecaut had once more to attempt a defence.

"As I told you, madame, on the occasion of my first visit, she was in a condition slightly febrile, with a pulse a little—"

"Do you imagine that I didn't see through that, Dr. Lecaut? Why, both you and I are in precisely that condition at this moment! Come, doctor, confess!"

Lecaut knew that he was cornered and that there was only one way out. Dare he attempt that way? When he ventured to look at Madame Corton she was smiling, but in a different way. The expression was no longer enigmatic.

"I practiced this deceit," he said, "not only to help your daughter, but also that I might see you. I saw you first at a moment when my life had become meaningless, a mere flat existence."

"Heaven knows I understand that loneliness!"

"I left this house with revived enthusiasm, I was exalted, lifted up. From that moment I became your worshipper. On my knees—"

"No, no—not on your knees." Ma-

dame Corton rose, and Lecaut, also rising, they faced each other. "Do you remember," Madame Corton continued, "a fellow-student of yours in Paris named Fleming?"

"As though I had seen him an hour ago," said the doctor. "The most generous heart, the most brilliant brain! Alas, he died in my arms."

"He was my brother, my only brother," said Madame Corton.

"Your voice—it is like him. I begin to understand."

"My father saw you in Paris. You remember Dr. Fleming?"

"I forget nothing. I am one of those who are unable to forget. Dr. Fleming's daughter, Paul's sister!"

"You will now, perhaps, see why I sent for Dr. Lecaut."

"Not, madame, to bring him to your feet, and then bid him go his lonely way? Romance, passion, are not only for the young. I declare to you, as in the sacred presence of your brother, once my friend, that I love you." Lecaut caught Madame Corton's hands, and carried them to his lips.

It was at this moment that Pauline came into the room. Madame Corton and Lecaut held their ground.

"Dr. Lecaut, Dr. Lecaut," cried the girl, "why aren't you on your knees?"

"Because, my child, I was not permitted to kneel," said the doctor.

"Nor will I allow Henri to kneel to me!" At this point Madame Corton showed some signs of breaking down.

"If Henri Marmet," she said, tremulously, "will come to me—Dr. Lecaut speaks highly of him—will come to me," she paused and looked appealingly at the doctor, and the pressure of her hands upon his increased.

"Little one," Lecaut said to Pauline, "this is the best of all worlds. Bring Henri here in half an hour. No doubt he is waiting for you in the Grande Place. In the meantime—"

Pauline vanished.

(The End.)

## On a Tablet in Westminster Abbey.

Not all the stately marbles  
That grace the Minister's wall  
Bear names of England's glory,  
Not kings and sages, all.

Hard by the Poet's Corner  
Four words I found, and smiled,  
The deathless message musing,  
"Jane Lister—Deere child"

Fair head, above her sampler,  
Two hundred years ago,  
So sweet—dear, gentle daughter—  
To the hearts that loved her so!

So patient in her suffering,  
So quiet in her sleep,  
Now this, her fragrant memory,  
The storied marbles keep.

She lies with the immortals,  
With Milton and the rest,  
Love's human cry still sounding  
Above her quiet breast.

"Right worthy to lie near them,"  
I softly spoke, and smiled,  
"Perhaps they knew and loved you,  
Jane Lister—Deere child."

—Bartlett Brooks.

## Wisps of Wisdom.

Kindness does not consist in gifts,  
but in gentleness and generosity of spirit. Men may give their money which comes from the purse, and withhold their kindness which comes from the heart.

Enthusiasm breakfasts on obstacles, lunches on objections, and dines on competition.

Develop pluck. Let the other fellow trust to luck.

Sometimes it is better to stay where you are than to jump at conclusions.

Happiness doesn't just happen. It has to be earned.

The line of least resistance doesn't always lead farthest.

Nobody can do as much for you as you can do for yourself.

There's no ill-luck in turning back if you are on the wrong road.

We learn wisdom from failure much more than from success. Often we discover what will do by finding out what will not do, and probably he who never made a mistake never made a discovery.

## Scotland Has Excellent Deer-Stalking Season.

What has been one of the best deer-stalking seasons on record in Scotland has now concluded. It is estimated that 6,000 stags have been shot in the area north of the Grampians during the last two months.

Among the monarchs of the glen were sixteen stags weighing over 280 pounds each.

## I Looked on Life.

I looked on life with warped eyes  
And life, with dull antipathy,  
Like one who goes in sullen guise,  
Frowned back at me.

I looked on life with level eyes  
And life, with large serenity,  
Like one who goes in gladsome guise,  
Smiled back at me.

—Clinton Scollard.

Minard's Liniment for Colds, etc.

## A Fallen Metropolis.

Ten years ago there were nearly two million people living in Petrograd. Not more than seven other cities in the world exceeded it in size. To-day there are perhaps six hundred thousand left; the deaths far outnumber the births and everyone who can get out of the dying city does get out. Week by week the population dwindles. Along the Neva there is mile after mile of deserted docks. Grass grows between the paving stones; only now and then do you see a lonely schooner delivering a cargo of firewood from Finland, or a relief steamship discharging supplies for the famine-stricken people of the city.

The streets are empty and fallen into disrepair. Most of the shops are deserted; those that pretend to be open have little to sell. Four houses out of five are abandoned. Many of the doors swing idly on their hinges; the glass in the windows is broken; the metal that covers many of the roofs has rusted or corroded. It is a picture of desolation and discouragement, of rust and ruin. The city is well on its way toward the destruction that has wasted many another rich and famous capital.

The decay of Petrograd is the inevitable result of the overthrow of the Romanoff dynasty. The city was created by the Czars and apart from its position as the seat of their government has little reason for existence. Peter the Great built it to be his "window looking out on Europe," and his successors made it a great capital. It is far from the centre of Russia in a bleak and inhospitable region. Though it has some advantages as a seaport during the warmer part of the year, it is far inferior even in that respect to Riga and Libau, which were included in old Russia. Both the revolution and the Bolshevik uprising began in Petrograd, but after the Czar was gone there was no possible reason for keeping the seat of government there. Power passed at once to Moscow and with it the last chance of prosperity for Petrograd. An artificial metropolis from the first, it has suffered the unhappy fate of the royal house that built it and maintained it.

## Cunning Rather Than Speed.

An Englishman who had once seen an American fox running before a hound wrote that the American fox is much slower than its English cousin. As a matter of fact, the Englishman's assertion, which by the way appeared in an encyclopaedia, is really a tribute to the superior cunning of the American fox. Reynard, says Mr. Charles D. Stewart in the Atlantic Monthly, could have run a good deal faster had he thought it wise to do it.

A fox surprised by a hound in a small patch of woods will run across the open at astonishing speed. Then he not only will slow up but may even sit down on some convenient elevation and look back. He keeps his wits about him; he wants to see what is going on. When the hound has struck his stride the fox will soon gauge it and lead him a chase. Anyone who sees the chase and knows that the hound is slow becomes an admirer of the witty Reynard and will be likely to say that the fox is running slowly just to tease the dog. Indeed, many entertaining writers have said so; but a veteran hunter would not so interpret the action of the fox. He well knows that when a fox gets half a mile or so ahead of him and skulks along at a set distance out of sight, it is not doing it to tease him. The fox is not so human as that. The plain fact is that the fox will not retreat before a dog any faster than the dog drives him. That is because it is naturally cunning.

## All Right for Seven Cents.

The neighbors said that Jake Newton was strictly honest but "pretty snug."

One morning as he was having his sheep sheared he found that one of them was missing. "It must have jumped the fence and gone into Leslie's lot," he said to himself, and immediately walked over to Leslie French's pasture, picked out a sheep that resembled his own and, after a tussle, got it home and had it sheared.

A few days later Jake discovered his missing sheep dead in his pasture. He lost no time in seeking his neighbor. With profuse apologies he returned the sheep and the fleec and explained the whole affair.

"Oh, that's all right, Jake," Leslie replied. "Don't let it trouble you a bit."

"You're sure it's all right?" Jake asked anxiously.

"Sure, sure, Jake. Anyone is likely to make a mistake."

Jake drew himself up. "Well, it ought to be all right. I had to pay seven cents to have that sheep sheared."

The biggest heart cannot hold both goodwill and pride.

"Please close the door." In fourteen different languages, appears on a notice in the Enemy Debts Clearing Office, London.

## Making Prairie Homesteads Comfortable.

One of the lines of work in which the people of Western Canada show the keenest interest is that of planting shelter-belts across prairie farms and around the homestead buildings and garden. The Dominion Forest Nursery Station at Indian Head has been distributing trees, free, for planting on prairie farms since 1901. In the early years only a few hundred thousand trees per annum were distributed, but for the last four or five years it has averaged well up to five millions per year and is likely to exceed that in the near future. As it takes a year to grow the seedlings or cuttings, it is necessary that application be made a year in advance, but this is not a loss of time because it enables the farmer to prepare properly the ground to receive the trees; and thorough cultivation is the secret of successful tree growing on the prairie. Mr. Norman M. Ross, Superintendent of the Indian Head Forest Nursery Station, reports an even greater interest in the subject this season than in previous years.

## A Farmer's Paradise.

About 3,000 acres of land of quite fantastic richness are waiting to be added to the wealth of England. Some neighboring acres, whose enclosure was completed by German prisoners, produced such extraordinary crops this year that the farmer intends to grow nine consecutive crops of wheat without using manure in order to reduce the excessive fertility.

These new acres are close to the mouth of the River Nene (Lincolnshire). They are thought to be even richer than those lately enclosed, having a great depth of the finest silt, which has now raised them so far out of the sea that they are only just awash at high tide.

More such acres reach a stage ready for reclamation every year along the west end of the Wash, but so many have seldom so obviously asked to be taken in and cultivated. The people of Lincolnshire and Norfolk think that their complete recovery from the sea ought to be a definite and permanent part of national policy, especially at times of unemployment such as the present.

## In Far Countries.

When it was noised about that certain Maine town that Lizzy Norton was going "clear to Nova Scotia" to teach, everybody had something to say, and a few shook their wise heads over it. "A little different, I guess, she'll find it from teachin' here," prophesied Mrs. Boggs, darkly.

"Don't you worry about Lizzy," said Lizzy's grandmother. "Mebbe she'll have to study the European languages on the sly, but Lizzy can do it!"

## Fortune in Safety Pin.

The inventor of the safety pin, who took the idea from a reproduction of a Pompeian fresco, made two million dollars.

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