

CHAPTER 1.

Cit. Quinia et Ferri Spts. Vini Gal. Aquæ Distillat. M, Sig.

Teaspoonful three times daily before eating "There! Let your wife take this. You will find it a good tonic. Your wife needs strength: I observed when I saw her last that she looked weak

and worn out. I am afraid you allow her to work too hard. Give her a chance to build up; she is in no condi-tion for hard work." And the young physician, handing the prescription he has just written to

the stolid-faced man who stands hat in hand before him, turns to his desk as if anxious to be rid of his visitor. The fellow takes the paper mechanically and glances over the hieroglyphics

written thereon. There ain't nothin' to hurt her here, is there?" he asks doubtfully. The doctor looks up impatiently. "No, of course not." he answers. You know, Doctor, she is expectin'

to be sick every day. You know."
The doctor laughs lightly. "Yes, know," he says. "And I hope you will be the richer by a fine son before long.
A boy who will be of help to you. No. the prescription I have written is for a tonic. It will not affect the other. Now you will excuse me. I am very

The man turns to go.
"Oh, by the way," the doctor cries. "How is Miss Dyke coming on?" The man stops at the door.

'Miss Catherine or Mrs. Adrian?" he "Miss Catherine, of course. Dr. Wilbur has not informed me as to her progress. He keeps these things to himself."

The face of the man turns slightly 'I don't think the old lady is long for this world, sir," he answers. "She

keeps to her bed entirely now. Mrs. Adrian ain't very strong neither.' "It is not to be expected, in her delicate condition. Well, see to your wife, Gardner, and if anything interesting occurs, let us know at once. Dr. Wilbur will come. He will attend to the

"All right, sir: and the sooner it's over the better for me," and he leaves

'And glad I am that the old doctor Il attend to the case," he mutters, king slouchingly along the side all coward the drug store. "I don't anch stock in these young doc-They know too much, or think

young physician turns to his esk, and continues the study of a ardner, has interrupted. He reads a short time and then with a gesture of impatience, closes the volume. and rises to his feet.

"All experiment," he mutters. "All dependent upon the judgment and ex-perience of the practitioners. Little the student has to guide him in the text-books of the profession. As all men are not constituted alike, the same medicine will not act alike on all cople. So we must needs use our udgment: dose and watch, prescribe and experiment, uxtil by chance—and chance only—we strike the seat of the disease, and perform the cure; unless the patient, exhausted by the treatment of experiment, gives up the ghost before the cause has been discovered. 'Keep up the strength of the patient, says Crawford, by stimulation. Subdue pain by the use of narcotics. Pain weakens and renders the cure more difficult. Bah! keep up the strength to enable the sufferer to stand the treatment of the physician. Use the narcotics to subdue the pain produced by his experiments. That is the case, usually. That is what it

He has unconsciously spoken aloud. His words bitter, his gestures impatient. A clever young man is Henri Gareau. A young Frenchman, who has been adopted when but a child by Dr. Ezra Wilbur, one of the most skilful practioners of medicine in the little town of West Chester, in the State of Pennsy vania.

The worthy doctor has taken him when a boy of six from a brutal sot of a father, who in a fit of drunken rage, struck his wife a blow that ended in her death. The man had been sentenced to the penitentiary for a term of twenty years, and the young boy, Henri, became an inmate of Dr. Wilbur's peaceful home. As the years by, the boy developed a great mind. A brain of remarkable shrewdness and retaining power, showing such adaptability for the study of med icine, that the doctor determined that he should become a physician, believing that the day would come when he would make his mark in the world, become a bright and shining light in the profession which the old man loved better than life almost-a profession which had filled the place of wife and children to him: for he had

never married. The young man was sent to the celebrated college of the State—Jeffer-son College, of Philadelphia.—and graduated with the highest honors. He then served a term among the hospitals, and leaving them, was taken into partnership by the old man, who, as he grew older, felt the need young brain and energy to assist him

in his extensive practice. Garcan was a faithful student a conscientions physician. He really loved his profession, but oft-times felt disgusted, disheartened, that there was so much left to conjecture; so much dependent upon the ideas of the man; so much incompleteness in the glorious tradictory statements, even in the prices of the greatest of the medical tarder interrupted him, and some part of it had given rise to the bitter

physicians agree?" he muttered, throwing himself into his office chair again. "When they thoroughly understand their glorious profession," a calm voice answers behind him.

The young man jumps to his feet. "I am glad you have returned. doctor," he cries, clasping the hand of the white-haired, elderly man who has spoken, standing in the open

"I am glad also, Henri," answers the old gentleman. "I have had a tire-some trip." He releases the hand of his young protege, and removes his gloves. "Twenty years ago a trip to New York would have been nothing to me. I would have been glad of the opportunity of making it. But do you know, Henri, my boy, I am completely exhausted by my journey? I do not think I will be able to make another one soon." He sits in one of the comfortable arm-chairs in the room, and stretches out his legs.
"There will be no necessity for it

soon, I hope," remarks Gareau, drawing a chair close to his side.

The elder man looks grave.
"I don't know, my boy," he utters slowly. "My trip has been productive of but little good. First, I called upon Gross of Jefferson. He and I are old friends, graduated in the same year. I laid my ease before him. He could not comprehend it. Together we visited Atkinson—a young man, but a thorough physician. His opinion was ludicrous. 'I should say, acute gastritis.' I assured him that he must be wrong. 'There is evidence of car-dialgia,' he said. 'Your symptomsacute burning in the epigastric region. skin cold and clammy, pulse thready and feeble, breath catchy and intermittent-all indicate the affection. ldiopathic gastritis is rare, so rare, in fact, that but few physicians thoroughly understand it. but your symptoms denote something on that order.' 'But there is no vomiting, no hiccough,' I replied. 'And besides, no one would certainly give me a poison of any kind, and even so, I recover from these attacks, which would scarcely be likely, if I were affected as you say.' He looked puzzled. 'It cannot be enteritis,' he said. 'You com-plain of severe colic?' 'Yes,' I told him. 'Perhaps it is cancer of the stomach,' he next ventured. I assured him that the symptoms were not on that order. He gave it up. I told him that I had made an appointment with Agnew at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York. He showed great in-terest in the case, and asked me if I had any objections to his accompany-ing me. I assured him that I would only be too happy to have him form And together Gross, one of my party." Atkinson and myself took the after-noon train to New York. We found Agnew waiting. I .aid the ease before He looked grave



WHEN THEY THOROUGHLY UNDERSTAND THEIR GLORIOUS PROFESSION. what form I cannot say. You claim the action of the heart is affected dur-

ing these attacks?"
"'Very much so,' I answered. 'Sub-acute gastritis,' he said, as if to himself, then, correcting himself hastily, he added: No, hardly that. You are not 2 drinking man, and as a physician are cautious as to the quality and quantity of the food you eat.' I smiled and assured him that such was the case.

"He remained silent for some time. The symptoms of your malady are strangely conflicting. Some point to one thing, some to another. As a man of science, as I know you to be-a skillful physician-what do you think it I told him that I did not know. Had no idea—'If 1 knew," 1 said, 'I would cure myself.' Gross laughed. 'Physician, heal thyself,' he cried.

"And so, my boy, I have returned, convinced that the malady, which is andermining my constitution, will never be cured, can never be under-

Gareau flushes, his eyes gleam as the

doctor finishes. "And this is the glorious science of medicine,' he cries. "You entered as I was speaking my mind on the sub-

"I heard your words," quietly answers the elder. "Do you wonder at them?" flashes the young man.

responds Wilbur quietly. There is much to learn in the practice of medicine. You my boy, must not feel discouraged nor harbor contempt for the profession. It is a noble one, in spite of all. We have made wonderful strides during the progress of the past century, and are every day learning more. If it looks experimental to you, remember, it is only by experiment and practice that great ends are reached, and knowledge achieved. Compare the practice of medicine of the present day, to that of Esculapius, and the fathers of medicine and you will see that advancement has been made. Do a trave up of physicians words, the augry, sareastic outburst made. Do no give up. If physicians which we have recorded. "When will disagree it is because the field is wide

and each man has formed his opinion according to his experience. The experience of one physicial is not always that of another, and the varied results, accruing from the practice of each ross to make any profession each, goes to make on: profession stronger in their labors, more powerful in their knowledge."

"That may be," mutters Gareau, "if they would but allow themselves to be guided by the knowledge of others.
But as you say, the field is
wide: there is so much to work
in that each man forms his
own ideas, practises upon them until they form a hobby, and then rides them to death. Is it not so?"

"To a certain extent, yes. But Henri, my boy, the true student of medicine, the conscientious physician, the man who is working to save suffering humanity from pain and death, willingly accepts the ideas of others, even if they conflict with his own, sometimes, to better further his ends. to bring about a successful culmination to his labors. I am that kind of a physician, my boy. I have ever tried to instruct you in the best way, not the theoretical one. Anatomy, physiology, are the foundations. They cannot be wrong. If theorists disagree, allow them to do so. If your authorities are not to your ideas, abandon them, and be governed by experience. Medicine is not like a trade. A hatchet and saw in the hands of the carpenter can ever be made to produce the same results; not so with the physician. We are blindfolded, my boy, and even as the carpenter, if deprived of sight, could not successfully use his tools, neither can we, in the same condition, metaphorically, always succeed. Practice, not medicine, that is, theoretical medicine, but rather the precepts of common sense, heal the sick, independent of text-books, theories, or ethics."
The young man clasps the large

white hand between his own.

"You are a man," he cries. "A physician as God intended one should be. You are right! If one were to plunge into the theories and pathologies, as varied as they are, of the many so-called authorities, while hesitating which to follow-which to adopt-suffering humanity would give up the ghost and die. I shall be governed by your advice, my master, and success will surely crown my efforts. But there is so much but little understood!" and a shade of sadness crosses his brow. 'Your own case, for example.

Dr. Wilbur smiles gravely. "My care may be understood some day." he says calmly. "And you, my more than son, may be the one to first comprehend it.

He speaks significantly. The young man springs to his feet.

"I do not quite understand you," murmurs. The doctor motions him to resume

"May you not. in studying the Feculiar symptoms of my case, arrive at some conclusion some day?" ne says

"Did you intend your former words to convey that meaning?"
"I surely could have had reference

'Perhaps not." The young man remains silent for some time. His partner's words have

been too significant to have meant

shall also be able to find a remed The good old man smiles gently, but makes no reply. The silence remains unbroken for a

period of five minutes, then the elder says quietly: Henri, I have a request to make.

It has just occurred to me.

Gareau arouses himself with a start. 'It shall be granted, dear master,'

'I feel assured of that. It is not difficult one to grant. Merely this I feel that some day I shall pass avery in one of my attacks. They grow toge and more violent each time they deale upon me. Feeling this way. I have made my will. It is in the lower drawer of my private desk. If I should die suddenly, read my will before burying You will do this?"

me. You will do this?"

The face of the young man had grown sad. There are tears in his eves (large, expressive, brown eyes), as he looks into his friend and partner's face. "Your wishes shall be obeyed," he murmurs. "You are good to be vears yet." The old doctor shakes his

"I am not so sure of that," he says slowly. "I am old Death comes to us all. But we will not think of it. as I see it makes you and. Ah, my boy, a physician Las needs to feel san at the mention of the dread visitor. He is often obligat to give up the desperate battle to his grim opponent. You will not fail to keep your prom-

"No. Your will shall be read before you are interred. Pray heaven that I shall pever be called upon to read it.

'No. boy! Pray heaven that you will! It is for the benefit of science that you should."

His words are energetic, they impress the young man. The old doctor arises from his sent and approaches the desk. He idly turns over a number of visiting cards lying there.

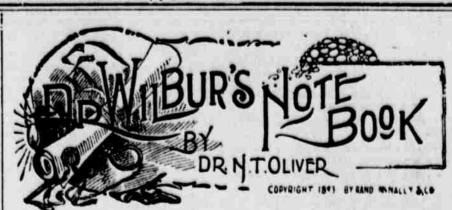
"I see you have had a number of callers," he says. "No, most of them came to see you. I am not very well liked. The ladies say I am too abrupt-too gruff."

The elder smiles. "For a young man, you are. Apropos of ladies, in your practice, never oppose the fair sex. Humor them. Without women the doctor would starve. Remember this. Henri.' Gareau goes toward the door.

"I cannot tolerate their idiosyneracies," he answered, looking out on the street. "I carnot conscientionsly prescribe for a we man when I know iliness exists & ilv in her imagination. or at the most from the effects of improper food and lack of exercise."

"A sympathetic tone, a little sugar and water with a dash of iron to make it slightly bitter, will do more to win you favor among the female sex than gruffness—a plain statement of what you know. Women like to be sick, that is, the most of them, and being sick, whether it exists in the imagination or body, they crave for sympathy, and yearn for medicine," and the old doctor turns over the cards. Suddenly he starta. De is holding a slip of paper in his hands-a narrow slip with a name written upon it

(To be Con inued.)



CHAPTER 1-[CONTINUED.] "When was this left?" he asks, holdng out the paper to Gareau.

The young man glances over it. Franklin Dyke," he reads; then says n answer.

"The gentleman left it himself this morning. He came in, asked for you, and seemed disappointed upon hearing that you were out of town. I told him you would hardly return until to-morrow. I did not expect you so soon."

The doctor is studying the paper, his eyes upon the writing, his mind evidently far away. "Who is this Franklin Dyke?" asks

the young man. The doctor comes to himself, "Franklin Dyke is the brother of Adrian Dyke, he answers slowly. "In his youth he had the misfortune to marry a girl of doubtful character, and for this, was cut off by his father. I knew him well. I should like to have seen him.

The old man's voice sounds tender and low. He shakes his white head while speaking, and heaves a sigh. "Poor boy," he murmurs, then lays the slip upon the desk.

It has grown quite dark by this lime, so young Gareau lights the lamp. He has just arranged the light to his satisfaction, when the sound of hasty footsteps is heard outside and the next moment the door is thrown open.

Both the physicians turn to the man who has so suddenly entered.

Gareau recognizes Gardner, the man who has been to see him the early part of the afternoon.

"What is it, Gardner?" he asks "The missus!" he gasps. quick! You, Dr. Wilbur. "Come

"Your wife?" cries the old man. "Yes, my missus. Don't lose no time. She is sufferin' mightily."

The man's face is anxious, his tone importunate. So with a sigh (for he preferred to rest this night), the old dector assumes his hat and cane, and seizing his bag of instruments, an-ndunces that he is ready. "Have ten ready for me," he says to

his partner as he reaches the door. shall not be gone long. I think this will be an easy case. Come, Conrad, I am ready," and settling his hat firmly upon his head, he starts out upon a brisk walk beside the anxious husband. Conrad Gardner, on his way to that individual's humble cottage.

It is quite dark when he reaches the

CHAPTER II.

A large, dark apartment, luxuri-ously, even magnificently furnished. A smouldering fire in an open grate, the curtains closely drawn. Two men, strangely alike in face and form, but "I hope it will be as you say," he differing greatly in dress. One richly says at last. "For if I am ever enabled attired, the other, plain, even seedy, to discover the cause of your disease, I or that order known as shabby genteel.

They are standing before the grate, the fitful fire shining, ever and anon, upon the faces of these two, as they stand silent-the richly dressed gentle man with a look of resolute determination in his eyes, the other wild, eager, beseeching. "Then you cannot help me," he says at last.

"You have my answer," replies the other. A look of anguish comes to the face

of the seedy man.
"My God, Adrian," he cries, "My wife, my little one—they are starving. I tell you. Suffering from the actual necessities of life. Surely you can ren-der me some little aid. You surely will not turn from me so coldly, with such indifference?" His tone has grown be-

seeching. "I have told you, Franklin, that cannot help you. I did not say that would not. I am powerless to aid you. The man looks about upon the evidences of wealth and refinement everywhere visible, and a bitter smile comes

to his lips.
"Cannot, powerless," he murmurs. "The price of one article of farniture here would suffice to relieve me of my pressing need.'

The other flushes, his face grows "Do you expect me to dispose of my

furniture to feed your wife and your brats?" he cries, harshly. The shabbily clad man turns upon

him quickly.
"Be careful," he says, in a low tone "They are my children, not brats; I love them with the fond affection of a



"I MUST HAVE MONEY."

father. Turn your heart against me if you will, but do not speak ill of my lit-tle ones." His voice though low sounds fierce and angry. The man of wealth draws back in alarm.

"I spoke without thinking," he mutters. "I did not mean to hart your feelings." The man does not reply-does not seem to hear the words of the other.

His gloomy eyes are roving about the apartment, his lips are moving.

"What can I do?" he mutters. "What will become of my family! If I do not produce forty dollars by to-morrow

night they will be turned into the street, homeless, hungry. Great God!" his voice bursts forth as if in appeal. He buries his face in his hands—but only for a moment. With a passionate gesture, he dashes away the tears that have come to his eyes and again speaks to the other flercely.

"And you are my brother. We two children of one father, each drew in the nourishment of infant life from the same mother's breast. By God! It seems to me, as you stand there that the same blood cannot possibly flow in our respective veins. You look upon my anguish without even showing a sign of feeling, hear my story with indifferent ears, with a heart only anxious for my departure, that the sight of my misery shall be removed from you; and yet—we are brothers."
His tone is bitter. The brother turns upon him angrily.

"And because we are brothers, is that any reason why I should put my-self to inconvenience in order that you and yours should enjoy ease and fux-Should I take from my pocket money that I cannot spare to give you, perhaps to carry on some scene of de-bauchery? You are smart, intelligent. You have had opportunities without number to advance yourself, but you have thrown them all aside, have proved faithless to your employers, and ungrateful to your friends. The society of debased characters, the love of the flowing bowl, has brought you to your present condition. If your wife and children are in need it is you. who have brought them to it. I cannot help you, and moreover, my time is valuable."

He has spoken sternly, with emphatic force, the bitter, scathing words strik-ing upon the heart of the brother like coals of fire. His handsome face, marked by debauchery and dis-sipation, grows pale and pinched as the other speaks, the wild eyes grow wilder as he proceeds. As he finishes he utters a snarl like a wild

beast. "True." he grunts, "true! I have abused my opportunities, but that is over now. I have not touched a drop in three months. I never shall again! You speak of ease and luxury. I have never known them since I left my father's roof. The few paltry dollars I ask of you would not afford much case, purchase much luxury. It is bad enough that I have been what I have. It is doubtful kindness on your part to remind me of it. But the old saying is true. Give a dog a bad name, then hang him. It helps to make one reform to have these things thrown up to him. It helps him to get along in the world. Especially in coming from a brother, it makes the heart grow warmer with brotherly love.'

His sarcastic words have the effect of making the other more angry. He bursts forth excitedly as he finishes.

"You speak of old sayings; here is another: 'As you make your bed, so must you lie in it.' another, 'As ye sow, so shall ye reap.' I might go on half the night in this strain. You have ever been a blot upon our fair name. Even in your early manhood, the ruin of young girls was your especial delight and almost constant occupation. You were obliged to leave your home from a wild deed of glaring Impropriety—that of wedding a crea-ture whose character was known to even young children, whose name was the by-word of the town. You have brought it all upon yourself! You have no one to blame but yourself! As you have started so you will finish, and once for all and for the last time I want nothing more to do with you."

The face of Adrian Dyke reflected by the light of the fire, is red and ex-The brother, with bowed head, but with teeth tightly elenched, eyes glaring, hears him through, then springs toward him so fiercely that the brothe draws back in alarm.

The other notices the movement. "You need not fear me," he cries, hoarsely, his breath coming in short quick gasps. "I would not harm you. No: Ha, ha! I remember we are brothers. Cain and Abel were brothers, but I shall never play the part of Cain. No, I will not harm you. I know you have a wife, no children. God has not cursed you as he has me. I would not commit an act that would cause sorrow to your wife. I respect your wife. But enough of this, I came to you tonight for the first time in ten years to ask you to help me -to help my children-my wife, from starvation and suffering. You have refused to do so. and not content with that have heaped abuse upon me—my children—my wife! Good! I shall go. Where? would you like to know where? I will tell you: shall go out upon the highway. I shall rob, steal, perhaps—murder! Do you hear? My little ones cannot suf-

fer. By God! they shall not!"
The last words he has bissed through his set teeth. The brother seizes him by the wrist as he makes a motion as if to leave the room, seizes him tightly and holds him.

"What would you do. Franklin?" he cries, alarmed, fearful of the action of the other. "You would not do as you say."
"I must have money," the man mut-

ters hoarsely. "Release me: you are well fed. strong. You are more than equal in strength, leave me go!" "Not until you have given me your

promise that you will not add horri-ble crime to the list of your misdeeds. If you should do as you say, I should be obliged to testify against you; you would be arrested and punished."

"And I suppose you would glory in it," sneers Franklin Dyke. "Release me! I only spoke in passion: you need not fear that I will run my worthless neck into the hangman's Adrian Dyke releases him.

brother moves toward the door. other hesitates a moment, then calls

"Franklin," he says, in a softer tone than he has used before. "Well." he answers.

"Just one moment before you go." The wretched man returns to

'I have spoken harshly perhaps," begins the brother, "but you incensed me. Listen, I am going to tell you the truth. I can prove to you that it is the truth. I have told you that it is beyond my power to help you. I spoke truly, for although you find me surrounded with every luxury, living in a house magnificently furnished, with servants to obey my every command. servants to obey my every command. yet, am I a poor man. I have been guilty of wild speculation. One week ago I learned that the company in which I had invested the greater portion of my capital had failed. Things had been going to the bad for some time. In order to pay up my assess-ments I had mortgaged everything of value that I possessed, every acre of land, every article of household furniture. Now all is gone, unless inside of six months I can produce the amount of the mortgages. To night, as I stand before you I am not possessed of one hundred dollars in cash. I can live, true; my credit is good, the state of my finances is not known to any one, save you and myself. I tell this so you can understand just how I am situated."

He stops for a moment and drinks from a gobiet of water which stands upon the mantel.

Franklin Dyke watches him curiously, looks about upon the rich surroundings, as if doubting his brother's

"What do you expect to do?" he asked, softened, eurious.

The brother lowers his voice. "For the last five years, our aunt, Catherine Dyke, has made my house her home. I have bestowed every attention upon her, devoted myself to her absolutely. She has said that at her death, her whole fortune should be becomes their transfer of the constitution of the queathed to my oldest child-"

"But you have no children," interrupts Franklin, almost forgetting his misery in his curiosity.

"No, not now, but even as we speak my wife is suffering the preliminary pains, incidental to childbirth. Before morning I shall be a father."
"Is this true?"
"Yes. The doctor has been sent for.

Aunt Catherine has been confined to her bed with a fatal malady for a long time. She cannot last much longer; you would scarcely know her, so much has sickness changed her. It is likely that she will die before six months have clapsed. Then, as the guardian of my son. I shall have the handling of the money in trust for him. In that way only can I avert ruin and disgrace. So you see, I am nearly as poor as yourself—depending upon the life of a weak old woman, the birth of a child, to save me from ruin.'

The other looks into the fire. "It is indeed a peculiar position to be placed in." he says. "You spoke a minute ago of being guardian of your son. Are you sure the child will be a boy?" smiling covertly.

The action of the brother causes him

to start. He sees him grow pale.
"If it is not, I shall be ruined," he "She has given me to understand that only in case of one



DR. WILBUR RUSHES PAST HIM. being born who would keep up honor of the family name, would the fortune be willed. Much depends upon the sex of this, my first child. A son alone can keep up the family name."

He turns to the table and refills the goblet from a massive silver water-pitcher and gulps down the cheering draught. Franklin Dyke watching

him. Then he says:
"Do not harbor harsh feelings toward me. Here, I will give you five
dollars. It will at least provide a little for your family. I have told you the precarious state of my finances, keep it a secret. In the future I may be able to help you. Now, good

He stretches out his hand with the bank-note between his fingers toward his brother.

The other hesitates, then takes it. "I would not take this money after your words of to-night if I were not in absolute need," he says. "You have wounded me deenly, Adrian, and it will be a rankling sore in my heart forever. I shall keep secret what fou have told me. Bad as I am I can be trusted. It would not benefit me to publish your affairs. In the future I may not need your assistance. I shall try to help myself. Pardon me if I do not take your hand: I have not recovered from the blow you have inflicted. May your wife recover. Good night;' and he is gone.

The brother looks after him, and then, with a sigh, as he hears the door close behind him, leaves the room and ascends the stairs leading to the floor

above. A violent ring at the door-bell or rests him half way up the staircase He hastily descends and opens the door. Dr. Wilbur rushes past him.

(To be Continued.)

Rooks Are Almost Human. Rooks intermarry. year after year, chiefly among the occupants of adja-cent rookeries. If a male should be so bold as to bring home to his rookery a bride from a distance, the other rooks would refuse to receive her and would force the pair to build some way off. In the neighborhood of big rook-eries outlying nests of this kind may always be found.

Dr. J. Greenwood of New York, was