

# THE TREASURE OF FRANCHARD.

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## CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

But the boy could never be brought to see that he had done anything wrong when he stole. Nor, indeed, did the Doctor think he had; but that gentleman was never very scrupulous when in want of a retort:

"And now," he concluded, "do you begin to understand? My only friends were those who ruined me. Gretz has been my academy, my sanatorium, my heaven of innocent pleasures. If millions are offered me, I wave them back: Retro, Sathanas!—Evil one, begone! Fix your mind on my example; despise riches, avoid the debasing influence of cities. Hygiene—hygiene and mediocrity of fortune—these be your watchwords during life!"

The Doctor's system of hygiene strikingly coincided with his tastes; and his picture of the perfect life was a faithful description of the one he was leading at the time. But it is easy to convince a boy, whom you supply with all the facts for the discussion. And besides, there was one thing admirable in the philosophy, and that was the enthusiasm of the philosopher. There was never anyone more vigorously determined to be pleased; and if he was not a great logician, and so had no right to convince the intellect, he was certainly something of a poet, and had a fascination to seduce the heart. What he could not achieve in his customary humor of a radiant admiration of himself and his circumstances, he sometimes effected in his fits of gloom.

"Boy," he would say, "avoid me today. If I were superstitious, I should even beg for an interest in your prayers. I am in the black fit; the evil spirit of King Saul, the hag of the merchant Abudah, the personal devil of the mediaeval monk, is with me in me; tapping on his breast. The rics of my nature are now uppermost; innocent pleasures woo me in vain; I long for Paris, for my wallowing in

"Certainly not," replied the Doctor; but his voice quavered as he spoke.

"Why?" demanded pitiless innocence.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE DOCTOR DESPREZ saw all the colors of the rainbow in a moment; the stable universe appeared to be about capsizing with him. "Because," said he—affecting deliberation after an obvious pause—"because I have formed my life for my present income. It is not good for men of my years to be violently dissevered from their habits."

That was a sharp brush. The Doctor breathed hard, and fell into taciturnity for the afternoon. As for the boy, he was delighted with the resolution of his doubts; even wondered that he had not foreseen the obvious and conclusive answer. His faith in the Doctor was a stout piece of goods. Desprez was inclined to be a sheet in the wind's eye after dinner, especially after Rhone wine, his favorite weakness. He would then remark upon the warmth of his feeling for Anastasie, and with inflated cheeks and a loose, flustered smile, debate upon all sorts of topics, and be feebly and indiscreetly witty. But the adopted stable-boy would not permit himself to entertain a doubt that savored of ingratitude. It is quite true that a man may be a second father to you, and yet take too much to drink; but the best natures are ever slow to accept such truths.

The Doctor thoroughly possessed his heart, but perhaps he exaggerated his influence over his mind. Certainly Jean-Marie adopted some of his master's opinions, but I have yet to learn

movement to and fro across the axle, which well entitles it to the style of a Noddy. The hood describes a considerable arc against the landscape, with a solemnly absurd effect on the contemplative pedestrian. To ride in such a carriage cannot be numbered among the things that appertain to glory; but I have no doubt it may be useful in liver complaint. Thence, perhaps, its wider popularity among physicians.

One morning early, Jean-Marie led forth the Doctor's noddy, opened the gate, and mounted to the driving-seat. The Doctor followed, arrayed from top to toe in spotless linen, armed with an immense flesh-colored umbrella, and girt with a botanical case on a baldric; and the equipage drove off smartly in a breeze of its own provocation. They were bound for Franchard, to collect plants, with an eye to the "Comparative Pharmacopoeia."

A little rattling on the open roads, and they came to the borders of the forest and struck into an unfrequented track; the noddy yawed softly over the sand, with an accompaniment of snapping twigs. There was a great, green, softly murmuring cloud of congregated foliage overhead. In the arcades of the forest the air retained the freshness of the night. The athletic bearing of the trees, each carrying its leafy mountain, pleased the mind like so many statues and the lines of the trunk led the eye admiringly upward to where the extreme leaves sparkled in a patch of azure. Squirrels leaped in mid air. It was a proper spot for a devotee of the goddess Hygeia.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## CURIOUS CLOCKS.

How Some People of Foreign Lands Reckon Time.

Neither clock nor timepiece is to be found in Liberia. The reckoning of time is made entirely by the movement and position of the sun, which rises at 6 a. m. and sets at 6 p. m., almost to the minute, all the year round, and at noon is vertically overhead, says Popular Science News. The islanders of the south Pacific have no clocks, but make an ingenious and reliable time-marker of their own. They take the kernel from the nuts of the candle tree and wash and string them on the rib of a palm leaf. The first or top kernel is then lighted. All of the kernels are of the same size and substance, and each will burn a certain number of

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

### BENEDICTION FOR DOCTORS LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text: "And Asa, in the Thirty and Sixth Year of His Reign Was Diseased in His Feet Until His Disease Was Exceeding Great"—II. Chron. 16:12, 13.



In this season of the year, when medical colleges of all schools of medicine are giving diplomas to young doctors, and at the capital and in many of the cities medical associations are assembling to consult about the advancement of the interests of their profession, I feel this discourse is appropriate.

In my text is King Asa with the gout. High living and no exercise have vitiated his blood, and my text presents him with his inflamed and bandaged feet on an ottoman. In defiance of God, whom he hated, he sends for certain conjurers or quacks. They come and give him all sorts of lotions and panaceas. They bleed him. They sweat him. They manipulate him. They blister him. They poultice him. They scarify him. They drug him. They cut him. They kill him. He was only a young man, and had a disease which, though very painful, seldom proves fatal to a young man, and he ought to have got well; but he fell a victim to charlatany and empiricism. "And Asa in the thirty and sixth year of his reign was diseased in his feet, until his disease was exceeding great; yet in his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians." And Asa slept with his fathers." That is, the doctors killed him. \* \* \*

Men of the medical profession we often meet in the home of distress. We shake hands across the cradle of agonized infancy. We join each other in an attempt at solace where the paroxysm of grief demands an anodyne as well as a prayer. We look into each other's sympathetic faces through the dusk, as the night of death is falling in the sick room. We do not have to climb over any barrier today in order to greet each other, for our professions are in full sympathy. You, doctor, are our first and last earthly friend. You stand at the gates of life when we enter this world, and you stand at the gates of death when we go out of it. In the closing moments of our earthly existence when the hand of the wife, or mother, or sister, or daughter, shall hold our right hand, it will give strength to our dying moments if we can feel the tips of your fingers along the pulse of our left wrist. We do not meet today, as on other days, in houses of distress, but by the pleasant altars of God, and I propose a sermon of helpfulness and good cheer. As in the nursery children sometimes re-enact all the scenes of the sick room, so today you play that you are the patient and that I am the physician, and take my prescription just once. It shall be a tonic, a sedative, a dietetic, a disinfectant, a stimulant, and an anodyne at the same time. "Is there not balm in Gilead? Is there not a physician there?"

In the first place, I think all the medical profession should become Christians because of the debt of gratitude they owe to God for the honor he has put upon their calling. No other calling in all the world, except it be that of the Christian ministry, has received so great an honor as yours. Christ himself was not only preacher, but physician, surgeon, aurist, ophthalmologist, and under his mighty power optic and auditory nerve thrilled with light and sound, and catalepsy arose from its fit, and the club foot was straightened, and ankylosis went out of the stiffened tendons, and the foaming maniac became placid as a child, and the streets of Jerusalem became an extemporized hospital crowded with convalescent victims of casualty and invalidism. All ages have woven the garland for the doctor's brow. Homer said:

A wise physician, skilled our wounds to heal, Is more than armies to the public weal.

Cleero said: "There is nothing in which men so approach the gods as when they try to give health to other men." Charles IX made proclamation that all the Protestants of France should be put to death on St. Bartholomew's day, but made one exception, and that the case of Pare, the father of French surgery. The battle-fields of the American revolution welcomed Drs. Mercer and Warren and Rush. When the French army was entirely demoralized at fear of the plague, the leading surgeon of that army inoculated himself with the plague to show the soldiers that there was no contagion in it; and their courage rose, and they went on to the conflict. God has honored this profession all the way through. Oh, the advancement from the days when Hippocrates tried to cure the great Pericles with hellebore and flaxseed poultices down to far later centuries when Haller announced the theory of respiration, and Harvey the circulation of the blood, and Aesculap the use of the lymphatic vessels, and Jenner balked the worst disease that ever scourged Europe, and Sydenham developed the recuperative forces of the physical organism, and cinchona bark stopped the shivering agues of the world, and Sir Astley Cooper and Abernethy, and Hoesack, and Bowney, and Griseom, and Valentine Mott of the generation just passed, honored God and fought back death with their keen scalpels.

If we who are laymen in medicine would understand what the medical profession has accomplished for the insane, let us look into the dungeons

where the poor creatures used to be incarcerated. Madmen chained naked to the wall. A kennel of rotten straw their only sleeping place. Room unventilated and unlighted. The worst calamity of the race punished with the very worst punishment. And then come and look at the insane asylums of Utica and Kirkbride—sofaed and pictured, libraried, concerted, until all the arts and the adornments come to coax recreant reason to assume her throne. Look at Edward Jenner, the great hero of medicine. Four hundred thousand people annually dying in Europe from the smallpox, Jenner finds that by the inoculation of people with vaccine from a cow the great scourge of nations may be arrested. The ministers of the Gospel denounced vaccination; small wits caricatured Edward Jenner as riding in a great procession on the back of a cow; and grave men expressed it as their opinion that all of the diseases of the brute creation would be transplanted into the human family; and they gave instances where, they said, actually horns had come out on the foreheads of innocent persons, and people had begun to chew the cud! But Dr. Jenner, the hero of medicine, went on fighting for vaccination until it has been estimated that that one doctor, in fifty years, has saved more lives than all the battles of any one century destroyed.

Passing along the streets of Edinburgh a few weeks after the death of Sir James Y. Simpson, I saw the photograph of the doctor in all the windows of the shops and stores, and well might that photograph be put in every window, for he first used chloroform as an anaesthetic agent. In other days they tried to dull human pain by the hash-eesh of the Arabs and the madrepora of the Roman and the Greek; but it was left to Dr. James Simpson to introduce chloroform as an anaesthetic. Alas for the writhing subjects of surgery in other centuries! Blessed be God for the wet sponge or vial in the hand of the operating surgeon in the clinical department of the medical college, or in the sick room of the domestic circle, or on the battle field amid thousands of amputations. Napoleon after a battle rode along the line and saw under a tree, standing in the snow, Larry the surgeon operating upon the wounded. Napoleon passed on, and twenty-four hours afterward came along the same place, and he saw the same surgeon operating in the same place, and he had not left it. Alas for the battlefields without chloroform. But now the soldier boy takes a few breaths from the sponge and forgets all the pangs of the gunshot fracture, and while the surgeons of the field hospital are standing around him, he lies there dreaming of home, and mother, and heaven. No more parents standing around a suffering child, struggling to get away from the sharp instrument, but mild slumber instead of excrecution, and the child wakes up and says, "Father, what's the matter?" "What's the doctor here today for?" "Oh, blessed be God for James Y. Simpson and the heaven descending mercies of chloroform."

The medical profession steps into the court room, and after conflicting witnesses have left everything in a fog, by chemical analyses shows the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, as by mathematic demonstration, thus adding honors to medical jurisprudence. \* \* \*

It seems to me that the most beautiful benediction of the medical profession has been dropped upon the poor. No excuse now for any one's not having scientific attendance. Dispensaries and infirmaries everywhere under the control of the best doctors, some of them poorly paid, some of them not paid at all. A half-starved woman comes out from the low tenement house into the dispensary, and unwraps the rags from her babe, a bundle of ulcers, and rheum, and pustules, and over that little sufferer bends the accumulated wisdom of the ages, from Esculapius down to last week's autopsy. In one dispensary, in one year, one hundred and fifty thousand prescriptions were issued. Why do I show you what God has allowed this profession to do? Is it to stir up your vanity? Oh, no. The day has gone by for pompous doctors, with conspicuous gold-headed canes and powdered wigs, which were the accompaniments in the days when the barber used to carry through the streets of London Dr. Brockelsby's wig, to the admiration and awe of the people, saying: "Make way! here comes Dr. Brockelsby's wig." No, I announce these things not only to increase the appreciation of laymen in regard to the work of physicians, but to stir in the hearts of men of the medical profession a feeling of gratitude to God that they have been allowed to put their hand to such a magnificent work, and that they have been called into such illustrious company. Have you never felt a spirit of gratitude for this opportunity? Do you not feel thankful now? Then I am afraid, doctor, you are not a Christian, and that the old proverb which Christ quoted in his sermon may be appropriate to you: "Physician, heal thyself."

There are many who always blame the doctor because the people die, forgetting the Divine enactment: "It is appointed unto all men once to die." The father in medicine who announced the fact that he had discovered the art by which to make men in this world immortal, himself died at forty-seven years of age, showing that immortality was less than half a century for him. Oh, how easy it is when people die, to cry out: "malpractice." Then the physician must bear with all the whims, and the sophistries, and the deceptions, and the stratagems, and the irritations of the shattered nerves and the beleaguered brain of women, and more especially of men, who never know how gracefully to be sick, and

who with their salivated mouth curse the doctor, giving him his dues, as they say—about the only dues he will in that case collect. The last bill that is paid is the doctor's bill. It seems so incoherent for a restored patient, with ruddy cheeks and rotund form, to be bothered with a bill charging him for old calomel and jalap. The physicians of this country do more missionary work without charge than all the other professions put together. From the concert room, from the merry party, from the comfortable couch on a cold night, when the thermometer is five degrees below zero, the doctor must go right away; he always must go right away. To keep up under this nervous strain, to go through this night-work, to bear all these annoyances, many physicians have resorted to strong drink and perished. Others have appealed to God for sympathy and help, and have lived. Which were the wise doctors, judge ye?

Again: The medical profession ought to be Christians because there are professional exigencies when they need God. Asa's destruction by unblest physicians was a warning. There are awful crises in every medical practice when a doctor ought to know how to pray. All the hosts of ills which sometimes hurl themselves on the weak points of the physical organism, or with equal ferocity will assault the entire line of susceptibility to suffering. The next dose of medicine will decide whether or not the happy home shall be broken up. Shall it be this medicine or that medicine? God help the doctor. Between the five drops and the ten drops may be the question of life or death. Shall it be the five or ten drops? Be careful how you put the knife through those delicate portions of the body, for if it swings out of the way the sixth part of an inch the patient perishes. Under such circumstances a physician needs not so much consultation with men of his own calling, as he needs consultation with that God who strung the nerves and built the cells, and swung the crimson tide through the arteries. You wonder why the heart throbs—why it seems to open and shut. There is no wonder about it. It is God's hand, shutting, opening, shutting, opening, on every heart. When a man comes to doctor the eye, he ought to be in communication with him who said to the blind: "Receive thy sight." When a doctor comes to treat a paralytic arm, he ought to be in communication with him who said: "Stretch forth thy hand, and he stretched it forth." When a man comes to doctor a bad case of hemorrhage, he needs to be in communication with him who cured the issue of blood, saying: "Thy faith hath saved thee."

I do not mean to say that piety will make up for medical skill. A bungling doctor, confounded with what was not a very bad case, went into the next room to pray. A skilled physician was called in. He asked for the first practitioner. "Oh," they said, "he's in the next room praying." "Well," said the skilled doctor, "tell him to come out here and help; he can pray and work at the same time." It was all in that sentence. Do the best we can and ask God to help us. There are no two men in all the world, it seems to me, that so much need the grace of God as the minister who doctors the sick soul, and the physician who prescribes for the diseased body. \* \* \*

But I must close, for there may be suffering men and women waiting in your office, or on the hot pillow, wondering why you don't come. But before you go, O doctors, hear my prayer for your external salvation. Blessed will be the reward in heaven for the faithful Christian physician. Some day, through overwork, or from bending over a patient and catching his contagious breath, the doctor comes home, and lies down faint and sick. He is too weary to feel his own pulse or take the diagnosis of his own complaint. He is worn out. The fact is his work on earth is ended. Tell those people in the office there they need not wait any longer; the doctor will never go there again. He has written his last prescription for the alleviation of human pain. The people will run up to his front steps and inquire: "How is the doctor today?" All the sympathies of the neighborhood will be aroused, and there will be many prayers that he who has been so kind to the sick may be comforted in his last pang. It is all over now. In two or three days his convalescent patients, with awl wrapped around them, will come to the front window and look out on the passing hearse, and the poor of the city, bare-footed, and bare-headed, will stand on the street corners, saying: "Oh, how good he was to us all!" But on the other side of the river of death some of his old patients, who are forever cured, will come to welcome him, and the Physician of heaven, with locks as white as snow, according to the Apocalyptic vision, will come out and say, "Come in, come in. I was sick and ye visited me!"

### The Light of the World.

As the best light in the world is the warm light of the sun, so the best illumination of life is not from the moon-like beams of human speculation, but from the love of God. That love, like the sun, opens the universe, turns even clouds into glory, and lifts death itself to a mount of transfiguration.

### Discharged Himself.

Smith—Our fool of a servant tried to light the fire with kerosene this morning. Jones—Have you discharged her? Smith—We have only found her left leg and the end of her nose.

The torpedo fish sometimes weighs eighty pounds, and a single shock from this fish will kill the strongest horse.



"TAKE IT, KEEP IT."

the mire. See," he would continue, producing a handful of silver, "I deude myself, I am not to be trusted with the price of a fare. Take it, keep it for me, squander it on delerious sandy, throw it in the deepest of the river—I will homologate your action. Save me from that part of myself which I disown. If you see me falter, do not hesitate; if necessary, wreck the rain. I speak, of course, by a parable. Any extremity were better than for me to reach Paris alive."

Doubtless the Doctor enjoyed these little scenes, as a variation on his part; he represented the Hyronic element in the somewhat artificial poetry of his existence; but to the boy, though he was dimly aware of their theatricality, they represented more. The Doctor made perhaps too little, the boy possibly too much, of the reality and gravity of these temptations.

One day a great light shone for Jean-Marie. "Could not riches be used well?" he asked.

"In theory, yes," replied the Doctor. "But it is found in experience that no one does so. All the world imagine they will be exceptional when they grow wealthy; but possession is degrading, no desire spring up; and the silly taste for ostentation cuts out the heart of pleasure."

"Then you might be better if you had less," said the boy.

that he ever surrendered one of his own. Convictions existed in him by divine right; they were virgin, unwrought, the brute metal of decision. He could add others, indeed, but he could not put away; neither did he care if they were perfectly agreed among themselves; and his spiritual pleasures had nothing to do with turning them over or justifying them in words. Words were with him a mere accomplishment, like dancing. When he was by himself, his pleasures were almost vegetable. He would slip into the woods toward Acheres, and sit in the mouth of a cave among gray birches.

So while the Doctor made himself drunk with words, the adopted stable-boy bemused himself with silence.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE DOCTOR'S carriage was a two-wheeled gig with a hood; a kind of vehicle in much favor among country doctors. On how many roads has one not seen it, a great way off between the poplars—in how many village streets, tied to a gate-post; this sort of chariot is affected particularly at the trot—by a kind of pitching

minutes and then set fire to the one next below. The natives tie the pieces of black cloth at regular intervals along the string to mark the divisions of time. Among the natives of Singar, in the Malay archipelago, another peculiar device is used. Two bottles are placed neck and neck, and sand is put in one of them, which pours itself into the other every half hour, when the bottles are reversed. There is a line near by, also, on which are hung twelve rods with notches from one to twelve.

### Internal Heat of the Earth.

It is found from observations made in very deep borings that the average increase of temperature for a long way down towards the center of the earth is about one degree for every 54 feet of descent. This is not constant, however, being less down to a certain depth and more beyond it. The increase varies in amount, too, in different localities. These results are quite in agreement with the supposition that the center of the earth consists of matter in a state of fusion; the nearer we get to this molten matter the faster should the temperature rise, and the rate may also be expected to vary on account of the crust not being all of the same thickness, nor consisting of material equal in conducting power.