

DR. FALCONER'S TEMPTATION.

A SHORT STORY

(Continued.)

"Just send me a few strong doses of quinine, doctor, and order me some milk and some coals, and I shall be able to get along by myself, as I have often done before, and will often again. A few days will pull me round all right without troubling any one."

"I'm afraid it may be a more serious matter this time," said the doctor, "but have your own way for the present. I'll see that you have some milk, and if I have a spare rug or blanket I'll send it a swell to throw over you. Now, good-by, and see that you keep yourself as warm and comfortable as you can under the difficult circumstances you have chosen for yourself."

"I oughtn't to have listened to him," he went on to himself as he walked home through the driving snow, which had been falling thickly for some time; "but there's that old Ulundi rug of mine he can have tonight. It looks as if he would need it badly."

The ensuing night proved keen and frosty and Falconer's thoughts reverted more than once to the miserable shelter in which he had left his patient and the still more miserable shake-down on which the fever-stricken wretch was lying. At a comparatively early hour the next morning he was again at the door, waiting in some impatience until it was again unchained and unlocked, and revealed the solitary inmate shivering and moaning in agonies of neuralgia. "So this is the result of leaving you to your own devices!" he exclaimed as he strode in; "but come, there is no time to be lost now. Get on your clothes, and anything you want to take with you, and I will have a fly at the door in five minutes. But sit down first and let me give you a hypodermic dose of morphia to quiet your pain. Is there any water in the house?"

"You can get it at the tap, and here is a cup. But I tell you plainly, I'm not going out of this house. Do anything you can for me without removing me, and I will thank you and repay you when I can. I do thank you a hundred times for the rug you sent me last night. But go to infirmary or hospital I will not; understand that clearly."

"Well, well!" said the doctor, wishing to humor him for the moment; "lie down there and get under the rug then. Hold out your arm. There, you'll feel better in a minute. A deal better," he muttered to himself as he drove home a full dose; "it will be easier to get him away so. Now lie still and keep yourself warm for half an hour. I have another case to see in the next street, and I will be back here in that time." So saying, he walked quickly to the door, from which he withdrew the key and put it in his pocket. It was several minutes' walk to the nearest cab stand and nearly half an hour had elapsed before he was again at the door with a four-wheeler. To his chagrin he found it fastened by the chain, but with a powerful push of his shoulder he burst it open and entered.

His patient was lying on the floor of the front room on his face, having apparently succumbed to the influence of the morphia as he was returning from putting the chain on the door. "What a monomaniac!" exclaimed the doctor as he stooped to lift him. "Hallo! What have we here? those tumors again?" In a moment he had laid the insensible figure on the bed and was hastily undoing his clothing. Under the man's shirt, and next his skin, was fastened a broad canvas belt, furnished with six large leathern pouches widely distending and bulging prominently. "Ha! this explains the mystery! Vacuus cantabit indeed! What a weight! These are malignant tumors with a vengeance! Come, my friend, let go—this to the patient, who was feebly and half unconsciously clutching at the belt as he withdrew it—"I must make a thorough examination of these tumors, since I have discovered them at last."

Placing the belt on the floor—for there was no table in the room—he unlocked the strap of one of the pouches with fingers that trembled with excitement. A yellow gleam caught his eye, and for a moment his hands shook so violently and uncontrollably that a small avalanche of gold coins rolled out upon the bare boards with a jingling crash, and spread over the floor. His head swam, flashes of fire seemed to dance before his eyes, a thunderous reverberation filled his ears, and before he was able to control his own movements he was down on his knees wildly clutching at the coins with both hands, thrusting them into his pockets as fast as he could gather them up. Recovering himself with a sense of shame and amazement such as he had never felt before, he was conscious of shuddering so violently that his teeth chattered, and the gold dropped again and again from his fingers. "For shame, Richard Falconer!" he heard himself saying aloud, "is this your contempt for filthy lucre, your boasted indifference to gold? Get up at once, put back that money and see to your patient as you ought! What is all this to you?"

With a great effort he pulled himself together and began methodically to gather up the coins and put them back into the pouch. Most of them were English sovereigns, but some were

Eastern coins, at whose value he could only guess. He estimated, however, that the contents of the first bag must be worth at least two hundred pounds; a second and a third were opened with a similar result; but the last three contained not coins, but jewels, mostly unset and many uncut; rubies, emeralds and diamonds, some of them of great size and evidently of enormous value. He was still engaged in counting and examining these last, oblivious of the lapse of time, when he was startled by hearing the outer door and footsteps cross the floor towards the door of the inner room. Almost before he was conscious of moving he found himself at the door and in the act of turning the key in the lock. "Good Heavens!" he muttered. "I must be under the spell of the gold-fund myself. This will never do!" Nevertheless he opened the door only wide enough to let himself through, and at once closed and locked it behind him. Then he found himself face to face with the driver of the cab which he had left at the door.

"Beg your pardon, sir!" said the man, touching his hat; "I thought you had forgotten me. Is there anything you want carried out to the cab?"

"I'm afraid I did forget you," said the doctor. "The fact is, I have seen reason to change my mind about removing the patient. You need not wait any longer. Here is a shilling for the time you have lost."

"Not quite a case for the Union Infirmary," he said to himself after the cab had departed. "I must get a nurse for him and order some proper food. He will be able to pay for them," he added with a laugh. "And now I think of it, I had better take charge of his money myself."

So saying, he returned the jewels to their respective pouches, fastened them securely, and again locking the door, took off his coat and waistcoat and buckled the heavy belt around his own waist. Its weight surprised him, but when he had adjusted it in its place and rearranged his clothes over it, he was astonished to find how easily it fitted and how little external evidence there was of its presence. Then he knelt down beside his patient and examined him minutely. The man lay in a death-like stupor, with eyes half open, and the doctor, raising the lids successively with his thumb, noted with keen professional glance that the pupils were contracted to less than half their natural size. "Good heavens!" was his first thought; "can I have given him an overdose?"

The next ten minutes were spent in efforts to awake and arouse the sleeping man. He shouted in his ears, dipped the corner of his handkerchief in water and slapped his face, raised him to his feet only to find his legs collapse helplessly under him. Then he put his hand to the hip-pocket in which he carried his hypodermic case. The bulky pouches of the belt delayed him for a moment, but it was enough to change the current of his thoughts. The thought of the wealth now within his grasp rushed over him like an irresistible flood, sweeping everything before it. "Don't be a Quixotic fool, Richard Falconer! You have done all you can for him; let him go now, and take the good that has fallen into your hands. Here is what will pay all your debts, solve all your difficulties, launch you on a new and full career, brighten your wife's lot, and give your boy a proper chance in the world. Think how much more good it will do in your hands than in those of this useless miser. Now you will have some chance of pursuing your scientific studies to advantage and doing some service to humanity in your day. Just leave the case to nature. Go back to your house, make your evening visit in due course, find him dead, and certify the real cause—malaria fever. And if there be an inquest, there are the contracted liver and enlarged spleen ready to your hand as a sufficient explanation, and, what is better, a perfectly true one."

He strode up and down the room in a fever of excitement, his lips muttering, his head whirling. How it ended he could never clearly recollect; he had a confused remembrance of rushing from the house, of passing through the streets, even of stopping to speak with some acquaintances. He found afterwards that he had made more than one parish visit, through which habit and the automatic force of perfect training had carried him without any blunder. After a time he seemed to himself to wake as if from a dream. His wife's voice, sounding at first as if coming from a great distance, recalled him to himself. "Richard, Richard, what is the matter? What has happened to you?" He was seated in his own chair in his consulting-room, his wife kneeling on the floor holding his hands. "Oh, you are ill, you are at nothing at breakfast this morning—I saw you, though you thought I didn't notice. Oh, Richard, you mustn't go on like that; if you were to break down what would become of us? Sit still now, till I see if there be any wine left in the decanter, and then you must have something to eat."

"Stop, Mary," said he, as she rose to leave the room. "I am better now. It must have been one of my old me-

grims, for I have no recollection of coming in. The fact is, I have only returned from seeing a rather curious case, and the poor fellow appeared to be in desperate misery and want. He is in an empty house by himself, has neither chair nor bed, nor apparently a scrap of food to eat. And I can't induce him to go to the infirmary. He is a discharged soldier, and appears to have been a gentleman once, and he seems to be as proud as Lucifer."

(To be Continued.)

TITLES CHEAP FOR CASH.

If You Want to Be a Prince Buy the Honor in Italy.

Throughout Europe Italian titles of nobility do not enjoy a very high reputation; so much so that, as a general rule, a mere Australian baron is more highly considered than an Italian marquis, says the London Mail. One explanation of this fact is that many of these Italian nobles with high-sounding handles to their names are not in a very enviable financial situation. Many astounding instances may be cited of Italian dukes and counts who occupy the strangest positions abroad. Some are coachmen, others hotel porters, one is an interpreter in a railway station, another is butler in the family of an American millionaire. In New York there is a well known Italian count who has run an elevator for several years past. In southern Italy, where poverty is greater than in other portions of the peninsula, the great noble families are compelled to resort to the most extraordinary stratagems to save appearances. In Naples poor families have adopted a system of mutual carriages and horses, which is somewhat curious. Five or six families agree to pay the expenses of a luxurious establishment, generally a four-in-hand, with coachman and footman. The carriage door, with the various coats of arms of the different families, is alone changed, according to the family which uses the carriage. On great occasions these families draw lots to see which shall use the carriage and horses. But a strange fact is that now, when so many noble families have become impoverished, the Italian government is about to increase the price of titles. In future the man who wishes to bear a prince's crown must pay \$8,000 to the government; to become a duke \$5,000 is sufficient; for \$5,000 one may be a marquis, and for \$4,000 a count; \$2,400 is sufficient to become a baron, and \$1,000 for the simple prefix "de." These figures apply only to the titles conferred by the king. Besides these royal titles are the dignities conferred by the pope, with which several American merchants and business men have been honored. These papal titles are somewhat cheaper than those conferred by the king. At the Vatican a brand-new count may be created for \$2,400, and a marquis for \$3,000. American amateurs should take note of this fact. It is hardly necessary to add that the proud old Italian aristocrats look down with the greatest contempt on these parvenu noblemen, whether created by the king or the pope. These proud Italian aristocrats of ancient lineage, such as the Colonna, the Borghese, the Orsini of Rome, the Strozzi of Florence, and the viscounts of Milan, consider themselves vastly superior to the most ancient nobles of France and Great Britain and the equals of most royal families. Some of the old Roman nobles even claim direct descent from the days of ancient Rome.

GERMANY AND THE EAST.

Here is the Most Powerful Influence at Constantinople.

The notion of Germany possessing the cradle of human civilization in Assyria, as well as the holy places of Christianity, might easily attract a less enthusiastic mind than that of the emperor, says the Spectator. To make matters easier, Germany has become the patron and almost the protector of the sultan. No influence is so powerful at Constantinople as that of Germany. She can obtain concessions which are refused to every other power. Her officers drill the Turkish troops, her manufacturers supply the Turks with cannon, rifles and ammunition, and in a number of ways the sultan has come to be dependent upon his brother autocrat. Originally, no doubt, the sultan leaned upon Germany because Germany seemed the one great power which wanted nothing from Turkey which it would weaken the independence and integrity of Turkey to give. We can hardly suppose that this is still the view entertained at the Porte, but Turkey is now too much beholden to Germany to be able to withdraw. She cannot shake off her formerly disinterested and yet helpful friend, even though it now seems probable that this friend will ultimately follow the example of the others, and will want to "concentrate, and so strengthen," the power of Turkey by slicing off a few outlying provinces. But in all probability the emperor's dream does not really stop at slicing off provinces. The world has been hesitating long and wearily as to who is to have Constantinople, and there seems no possibility of agreement among the rival claimants. Under such circumstances, what could be more natural than that it should ultimately fall to Germany? That, however, is a piece of German "idealism" which can be kept in the background for the present.

Satiated.

Mrs. Bizler—"Charles, I don't think we will go to Starfish Beach, after all. I hear that Mrs. Dibble is going to be there." Mr. Bizler—"What of that? There'll be room enough for both of you." Mrs. Bizler—"Charles Bizler, I met that woman at the beach three summers, and I am not going to be brought in contact with that tawdry work of hers again. I'm tired and sick of the sight of it."—Boston Tran-

TWICE WOUNDED.

It was during the summer of 1855 that I resided for a time in the City of Mexico, and at this period occurred the incident which, with regard to myself, came near terminating fatally.

A day or two after my arrival in Mexico I strolled out one evening and, half unconsciously, took my way toward one of those cool, shady walks occasionally to be met with on the outskirts of the city.

As I paced slowly on toward a part of the walk where the trees grew closer, forming a little grove, I suddenly became conscious of the presence of two persons a few steps in advance of me.

The persons I had just discovered were a gentleman and a lady. On observing this fact I was relieved of a momentary fear of being set upon by desperadoes; I presently found my couple to be a pair of lovers, enjoying a stolen interview in the little grove, which I had nearly reached, but checked myself in time to prevent discovery just then, though I did not long avert it.

The first words I heard were spoken by the gentleman.

"Fly with me tonight, dearest, I entreat; give me the right to protect you from the wiles of Don Pedro. Only as my wife can I save you from the persecutions of him and his cowardly son."

"I know it, dear Manuel," replied the maiden, whose soft, sweet voice quivered as if in deadly terror. "It was only this morning I overheard a conversation which fully apprised me of the great power placed in the hands of my uncle and guardian, Don Pedro de Saitillo, a power over me which now he proposes to share with his treacherous son, Garcia."

"How?" abruptly inquired the cavalier.

"Dearest Manuel, my guardian has tried every means short of personal violence to inveigle me into a marriage with Garcia. I have heard them plotting to secure me at night and carry me to a deserted ranch at a distance from the city and there, by the help of a vicious priest, unite me to Garcia."

"If I marry without Don Pedro's consent my estates revert to him. I succeeded in escaping tonight, and came here knowing I should meet you, who would rescue me from my peril, but you will take to your heart a dowricous bride, dear Manuel."

"Fear not, Isabelle," said her lover. "There is but one course to take—come with me to my kind old tutor priest. Our marriage shall be performed at once, and then Don Pedro and Garcia cannot molest you unless they pass over my lifeless body."

"Hlet!" whispered the lady, as in my blundering I broke a dry twig, causing a slight rustle among the shrubbery. The next moment I felt myself grasped tightly by the throat, while a sharp, stinging sensation told me that I had been stabbed. I made an ineffectual



AN INEFFECTUAL STRUGGLE.

struggle, but soon sank into unconsciousness.

When I awoke to consciousness I was lying in a bed in a luxuriously furnished apartment, while beside me sat a venerable old man in the garb of a priest.

"Where am I?" was my first question, as I motioned feebly toward a pitcher of water on the stand near by. He pressed a goblet brimming with the pure, icy liquid to my lips.

The old man's face inspired me with confidence, and I told him the whole story. He started and looked me keenly as I mentioned the names of the lovers and Donna Isabelle's unworthy guardian.

"And now, holy father, tell me where I am," I asked again, as I finished my story.

The old priest looked at me steadily a few minutes and then asked:

"Canst thou keep a secret, my son? One of importance to these young lovers? Thou art now in the house of Don Manuel de Monza, who, in his rashness, nearly slew thee as an emissary of Don Pedro de Saitillo. Donna Isabelle entreated that some one should look after the body as soon as possible, for she dreaded lest it should be discovered in the grove and her flight become known before she could make good her escape."

"I committed thee to the care of Donna Julia, my dear Manuel's only sister. Since thou hast acquitted thyself of all complicity with Don Pedro thy treatment shall be that of an honored guest."

The priest told me of the union and flight of the lovers, imploring me to keep secret my adventure in the walk and grove, as my story might afford the means wherewith to trace out their hiding-place.

Late in the day I sank into a profound slumber, which lasted until the next morning. Father Ignatius soon came to me, and, after bathing and dressing my wound—he was an expert surgeon—he told me that Donna Julia

would call on me to apologize for her brother's mistake, and to ascertain if I was carefully nursed.

Donna Julia soon entered, accompanied by her duenna. I started with surprise and delight as a beautiful girl of about 17 entered the room and greeted me as "Señor Americano" in the softest and sweetest of tones.

Donna Julia made many apologies for the brother's almost fatal mistake. Don Manuel de Monza had fled to his ranch with Isabelle, who dared not remain with Julia lest she should be kidnapped by Don Pedro during her husband's absence. Don Manuel was collecting a sufficient number of servants to resist any attack on the part of Don Pedro.

On discovering Isabelle's flight Don Pedro started in pursuit. But not having force enough he hired a number of Indians, who murdered him for refusing to pay a sum of money they required before joining the expedition.

On hearing of the death of his father, cowardly Garcia fled, dreading De Monza's anger; and when Isabelle returned she found herself in possession of her fortune, as by Don Pedro's death it reverted to her.

Long before my wound was healed Don Manuel and his bride returned to Mexico, and I soon became intimate with the cavalier whose first meeting ended so unpleasantly. Our congenial tastes made us the best of friends, and now we are like brothers.

Another tie has drawn us together. By the time my first wound was healed I had received a more dangerous one from Donna Julia. But when informed of my love for her she undertook to heal the wound by marrying me.—New York Daily News.

A WISE OLD SQUIRE.

A rare old book which would delight the heart of every boy who has in him the making of a manly man is the "Life of Thomas Asheton Smith," who for a half century was the first hunter in England, and of whom Napoleon is reported to have said, "That grand chasseur can control horses as I do men."

This modern Nimrod was the owner of great estates. The best horses and dogs in England were in his vast stables and kennels, and he boasted that every one of them was his friend.

It is said that when a new purchase of hounds arrived he would go among them, giving to each a mouthful of food, while he stroked its head and looked steadily and kindly into its eyes.

"Now I know them and they know me," he would say, and ever after the dogs would come bounding to meet him. In the morning the packs would rush from the kennels to the park gates and wait, panting with eagerness for him to come out.

"No horse," he used to say, "ever told me a lie. A horse is a born gentleman." Another of his maxims was, "The man who is a friend of horses should be clean, honorable and fit to be a companion of ladies." He sternly discountenanced drink, gambling, and all vices common among men of his class and time. No horse which he owned was ever allowed to work on Sunday. God had put this dumb brother in his care, with a command, and he obeyed it. "A dog," he often said, "never trusts a man who has tricked him once. I could not meet his eyes if I had lied to him." The good old squire has long been dead, but we can learn from him even now how to win respect from companions who can speak and from those who are dumb.

Klondikers Turn Yellow.

A letter has been received from William Henderson of Denver, who went to Dawson City early in the rush. The letter is under date of July 9. The writer states that he has been mining on Dominion creek, where he has a very promising claim, and had come to Dawson for his supplies. At Dawson Mr. Henderson met Frank Haug, another Denverite, who had just got in after being "snowed up" for nearly a year. He also met Stanley Peace of this city and others. All the business in the way of transportation in that part of the Klondike is done by dogs, and Mr. Henderson states that they are considered very valuable. He witnessed a sale of two for \$1,000, but fared better himself, getting three for \$100 apiece. "There are more dogs in Dawson," he writes, "for the size of the place than in any city in the world."

"This is a hard community," he says, "for health. Hundreds of people seem all broken down. By looking at a man you can tell whether he has been here long or not. Those who have been turn yellow."

Mr. Henderson expects to return to Denver next summer.—Denver Times.

Must Love Men.

Every relation to mankind, of hate or scorn or neglect, is full of vexation and torment. There is nothing to do with men but to love them; to contemplate their virtues with admiration, their faults with pity and forgiveness. Task all the ingenuity of your mind to devise some other thing, but you can never find it. To hate your adversary will not help you; to kill him will not help you; nothing within the compass of the universe can help you but to love him. But let that love flow out upon all around you, and what could harm you? How many a knot of mystery and misunderstanding would be united by one word spoken in simple and confiding truth of heart! How many a solitary place would be made glad if love were there, and how many a dark dwelling would be filled with light!

GET WORK FOR NOTHING.

Clever Contracts Made with Agents by Book Publishers.

A correspondent of the Journal writes to expose the fraud contained in many flattering offers made by book publishers to prospective agents, and as a great many people are constantly being made the victims of these contracts, the exposition of the fraud is certainly timely. Speaking of the methods employed by book manufacturers to secure agents, and get agency work done, he says: "They send out adroitly misleading and grossly deceitful contracts to those who are induced to open correspondence with them by the flattering advertisement's published. These advertisements promise large salaries, and in that way entice many honest employment seekers. The contracts sent out would appear, to any one but a lawyer, to promise lucrative positions. The conditions are that the applicant work a month selling what books he can, makes delivery, retains commission, and pays for the books. He is then to take the field at a stipulated salary as general agent, and the shortage in salary of the month served is to be allowed. The salary promised is from \$75 to \$125 per month." While he is doing his initiatory work he may write himself blind to get some information concerning his general agency work. This is kept back until the month's work is finished. Then he receives a letter promising him from \$75 to \$80 per month, and the last four months of the first year \$100 per month, salary and expenses to be paid out of the money secured by selling outfits to agents. The contract sent by a publishing firm requires the outfits to be sold at \$3.75 each. Here the scheme culminates. Though an agent had the tongue of an angel he could never make his expenses selling outfits at that price. Many book firms sell these same outfits at from 25 to 75 cents. The contract, it appears, is a very carefully worded one. Virtually it binds the agent to work for the firm at a certain figure, but does not bind the firm to hire him at that figure. The correspondent further says: "The result of this scheme is that the book manufacturer gets work out of many persons, some of whom leave good positions to accept the enticing offer. A lady gave up her school last year to accept one of these offers, and when she found she had been deceived came to Lincoln to consult her attorney. The attorney at once informed her that, while nine out of ten persons outside the law profession would think her contract binding the firm to \$75 per month, yet its construction was so adroit as to bind the firm to nothing. Another lady thus deceived went from Lincoln to Chicago, in the hope of getting her wrongs righted. There are many other persons in the city who have lost valuable time in trying to get one of these positions. The secretary of one of these book concerns in a recent letter to me says: 'You had better place the contract in the hands of some intelligent person who can explain it. Now I wish to pass this advice on to the general public and advise that when a contract is received from a book firm offering an agency that it would be well to place it in the hands of an attorney to see whether it is good or not. Do this before you sign it.'—Nebraska Journal.

The Spanish Flag.

Fit emblem of the Spanish hordes, whose plight Is due to each vain-glorious fellow Who shouts of battles won, but in the fight Shows, like his flag, a streak of yellow.

—Judge.

His Sentiments.

Little Willie—Pa, what is that saying about its being "better to have loved and lost"— Mr. Henpeck (feeling)—It is better to have loved and lost than never to have lost at all.—Judge.

LITERARY NOTES.

Haldane McFall (Mme. Sarah Grand's stepson) has served in a zouave regiment, and the hero of his forthcoming novel of West Indian life is a zouave. The chief characters in the story are negroes.

Mr. Andrew Lang has recently undertaken to write a monograph on Prince Charlie, the "young pretender," for Goupil & Co.'s series of illustrated historical biographies. He is also engaged upon a history of Scotland, particulars of which are promised during the coming book season.

The Literary World says that Count Leo Tolstoi will be 70 years old Aug. 28, Russian style, and though he has requested not to be "made a note of," his friends and admirers do not propose to let the day go by unobserved. What some of them do propose is a collection of original articles by writers of all countries treating exclusively of him and his work.

Dr. Smiles tells us that his well-known book, "Self-Help," was so contemptuously refused by the first publisher to whom he offered it that he put it away in his desk for years. He brought it out again after he had made a reputation by another book, and about 250,000 copies have been sold in Great Britain alone, while it has been translated into seventeen languages.

Rudyard Kipling's new book, which is to be entitled "The Day's Work," will be published in the autumn. The book is the product of the last three or four years and contains practically all the vigorous work that Mr. Kipling has put into his short stories during that time. Some of the contents will be: "The Ship That Found Herself," "Bread Upon the Waters," "The Devil and the Deep Sea," "Foot" and "The Maltese Cat."