

Nearly There.
But one step more and he will be free.
One lingering look and then I will be free.
And far behind will leave this heavy load
Of aching heart and aching mockery.

THE RUSSIAN DOCTOR.

Entertaining and Romantic Story
from Real Life.

[ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN OF MRS.
ELISE POEKE.]

BY MRS. FRANCES A. SHAW.
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CHAPTER VI.

It was a relief to Armin not to find his guest in the breakfast room, to feel sure that they would not meet for the whole day.

"Hilmar has gone out into the country with his portfolio," he said, taking his place at the table. "He will probably return to-morrow or the day after."

"I am glad he is away," said Marianne. "I will have his chamber thoroughly cleaned."

Desiree turned pale. "He must have gone in the night," she said. "I was awake very early, but did not hear the slightest sound in the house."

"We need not trouble ourselves if he stays away a week," remarked Marianne, coolly.

"Uncle, you are ill!" cried Desiree, suddenly, and bending over him, she grasped his hand. "You look as if you had had a bad night."

"I have not slept," he answered, with a faint smile. "I have been kept awake by many anxieties. I shall leave directly for the consultation."

"You will not renew your practice at a time like this?" asked Marianne, in terror. "Think of yourself and of us. I am mortally afraid of typhus."

"It would be an unworthy physician who thought of himself in such a case," she said, "Papillon?"

"Yes, very much so," she said, blushing, as if in shame at her weakness. "But if one I loved needed my help as nurse I should not hesitate to give it."

The doctor, on his return at noon from the consultation, looked grave and anxious.

"We hope that in town the disease will be confined to isolated cases," he said; "but in the outlying villages it has become epidemic. You will see but little of me. I must do all I can, and I would like my meals at as early an hour as possible."

All at once Desiree laid her hand upon his arm, and gazing intently into his face, said, with trembling voice: "Uncle, do you think our guest has taken the route to the villages?"

A sudden pat on some sharp instrument shot through the doctor's heart, but he answered, calmly:

"That is scarce imaginable. The picturesque region Ussikow frequents for sketching lies eastwardly from here. The epidemic rages in the villages to the west. He may return this evening."

He did not come this night or the day following. Armin was sure that if any thing had happened some word would have been sent. Marianne did not suffer a moment's anxiety, but Desiree wandered restlessly about the garden and terrace, gazing often down the forest path for some glimpse of the absent one.

"Comme le jour me dure
Passer loin de toi!"

echoed a constant refrain in her heart though the lips were silent. It seemed already months since he went away.

The doctor plunged into his practice with feverish ardor. It came as a God-send to divert his thoughts. The virulent cases in the town increased rapidly. For the first time the destroying angel of pestilence had invaded this peaceful valley. The little hospital soon overflowed. There was urgent need of nurses. Solitary cases of self-sacrifice, displayed by contrast the egotism of human nature in its appalling nakedness. The general motto was "Let him save himself who can!" Alas, the doctor's energies were taxed to the utmost, his heart wrung by the spectacle of human misery; at home he met only anxious faces. Marianne made no concealment of her terror; Desiree flitted around pale and silent but with a look of strange foreboding in her eyes. Ivan in his bewilderment broke almost every dish he touched, and turned things upside down. His grand preservative against disease was a draught of whisky. Katha, the cook, believed every half hour that she had an attack of the murderous fever, and ran howling to her mistress. She wanted the doctor constantly on hand, and did not see why he could not pass his whole time in the vicinity of her kitchen. Why should he run after strangers and leave his own household in the lurch? Armin, at the incessant entreaty of his cousin, had prescribed drops as a preventive. She scarce allowed the vial out of her hand. Sacrificial clouds of smoke arose from every room in the house but the doctor's study. Here, at his express command, the wild wares of Marianne's fumigation fever were stayed.

"If it allays your fears, do what you will," he said, "only let my study alone."

It was remarkable how people of all conditions seeking help besieged the house of the Russian doctor. The reputation of his skill, his goodness and unselfishness spread like wildfire. His door-bell rang constantly day and night. He was kept so busy that he had scarce time to think of Hilmar's absence. When he did recall it it was with a sense of relief at his distance from Desiree.

On the morning of the fourth day since his guest's departure he proposed sending a messenger for tidings. "Our artist is no doubt filling his sketch-book in some picturesque region," he added, "and will complain about my running after him as if he were a child. But I want to get him here and then send him off to Vevay."

As he thus spoke he glanced at Desiree, who had risen noiselessly and was attending to the flowers on the window-ledge. She did not turn as Armin left the room with an *Auf Wiedersehen!* Her reply was scarcely audible. The little head remained bowed over the flowers, the hands plucked nervously at the leaves. Armin set his teeth. A wild impatience surged through his breast. He would fain have pressed this tender form to his tortured heart with the despairing cry:

"Have I then lost your confidence? Do you love this stranger better than me? Will you leave the house that once harbored your mother to go with him?"

But he saw that Marianne's eyes rested upon him with a questioning glance, and controlling his emotion, he went silently.

At noon a messenger appeared saying that the doctor would not return until evening. Ussikow was found. He lay ill in the village of Grunfeld. Ivan must go to him to-morrow with stores of linen and other necessaries and remain until his removal was possible.

Desiree received this intelligence with white face and throbbing heart. A few minutes later she stood before Marianne, who exclaimed:

"Good heavens, how you look! What is the matter with you? Take the drops at once! God forbid that you should bring the typhus into our house!"

The girl turned impatiently away. "Nothing is the matter with me," she said, "but he is stricken with the fever in a neighboring village, and is without care. Ivan goes to him to-morrow. Not until to-morrow! O my God, how long it will be before morning!"

"Who, child! Armin?"

"No, no! Hilmar Ussikow! I im-plore you to go to him at once."

"What do you say, foolish girl? I go to this stranger! I would really like to know why?"

"To nurse him, to save him! Uncle Armin says that in this sickness, nursing does every thing. And just think of it—he lies in a low musty peasant chamber, among strange, rough people, uncared for and alone! Perhaps there is no one to even hand him a drink in his thirst and agony. You must go to him. Every moment's delay brings him nearer death."

"I must go! Are you mad, Desiree, and why I out of all the world?"

"Because he loves you!" cried the girl, despairingly. "Because he wishes to make you his wife."

For a moment Marianne seem petrified to distraction—and I have not remarked that he cares for me in the least—I would not leave this house one hour for his sake. In the first place, it would be highly improper—even for his promised wife, and would cause no end of talk; in the second place, I might get this dreadful fever, and perhaps my death. I would, in no event, accept an offer from this gentleman; I do not care for him, and I will never leave my cousin. What would he do without me? Now come to the table child. It is half an hour past the time. It was thoughtless in Armin to send the message at this hour. The fish is no doubt spoiled. But how excited you are! French women are terribly hysterical."

"Do you think Ussikow will die?" asked the girl, with quivering lips.

"It is more than likely in this disease; but if he can be saved, my cousin will save him. It is a rare piece of good luck that he is not sick in our house, and that he can not be moved. If he could, Armin would have him here in spite of our protests. Now, do force yourself to eat something, child! I feel all broken up myself, but to go with an empty stomach in times like this is dangerous. Lie down after dinner, and this strange mood will pass. I am glad Armin has not seen you."

"I beg you do not tell him a word!"

"If you stop this nonsense and act like a sensible creature I will tell him nothing."

Was it "sensible" to wander restlessly up and down through house and garden, to count the minutes until evening, to stare with glowing eyes into the distance, to press feverish hands to a burning forehead, and ask if the pitiless sun would never go down, to stammer incoherent prayers for one alone—who was perhaps now tossing in delirium, and longing vainly for some hand to smooth his pillow?

Could Armin have suspected with what longing Papillon awaited him—a longing not on his own account—would he have hastened home?

Night had already fallen when he entered the family sitting room mortally weary, and threw himself into his arm-chair. When Desiree saw him she uttered a cry.

"Are you afraid of me, Papillon?" she asked, in a hollow tone. "Marianne, give me some nourishing food. Send Ivan to me at once."

"Poor uncle!" she said. "Must you exert yourself so much? How are your patients?"

"Do you mean the one in Grunfeld, child?" bemoaned, sadly, and stroked her hair. "He fell ill suddenly—how seriously I can not tell until to-morrow. I shall drive over again at noon. Removal is out of the question, but the house where he lies is comfortable, the best good. The house belongs to an elderly widow who has seen most of her family sicken and die, and knows much of illness. She will do her best for him, but I hope to find a nurse. Ivan" he added as the Russian servant entered. "You must leave early in the morning with linen and other comforts for your sick countryman. You may await me at Grunfeld."

"All right," said Ivan, with a stolen glance at Desiree. "The master commands, Ivan obeys."

It was past midnight. Deep silence brooded over the vine-wreathed house. A light step stole down the stairs and over the threshold—a woman's figure disguised in wrappings, a bundle in

hand. From the hood of red cloth beamed a pale, charming, girlish face. Below at the front door stood Ivan with large, closely-packed basket. "Come!" whispered the young girl. "Let us hasten."



"COME! LET US HASTEN!"

"But my master will be angry and your little feet will be weary. Ivan's feet will not tire. Let him go alone. He would go through seas of fire for the young master and for you."

"Hush! I have written to the doctor. He will not be angry. A human life is at stake. Have you forgotten any thing?"

"Nothing, my lady. I have a bottle of whisky in my pocket."

The next morning the Russian doctor found in his address containing these words: "Do not seek a nurse for your friend. I will remain with him until all danger is over, or until he leaves this town. I can go with me. Do not chide my secret departure. I should have died had I been held back, and I know that you would have held me back. In a case like this every minute is precious."

"The praying Mother of God will protect him and me. And you, dear uncle, will make him well. In his sick-chamber I hope soon to kiss your hand."

"Good heavens, what will people say!" cried Marianne, as Armin read her the letter. "We must never receive her back. O what a scandal there will be!"

"Have no fear of that. If Hilmar recovers, every one will think his future wife did a heroic deed."

"His future wife?"

"Yes, Marianne. The night before he left Hilmar confessed to me his love for Desiree."

"For this child! And the silly thing thought he wanted to make me his wife. Well, I am glad I told her I would never accept an offer from him. But if he dies—"

"I hope he may live. God is merciful. I will at once drive over to Grunfeld."

He returned to his study and opened his desk. He took from a box a bit of yellow lace, closed it tenderly in the hollow of his hand—then pressed it to his eyes—a long long time.

Dark thoughts like ill-omened birds of the night flitted around our Russian doctor as in his carriage he passed over the long, solitary road to that mountain village—the same road over which Desiree's little feet had wandered the night before. Why must all this happen? Why for him alone was there no happiness, no drop of that elixir his heart craved? Had not every human being the right to one such beam? If Hilmar died would not this be the natural solution of the question? Might not Desiree then turn back to him?

No longer Papillon, an inconsolable widowed bride; but still she would remain with him, and he could love and care for her. Ought he to wish this? Did not the fulfillment of the wish lie in his own hands? The slightest neglect of his patient at this stage of the disease would suffice. He shuddered. He was horrified at himself. He clasped his hands in agony. What terrible power over him had every feeling connected with the thought of this young girl!

"Lead us not into temptation!" whispered the quivering lips, while drops of anguish stood on the strong man's forehead. The day was bright, the birds sang, nature wore her festal summer robes. Refreshing airs streamed down from the mountains, the swallows shot past with exhilarating cries of joy. How beautiful was the world! How hard it must be for one to leave it when blest with the love of a Desiree!

The widow's cottage now rose before him: the window of the sick man's chamber was open; the life-giving summer air streamed in unhindered. "Papillon's hand has been busy here," he thought. Hesitating, he passed the threshold. The old woman limped to meet him. "How is our patient?" he asked, softly.

"Better, I think, since the sweet-heart came. Poor young thing! He knew her directly, and as she stepped to his bed, he cried: 'Darling, you have come at last! Now I shall die easily. Lay your hand on my forehead!' She did so—and sits there yet, sweet lamb!"

The doctor entered the sick chamber. Yes, there she sat, the beloved one, pale and weary, but with a blissful light in her eyes. Her hand rested upon the forehead of the sufferer, who was now sleeping. Ivan recognized his master, and drew stealthily into the back-ground.

"Uncle, he called my name, he begged me lay my hand upon his forehead!" whispered Desiree, with a faint smile. "I have been praying for him, and that you might come. Now that you are here, all will be well."

"Yes, my child I hope so. We will save him with the help of God. I shall remain until the crisis is over. We will await it together as on that night when I first met you, Papillon."

Hilmar recovered. That low-walled peasant chamber became a flower-wreathed paradise for two happy, united hearts. After a time the patient was removed to his friend's house, the cherished place where he had first met Desiree. Here in the late autumn was celebrated a quiet marriage. Immediately after, the bridal pair journeyed to the south.

Life in the vine-wreathed house passed quietly as if no brilliant Papillon had ever fluttered around it. The Russian doctor dedicated himself anew to the sick, to scientific studies and to his medical work, which was published

and became a standard authority. Marianne saw with concern that he grew graver and more reticent day by day; and yet the children all knew him and approached him with the old-time love and familiarity. His generosity also caused the frugal cousin much uneasiness. One cold day he came home without his overcoat, saying with a smile that he had met a poor man who needed it more than he. Marianne waited patiently and loyally from year to year, still hoping that the doctor's "hour" would come.

With the lapse of time Ivan's misdoings became more open, and the list of opprobrious adjectives was read to him almost daily. Katha grew old and gray in the house, still haunted by fears of pestilence and other dire calamities, and with a new source of trouble lest some evil might happen to the adored Desiree on her many journeyings.

When Desiree and her husband were on their travels, frequent letters from them flew like white-winged birds over to the doctor's house. "We are happy" was their constant refrain to the incredulous surprise of Marianne, who had prophesied trouble and had from year to year awaited that action for divorce which was sure to come. "It isn't in the nature of things," she said, "for a man fickle as Hilmar Ussikow to get on with an ignorant child like Desiree, who does not know how to heel a stocking or oversee a family baking."

Later on, children's feet tripped through the doctor's garden, and a beautiful, radiant mother, with her husband's arm around her, looked on smiling as the great-nephew played ball with her little lads. The ball was the self-same one Hortense had thrown into the eye of the young student.

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TWO IRISH PATRIOTS.

Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde and Arthur O'Connor in New York.

(Special in Philadelphia Times.)

New York, October 3.—Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde and Arthur O'Connor, both members of Parliament, arrived here to-day in the Arizona. There was a big delegation of well-known Irishmen on the pier to meet them. They were escorted to the Hoffman House, where they are to remain for a time.

"We are here," said Mr. O'Connor, "as the representatives of the Irish people and of the Irish Parliamentary party, to acknowledge the generous and valuable assistance which our kindred in America have given us at home, and to explain to them that although things look gloomy at the present, yet they are so filled with hope that we are justified in asking for a continuance of the support given us in the past from America. The Irish people are in the fight and will stay in it until they win."

"When do you expect to have a general election in Great Britain?"

"From all indications I believe we will have a general election next spring. The result will be the complete annihilation of the Liberal Unionist party, and the return of Mr. Gladstone to power. If we may judge from the last elections he will have a good working majority. Every month appears to add strength to the home rule movement in England."

"Will the Tory government enforce the coercion act in Ireland?"

"Now that they are committed to it, I think they will enforce it. The Irish people have now before them a period of great trial and great persecution."

"Will many of the Irish leaders be imprisoned?"

"I believe there will be quite a number of them imprisoned. The treatment of Mr. O'Brien is an incident indicative of the character of the administration, and of the mode in which they are prepared to exercise the despotic powers which the coercion act has given them."

"What party will the Irish National League adopt in the face of coercion?"

"They will advocate free speech, the right of public meeting, and combinations for all legal objects."

"The details of the trip of the Irish patriots throughout this country have not been settled. They will, however, go to Boston after the meeting in this city, visiting also other places in Massachusetts. From Massachusetts they will proceed to Philadelphia, after which a Western trip will take in Canada as well as the United States, will occupy about three months."

(From the Philadelphia Times, Oct. 5.)

Philippian Hall was crowded last night at the meeting of the Municipal Council of the Irish National League. The perfecting of arrangements for the reception of Thomas P. O'Connor and Sir Thomas G. Esmonde, the agents of Mr. Parnell and the Home League, was the principal business before the Council. These distinguished gentlemen will visit this city on 13th October, in company with the President of the League, Horticultural Hall has been engaged for that evening. It was thought this hall would be too small, and the committee was instructed to engage, if possible, Association Hall for the same evening. It will be so arranged that while one of the gentlemen is speaking at one hall the other will be at the other.

The Telegraph in China.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 3.—The steamship Oceanic arrived from Yokohama and Hong Kong this morning. She brings Hong Kong advices September 21. All arrangements are reported to have been made between the Chinese Government and the Great Northern Telegraph Company, working in conjunction with the Eastern Extension Company, for an extension of the Imperial China telegraphs to Kalgan and Kucha, which will give direct telegraphic routes from China to the continent of Europe and Great Britain. It is said that the Northern Company is to pay the Chinese Government one hundred thousand taels on condition that the Chinese pay the same rate per word as the two companies, namely two dollars. The arrangement is to continue in force for six years.

Considerable indignation has been expressed at this attempt to obtain a monopoly and later reports from China respecting the China-American banking and telegraphic syndicate for which the Chinese and American concessions are very conflicting. It is stated that Yen, President of the Board of Revenue, has strongly petitioned the Emperor not to grant the proposed concessions and the China Merchants' Company has repudiated all connection with the syndicate. The English interests in China have been endeavoring to prevent the final consummation of the grant to America.

The Story of a Policy.

The Valley Mutual Life Association, of Virginia, began business September 3d, 1878. Guarantee fund, invested in bonds and mortgages (first lien on real estate), \$108,000.

The Valley Mutual Life Association of Virginia is the largest and the leading Life Association in the South. Over one million of dollars has been paid in cash to the families of deceased members.

The cheapness of its plan is demonstrated by the experience of those who are insured. In illustration of this fact, we take Policy No. 3, held by Mr. W. T. Tams, Cashier of the Augusta National Bank, Staunton, Va.—Policy issued September 23, 1878, \$1,000—consequently it has shared every cost that has come against the Company. The entire cost to Mr. Tams in eight years and six months, Membership Fee, Annals, and Mortality payments, has been but \$70.45, at an average annual cost of \$8.28. At the date of this insurance Mr. Tams was 27 years of age.

A policy of even amount and date in one of the most popular Old Line Companies on the ordinary life plan, payable at death only, would have cost him \$192.75, or \$21.50 per year—a saving of \$122.31 in favor of the Valley Mutual.

Theories are easily advanced and jealous rivals abound in them, but facts can not be refuted.

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LEE HAGOOD,
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Columbia.

Blaine Loring Ground.

It does not look as much like Mr. Blaine in '88 as it did. The political situation of the Republic can be changing. Six months ago it looked like Mr. Blaine would have a walk over for the nomination, but I repeat that a change has occurred. Here in Washington the change is surprising. Republicans who were red hot for Blaine are now saying that perhaps it would be a mistake to name him, and the Democrats with Blaine leanings are now for either one of the Sherman, General Sherman, Allison, Hawley or Gesner in preference to the Plumed Knight. Out in the country the gradual diminishing of the Blaine sentiment is noticeable. Leading Republicans are speaking boldly out against Blaine or any other man having a mortgage on the presidential nomination. This change of feeling is striking. For it means that the Republicans are satisfied that they can not beat Mr. Cleveland with Mr. Blaine and propose to bring out another man. This is about the size of it.—Washington Special to Courier-Journal.

Mr. Muir, of Dumbarton, Scotland, promises to be the next competitor for America's cup.

He Refused to Fly.

DUBLIN, October 5.—Erections were continued at Gweedore to-day. When the police, followed by an immense crowd, came to the house of the Widow Bowles, they found it strongly barricaded, and the inmates prepared to make stout resistance.

Boiling water was dashed upon the walls and they were several times compelled to retire. They finally gained access to the roof and demolished the chimney, tumbling the debris down into the street. The burning coals were scattered on the floor and the inmates were compelled to surrender. Seven persons were taken from the house and placed under arrest.

The hostile demeanor of the crowd alarmed the commander of the police and he ordered his men to prepare to fire, whereupon Constable Haggerty declined to obey the order, advanced a few paces from the ranks and threw down his rifle. He will probably be arrested for refusing to do his duty.

The story of Eve clothing herself with leaves of figs was merely a figure of speech. A man was so delighted with some sponge cake that he ate at a hotel that he went to a drug-store and purchased a lot of sponges, taking them to his home for his wife to make sponge cake out of.

One Lived, the Other Died.

A woman formerly our slave is now our cook. About eighteen months ago she became sickly and had a cough and was confined to bed, and it was thought that she had consumption. The treatment by physicians failed to give relief. In December, 1884, a node or knot the size of a goose egg formed just above the pit of the stomach, which, when lanced, discharged matter for eight or nine months. One of these also formed under her arm, and three on her back, which discharged matter for a considerable time. For six months of this time she confined to the house, and most of the time in bed. The stomach often refused food, by rejecting what she had eaten. She used a great deal of medicine, but failed to be cured. I bought one bottle of your B. B. B. made in Atlanta, Ga., and gave it to her and she continued to improve. I then bought and gave her three bottles more, and she continued to improve, and in two months' time her cough had ceased, her constitution strengthened, appetite and digestion good. All discharges ceased, nodes or knots disappeared and she went to work apparently healthy and fattened up greatly.

This woman had a married sister of near the same age who was affected in precisely the same way and about the same time. The had nodes or knots on pit of her stomach, back, etc. She did not take any B. B. B. and the node on her stomach ate through to the cavity. She continued on the decline and wasted away, and finally died.

These were two terrible cases of blood poison—one used B. B. B. and was speedily cured—the other did not use it and died. It is most assuredly a most wonderful blood purifier. I refer to merchants of this town. Yours truly,

W. T. ROBINSON.

Tishleva, Ala., May 1, 1886.

A SHERIFF RELEASED.

For a period of sixteen years I have been afflicted with catarrh of the head which baffled the use of all medicines used. Seeing the advertisement of B. B. B., I purchased and used six or seven bottles, and although used irregularly have received great relief, and recommend it as a good blood purifier.

(Signed) J. K. HOLCOMBE, JR.,
Sheriff of Harland County, Ga.

All who desire full information about the cure of Blood Poisons, scrofula and venereal swellings, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Kidney complaints, Catarrh, etc., can secure by mail, free of charge, our 32 page illustrated book of wonders, filled with the most wonderful and startling proof ever before known. Address, 25,000 BALDWIN, Atlanta, Ga.

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