

"DEAR HEART, WHERE HAST THOU WANDERED?"

Dear heart, where hast thou wandered?
What happier regions stay
Thy lingering feet, whose coming changed
My winter into May?

Now all our slopes are burgeoned
In summer's lavish mood,
And deep within the grove the thrush
Has belied the solitude.

The laurels set the hillside
With many a spectral light;
Scarcely through the dusk, they stand like
Nymphs, Expectantly in sight.

But somewhere thou dost linger,
Unplacable, afar,
Though high within the twilight sky
Gleams cold our trysting star.

The brooks we loved still murmur,
Though now through dells of gloom;
The very hills have lost with thee
Their moiety of bloom.

Still each leaf whispers of thee;
In every path one trod
By thy dear feet thy spirit yet
Speaks from remembering so.

—L. Frank Trout in Century Magazine.

DAY IN THE LIFE OF A WOMAN PHYSICIAN

By Edith Sessions Tupper.

Dr. Jane Stuart ran over her morning's mail with a mingled frown and smile. There were letters from all sorts and conditions of people, invitations to dinner, confidential notes, letters from cranks and a message from a woman reporter asking for an interview.

Dr. Jane was a personage. She was physical director of a tremendously smart woman's athletic club. She had a chair in a woman's college. She possessed a large and varied repertoire of pamphlets on germs, bacteria, microbes and other unpleasant things. Moreover, she was a charming woman, socially sought and popular in her circle.

But she was frightfully overworked. Sometimes the exquisite machinery of her nerves got awry, and then Dr. Jane wished she could steal away from everything and rest. She was living constantly at high pressure and was a typical woman of the new school.

Dr. Jane answered such communications as were of moment, accepted an invitation to dine at a smart house, gave the newspaper woman an appointment for 5:30 that afternoon and then set forth on her round of morning calls.

As she came down the steps of her home she bowed to her fellow practitioner, Dr. John Treadwell, who lived just across the street and was about entering his carriage.

Dr. John uncovered and swept her a magnificent salutation.

Dr. Jane blushed.

She would have been furious with any one who dared to tell her that her face grew rosy. She would not have admitted so feminine a weakness. Still she blushed.

Now, the cause of that blush was this: Dr. John was in love with Dr. Jane and had frankly told her so and asked her to marry him. But the offer had been accompanied by a condition. Dr. Jane must abandon her practice.

"I do not want my wife running about and killing herself with work, as you are doing. Moreover, I want a companion, not a fellow practitioner."

Now, Dr. Jane was in love with Dr. John, but she refused to abandon her career and told him so.

They had a fine quarrel, and Dr. Jane told Dr. John she hated him, which was not polite. Moreover, it was not true, and he knew it.

Just now these two medical experts were treating each other with that exaggerated courtesy which warring lovers always affect.

"Horrid man!" said Dr. Jane to herself. "He can keep a carriage, while I have to trudge around on foot. How handsome he looks! I should like to ki—"

"Dear, spunky little woman," thought Dr. John. "She looks completely fagged. She is killing herself by inches, but she won't give in, obstinate minx! Oh, these women and their careers!"

Dr. John drove away in his brand new carriage, his dusky coachman grinning at his side. Dr. Jane walked a block and hailed a passing car.

She rang the bell of a handsome up town house and was promptly shown up stairs. The room she entered was darkened. On a luxurious divan, amid a forest of silken pillows, lay a slim woman in a ravishing negligee. She had once been a great beauty, but her face, with its haggard expression drawn lines and faded, lackluster eyes told a story of misery.

"Oh, doctor!" she moaned as Dr. Jane went to her side and gently took

her hand. "Oh, I am suffering so! Oh, won't you give me just a little—only half a grain, I beg you, only half a grain?"

The poor creature's voice rose almost to a shriek. "My husband is so cruel!" she sobbed. "The servants are all in his pay. I can't get any sleep. Oh, I am almost crazy!"

She wept, she wrung her diamond laden hands, she grew more and more hysterical.

When an hour later Dr. Jane emerged from the house, she showed in her white face the tremendous strain she had undergone in controlling and consoling this wretched victim of morphia.

Dr. Jane had a busy afternoon and some trying cases. It had been a terrible strain, and she looked whiter than ever as she re-entered her home. As she sat down at her desk to correct the proofs of her article on "Death in the Dishevelled" her head swam.

"I'm knocked out," she said. "I believe I'll go away for a few days."

The bell rang, and a smartly gowned young woman was shown in. It was the reporter of a Sunday paper to whom she had given an appointment.

"I wish to get out ideas on a vital topic," stated this self possessed young woman. "Do you think that marriage interferes with a woman's professional career? Your opinion as a physician will be most valuable. I have statements from a woman lawyer, a woman preacher, an editor and an actress, and of course I must get the theory of a physician."

Dr. Jane leaned back in her chair and regarded this seeker of light thoughtfully. "Yes," she said, with just the suspicion of a sigh: "I do not see how a woman can be a good wife and mother and yet attend faithfully to the duties and demands of a profession. It is too much for the delicate organization of a woman."

"So you would advise professional women not to marry?" asked the young girl, pencil poised over the pad on her knee.

"Yes," said Dr. Jane dreamily. How far away that girl reporter looked and why was she making faces at her?

"Yes; I should advise professional women not to marry," she went on, with a tremendous effort to pull herself together. "And yet—I question—what—love—and—marriage—are—not—best—for—women—after—all."

And then Dr. Jane quietly fainted away.

The girl reporter rose to the occasion. She rang the bell violently and helped the maid lay the doctor on the couch, loosened her gown, put smelling salts under her nose and shook her. Still Dr. Jane lay looking like a white lily broken by a rude hand.

"I'm going to call a doctor," said the reporter suddenly and thereupon rushed out of the house.

Now, as fate would have it, Dr. John was at that moment alighting from his carriage across the way.

"Are you a doctor?" demanded a shrill voice as a highly excited young woman grasped his arm.

"I'm supposed to be," said Dr. John quizzically.

"Then you had better hurry if you wish to save the life of a fellow practitioner across the way," stated the girl.

"What?" shouted Dr. John in a terrible voice.

"Come quick—Dr. Jane Stuart. I'm afraid she's dying. I guess my interview was too much for her." And the reporter rushed back seemingly on the verge of frenzy.

She stood by until Dr. John revived Jane. She saw the blue eyes slowly open and look up with an expression of wonder changing to doubt and then to something else. She saw the big, handsome Dr. John take the little, fragile Dr. Jane in his arms and heard him murmur, "My darling!"

Then she cleared out.

In the hall, being a highly emotional young person, she seized the maid by the hands and proceeded to do a dance of astonishing steps.

"Looks like a wedding—tra-la-la!" she sang. "Should a professional woman marry? Tra-la-la! Give up her career? Tra-la-la! Love and marriage best for a woman after all—tra-la-la!"

The door into the doctor's office opened, and Dr. Jane, still weak and white, tottered out.

"Don't quote me," she said appealingly.

"No; I won't," responded the frisky young person. "And let me say right now that you are the most sensible professional woman I've struck. For what is a career compared to the love of such a superb fellow as that? Doctor, I congratulate you!"

And then Dr. Jane blushed again.

Some Ink and a Shirt.

I once remember having a noted London doctor out at sea for a little amateur fishing. He would like to see a lollito cuttle caught, he said. I warned him of what was likely to happen when gaffing was on, but he did not care.

"Surely," he said, "I can dodge such guesswork as this must be for so short a time."

I felt dubious as to the result, seeing his white shirt was a prominent object through his having such an open vest. Finally a cuttle took the bait, and as I drew it toward us the doctor lost all thought of himself and his adornments in his admiration of the movements and the beautiful eyes of the creature when in an instant, as I feared it, the whole ink charge struck him in the throat and sadly blackened his white habiliments.

Costly Violins.

The current value of Stradivarius violins in London is said to range from £80 to £200. In Stradivarius' own time one Corvetto of London received a commission of the master's instruments which he was commissioned to sell for £4 apiece. But he was obliged to send them back, as no Englishman at that time would buy them at any such figure. Stradivarius himself is said to have asked a price of 4 louis d'or for each of his violins.

Her Prospects Good.

"Do you think he can support you in good style after you are married, dear? I hear he is worth nothing."

I know Harold isn't rich, mamma, but he has his life insured for \$20,000, and I could get along quite comfortably on that."

Giving Them the Slip.

An impecunious man in Kansas City practically lives on bananas. When he eats them, he throws the peels just outside his office door. That's the way he gives his creditors the slip.—Kansas City Star.

"FORGETTING."

The night when last I saw my lad
His eyes were bright and wet.
He took my two hands in his own,
"Tia wail," says he, "we're met;
And here we meet, the likes of me
I bid ye now forget."

Ah, sure, the same's a thriflin' thing:
'Tis more I'd do for him!
I mind the night I promised well,
Away on Ballinacorney,
An every little while or so
I thry forgettin' him.

It shouldn't take that long to do,
An him not very tall;
'Tis quare the way I'll hear his voice,
A boy that's out o' call,
An whiles I see him stand as plain
As e'er a six foot wall.

Och, fear, my jewel!
I'd forget ye now this minute,
If only had a notion
O' the way I should begin it,
But first and last it isn't known
The leap o' thimble's in it.

Myself began the night ye went
An hasn't done it yet;
I'm nearly fit to give it up,
For where's the use to fret?
An the morning's fairly spilt on me
Wild mindin' to forget.

—Moira O'Neill.

THE KING WAS BETTER.

But the Doctor Got Little Credit For His Efforts.

A story illustrating the good sense and humor of the late King Humbert is told at the expense of his physician.

Dr. Saglione Sometimes the king from his hunting lodge of Castle Fiume went to the sea and amused himself by shoveling sand into a cart.

"Take care, your majesty," said Saglione one day, "not to perspire too much."

"Ah, my dear Signor Doctor," answered the king, resting his chin on his two hands that grasped the handle of his spade, "this muscular exercise does me much more good than your prescriptions."

"Yes, but one must abuse nothing." "But I tell you that I feel very well, and you are afraid you see in this poor shovel a competitor." And, laughing heartily, the king finished filling his cart.

However, by exposing himself in every way without exercising any care, the king contracted bronchitis, which took a chronic form and gave him a rather troublesome cough. This cough was a source of anxiety to the faithful doctor, as he could not convince his patient of the necessity for taking medicine.

Occasionally the doctor was even sent away abruptly by the king, who would say, "I have not called you. Why did you come? You may go. I thank you very much."

One evening, however, the doctor thought he had gained his point, and he prepared for the king in his bedroom the powder he was to take during the night. The next morning Dr. Saglione rose very early, being very anxious to know the effect of his medicine. He was received in the bedroom and at once asked, "Well, how does your majesty feel this morning?"

"Much better—I may say quite well," was the response.

"Ah," observed the doctor, rubbing his hands with satisfaction, "you see the results of listening to reason."

"What do you mean?" asked the king.

"The powders!"

"Bravo!" shouted Humbert. "Go into the next room and see what you can find."

The powders were in the waste paper basket.

Sore Throat

and hoarseness with their attendant dangers may be speedily averted and remedied by the use of Nerviline. Excellent to gargle with—ten times better than a mustard plaster and more convenient for the outside and speedily always inflammation. Nerviline cures because it is five times stronger than other remedies—penetrates the tissues instantly, soothes the pain, and cures simply because that's what it is made for. Druggists sell it.

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NOTICE.

An application will be made at the next sitting of the New Brunswick Legislative Assembly to be called. The St. John's Railway Company, with power to build a line of railway from the City of Saint John, or from a point on the Canadian Pacific Railway at or near Westfield, to Fredericton, following the valley of the Saint John River as nearly as may be reasonably practicable, also the northern terminus of the railway, which the Woodstock and Centreville Railway Company is authorized by its charter to construct to St. Leonard's, in the County of Victoria, to connect with the Restigouche and Western Railway and also with the line to build from St. Leonard's to Edmundston, and with authority to make arrangements for running powers over portions of the Saint John Valley and Riviere du Loup Railway, and The Woodstock and Centreville Railway, when constructed, and with all other powers incident to a Railway Company, and for the purpose of obtaining rights of way, lands for the purposes of the company and all necessary Railway powers, building, equipping, managing and maintaining the railway lines of the Company. Dated the 2nd day of January, 1901.

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Her Chief Alarm.

"Goodness gracious," exclaimed the old gentleman, "this disturbance in Chit is just what I need."

"It is so," agreed the old lady. "What with all the natives fighting we've just as likely as not to have a most distressing famine this year."

How Kind!

Prospective Father-in-law—Have you any business experience?

Son-in-law—No, sir. We shall allow you to attend to all our financial affairs.

Looked Like Laundry Cheeks.

Messenger to British general in China—General, we have just captured a bear or of dispatches, but we can't make out the dispatches.

British General—Are they in cipher? Messenger—Cipher?—No. They're in Chinese.

Particularly Campaign Operators.

He wondered why a man's hair began before his beard?

She—Lack of exercise, I suppose. Most men work their jaws more than their brains.—Indianapolis Press.

Lacking In Romance.

"Swigly hasn't a particle of romance about him."

"I never thought he had. Any new proof of it?"

"Yes. He was calling on Daisy Swinnerton. You know Daisy. Little thing, but full of poetry. Swigly said he wondered where they met the first time, and Daisy in her poetical way said she guessed it was in the gloaming. Swigly looked puzzled, and then what do you suppose he said?"

"Give it up."

"Said he guessed she was mistaken, because he couldn't recall any apartment house by that name."

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