

### Doctor Carajo's Patient.

Doctor Carajo sat in his verandah, smoking a cigar. His chair was a curious bamboo structure, of Japanese manufacture. The doctor sat in the clear shadow, and gazed out meditatively upon a lovely prospect of semi-tropical sea and shore. His house, built in the Spanish style, stood on height at the verge of the antique town—a town of narrow, irregular streets, and high-shouldered buildings with projecting windows and arched doorways. It had not altered in hundreds of years, save to grow grayer, more indolent and more venerable.

In this lovely and forgotten spot Dr. Carajo had lived three years. Not every man could have made himself part of such a community without occasioning a great deal of excitement and remark; a stranger was nowhere so much a stranger as in that ancient town. But Doctor Carajo had ventured into the still and immemorial life of the place as quietly and unremarkably as a shadow of the evening. Quiet and reserved he was of manner, but he was in no sense an insignificant man.

In his bearing toward others he was courteous but wholly cold and unimpassioned. His reputation in the community was unrivaled, and people consulted him as they might have consulted some wise volume containing infallible remedies for bodily ills. Doctor Carajo, in brief, held the position of a kind of physical Providence, little thought about until he was needed, and then trusted implicitly. Professionally he was known to everyone; personally, to none.

#### II.

As Doctor Carajo sat smoking in his chair that sunny afternoon, the noise of a carriage proceeding up the street, attracted his attention. Without altering his position he allowed his eyes to rest upon the vehicle and its occupant. The latter was a woman dressed in white. She was in the prime of her youth and beauty, but her anxious and nervous manner showed evidences of acute distress of mind. As Doctor Carajo looked upon her his eyes dilated and his face flushed; then he grew very pale. He leaned back in his chair as if to conceal himself from view.

The wheels stopped before his door, and the bell sounded in the court below. By the time the servant arrived with the information that a lady was below who desired to see him on a matter of life and death, he appeared no less serene and impressive than usual.

"Bring hither a chair for the lady," he said, "and say that I await her."

Having given these directions the doctor rose from his chair and remained leaning negligently against the stone balustrade of the balcony, with his face toward the room which opened upon it. As she set foot on the balcony the doctor bowed his head courteously.

"Doctor Carajo," she began, speaking abruptly and impetuously, "I was told to come to you—that no one but you could cure my husband—"

At that word the doctor raised his head and looked his visitor in the face, while a faint, contemptuous smile quivered for an instant beneath his gray mustache.

The lady stopped short, her beautiful lips apart, and her great eyes fixed in a gaze of seeming amazement and dismay. Presently she muttered some unintelligible words, raised her hands across her bosom with a gesture of fear or of repulsion, and her face and neck crimsoned with a hot blush.

The doctor contemplated her a few moments, and then said coldly: "Be seated, madam. Your husband, you were about to say—?"

"I should not have come—they said Doctor Carajo—"

"You were rightly informed, madam. I am Doctor Carajo, and I alone can cure your husband—if he be curable. You may place every confidence in me."

"Oh, what shall I do?" murmured the lady, pressing her hands over her face. She stood dizzily and would have fallen had not the doctor by a light touch guided her to a chair. She sank down, a tremor passed through her body and her eyes closed.

"You appear yourself to be indisposed, madam," observed the doctor. "The heat outside is great and you have over-exerted yourself. This scent will revive you," and as he spoke he held to her nostrils a small phial containing a pungent perfume.

"You ask me what you should do," he continued. "You should, in my opinion, lose no time in telling me the circumstances to which I owe your visit. If your husband's case is so precarious as I am given to understand, a delay might prove fatal."

"Would you not be more fatal than any delay?" demanded the lady, fixing her eyes upon him.

"You are scarcely complimentary," returned the doctor, with a smile. "I would do my best for him, as for any other human creature intrusted to my care. Nevertheless, if you deem it best to seek assistance elsewhere

—you know me well enough to know that I leave you free to do what you will."

"Yes, I know you in that speech," exclaimed the lady, in a low but passionate tone. "You would leave me free—too free. You say you would do your best for any human creature left to your care; but the human soul intrusted to your care you would leave free to fall into temptation and be destroyed! But, perhaps, God will be more merciful than you think."

"I will not say I am surprised at you attacking me, Madame," said the doctor quietly; but I cannot pretend that, under the circumstances, I understand it."

A brief silence ensued; then the lady leaned forward, her hands clasped on her knees, and her face raised toward Doctor Carajo, who still remained leaning negligently against the balustrade of the balcony.

"I am at your mercy," she said; "and even such a revenge as yours should be satisfied to see me here imploring your help. I take all the blame of what has been upon myself. But no punishment you could inflict on me could be half so humiliating as this which I inflict on myself. I ask you to save him! In asking it I give my life for his; for after such a degradation, life would be a burden and a shame. If you have been waiting all these years for a chance to wreak your hatred on me, your time has come. It will never come again!"

The wild and reckless emphasis of this appeal, enhanced by the hushed voice in which it was spoken, seemed to have some effect upon Doctor Carajo. He stroked his gray mustache and meditated a little.

"Do you love this—husband of yours, Madame?" he finally inquired. "Enough to beg his life at your hands," she answered, sinking on her knees.

"As a physician," continued Doctor Carajo, "I have my professional customs. While always ready to exercise my skill in behalf of human suffering, I demand in return certain equivalents. From some one thing, from some another, money but seldom, for I am wealthy; but I compel my patients to feel that when the cure is effected we are but quits. I have already told you that it will give me pleasure to attempt the relief of your husband; but I omitted to mention the equivalent. Are you prepared to give it?"

"Anything—even my life!"

"Not your life, by any means. I shall merely require you, as soon as he is restored to health, to leave this town, never to return. You will leave it alone, concealing from your husband your route and destination. Never henceforth will you either see him or hold any manner of communication with him. Do you agree?"

The lady had risen to her feet, and was pressing one hand over her heart. Her eyes searched Dr. Carajo's countenance with terrible intensity. "Will you fulfill your part of the contract?" she demanded.

"I will," he replied. Her bosom rose and fell rapidly, her face quivered, and was now pale, now red. At last she said with a gasp, as if her words tore her life up by the roots: "Then I consent. God hear me, and judge between us!"

"Be it so," rejoined the doctor, gravely. "And now, if you please, I will accompany you to your husband. On the way you will inform me as to his ailment. He shall be brought to my house, and you shall witness my treatment of him. Afterward—" he made a significant gesture. The lady moved her head in assent. But as they left the balcony a thought struck her, and she turned again.

"You will not let him know that you are—?"

"I will let him know that I am Doctor Carajo, Madame, said the other, bowing coldly and making way for her to pass.

#### III.

Doctor Carajo's private room was as cool, as quiet and as secluded as the doctor himself. The floor was of fine Pompeian mosaic, partly covered with rugs of delicately woven Indian matting. A delicious coolness and fragrance pervaded the apartment which was entirely removed from all outside noises and influences.

Three persons were present in this room—Doctor Carajo, the lady and a man who lay at full length upon the couch. He was tall and powerfully formed, with broad shoulders and massive limbs. His features expressed strength and vigor; too rugged to be called handsome, but full of masculine pith and ability. Upon his forehead and on his arms, which were bare, appeared a number of small spots or blotches of a purplish hue. But for a slight intermittent movement of the chest, indicating a subdued respiration, the man might have been supposed to be dead.

"The opiate will exhaust its effect in a few minutes," observed Doctor Carajo, bending over his patient and eyeing him critically.

"How long will this last?" asked the lady, who had now assumed a

demeanor outwardly as quiet and self-possessed as the doctor's own.

"We may expect three separate stages," the doctor answered, "extending over several hours."

"Is there any hope?" asked the lady.

"The poison is one of the most insidious and deadly known to science, and also one of the rarest," the doctor replied.

"I have an antidote here which, had it been given immediately, would, have overcome the evil."

"And how should you give it now?" demanded the lady.

"It would still counteract the poison, but at the expense of the patient's life. He has not now the strength to undergo the necessary struggle."

"What shall you do?"

"I shall administer drugs which will have the double effect of increasing the vital power and weakening the action of the poison. Human skill can do no more. Hush! he will open his eyes in another moment. He must not be aware of your presence. Step into that alcove and make no sound. You can there see all that passes. Let nothing that he may say induce you to discover yourself unless I give you the sign."

The lady moved to the side of the couch, bent quickly and kissed the forehead of the half-conscious man and then drew back and vanished behind the curtain of the alcove.

#### IV.

The man drew a deep and quick breath, moved slightly on his cushions and opened his eyes. "You are my physician, I suppose? I feel better—free from pain and more strength—thanks to your skill, no doubt. How soon do you promise to have me up again?"

"It is now 6 o'clock in the morning," said Dr. Carajo. "By this noon, at furthest, the crisis will have passed."

"The crisis! Humph! Then I'm not out of danger yet? Tell me the truth, Doctor; I'm not afraid to hear it. Death or life—which is it?"

"Since you have chosen to ask, I will reply," said the doctor, after a pause. "You may live, but it is more probable that you will die."

"Humph! Well, such is life—and death. I have lived—I have been alive—as much as most men. And this is to be the end? The end! A strange idea, that!" He was silent a moment or two, and then said: "Where is Lenore?"

A slight contraction overshadowed the doctor's brow and passed away again.

"I presume you refer to your wife?" he said.

"Certainly—the woman I love—my wife, if there's any meaning in words. Where is she?"

"It was indispensable, for her sake and your own, that she should remain apart from you for the present. She will be summoned as soon as safety will allow, or as soon as hope vanishes."

"Poor darling! What would become of her were I to go?" muttered the patient half to himself. "I must tighten my grip for her sake. Not die!—no! She gave herself to me, body and soul, and I must stand by her to the end. There, again—the end! Is this it? It isn't what I expected. Me to die, and she to live on? It must be! My darling—my Lenore! What a life we have had these three years past! What a love! Never a day's shadow; never a regret. Ha! Doctor, you are there, aren't you?—and I've probably been thinking aloud, as my habit is. Well, I like your face; you're a cold man, but an honest one. You may hear whatever comes; and maybe 't would be as well to make you my father-confessor out and out! You're as honest as any jack-priest of 'em all—eh, Doctor?"

"I have never betrayed the confidence of man or woman," said Doctor Carajo, quietly.

"Humph! Well, I am myself indifferently honest, as the world goes, but I can't speak quite so far of myself as that. But this society saps our principles. What law is so strong as the love of a man for a woman? And the strongest must win. Sin and virtue are a matter of words—the responsibility his who utters them, and the suffering his who believes them. The wise man knows he is free and that life is short, and the fire of youth burns but once. The treasure belongs to him who can keep it; vain to buy it with money or bind it with oaths or with vows. It will go where it belongs, and there 'tis safe."

"What, then, do you hold love to be?" inquired Dr. Carajo.

"I hold love to be all that my blood and marrow, my flesh and pulses and my five senses tell me that it is—the delight of a man in what is strange, yet familiar; like, yet unlike; man, yet woman; forbidden, yet allowed. Love is passion—incarnate happiness; a surrender that is victory; to receive by giving; the generosity of selfishness; a fire that creates by consuming; a madness that is wisdom. It is the inarticulate language that transcends all languages—the sweet speech of flesh to flesh. There's a string of par-

adoxes, for you, doctor, whereof you will comprehend nothing. Nor do I myself, for the matter of that; I only know that the look and touch of a certain woman will take a certain man captive, body and bones; and that the more he is captive the better he likes it. That was my case. I found a treasure made for me to enjoy; 'twas said that another man owned it, but I knew naught of him. If it were his he would have kept it. I have proved my right to it; and if it were to take over again I would take it!"

"Love, therefore, is wholly a physical matter?" said Doctor Carajo, with a smile.

"Yes; and yet by that inspiration man has invented poetry, and the soul, and Heaven, and all manner of the like glorious hallucinations. Love cannot die, we say; no—nor will the sun ever cease to warm the cold, or water to refresh the thirsty. But neither sun nor water, nor love itself, will animate the dead; so what is one more than the other?"

"Surely a convincing argument," remarked Doctor Carajo, still smiling, and with a glance toward the curtained alcove. "And lovers parted on earth are parted forever. The only wonder is that, for so slight a cause, a man should compromise himself so deeply. The world is wider than a woman's arms; and power, learning and revenge are sweeter than her kiss."

"I have not found them so," replied the other, closing his eyes.

A long silence followed, during which Doctor Carajo's patient seemed to lie in a half-waking dream. The physician watched him carefully. And all this time Doctor Carajo kept his face averted from the alcove, whence came no sound nor movement.

When, at length, the patient opened his eyes once more, a change was manifest in his appearance. His voice had lost its depth and strength, but was clearer and more penetrating than before. The expression of his countenance was composed and meditative.

"Where is Lenore?"

"Her time has not yet come," replied the doctor.

"My mind beholds her clearly," rejoined the other. "My thoughts dwell with her and commune with her own. In that sympathy of mind all love consists. Without it, the blind passion of the heart and the senses are misleading and mischievous. They are the force, but intellect is the guide; and when their force is gone, the intellect remains true to its choice. The delight of love is in the perfection of its harmonies, and age, sickness or absence has no power to obscure it."

"Then, were you to see Lenore no more it would not disturb you?" asked the doctor.

"Bodily presence is not without its uses," answered the other, calmly. "To be a king you must have a subject, and the body is the subject of the mind. By ruling it the mind realizes and confirms its aims and conclusions; and on the other hand the body, by its suggestions and limitations, sets the mind in motion and gives it strength. Without the body love would be a dream; as, without the mind it would be but a sensual and promiscuous instinct. Nevertheless, love having once attained bodily incarnation, I conceive that henceforth the actual association together of the lovers is of secondary importance; though, perhaps, the mind needs to be refreshed occasionally by renewed intercourse with its mate, providing it with fresh incidents and developments to consider and interpret."

"Your philosophy is certainly persuasive," observed Doctor Carajo. "But, from this point of view, what think you of the so-called sanctity of the marriage bond?"

"It is an ingenious device for the preservation of outward social order," said the other, "but not in itself worthy of an intellectual man's respect. The laws of the mind are evidently above the control of social laws. Were all men ruled, as they ought to be, by the intellect, bonds of any kind, marriage or other, would cease to be. Households would still exist and families would be reared; but the free intercourse of mind with mind, with all that that implies, would be admitted, and, as a consequence, the pass on of jealousy would vanish along with other relics of barbarism. In other words, marriage based upon intellectual sympathy would no longer be checked by marriages of merely material convenience, and immorality would disappear with the artificial morality which has created it."

"A desirable consummation, indeed," remarked Doctor Carajo. "And so you would, without repugnance, behold Lenore in possession of another of more sympathetic intellectual endowments than yourself?"

"The question seems a fair one," returned the other, doubtfully; "but I have, perhaps, omitted some essential point in my analysis. Allowing the possibility that such an intellect as you suppose might exist, I still cannot conceive him as having rights over Lenore. The fact that we have belonged to each other has created between us something that did not exist before and which cannot be removed;

something neither physical nor intellectual, yet more substantial than either. I confess it perplexes me and my mind is weary. I must rest awhile before considering it further."

And even as he spoke, he sank into a lethargy.

#### V.

The interval between this stage and the final one lasted but a few minutes, but was marked by even a greater change in the aspect of the patient.

The light in his eyes had the appearance of proceeding from some source beyond matter, and to see things which material sight has no cognizance of. His voice, reduced almost to a whisper, nevertheless thrilled upon the ear with a distinctness and force that outdid the noisiness of the sturdiest lungs.

"Lore!" he exclaimed commandingly, "come to me!"

"Hush!" said Doctor Carajo, with a frown. "She is not here."

"She is behind that veil," returned the other; "let her come forth."

At first there was no response to this summons; but by and by the curtain was grasped from within and slowly drawn aside. In the opening appeared the figure of Lenore, white in face and figure, like a ghost obeying a hostile mandate. As her glance met that of Doctor Carajo's patient she faltered and uttered a low cry.

"You are dying, my love!" she said; "he has killed you!"

"By no means," said Doctor Carajo, sullenly. "At this moment I would buy his life with my own. Human skill has done its utmost."

"Do not come too near," murmured Lenore's lover, as she advanced toward him. "We have no time to lose."

"Am I not yours? Do you not love me?" she cried, in a voice weighted with unshed tears, and holding out her hands to him.

"There is a spiritual barrier between us," he said. "Do not let your fleshly hand disregard it. It seemed to me that I loved you; it seems so still. But there has never been a true union between you and me. The license of the body, the arrogant insanity of the intellect—these parody love and banish it. Can happiness be founded on murder? and we murdered marriage, Lenore!"

"But I never loved him, nor he me," she said passionately. And then, with a sweeping gesture of the arm, she pointed to Doctor Carajo. "That is the man! Let him answer if what I say is not true."

The doctor shrugged his shoulder. "The question is a futile one," he said. "Sin, like God, is no respecter of persons. Take it, if you will, that I was justly served. Her responsibility toward the covenant she broke is the same, and thereby she is condemned. But I deprecate this discussion, and the foolish revelation which occasioned it. If I were the person she asserts, I have long ceased to be so. His name and his heart—be it good or evil—are mine no more. I am plain Dr. Carajo, a man of science and an observer."

"Your heart is at least the same in its coldness and revengefulness!" said Lenore bitterly.

"Coldness! I loved you!" exclaimed Doctor Carajo, with sudden and strange vehemence. "I tried to win your love, but you withheld it. Mine was no surface passion, to be expressed with a flow of words and protestations; and because I could not speak you thought me indifferent. Then in my absence, you met this man and betrayed me. I would not condescend to pursue you and supplicate you, or to seek a vulgar vengeance. I left you to the retribution of time and change. And this hour rewards me."

"Can such love as ours be wrong?" demanded Lenore, turning to her lover. "Is it not its own justification?"

"No, Lenore; nor must we seek justification," answered the dying man. "We have polluted the sacred symbol which is the image of creation. As light is married to heat, form to substance, and truth to goodness, so is man married to woman. The sanctity of that union is above and independent of individual conditions. For the sake of one selfish pleasure should we oppose and defy a law in which are bound up the purity and welfare of mankind? or should we say that because this man fails to be a worthy husband we may violate the warrant whereof he, whether worthy or not, is the representative?"

"If the love that, for these three years past, has been my life, be wickedness," said Lenore, "then why should I desire truth and goodness?"

"The love which opposes love of humanity is, in its essence, not love but hatred," the dying man answered. "It is with such love that we heretofore loved each other; it is grounded in mortality, and must pass away. But there is something in us that outlasts the strength of the body and the pride of intellect—a soul which cannot die, and whose love is real and immortal. My soul, which until now I have never known or acknowledged, is now awake and fills the place of death; it is I!"

"And do you love me still?" asked Lenore.

"Whether it be a new profanation or a promise, I love you still," he murmured; "nay, I have never truly loved you until this moment."

"We shall meet hereafter," she said.

"Let not your heart imagine it," he replied; "the wages of sin is not immortal happiness. Pray only that he whom we have chiefly wronged be less a sufferer thereby than we ourselves."

"Let not that disturb you," said Doctor Carajo, gloomily. "If what this dying man has said be true—and it may be so for aught I can tell—you have injured each other more fatally than you have injured me. I ask no more. Heaven may promise you what happiness it will; I shall not cross you there."

"Farewell, Lenore!" said her lover, in a tone whose solemnity overawed its tenderness.

"Must I stay here alone?" she cried out in agony. "Let me go with you!"

"Not so!" rejoined, rather, that your road of retribution lies in this world. As for me, I go to a strange country, whose way and boundaries no man knows."

There was a silence. "He is gone!" muttered Dr. Carajo, turning away. But Lenore pressed her hands over her heart.

"He is here," said she.—*Julian Hawthorne.*

### Valuable Information.

#### Rights in the Road.

The following statement as to rights in the road, promulgated by Judge Bennet, may at some time be of use to the readers of the *Journal*. Some of them are at variance with prevailing opinions:

If a farm deed is bounded by, on or upon a road, it usually extends to the middle of the roadway. The farmer owns the soil of half the road, and may use the grass, trees, stones, gravel, sand or anything of value to him, either on the land or beneath the surface, subject only to the superior rights of the public to travel over the road, and that of the highway surveyor to use such material for repairs of the road; and these materials may be carted away and used elsewhere on the road. No other man has a right to feed his cattle there, or cut the grass or trees, much less deposit his wood, old carts, wagons or other things there.

The owner of a drove of cattle that stops to feed in front of your land, or a drove of pigs which root up the soil, is responsible to you at law, as much as if they did the same thing inside the fence.

Nobody's children have a right to pick up the apples under your trees, although the same stand wholly outside of your fence.

No private person has a right to cut or lop off the limbs of your trees in order to move his old barn or other buildings along the highway, and no traveler to hitch his horse to your trees in the sidewalk without being liable, if he gnaws the bark or otherwise injures them.

If your walls stand partly on your land and partly outside of the fence, no neighbor can use it without your permission. Nay, more; no man has a right to stand in front of your land and insult you with abusive language without being liable to you for trespassing on your land. He has a right to pass and repass in an orderly and becoming manner; a right to use the road but not to abuse it.

But notwithstanding the farmer owns the soil of the road, even he cannot use it for any purpose which interferes with the use of it by the public for travel. He cannot put his pig-pen, wagon, cart, wood or other things there, if the highway surveyor orders them away as obstructing public travel. If he leaves such things outside his fence, and within the limits of the highway as actually laid out, though some distance from the traveled path, and a traveler runs into them in the night and is injured, the owner is not only liable to him for private damage, but may also be indicted and fined for obstructing a public highway. But if he has a fence or wall along the highway, he must place it on his land, and not half on the road as in case of division between neighbors. But as he owns the soil, if the road is discontinued or located elsewhere, the land reverts to him, and he may enclose it to the centre, and use it as a part of his farm.—*Et.*

### The Wise Father.

A worldly father, after the style of Lord Chesterfield, is giving good advice to his son, who is about to enter society.

"And, above all, avoid flirtations. But if you must flirt or fall in love, sir, be sure that it is with a pretty woman. It is always safer."

"Why?"

"Because some other fellow will be sure to be attracted and cut you out before any harm has been done."