

A VISIT FROM THE SEA.

Far from the loud sea beaches,
Where he goes fishing and crying,
Here, in the inland garden,
Why is the sea gull flying?

Here are no fish to dive for;
Here is the corn and lea;
Here are the green trees rustling,
Hie away home to the sea,

Fresh is the river water,
And quiet among the rushes;
This is no home for the sea gull,
But for the rocks and thrushes.

Pity the bird that has wandered!
Pity the sailor ashore;
Hurry him to the ocean;
Let him come here no more.

High on the sea cliff's ledges,
The white gulls are trooping and crying,
Here, among rocks and roses,
Why is the sea gull flying?

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

Late one afternoon in the autumn of 1845, on returning to my office after visiting some patients, I found this note lying on my table:

"Dr. JAMES: Will you do me the favor to call at my office this evening before retiring? I have something of importance to communicate."

Yours truly,
J. L. GARRETTSON."

The office that I occupied was in a large old fashioned building (since torn down) on Arch Street, Philadelphia. It was a large double mansion. I occupied the right hand parlor as an office in conjunction with a young dentist, while Dr. Garretson who owned the house, occupied the left.

Dr. Garretson at that time was a man about thirty-five though he looked ten years older. He was rather tall, and slim in figure, with a face that had once been handsome, though this was nearly obliterated by trouble, sickness, or something else.

Through with the reputation of being a skilled physician, his solitary habits kept the fraternity from seeing much of him. Indeed, he was the most secluded man that I ever met.

Having had my office for three years under the same roof with Dr. Garretson, and in all that time not having exchanged a dozen words with him, of course I was surprised on reading his note.

My friend, the dentist, retiring about seven o'clock, I finished my business for the evening, and knocked at the doctor's door.

A voice bid me enter.

I opened the door. The shutters were closed, and there was a lamp burning on the table. The doctor was standing near the door, with his hands placed behind him.

I went in.

As I was turning around to close the door I received a heavy blow from behind, which stunned me; though I seem to have a faint recollection of the doctor's turning the key in the door, and then binding me.

Be that as it may, however, I know, when I recovered, I was bound hand and foot, and so tightly that I could not stir, while I was securely gagged by a large handkerchief being stuffed in my mouth, and then being firmly tied behind my neck.

I could neither stir nor speak; all I could do was to listen and tremble, for I suspected the doctor intended taking my life.

I was speedily reassured however. "You have nothing to fear, Dr. James," said the doctor, who had taken a seat near the table, while he had placed me on a chair near the door; "I meditated no harm to you. I am sorry I was compelled to hurt you, but I had no other method of accomplishing my object. Before we proceeded to business, I will examine the wound I gave you."

Saying he took the scissors and cut the hair away from the neighborhood of the wound, he then bathed my head and placed a cooling lotion on it.

"There," he said, as he finished, "I think you'll not suffer much from it now."

The doctor, for some time after he had fixed the wound, did not speak, but continued pacing the room in deep thought.

It was raining outside and there was little noise in the street. All was quiet save the ticking of the clock and the noise of the doctor's feet. I can recall my feelings as I sat there, bound hand and foot and mouth, waiting for him to speak.

At last he stopped his walk and taking a seat near me, began:

"I have a confession to make tonight. The confession must not be told till I am dead. After the confession I intend to hang myself. The door will be broke in the morning, and you will be released. This will explain my conduct toward you this evening."

"You have known me, I believe, for about three years. You have heard me spoken of as a strange man, you think I am a strange man. When you have heard my story you will know what made me so."

"My father was a wealthy cotton planter; I was an only son. After being pampered and spoiled at home, till my conduct was unbearable to all that came in my way, I was sent to college in one of our Northern States and afterward transferred to the University of Pennsylvania, where I studied medicine and in due time graduated with high honor."

My father's money soon placed me in a respectable position as a doctor in one of our large Southern cities. In a short time I had gained an extensive practice.

"With one of the families that I prime in contact with dwelt a young woman named Laura Moyer. She was employed as governess, but her beauty and other attractive qualities won her a place in the hearts of those with whom she resided, and she was treated more as a daughter than a governess of their children."

"Fate, as it were, threw me constantly in this young lady's way. If I went to a ball, she was there; if I went to a theatre, I was sure to meet her, and at every social meeting I attended she invariably constituted one of the party."

"From this frequent intercourse ripened friendship; and from friendship, Christianity from the country."

love. Though my social position placed me far above hers, still love made us equal, and finally I proposed to her and was accepted.

"My family was greatly against this alliance. Every inducement was offered me to break my promise of marriage and marry a rich beauty of my parent's selection. But all their pleadings were in vain, and we were married, though from the moment of our marriage my father disowned me.

"My practice was good and we succeeded very well in keeping up an appearance of wealth. My wife's beauty and attractions drew many of the elite of the city to our home; indeed, but for those attractions, if she had been a plain, reserved woman, instead of the belle of every assemblage, I'd have to tell this story to-night.

"One of our many visitors was a young man named Larue. He had all the qualities that charm the female sex—young, handsome, witty, with a dash of mystery about him, and a thorough man of the world. He was also the most ardent admirer of my wife, and was seldom absent from the house.

"I don't think I am naturally a jealous man—that is, enough to accuse a man without strong proof of his crime. But I saw so many things between Larue and my wife that would have aroused the suspicion of the most considerate husband living.

"To get my wife from the influence of Larue I relinquished the extensive practice I had gained by skill and industry, and came here to Philadelphia. Here I purchased the house that we are occupants of, and it was here in this house that the crime was committed that has been hanging on my conscience like a millstone for years, and which I will atone for to-night by my own hand.

"We had lived here perhaps three months. I had put forth my greatest energies, and succeeded very well in getting patients; my wife seemed to return to her allegiance to me, and I thought I had a full store of happiness before me, when, one day, on returning to my home, I surprised my wife in the arms of Larue.

"I was overwhelmed with passion. I threatened to kill him on the spot if he didn't leave my house. He had the advantage by his impenetrable coolness, and he answered my threats with insolence. He left the house, promising to call again when he pleased to do so.

"I appealed to my wife to renounce all thoughts of Larue, reminding her of my constancy as a husband. But her head seemed turned again by her lover, and she was as insolent as he.

"I suspected the lovers would have a stolen interview that evening, as they knew I would be absent. But I had determined to stay at home unknown to them and watch.

"My suspicions were correct. I heard Larue come. They went into the parlor. Silently I crept into an adjoining room, and through the key hole watched them. I heard all that was said and done. They were planning an elopement.

"It was then the thought of murder first occurred. I would kill the false wife and deceitful lover. But how?

"To use firearms would discover me, and Larue having greater strength and being more active than I, would have the advantage in a personal encounter. I had it!

"I would first stupefy them, then commit the murder.

"This is the way I accomplished it:

"My wife proposed having a little supper, and I knew they would use wine. I procured a bottle and drugged it, then placed it in a conspicuous position. The bottle of wine was used, and the lovers were soon, with their arms entwined, locked in the embrace of sleep.

"The rest was soon done. My first step was to bind their arms securely, then with a rope, I strangled them as they sat locked in each other's arms.

"But after the murder! It was no sooner committed than I repented it. Here were the bodies—those damning witnesses—what was to be done with them? I could not bury them, and my blood shrank from burning them.

"Yes, there was a way! I partly understood the art of embalming. It was my only chance to escape detection. I put my skill to work, and before morning I had the bodies embalmed and hid.

"The next day I informed my neighbors that my wife had died, and I expected she had eloped with Larue. I was believed. My character placed me above suspicion."

Here the doctor ceased speaking, and taking a pen and paper, wrote for a considerable time. He then sealed the paper, and laying it on the table, said:

"That paper finishes the story, together with instructions I wish obeyed; I see your position is painful, but there can be no help till morning."

He then bid me good-bye, telling me I should never see him again alive.

I managed to get on the floor, and I laid there till morning. I don't know how many hours I remained awake, suffering with my cramped position, but at last sleep came to me, and I slept till I was awakened by the noise of breaking in the door.

We found the bodies where the doctor had indicated; and he was found hanging in the garret. His wishes were complied with to the letter—his parents coming on and taking charge of the bodies.

This has been years ago; but I shall never forget the night when I was compelled to listen to the doctor's story.

Paganism in Siberia.

The territory of Russian Siberia, one and a half times as large as the United States, has belonged to Russia three centuries, yet of the 4,000,000 inhabitants nearly one half are still pagans. Paganism is fostered by the home government. The pagan priests are allowed to collect and burn the copies of the Bible with which the missionaries supply the converts, and no missionary may baptize without the authority of the pagan civil authorities, who are allowed to do almost anything to drive

A Favored Land.

The Maoris, with a faith born of long experience, bring their sorely-tried rheumatic friends from far and near; and well are their pains rewarded, for many who have been crippled for years are here restored to comparative comfort and health. We saw one poor lad who literally lived in a mud-pool, just like one of the African mudfishes. He was suffering from an agonizing hip disease, and his friends had carried him from afar to try this blessed remedy. He certainly obtained great relief from lying in the muddy water for hours, but, in his weak state, he very naturally fainted on being removed, so his kindred thought the best thing they could do was to build a hut over the pool and keep him in it permanently. So there he had already lain for months, and would probably remain until he died.

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The Growth of Paris.

The fortifications of Paris are threatened, not by an enemy this time, but by the Parisians themselves. The city is outgrowing its old zone, and the fortifications are in the way. The room they occupy is required for building purposes. According to a French architect—an authority on these questions—Paris requires 100,000 additional rooms to lodge the 70,000 families of workingmen who cannot at present find suitable accommodation, and he had conversation with one of the Ministers, who informed him that the Government was disposed to take up the question of the demolition of the fortifications as soon as certain pressing matters were settled. It would be a popular move, if only for the large amount of employment it would provide.

Great Writers.

Alexander Hamilton, on a certain occasion, remarked to an intimate friend: "People are all accustomed to speak of me as a man of genius. Now, call it, if you will, genius; it is, in truth, only the ability to do well what comes before me to perform." And the correctness of Hamilton's definition of the full term is fully sustained by the example of so many eminent intellects whom the world takes pleasure in referring to as "men of genius." The great Plato, whose thoughts seem to come so easily, is said to have toiled over his manuscripts, working with slow and tedious elaboration. The opening sentence of "The Republic" on the author's tablets was found to be written in some thirteen different versions. When death called him from his work, the great philosopher was engaged at his desk "combing and curling and weaving and unweaving his writings after a variety of fashions."

Coming to the gifted Addison, whose diction is full of such grace and simplicity, so much as to create envy, yet admiration, in the mind of every writer who has flourished since his day, and find that the great author wrote with the most painful deliberation. It is narrated that the press was stopped again and again; after a whole edition of the *Spectator* had been thrown off, in order that its author might make a slight change in a sentence. At the time he occupied the position of Under Secretary it became necessary for him to inform Prince George of Hanover of the demise of Queen Anne, and to make known to His Royal Highness that the throne of England was vacant. But the factious secretary was in such a dilemma with respect to the choice of expressions in which to convey the information, it was found, at the last moment, that the duty of writing the Prince would have to be delegated to a very humble clerk, who afterward boasted of doing what his superior—the great Addison—found so impossible to perform.

The historian Gibbon, in speaking of the manner in which he wrote his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," asked: "Many experiments were made before I could hit the middle tone between a dull tone between a dull tone and a rhetorical declamation. Three times did I compose the first chapter, and twice the second and third, before I was tolerably satisfied with their effect." Lamb toiled most laboriously over his essays. These papers, which long ago became as classics in the English language, which are replete with the most delicate fancies, were composed with the most exacting nicety. Yet the author is regarded the world over as possessed of genius of a high order. La Rochefoucauld was occupied for the space of fifteen years in preparing for publication his little work called "Maxims," re-writing many of them more than thirty times.

The celebrated French critic, Ste. Beuve, was accustomed to devote six days to the preparation of a single one of his weekly articles. A large portion of his time was passed in the retirement of his chamber, to which, on such occasions, no individual—with the one exception of his favorite servant—was allowed to enter under any circumstances whatever. Here he wrote those critical papers which carried captive the heart of France and filled with wonder the cultivated mind everywhere. It took Buffon fifty years to write his "Studies of Nature." After the first draft was made, he would rewrite it some eighteen times before it deemed fit to go to the printer. His manuscript was peculiar; he used large size letter-paper, on which he ruled five distinct columns. In the first column he jotted down his first thoughts; in the second he enlarged upon and pruned his thoughts, and so on to the fifth column he would labor, in which column he at last wrote down the result of all his toil. And yet it is told of him, that after all this excessive labor of mind he would rewrite a sentence to the extent of twenty-eight times, on one occasion spending fourteen hours in discovering the proper word with which to finish a sentence.