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CLOTHING.

CLOTHING.

MEDICAL.

PAUL VARGAS.

A MYSTERY IN MEDICINE.

BY HUGH CONWAY.

CHAPTER I.

During the course of my professional career I have met with many strange things. The strangest, the most incomprehensible of all I am about to narrate. It is a story of a man whose life was spent in a constant state of suffering, and whose death was the result of a mysterious disease.

It was only when I was some thousands of miles away that I was reminded of the case which had happened. Then I vowed a self-imposed vow that for many, many years I would mention the matter to no one.

In the first place I was, as I am now, a doctor. Now I am fairly well to do, and have little anxiety about the future. Then I was struggling hard to make a living. Such being the case, I argued that the telling of an incredible, monstrous tale—the truth of which, however, I should be bound to uphold in spite of everything and everybody—would do little toward enhancing my reputation for common sense, or improving my professional prospects.

It is my hope that, some time or another, matters might be explained to my satisfaction. So it is that for twenty years I have kept my own counsel. My first reason for silence was that I was not a doctor, and secondly, I have now given up hoping for an elucidation. The one person who might make things clear I have never seen since.

Although nearly a third of a man's life has passed, there need be no fear of my magnifying or mystifying anything. The circumstances are still fresh in my mind; moreover, in the fear that memory should play me false, I wrote down a short account of what happened, and I will now give you a brief and technical detail of what would be out of place here.

My story concerns a man whom I saw but twice in my lifetime, or I should rather say twice in the brief period of my life. We were medical students together. His name—I do not change it—was Paul Vargas.

He was a tall, dark haired, pale faced young man; strikingly handsome in his own peculiar way. He had a head which was well formed; the broad forehead betokened great intellectual power, and the mouth, chin and strong square jaw all spoke of strength of will and resolution.

But had all this, and more besides, it was not his appearance that attracted my attention. It was his eyes, his eyes alone. They were so clear, so penetrating, so full of intelligence, that I felt as if I were looking into the very soul of the man. His eyes were so clear that they seemed to see through the very walls of the hospital.

It was a description of Paul Vargas, as I remember him, that I gave to my fellow students. It was in the year 1860, and I was then in my second year of my medical studies. It was supposed that Jewish blood ran in his veins, but this was pure conjecture; for the young man was as red-blooded as any of us, and his general appearance was that of a healthy and vigorous young man.

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Under this arrangement I found myself two or three nights in every week at his rooms. From his lavish expenditure in furniture and scientific apparatus it was clear that he was a man of means. His surroundings were very different from those with which the ordinary medical student must be contented.

All our fraternity looked upon Paul Vargas as an abnormally clever and pleasant young man. He was a student of the highest order, and his progress was such that he was found at first no reason to doubt of the general opinion. He seemed to have all the works of medical and surgical authorities at his finger ends. He acquired fresh knowledge as fast as it was given, and he was a student of the highest order.

It was not long that I had a pleasant surprise. I found that he was a student of the highest order, and his progress was such that he was found at first no reason to doubt of the general opinion. He seemed to have all the works of medical and surgical authorities at his finger ends. He acquired fresh knowledge as fast as it was given, and he was a student of the highest order.

He made my visits to him pleasant ones. Our work was done, and he was his custom to keep me for an hour or two smoking and chatting; but our talk was not the confidence between two friends. Indeed, it was little more than scientific gossip, and the occasional allusion to himself and his private affairs, at least expressed his opinions on the world in general openly and freely.

He had resolved to become a specialist. He poured out the details of his plan, and I was struck by the thoroughness of his preparation. He had a great deal to say about the microscope, and he was a student of the highest order.

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WINTER STILL LIVES.

March, the first month of Spring, has been here and is now entering upon the minutes of time as a bygone. April has been ushered in, and with it cold and uncomfortable weather, as a reminder, it would seem that winter still lives, and that the spring which will inaugurate a change of climate—the laying aside of the winter and heavy garments for those lighter and more comfortable. Anticipating the wants of our patrons, we have had made up one of the largest and finest selections of CLOTHING FOR MEN, BOYS AND CHILDREN, shown by any house in this section of the state. All the fashionable styles, prevalent, made in a thorough, systematic manner, from the most known makers of Textile Fabrics, and warranted equal to the best sold by any store anywhere in the city. FINE WOOLLENS, the Custom Tailoring, hand-made and attractive Novelties, to meet the requirements of a Fashionable Trade. No assortment like ours. See prices more reasonable.

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Respectfully,
J. K. SMALING.
Over Locher & Son's Banking House,
CENTRE SQUARE LANCASTER.
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AND YOU WILL NEVER WANT ANY
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All-Wool SUIT for \$12.
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—FOR—
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Of the Human Body enlarged, developed, strengthened, etc., is an interesting subject. The next long run in our paper, in reply to our inquiries will say that there is no evidence of anything about this. On the contrary, our advertisers are very highly informed. Interested persons may get needed circulars giving all particulars by addressing RUSSELL MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N. Y.—Toledo Evening Star.

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S. S. RATHVON,

Merchant Tailor and Draper.

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Where he has just opened with a fresh and reasonable line of fabrics for men and boys wear, which will be made promptly to order in any style and satisfaction assured.

Thankful for past favors, his efforts shall be to merit the continued confidence of the public.

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NO. 24 CENTRE SQUARE,
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Men's Suits at \$2.50, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$8.00, \$10.00, up to \$18.00.

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Children's Suits: If you wish to buy boys' or children's suits look at our large stock, elegant made styles, workmanship, quality and low prices. They cannot be approached anywhere in this city.

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CUTICURA REMEDIES are the greatest medicines on earth. Had the worst case of Salt Rheum in this country. My mother had it twenty years, and in fact died from it. I believe CUTICURA will have saved my life. My eyes, breast and head were covered for three years, which nothing relieved or cured until I used the CUTICURA REMEDIES. I have now a fair skin and my hair is growing again. J. W. ADAMS, Newark, O.

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Your CUTICURA REMEDIES outdid all other medicines I keep for skin diseases. My customers and patients say that they have benefited a cure in every instance, when other remedies have failed. FRANKLIN PALM, N. H.

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Sanford's Radical Cure.
Head Colds, Watery Discharges from the Nose, Pain in the Head, Dizziness, Nervous Headache and Fever Instantly relieved.

Sanford's Radical Cure for Catarrh of the Nose.
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Cough, Bronchitis, Droppings into the Throat, Pain in the Chest, Dyspepsia, Watery Discharges from the Nose, Dizziness, Nervous Headache and Fever Instantly relieved.

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were conducting were to the same end. I need not describe them, but something of their nature may be guessed at, when I say it was long before the time when certain persons endeavored to persuade the world that science was the basis of human shape, who had heard of tortures on the lower orders of animals, solely to gratify a lust for cruelty.

We had been engaged on our researches for some weeks—Vargas' researches. I should have thought by this time my conjectures as to what he aimed at had come to an end. I was tired of groping in the dark and was making up my mind to tell him he must enlighten me or seek other assistance. Besides, I began to think, after all my first evidence of his ability was not quite correct.

He certainly talked at times in the strangest and most erratic way. Some of his speculations and theories were enough, if true, to upset all the recognized canons of science. I will, indeed, that at times I wondered if, like many others, his genius was allied to madness.

At this time a wave of superstition crossed the country—a sort of periodical wave, which, whether called mesmerism, clairvoyance, electro biology, spiritualism, or thought reading, rise, quinine, and fall in precisely the same manner.

Paul Vargas, although ridiculing the new craze, read everything that touched upon it, even down to the penny liner's accounts of mysterious occurrences.

"The truth may be found anywhere," he said. "There is no such thing as the ground the most ignorant boor may, unwittingly, dig it up."

One night I found him in a strange preoccupied mood. He did his work mechanically, and I could see that his thoughts were elsewhere. He was earlier than usual, and for a while he sat opposite to me in silence. Then he raised his eyes and asked me a question.

What that question was I have never been able to remember. He asked my brain again and again, but have never recalled the purport of it. All I know is, it was from a scientific point of view, as supremely ridiculous that I burst into a peal of laughter.

For a moment Paul Vargas's eyes positively flashed. Feeling that our relations were not friendly enough to excuse the indiscretion on my part, I hastened to apologize. He was himself again directly, and with his calm superior smile on his face assured me I had done nothing which demanded an apology. He then changed the conversation, and during the remainder of my stay talked as rationally and instructively as the most methodical lecturer in the school.

He had me good night with his usual politeness, and sent me away glad that my ill timed mirth had not offended him. Yet the next morning I received a note saying that he had been thinking that particular series of researches in which I had given him such invaluable assistance.

I was somewhat nettled at this summary dismissal. Vargas asked me to his rooms no more, and he was not the man to call upon me at night, except in the school and in the streets, I saw nothing of him.

It was predicted by those who should know best that Paul Vargas would be the scholar of the year. In his great intellect and capacity for work, I fancied there was that in his nature which would defeat these high hopes. There was something wrong—something eccentric about him.

For the nine days' wonder had died away, like others, ceased to think about the missing man. The years went by, I passed my examination creditably, and was very proud and hopeful when duly authorized to pass M. D. after my name.

I have never seen him since. Paul Vargas. I had no expectation of again seeing him, nor any great wish to do so. But we met a second time. It was in this wise.

When I took my medical degree I was far from being the stud, sober man I now am. Having a little money of my own I resolved to see something of the world before I settled down. I was not rich enough to be quite idle, so I began by visiting Europe and staying on board of an emigrant ship. I soon grew tired of this occupation, and being in England and not yet cured of my love, I cast about for some thing professional to take me abroad. I had not long to wait. Cholera was raging in the East, and had been raised to a point of view which rendered it almost a necessary evil.

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