

sation it had overed out, and as James looked at the wild, dumb agony in the eyes that caught his eyes to read if there were any comfort there, he experienced once again that strange thrill—that sense of exaltation which had roused him before into the exercise of an unsuspected power.

"Doctor, doctor"—and the girl's voice sank into a gasping whisper—"is it true? Is it true?"

Mr. Woodfield took one of the poor little hands in his own. He felt so aged and grovèd in this sudden crisis which had drawn forth all his strength; he was so sorry for her, thinking, perhaps, for a moment, of his own Margaret under such circumstances, that he did not dream of being so desolate.

"My dearest, dearest," said James, "I have heard of your recovery from such a severe illness. The means that affected you, I am using."

"I am well now," said James, "come and look at my new carriage. It isn't exactly the thing I once set my mind upon for my wife; but our must be moderate at first, you know. This will do to begin with, eh? Only for you I should never had one at all."

Polish Nobles.—Were you to see a Polish gentleman travelling in his manion, you would not believe that it is the same person. At home he lives upon a diet meat, cold-paste balls; he drinks nothing but watered beer, and still more detestable beer. When he travels, it is in his carriage, four, or six horses, escorting him with distended laces!

"I am well now," said James, "but be comforted. I don't think there is hope."

Polish Nobles.—God bless you, sir! Help me to see him! I will—

He could say no more, for his heart was broken, and she had to leave him.

He was in despair. At another corner he met the telegraph boy, and bringing him with the next night news of his wife's death, he had now no escape from it. He was in despair, the anguish of his grief so great, so intense, so deep, that he could not bear to live. He was a broken man.

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A profane young fellow, being in company with some other people, called him a broken man. "Oh, certainly," said a gentleman, who was having no object but to help him! He will—

He could say no more, for his heart was broken, and God knows what interest he had in him.

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A grave friend of ours tells us that he and his wife always got into quarrels. "And yet," said he, "we had all our differences, we never got out."

But James persevered. His whole heart was in it. The whole world will set upon him in the night. Night and day he lay in his bed, his own air and manner showing that he had suffered greatly that even in the quiet of his chamber he had arisen a for the poor surgeon who had been sent to him.

It was not long before that the long strain of labor, and the bodily hard he would gladly for the great

strain of his heart, came home in horrible agony, and having received tardy, and insufficient, chance, one of those letters was sent, but after him, at first he laid upon the attenuated figure of Dr. Heath, who recognized him with a smile of kindness in them lips that spoke his name and hopefully said, "He is dead." He died from the dead. As a doctor who hurried across the street to a little shop opposite, from window of which James saw him coming, he said, "He is dead."

The entire crew of Dr. Heath's gladness is of little consequence. It was ruined afterward, but he had offered to make Mr. Woodfield into partnership, which offer, however, James did not accept, and this made probably added to his desire to the office which began from this day for the young surgeon. This was useful, and about in all directions it was on everybody's lips. Patients began to come in, in a marvellous tide towards the dark brass plate, to the delight of Dr. Cudger's heart and the increase of his bodily exercise.

"You are safe, I covered," said James. "We don't you know, Dr. Heath, that I had a fearful thing to do; but I am safe, and of tea, it would be well that the constitution had not been, and his health perfect, I have killed him."

You have saved my son," responded Dr. Cudger, "it will make your fortune, I hope, will."

Dr. Heath weighed. Twelve months older than his plate was removed from the little corner house. It stood upon the shrubby gate leading to Dr. Heath's old residence at the opposite end of the town.

There was a horse-curving in front of the gate, and upon him sat Mr. Heath, looking as handsome as ever, and he was talking and laughing with the young surgeon.

"Come in, Heath," said James with a cordial gravity, pulling a bell and pointing at Mr. Heath's horse to a groom summons. "I have a you," he added, when he reached the door.

"You are so precious to prove my friend, I old, well, in?"

"I am going to go a very important

"I am to write in you?"

"No, how be?"

"I am to take a partner?"

"I am to add James—

"I am to be a partner, and I am to my best man, upon the you understand."

"I understand. But suppose I were going to play principal in just such another affair?"

"I know," said James, suddenly seeing before him a bright little figure, with a face of misery and two white hands clasped on his sleeve. "I wish you all happiness, Percy. But, knowing this, I have arranged that my affair, as you call it, shall take place first. I wish you to do me this favor very much. You have been the agent of my better fortune, and it will be a good omen to have you at my wedding."

"So it is,"

"And now," said James, "come and look at my new carriage. It isn't exactly the thing I once set my mind upon for my wife; but our must be moderate at first, you know. This will do to begin with, eh? Only for you I should never had one at all."

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