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India one may see the doctor's children carried in baskets on the backs of coolies, while in Arctic America the physician's "carriage" may be a crudely built canoe of whale's bones entirely covered with the skins of walrus or seals.

Or again in the orchid-strewn jungles of South America the doctor's combined traveling dispensary and home may be a curious, iron built living wagon, running on a one-rail track with the wheels one behind the other, and the propulsive power at the side in the form of a couple of horses instead of at the end. Upon these horses, however, no weight rests, as all the weight is exercised on the one rail, which may be laid at the rate of fifty miles a day.

Then, too, in the wild, mountainous regions of the Himalayas, in the great passes into Afghanistan and Tibet, the doctor's servants in taking out medicine may have to cross large rivers on the air-inflated skins of animals, or else work their way across by means of vegetable ropes suspended high over ravines.

It is no wonder that when Dr. Leach, the first American physician in Travancore, South India, was drowned on his travels a year or two after he arrived there, the people rose as one man and carted stones down to the beach to build a temple in his honor if his body could be found.

Often on his travels the doctor has to contend with wild beasts and attacks from savages,

or it may be that his servant dies, as was the case with a Philadelphia physician whose headquarters were in Yezd, Persia. "Our Armenian cook we brought with us from Julia," he says, "died of dysentery on the way, in spite of all I could do to save him. I read the first part of the burial service in Persian, and then my other servant bore the coffin into the desert to the little graveyard, which is walled to keep out the prowling jackals."

A woman doctor on this same journey was robbed by bandits, her horse stolen, and her camp killed.

The letters of thanks received by doctors under these circumstances occasionally are highly amusing, particularly in India, where most of the natives have at least a smattering of flowery English.

Madam wrote one grateful husband to Dr. Edith M. Brown, of Ludhiana, India: "I have paid nothing in comparison with what your hospital assistant did to my wife, but vengeance can be given only by God."

Another wrote, "I hope you will leave no stone unturned for my poor daughter."

Yet another had an unfortunate flight of poetry. "I have now," said he with incoherent eloquence—"I have now considering myself a dead victim of despondency concerning my daughter. Your words have thrown me into a deep ocean of anxiety like a sandy bank of a river after a sea storm."

The Silent Barrier

Continued from page 4

crossed the Strand without heed to the traffic, turned to the right, and, to use his own phrase, "buted into a policeman" at the first corner. "I'm on the hunt for the Wellington Theater," he explained.

"You needn't hunt much farther," said the constable good humoredly. "Here it is, a little way up on the left."

At that instant Spenser saw Bower raise his hat to the two women. They hurried inside the theater, and their escort turned to reenter his motor. The American had learned what he wanted to know. Miss Jaques had shaken off her presumed admirer, and Miss Wynton had aided and abetted her in the deed.

"You don't say!" he exclaimed, gazing at the building admiringly. "It looks new. In fact, the whole street has a kind of San Francisco-after-the-fire aspect."

"That's right, sir. It's not so long since some of the worst slums in London were pulled down to make way for it."

"It's fine; but I'm rather stuck on antiquities. I've seen plenty of last year's palaces on the other side. Have a drink, will you, when time's up?"

The policeman glanced surreptitiously at the half-crown that Spenser insinuated into his palm, and looked after the donor as he went back to the hotel. "Well, I'm jiggered!" he said to himself. "I've often heard tell of the way some Americans see London; but I never came across a chap who rushed up in his bare head and took a squint at any place in that fashion. He seemed to have his wits about him too; but there must be a screw loose somewhere."

And indeed Charles K. Spenser, had he paused to take stock of his behavior, must have admitted that it was, to say the least, erratic. But his imagination was fired; his sympathies were all a-quiver with the thought that it lay within his power to share with a kin soul some small part of the good fortune that had fallen to his lot of late.

"What a fairy godmother, does she?" he asked himself, and the quiet humor that gleamed in his face caused more than one passerby to turn and watch him as he strode along the pavement. "Well, I guess I'll play a character not hitherto heard of in the legitimate drama. What! play the fairy godfather? I've a picture of myself in that rôle. Oh, my! See me twirl that wand! Helen, you shall climb those rocks! But I don't like your friend, I sha'n't send you to Champéry. No, Champéry's off the map for you."

CHAPTER II.

The Fulfilment of the Wish
EXPLANATIONS of motive are likely to become tedious. They are generally inaccurate too; for who can reduce to a formula the nebulous fantasies that are generated in the brain? Nor should they ever be allowed to clip the wings of romance. But the painter who had his subject sit under a sodium light would justly be deemed a lunatic, and any analysis of Spenser's character drawn from his latest prank would be faulty in the extreme.

In all London at that moment there was not a more level headed man of his years. He was twenty-eight, an expert mining engineer, and the successful pioneer of a new method of hauling ore. Even in Western America—"God's own country," as it is held to be by those who live there—few men "arrive" so early in life. Some, it is true, amass wealth by lucky speculation before they are fitted by experience to earn the price of a suit of clothes; but they are of the freak order. They are not to be classed with one who by hard work wrests a fortune out of the grim Colorado granite. Spenser had been called on to endure long years of rebuff and scorn. Though scoffed at by many who thought he was wrong, he persisted because he knew he was right.

Oftimes Fate will test such a man almost to breaking point. Then she yields, and, being feminine, her obduracy is the measure of her favors; for she will bestow on her dogged suitor all, and more than all, that he desired. The draft from Leadville, crammed so care-

lessly into a pocket when he followed the three to the door, was a fair instance of this trick of hers. A tunnel, projected and constructed in the teeth of ridicule and financial opposition, had linked up the underground workings of several mines, and proved conclusively that it was far cheaper to bring minerals to the rail in that manner than to sink expensive shafts, raise the ore to the top of a mountain, and cart it to its old level in the valley.

ONCE the thing was indisputable, the young engineer found himself rich and famous. To increase the feeders of the main bore, he dug another short gallery through a mining claim acquired for a few dollars—a claim deemed worthless owing to a geologic fault that traversed its whole length. That was Fate's opportunity. Doubtless she smiled mischievously when she gave him a vein of rich quartz through which to quarry his way. The mere delving of the rock had produced two thousand dollars' worth of ore, of which sum he took a moiety by agreement with the company but purchased his rights.

People in Leadville soon discovered that Spenser was a bright man. "Yes, sir, a citizen of whom the chief mining city of the Rocky Mountains has every reason to be proud," and the railway magnate who had nearly ruined him by years of hostility turned the past grandiloquently with a nod.

"Charles K. Spenser can't be sidetracked," he said. "That K isn't in his name by accident. Look at it,—a regular buller of a letter! Tell you what, you may monkey with Charles; but when you hit K look out for trouble!"

Whereupon the miners laughed, and said that the president was a mighty smart man too, and Spenser, who knew he was a thief, but was unwilling to quarrel with him for the sake of the company, thought that a six months' vacation in Europe would make for peace and general content.

He had no plans. He was free to wander whithersoever chance led him. Arriving in London from Plymouth late on a Thursday evening, he took a bus driver's holiday on Friday. Finding a tunnel under the Thames in full progress near the hotel, he sought the resident engineer, spoke to him in the lingo of the craft, and spent several dangerous and enjoyable hours in crawling through all manner of uncomfortable passages bored by human worms beneath the bed of the river.

AND this was Saturday, and here he was, at three o'clock in the afternoon, turning over in his mind the best way of sending on an expensive trip abroad a girl who had not the remotest notion of his existence. It was a whim, and a harmless one, and he excused it to his practical mind by the reflection that he was entitled to one day of extravagance after seven years of hard labor. For his own part he was weary of mountains. He had wrought against one, frowning and stubborn as any Alp, and had not desisted until he reached its very heart with a four thousand-foot lance. Switzerland was the last place in Europe he would visit. He wanted to see old cities and dim cathedrals, to lounge in pleasant lands where rivers murmured past lush meadows. Though an American born and bred, there was a tradition in his home that the Spensers were once people of note on the border. When tired of London, he meant to go north and ramble through Liddesdale in search of family records. But the business presently on hand was to arrange that Swiss excursion for "Helen," and he set about it with characteristic energy.

In the first instance, he noted her name and address on the back of the Leadville envelop. Then he sought the manager.

"I guess you know 'Switzerland pretty well,'" he said, when a polite man was produced by a boy.

The assumption was well founded. In fact, the first really important looking object the manager remembered seeing in this world was the giant Matterhorn, because his mother told him that if he was a bad boy he would be car-

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