

# PROFESSIONAL BRETHREN

BY GEORGE E. WALSH

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## CHAPTER XI.

It is not often that conflicting emotions trouble me. But on that afternoon as I walked back to Mr. Goddard's house I experienced the strangest contradiction of feelings. One moment I thought I would pursue the tragedy no further, but I was not to be so easily deterred. I would follow my master until he was dead, and I would care less for me than I did for him.

But the next moment I would have a revision of feelings. I would fall to pitying and sympathizing with both my master and my mistress. My love for him was genuine, and it must be a terrible blow to receive such intelligence. Was she not to be pitied more than Mr. Goddard? On the other hand he was conscious of the terrible doom that awaited him and was buoyed up only by the thought that possibly Dr. Squires could cure him. But now he could never gain his prize. Would she marry him even though pronounced cured?

What would be the result? Mr. Goddard would go away to some foreign country, and after grieving over him for a time Miss Stetson would yield to the importunities of Dr. Squires and marry him. I saw the climax of the tragedy, which, after all, would prove a tragedy to both of us. It made me more faithful in my devotion to the unfortunate man. This decided me to stay by him until the time should come when my expectations would be fulfilled. Then I would return to my old life, but while I was leading an honest life and making the money which I spent.

I had become quite efficient in my duties, and was trusted in many ways that never fell to the lot of my predecessor. I was more than butler—I was my master's confidential secretary in many respects. But there were some secrets that he would not reveal to me, and one was the dread disease which brought him so much care and sorrow. After hearing the truth he had accepted the acceptance of her lot was apparent on every lineament of her face. She had evidently battled successfully with herself and had become resigned to her fate.

The room in which she ushered me was an old-fashioned library where her father, the doctor, had gathered together many rare books and curios. The heavy woodwork, the dark paper and the furniture all seemed to me to have a gloomy aspect over the sole occupant, and her white face gleamed out of the darkness like an old-fashioned picture in a somber setting. In spite of her surroundings she was still beautiful—more beautiful than I had seen her when fully exposed to broad daylight. Hers was a beauty that did not fade in light or shade.

"You come from Mr. Goddard with a message for me?" she asked interrogatively as I entered the room. "Yes, ma'am. He sent to inquire after your health." I replied, bowing respectfully. "And he trusts you without a written message?" "In this matter he does, for he considered you too ill to write, and he did not wish to put you to any unnecessary trouble."

"It is the true reason," she said quietly. "He is always very considerate to me." "He is to every one," I added, wishing to show my devotion to him. "Yes, yes; he is kind to all. He is a good man."

"I have never met a better, ma'am, if you will permit me to say it, and I've seen many kinds of men in the world. He is always thinking of other people, and if he does wrong I believe he has some good reason for it." She looked at me as if she liked to hear me praise him, and when I stopped her expression seemed to say, "Go on, go on; it's music to me." But I knew my position and would say no more.

"Mr. Goddard well himself?" she asked when she found that I was not. "Yes, except for an attack of poison, which has now gone away entirely, he has been very well."

"He turned a shade paler and then flushed a little as she remembered that I had been present on the day when she fainted. "Oh, yes; I remember he spoke of the poison the last time I saw him," she said in a moment, recovering her mental poise. "Have you spots or eruption entirely disappeared?"

"Entirely, ma'am. There are no signs of any left." "I suppose Dr. Squires gave him something to cure them."

"I knew that she was thinking of the doctor's cure for leprosy and that she imagined he had given my master something which would drive away the first symptoms of the disease, at least temporarily. But I knew differently, and I courted the opportunity to disguise her mind of the mistake.

"No, ma'am; the doctor did nothing for my master," I answered. "I gave him something which cured the eruption." "You? What did you know about the matter?"

"Not very much, ma'am, except that I had been poisoned once, and I remembered what helped me. I asked my master to let me get him a bottle." "A bottle of what?"

"Which, ma'am, it was one of my mother's cures for poison from ivy or sumac." "And that cured him?"

"Her face brightened wonderfully. She began to realize that she had been a victim of her imagination. "Completely," I answered. "Then it was not—nothing more serious than ordinary poison," she added, with a sigh of relief. "Nothing, ma'am."

She gave expression to her relieved feelings in a short laugh. The sweetness of it made me turn my head to look at her. The beautiful face had suddenly lighted up so that it seemed almost divine in its expression. Here, I thought, was true love, and I willingly adored her for it.

"Pardon me," she said after a moment of silence. "I was thinking of something else which amused me. You must take a message to your master."

She walked toward the library table

and drew pen and paper from a drawer. She hesitated a moment and then added:

"No; I won't write. I will send a verbal message by you. Charles has trusted you to bring one, and I will return it in the same way."

"Thank you, ma'am. I shall endeavor to prove worthy of the trust."

"Well, tell Mr. Goddard that I am quite recovered and that I expect to have him call on me today. Be sure to tell him that I must see him at once. He must give up every other engagement to come to me. Now, do you understand? Can you put it so he can't say no?"

"I can, ma'am, and I'll venture to give you my word of honor that he will be here before the sun sets."

"Go, then, and prove your words." As I left her presence I felt that my mission had been one of mercy that morning, for I had, apparently unconsciously, been the means of lifting a burden temporarily from my master's heart. I knew also that I carried a message that would bring a ray of sunlight into the life of another.

I might have stretched the importance of this interview to my master or I might have given him the literal truth. I know not which now. However, I delivered the message. It was sufficient to make him obey it.

The result of their meeting was manifested at once. Both of them appeared happy and normal again, and the old relationship seemed to be re-established. How much Miss Stetson explained to him about her fears and knowledge of his case I never knew, but for a time at least she was determined to put down all feelings of aversion for my master because of her knowledge that he was a doomed being. Or perhaps—like another self-sacrificing virgin that I have read about—she had decided to consecrate her life to him, to live by him and nurse him through the coming years of pain and suffering and mental agony which must ever be the lot of a leper.

CHAPTER XIII.

HAD now been in my position about six months. The interesting events which I have recorded had kept me from any longing to return to the exciting experiences of my profession. During this time I had grown somewhat stouter, and my countenance had begun to assume a kindly, benevolent, well-fed appearance. Necessarily I had grown a trifle lazier. Several times I had almost decided to return to my old methods of life, but a certain inertia, undoubtedly bred and nourished by my new existence of ease, always prevented. I would keep deferring the time until a more convenient period.

A genuine fear that I would lose my skill through lack of practice occasionally tormented me, but each time I put it aside with the thought that my profession was no longer an absolute necessity. It did not mean bread and butter to me as it did at first. I was a full-fledged butler, and I could secure a good recommendation from my master any time I chose to leave.

Warned by my own experiences, I never let an opportunity pass to help a young man just starting out in the downward road to get back to the main highway. I never entertained any serious thoughts of getting back there myself, but I hate to see others straying from it.

Nevertheless I now found myself slowly drifting back to an honest life. This had been accomplished through no choosing of my own. Circumstances again were responsible for this change. I did not make any resolves to remain thus for any length of time. In fact, I rather expected that the time would be brief.

As I just remarked, I never liked to see another, especially a young man, taking the downward road, and it was this strange feeling that gave me a little worry and anxiety in my idle life as butler for Mr. Goddard. I realized that my master was leading a double life; that he was pursuing his burglary tendencies systematically and that he was committing crime even while he was making love to Miss Stetson. This circumstance at first puzzled me; then it worried and irritated and finally disgusted me. I could not fathom it, and I was not sure that I should.

Blond Bridesmaid.—The ushers haven't seated your Aunt Maria with the family. "No, she's sent only a pickle fork.—Life."

A New Theory.—"Papa, were we descended from monkeys?" "Not all of us, my boy. Some were ascended."—Detroit Free Press.

The Cat Nature.—The cat's spirit of independence is the most distinct characteristic of her nature. As Miss de Custine rightly said, the cat's great difference from the dog is that she is not obedient to her master, but she is obedient to her own will. In every thing else she seemed a model of strength, self command and intelligence. Why should he be so helpless in this respect?

Since that first memorable meeting at the dead of night in the Stetson mansion no word or sign had ever passed between us which indicated that we knew anything of the other's criminal tendencies. Out of a sense of honor I kept my part of the agreement, and for some reason he remained uncommunicative about the subject. Nevertheless I longed to break the ice between us. If I could once more meet him when robbing a house, I would have the liberty to speak, and I would not again bind myself to silence.

Admiration for his skill, love for him as a man when not engaged in his professional work and a certain disgust at his deceptive, double existence produced strangely conflicting emotions in me. At times I felt that his crime should be atoned for and that if he should ever attempt to marry Miss Stetson I would reveal all I knew to her. Gradually his moral disease seemed more terrible to me than his physical. As a leper he was suffering for the sins of another, but as a criminal he was pursuing dangers and pleasures of his own free will which in time would entail suffering upon others.

A wave of moral reform swept over me for a time and possessed me so completely that I decided to make amends for my past deeds by trying to convert my master from his evil ways. If I could accomplish this, I should feel that my life had not been spent in vain.

Meanwhile I lived in the fear that he would be discovered. I knew from reports that somebody was conducting a systematic series of burglaries in the neighborhood, and I did not hesitate to attach the blame to my master. Detectives were constantly prowling around at night to capture the rob-

bers, but all their skill seemed to be without avail. A better testimony to the ability of my master could not be given.

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When Reptiles Enter a World.—There was a time "in the wide re-voicing shades of centuries past" when our globe was wholly in the possession of walking, swimming and flying reptiles. Being the dominant type, they divided naturally into three great classes. In the oceans they became gigantic paddling mollusks; on dry land, or rather, wet land, for the whole face of the globe was doubtless a quagmire at that time, they became monstrous, erect dinosaurs, some of which had legs fifteen feet or more in length; those which inhabited the regions of the air were the terrible flying pterodactyls.

For a vast but unknown length of time these awful creatures literally ruled the earth. Finally after they had "seen their day" they began to grow less and less. One by one they died out in the face of the younger and more vigorous fauna until at the present time only a few miniature alligators and crocodiles and a few tortoises remain as reminders of skulking lizards and geckos and of the enormous reptilian types that once crowded land and sea.

Simple Indeed.—It seems as if the acme of frugality had been reached by a French officer who explained with many appropriate gestures his system of sustaining life on a diet of simplicity about the plant life. "It is simple, verve, verve simple," he said to the friend who had expressed amazement at his feat. "Sunday I go to the house of a good friend, and there I see some extraordinary and eat so verve much eat I need no more till Wednesday."

"On Saturday I have at my restaurant one large, verve large, dish of tripe and some onion. I abhor ze tripe and some onion, and together they make me so seek as I have no more any appetite till Sunday. You see, it is verve simple."

The Holland Holm.—There is a plant in Holland, known as the evening primrose, which grows to a height of five or six feet and bears a profusion of large yellow flowers so brilliant that they attract immediate attention, even at a great distance, but on a quiet evening about the plant is the fact that the flowers, which open just before sunset, burst into bloom so suddenly that they give one the impression of some magical agency. A man who has seen a primrose and smiling says it is just as if some one had touched the land with a wand and thus covered it all at once with a golden sheet.

The Man in the Moon.—Life, whether vegetable or animal as we know it, certainly cannot exist under lunar conditions, says the London Mail. The alternations of a long day of considerably over 300 hours' duration, with a night of similar length, accompanied by changes from excessive heat to its antipodes of cold, would alone render all earthly life impossible, but experience has taught us young men just starting out in the most extreme conditions, and it may be believed that, after all, organic life may have found a congenial home in our "lamp of night."

Money Talks.—Parvenu—I was raised as genteel as you was, an' I'll bet you a hundred on it. Come on now; money talks.

Kostike—If your money talked the way you do, you'd be bankrupt pretty soon for any length of time.

"What do you mean?" "It would give itself away."—Philadelphia Record.

Stumbled on a Fact.—A minister went recently to preach in a chapel unfamiliar to him. "You must do your best to keep your voice up, sir," said the chapel keeper, "for our church is very unfortunate in its 'argnetic' effects. Whether meant it or not, it was quite true.—Christian Life.

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A Sad Disappointment.—Ineffective liver medicine is a disappointment, but you don't want to purgative and break the glands of the stomach and bowels. DeWitt's Little Early Risers never disappoint. They cleanse the system of all poison and putrid matter and do so gently that one enjoys the pleasant effects. They are a tonic to the liver. Cures biliousness, torpid liver and prevents fever.—Smith Bros.

A Little Book of Great Importance.—Do you ever wish for a book that can be relied upon to answer correctly all the little questions and knotty problems that present themselves day by day—a book that will quickly decide all arguments on all subjects? The 1902 World Almanac and Encyclopedia, which is now ready, is exactly this kind of book. It takes the same position in the world of facts and figures as does the dictionary in the world of words.

This little volume contains over 600 pages of well printed easy type, every line containing some fact that you will sooner or later want to look up. A prominent place in every progressive American household. The 1902 edition is more complete than any of the former ones. It contains facts on many subjects that have recently been brought to the public notice and which every up-to-date person should have at his fingers ends.

Among the features of the 1902 Almanac are: The millionaires of the United States, a list giving the names of nearly 4,000 Americans who possess over \$1,000,000. The great American trusts; full particulars of 103 leading industrial organizations. Organized labor; enlarged statistics of the strength of labor unions and the present condition of the labor movement. The Nicaragua Canal and the Hay-Paunefote treaties with Great Britain. Progress of aerial navigation in 1901. Complete United States census. A nautical gazetteer of the United States and Europe, etc., to the extent of over 1,000 topics.

The 1902 World Almanac and Encyclopedia is on sale by all newsdealers throughout the country for 25 cents. When ordered by mail 10c extra for postage must be inclosed to the World, New York.

Much Reading for Little Money.—The New York World has got the cost of printing down to a minimum. Its latest offer of its monthly newspaper-magazine is interesting if from no other cause than it shows the same of "how much for how little." The Monthly World is a 32 page magazine with colored cover. Its pages are about the size of the pages of the Ladies Home Journal, and it is copiously illustrated in half-tone. The illustrations are the results of the best artistic skill, aided by all the latest printing-press appliances, making a magazine unrivaled in the quality of its contents and its appearance. Each issue contains stories of romance, love, adventure, travel, stories of fiction and fact; stories of things quaint and curious, gathered together from all over the world; the results of scientific research, and editorial reviews. It numbers among its contributors the leading literary men and women of the day. A feature each month is a full-page portrait of the most famed man or woman of the moment in the public eye. In collecting and preparing for publication the literary matter and art subjects for the Monthly World no expense is spared. The New York World paper-magazine on receipt of fifteen cents in stamps. Address The World, Pulitzer Building, New York.

Beware of the Knife.—No profession has advanced more rapidly of late than surgery, but it should not be used except where absolutely necessary. In case of piles for example, it is seldom needed. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures quickly and permanently. Unequaled for cuts, burns, bruises, wounds and skin diseases. It is seldom needed. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured me in a short time. Soothes and heals.—Smith Bros.

Origin of Spoons.—Two natural objects seem to have furnished the model for the spoon to primitive man—the river or sea shell and the leaf of a plant. In southern Asia shell spoons are still used that are closely reproduced in the familiar porcelain spoon of that country, while metal spoons are found in India on which are reproduced even the veins of the leaves from which they were copied.

Helping the Heavens.—Aunt (severely)—How dare you take the money from your missionary box? "Well, I didn't say I was a regular little leecher?" "You are far worse." "Well, I was saving the money for the heathen, and first come first served."

The newest lighthouse on the French coast shows a beam visible at a distance of 20 miles, and is not affected by weather. It is situated on the Isle Verte, off the French coast, to the northeast of Ushant, the lantern being 344 feet above sea level.

Foley's Honey and Tar is peculiarly adapted for chronic throat troubles and will positively cure bronchitis, hoarseness and all throat diseases. It is a substitute. Sold by Denton & Ward.

Better lose your argument than your friend.—Rand's Horn.

Used for Pneumonia.—Dr. J. C. Bishop, of Agnew, Mich., says, "I have used Foley's Honey and Tar in three very severe cases of pneumonia with good results in every case. It is a substitute. Sold by Denton & Ward."

An industrial and agricultural school for colored youth of Maryland was opened last month near Laurel, in that state.

A New Jersey Editor's Testimonial.—"I, Lynn Editor of the Philadelphia Record, writes: 'I have used many kinds of medicines for coughs and colds in my family but never enjoyed so good as Foley's Honey and Tar. I recommend it in advanced stages of lung trouble.' Sold by Denton & Ward."

A recent report shows that 2,599 Christians were murdered in 1901 by the Turks. In only 61 cases were the murderers punished, and then not more than four years' imprisonment.

Cured Hemorrhages of the Lungs.—"Several years since my lungs were so badly affected that I had many hemorrhages," writes A. A. Ake of Wood, Ind., and took treatment with several physicians without any benefit. I then started to take Foley's Honey and Tar and my lungs are now as sound as a bullet. I recommend it in advanced stages of lung trouble." Sold by Denton & Ward.

In France it is illegal to catch frogs at night.

Foley's Kidney Cure makes the diseased kidneys sound so they will eliminate the poisons from the blood. Sold by Denton & Ward.

The records left by the Phoenicians, Assyrians and ancient Persians show that among all those nations the use of perfumes was very common.

Fast swollen to immense size.—"I had kidney trouble so bad," says J. Cox of Valley View, Ky., "that I could not work; my feet were swollen to immense size and I was confined to my bed and physicians were unable to cure me any relief. My doctor finally prescribed Foley's Kidney Cure which made a well man of me." Sold by Denton & Ward.

A melon patch in a cornfield will sometimes neutralize the work of the local Sunday school.

A void serious results of kidney or bladder disorder by taking Foley's Kidney Cure. Sold by Denton & Ward.

Meat originally meant any kind of food.

Doctors could not help her.—"I had kidney trouble for years," writes Mrs. Raymond Conner of Shelton, Wash., "and the doctors could not help me. I tried Foley's Kidney Cure, and the very first dose gave me relief and I am now cured. I cannot say too much for Foley's Kidney Cure." Sold by Denton & Ward.

The largest dome in the world is that of the Lutheran church at Warsaw. Its interior diameter is 200 feet. That of the British museum library is 130 feet.

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