DOCTOR WOOD'S PATIENT.

People wondered that Alfred Wood, who had just begun to write M. D. after his name, should desert the village of his nativity, and settle down in the very shadow of the Ozark mountains, in "bleeding Kansas."

But no doubt the newly fledged disciple of Esculapius knew what he was doing, for he laughed at the arguments of his friends, and jocularly told them that he was going to Kansas to see if doctor's scalps were worth more than others.

He reached his destination safely and one morning the wild inhabitants of Dead-man's Gulch were astonished to behold a little tin sign, which informed them that "Alf. Wood, Physician and Surgeon," was dependent upon their ailments and accidents for a livelihood.

"He's run afoul o' the wrong place," said a great gray-shirted fellow, who did not know what an ache was. "People don't get the fever here; and they all die with their boots on, and that afore a doctor could reach 'em. He'd better pack his traps and go back to civilization, he had."

"Afore them devils up in the mountains get their claws on 'im. He's just the nicest pigeon in the world for 'em to pluck."

"I say, boys, let's take a peep at this-pill-seller and bone-sawyer," chimed in a third fellow, who might appropriately be called a border ruffian. "Here --hello, doctor!"

His coarse voice penetrated a little room in the uncouth hotel, and presently the young physician stood among the desperadoes. He met their gaze with a calm eye and unblanched cheek, and invited them to the bar in language which gained him many friends.

A number accepted the invitation, and rushed pell-mell into the dingy bar, but a few held back, and glared spitefully at the doctor.

"Come in, gentlemen," said the youth advancing toward the dark-featured fellows who occupied the wooden stoop. "This is my treat, and I will see you tilt the glasses."

"We don't drink with one-horse doctors," a great Hercules shot at him from beneath a red mustache. "You've got no business in this kentry; we don't want you here."

The doctor colored at this onslaught, and instantly all eyes were turned upon him.

"Perhaps I am not wanted here," he said, with rising indignation; "but I'm not going to leave until I choose. Sir, I will inform men of your stripe, right here, that I will not submit to browbeating with lamb-like docility."

A murmur of applause ran through the crowd at this, and the giant stepped toward the youth, who quietly drew a revolver.

"Stand back, gentlemen," addressing those who had followed him to the bar, and appeared his friends. "I am averse to the shedding of blood, but," raising the formidable weapon, "the first man who advances another step towards me, gets the contents of this pistol."

Instantly the red whiskered fellow paused, and then broke into a coarse laugh in which all in the bar-room joined.

"Doc, you're grit!" he cried, approaching our hero, and extending his horny hand. "You'll get along bully with us—I'll stake my scalp on that. We wor trying you, Doc, trying you, that's all."

The youth saw that the giant spoke the truth, and the next moment his white hand was almost crushed in a great palm. Then the clinking of glasses followed, and among the "wild men of Kansas" the physician was the hero of the hour.

In a short time the physician had erected a neat cabin, over the door of which he displayed his sign, and waited for a patient. He discovered that he had settled in an extremely healthy country, but one as extremely lawless.

The acknowledged border ruffians of early Kansas were experts with the revolver, and when they shot it was to kill, and kill they invariably did. Once or twice the doctor was called to dress wounds received in an affray, which, however bloody, caused no excitement in Dead-man's Gulch, and he began to think of seeking another locality where disease was a frequent visitor, when the adventure of his life occurred.

One evening he was suddenly summoned, surgical instruments and all, to the hotel, to attend a man who had just been wounded by a desperado.

"He's a likely young fellow," said the messenger, "and Rob shot him down without mercy. He don't live hyar, but comes down occasionally lookin' after some gal, I b'lieve."

The crowd in the bar-room drew back as the doctor entered, and he saw a figure stretched out on the counter.

"He's got to pass in his checks this time, Doc," said a man who leaned over the bar. "Just open his jacket, will yer, and see where Black Rob's lead visited 'im."

With hands already accustomed to the touch of blood, Alf. Wood drew aside the gray jacket, and saw the ghastliest of wounds in the right breast. Then he looked at the victim's face. He was a young man about his own age, and quite handsome. He was unconscious, as well, and breathed heavily. The pulse heralded speedy death, and when the doctor looked up, it was to shake his head.

"Doc, we'll make up a purse for you if you save 'im," said a six-footer, approaching the physician; an' by hokey! we'll give you plenty to do besides."

"Nothing can save him. The right lung is terribly shattered; he is dying now."

The last word still quivered on our hero's lips when the wounded man moved spasmodically on the counter, gasped once—then he was dead.

"I wonder who he was," said the doctor. "I never saw him before today."

"I think he called himself Irons, but that wasn't his true name. When a man comes from the States he gets a new handle. But I want to see you privately, Doc."

The last sentence was spoken in a low tone, and Alf. Wood followed the speaker from the bar.

"I war the first to open his jacket," said the borderman, "an' this is what I found in the inside pocket. It's a letter what will likely tell suthin' about him. I never did run much to readin' writin', so I saved it for you, Doc, who do."

With eagerness the youth took the letter, which had been carried a long time by the murdered boy—for boy the man on the counter seemed—and glanced at the chirography. "'Tis a letter from a woman," he said. "Some love-affair, no doubt, which will tell us but little. I can't decipher it in this dim light."

"Take it with you, Doc. You kin read it to night in the shanty, an' tomorrow you kin tell me what she said to 'im, if you think it's any of my business."

The doctor thrust the letter in his pocket, and walked toward his office.

Rob Murrell's victim was dead, and the outlaw was on his way to the mountains, to recount his exploit to groups of men who would no doubt applaud it.

The shutters with which Alfred Wood had thoughtfully provided his domicile were closed when he entered his office, and his first thought was of the letter.

"Life here is wearing the garb of true romance," he said, seating himself at the table, and smoothing the creases of the dead man's letter. "On a bloody breast they find a love letter, and—"

He paused abruptly, for the chirography owned a familiar shape; and hastily taking in the signature at a single glance, he sprang to his feet with a violence that overturned the chair.

"Heavens! it cannot be!" he cried. "Ethel Gray is not in this country! I have not seen her acknowledged lover die a victim of a desperado! No; I will not believe all this."

For a moment he stood speechless in the middle of the floor, staring at the letter, then he slowly walked to his trunk, from whose recesses he drew a package tied with faded blue ribbon.

Then he compared the chirography of several letters in the pack with that of the one which had startled him.

"Ethel Gray; I believe it now," he said, reluctantly forced to a conclusion. "The boy at the hotel was your lover. You must be near, and oh, girl, have you forgotten Alfred Wood?"

Then the scenes of the past rushed before his eyes, until he tried to shut them out with his hands.

"Ethel, I have been told that you were dead," he said. "But no, you live. Life now—"

A rap on his door started him, and broke the sentence.

Quickly snatching the letters from the table, he threw them into the trunk and then stepped to the portal.

Opening it he peered out.

The night was dark, but he saw several horses in the thoroughfare, and a tall man stood on the stoop.

"Doc," he said, familiarly, "we want you to go with us."

"Who needs me?"

"Somebody who's pretty badly hurt. Quick; get your instruments; we've got a horse out here for you."

Not liking the appearance of the man, nor those burly fellows who sat bolt upright on their horses, and perhaps spurred to action by the ominous clicking of a revolver, young Wood turned and secured his case of instruments.

"Ready?" asked the man at the door when our hero reappeared.

"Yes."

"Got everything—splints, bandages?"

"I know my business, sir."

"And you must do it to-night, or get a bullet in your head. There, take that horse. I'll hold the box till you mount."

And a moment later the doctor was in the saddle, and discovered that a masked man sat on either side.

"We've got to blindfold you, Doc," said the fellow who had first accosted him. "Don't refuse to submit. We want to treat you gentlemanly, and for *our* own good at the same time; but if you become troublesome, self-willed on our hands, why, Deadman's Gulch may have a dead doctor; d'ye see?"

The voice possessed a familiar sound, and while rough hands blindfolded him, the young doctor tried to recall it. But at last he gave it up in despair, and then his thoughts recurred to Black Rob's victim and then the letter.

He could think of nothing else as the band bore him over the rough road which he knew led to the Ozark Mountains. That he was in the hands of the mountain brigands who for a year or so had been a terror to the settlers, he also felt assured, and thought that it was their chief who needed medical aid. But he rested easy on this score. He knew that the bandits' intention was not to harm him; that if he did his duty they would return him to his little office again.

After a long ride, which had sorely tried their horses, the masks drew rein, and the animals clambered down a path strewn with rocks, and at last halted all together.

The doctor heard the challenge of a sentry, and a minute later the bandage was removed from his eyes.

As he had anticipated, he found himself in a cave, which was well lighted, and contained five men—masked like those who had brought him thither.

"Doctor Wood," said one of the masks, "I sent for you to perform a surgical operation."

The young physician swept the apartment with his eye, but could see no one who looked like a patient.

"There's an arm to be amputated," continued the mask, quickly. "So let's to work at once. This way, if you please, doctor."

The man stepped toward a curtain stretched across the cave and raised the ample folds. Alf. Wood found himself in a smaller compartment, which was, in fact, but a continuation of the main cave, and his eyes fell upon a couch.

"Here lies your patient, doctor," said the man. "To work at once."

As the young doctor approached the couch, he discovered that his patient was a woman, whose face was tightly vailed!

She slept, and Wood glanced at his man as he drew the coverlet aside.

The masked face stood near him with a revolver.

"The face is not for you to see," said the stern voice. "Look to the arm!"

Gently he lifted the bandaged arm and examined it. A pistol-ball had made havoc with the flesh, and, to no little extent, the bone was injured.

But suddenly he leaped to his feet, and stared aghast at a ring that glittered on one of the swollen fingers!

"To your work sir," said the man. "Cut that arm off."

"That arm can be saved."

"Take it off!"

"'Twould be the height of cruelty. Sir, I placed that ring on her finger four years ago. Let me spare the arm."

The revolver was lifted to his breast.

"If you don't proceed immediately to the amputation of that arm, I'll put a bullet into your heart."

The doctor moved slowly to open his case of instruments.

"Be more expeditious, doctor," said the man, impatiently.

He moved to the couch, but drew back when he took up the arm.

"I won't mutilate this beauteous body—there!" he cried, and a second later he hurled the case of surgical instruments at the brigand's head.

The box struck the mask's revolver, and dashed it from his hand. But he drew another quickly; but never got to use it; for, as the novel weapon left the doctor's hand, he displayed his own pistol, and the brigand staggered forward, shot to the death!

A minute of wild excitement followed. The curtain parted, and three men leaped into the chamber; but two went back with bullets in their bodies, and the third fell forward, shot by a volley which, at that juncture, was poured into the cave from the exterior.

The Regulators were upon the Ozark bandits, and in less time than I can record a sentence, the battle was over!

Alfred Wood tore the veil from his patient's face, and Ethel Grey, under the influence of some soporific, lay before him.

He saved her arm after he had listened to her story.

Four years prior to the opening of our story, Alf. Wood, then a young medical student, fell in love with Ethel Grey. But malicious lies estranged them, and she followed her father to the wilds of Kansas. There she had fallen into the clutches of the chief of the Ozark brigands, and, in attempting to escape, had received the sentry's bullet in her arm.

Her latest adorer, Ned Oliver, lay cold and stiff in the hotel at Dead-man's Gulch, while the chief of the brigands, Black Rob, his murderer, slept the long sleep, with the young doctor's bullet in his brain.

The man who had guided the doctor to the mountains was the red-whiskered fellow who tried his nerve at the hotel as the reader has seen; but he had tested that nerve too far, for he proved to be one of the two who followed Black Bob to the other world.

Doctor Alf. returned with the Regulators to Dead-man's Gulch, which, under a new cognomen, is now a flourishing city, and long since he retired from practice, rich and respected, that he might be more in the society of his family.

Basil Harrison's Romantic Marriage

At the age of 19, Basil Harirson, the late Michigan centenarian, formed a romantic attachment for Martha Stillwell, the daughter of a farmer living in the neighborhood of his home at Greencastle, Pa. The feeling was reciprocated, and, after a short courtship, Basil asked the consent of the girl's parents to the marriage. The father favored the match, but the mother had higher aspirations for her daughter, wishing her to wed the possessor of broad acres, and refused to consent. This decision deeply grieved the young lovers, but Martha's father, irritated, no doubt, by the obstinacy of his wife, revived their spirits by planning an elopement. The simple wedding trousseau was mostly made by stealth in Martha's own room at night, with the assistance of her sister, who was also in the secret. But there was one difficulty they had not anticipated. Martha had no shoes, and even the etiquette of those times would not permit a bride to appear at her wedding in bare feet. Ready made shoes were unknown in the town, and Martha's would have to be made to measure. Dame Stillwell became somewhat suspicious, and the conspirators had to proceed cautiously. Many plans failed, but the day before that set for the wedding, further delay being out of the question, Martha's father adopted a successful ruse. In the afternoon he went into the room where his wife and daughters were at work, and began to joke Martha on the size of her feet. Taking up a shingle carefully placed within reach beforehand, he measured them carefully, and, laughing over their large size with his wife, carelessly threw the shingle out of the window, and in 15 minutes it was in the village shoemaker's shop. That worthy worked all night, and the next day the shoes were ready for Martha, who slipped away, with her father for a witness, and shortly returned to her mother as Mrs. Basil Harrison. The mother soon relented, and the pair lived happily together for 70 years.

A Royal Romance.

Kensington House, once the royal residence, is near Holland House, where Lady Sarah Lennox, a beautiful girl of fifteen, was residing with her sister. The Prince of Wales, soon to be George III., fell in love with her, and soon after his accession and before his coronation, as good as asked her, in his awkward, stupid way, to be his queen. At a ball given in the palace he took her cousin, Lady Lucy Strangways, one side and asked her when she meant to leave town. She replied that she intended to stay for the coronation. He said that this would not take place at present, for there would be no coronation until there was a queen; and added, "I think your friend is the fittest person for it. Tell her so from me." The next time Lady Sarah was at court, the King led her to a window and inquired. "Has your friend told you of my conversation with her!" "Yes, sir," was the answer. "And what do you think of it?" "Nothing, sir." "Nothing comes from nothing," answered George frettishly, and turned on his heel.

The truth is, the girl was engaged in a flirtation with the rather disreputable Lord Newbottle. She soon afterwards went into the country, fell from her horse, and fractured her leg, and had a quarrel with Lord Newbottle. The King was most assiduous in his inquiries after her; and when she came back to Holland House it was at least with a strong liking for George. It was observed also that every fine morning he was wont to ride along a quiet lane which skirted the grounds of Holland House, and that Lady Sarah was sure to be on the lawn picturesquely dressed, and raking hay like another Maud Muller. This courtship became the talk at court, and Fox was evidently confident that his sister-in-law was to be Queen of England. The court, and especially the personages of the blood royal, took alarm at the prospect that one of rank inferior to their own would be placed above them. Lord Bute, the Prime Minister, sent a secret emissary to look out for a queen among the princely families of the continent. The report was in favor of the ugly but rather clever young princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. What means were used to induce George to consent to abandon the lovely Sarah and ask the hand of the ugly Charlotte is not certainly known. It is said that the straw which broke the back of his resolution was a sight of a neatly written letter from the pen of little Charlotte about the horrors of war and the blessings of peace. But in the early summer of 1761 Lady Sarah was awakened from her haymaking and dreams of a crown by reports almost certainly authentic that the King was to be married to the Mecklenburg princess; and she took pen in hand and wrote to Lady Susan about the matter. "I shall take care," she writes, "to show that I am not mortified to anybody; but if it is true that one can vex anybody with a reserved, old manner, he shall have it, I promise him. Luckily for me I did not love him, and only liked. Nor did the title weigh anything with me. So little, at least, that my disappointment did not affect my spirits above an hour or two, I believe. The thing I am most angry at is looking so like a fool, as I shall for having gone so often for nothing." She probably meant having so often gone out to the field to make hay at the King. "But," she proceeds, "I don't much care. If he were to change his mind again (which can't be, though), and not give a very, very good reason for his conduct, I would not have him." They met a week after, when everybody knew that the Mecklenburg marriage was arranged. Poor George was naturally enough confused; and Lady Sarah, as she had promised, was very cool and dignified.

In 1814, fifty-three years after the marriage of George III., a charity sermon was preached by the Dean of Canterbury, in behalf of an infirmary for treatment of diseases of the eye, which had been founded by George III., at the time when he had begun to lose his sight. He was now totally and incurably blind, a circumstance to which the Dean eloquently alluded. Among the hearers was an aged woman who wept bitterly. At the close of the service she had to be led out, for she too, was sightless. This blind old woman was no other than the once beautiful Lady Sarah Lennox.—*The Galaxy for September.*

Wonderful Growth of a Language.

The extraordinary spread of the English language over the globe at the present time, and during the past century, is a matter which deserves the thought of all intelligent men. Let us call attention to a few points of interest in regard to it.

1. The English language is to-day spoken by more people than speak any other European language.

2. The English is the only language in the world that is the speech of two great civilized powers.

3. If our language spread as rapidly during the next as it has during the past hundred years, it will in another century be spoken by nearly as many people as now inhabit the entire surface of the globe.

We do not propose to indulge in any speculations on these facts and comparisons. We do not mean to indulge in any such flight of fancy as President Grant took last year when he said he believed that the "Almighty was preparing the whole world to become one nation, speaking one language." We cannot see how the established languages of continental Europe, or the ancient and fast-rooted languages of the impassive Asiatic myriads of China and Indies, or the countless tongues of Africa and South America, are to be tangibly affected, much less undermined, by any causes that are now apparent, or within any time of possible computation. But, at the same time, we are quite ready to admit that the English language has now a basis, a range, and a momentum, that seem to be full of significance, and to have a certain sort of prophetic indication about them.—*Scottish-American.*

FRENCH BALLOONING.

An Ascent from Calais and a Plunge in the North Sea—M. Durouf's History of a Perilous Voyage.

[From the London Telegraph, Sept. 4.]

M. Durouf and his wife, who made the perilous balloon ascent from Calais on Monday night, have been rescued in the North sea. As one of the attractive features of a public *fete* given at Galais that day, it was announced that the adventurous aeronaut and his wife would go up in their balloon, the Tricolor, and if the wind was favorable they proposed to make an aerial voyage over the Channel and land in England. The wind was squally, and moreover blew in the wrong direction. With a southeasterly current the attempt would have been made, but it blew variously south and southwest, and the only prospect before the voyagers was a descent in the German ocean, unless they could reach the distant shores of Denmark or Norway. The authorities forbade the ascent, but part of the crowd, disappointed of the sensational episode of the day's amusement, taunted Durouf with cowardice, and, stung by their taunts, he and his wife made the desperate effort to carry out their engagement, and Le Tricolor was seen rising into the clouds just as night was closing in, and drifting over the straits of Dover toward the open sea.

So it continued to drift for ten hours, when the gas being partly exhausted it fell into the North sea.

Then they saw and were seen by a Grimsby fishing smack; the crew hastened to their rescue, pursued the car, which dipped into and arose out of the water like a flying fish, and finally, after a chase of hours, saved the half drowned aeronaut and his wife in the middle of the North sea, some 170 miles from the Spurr lighthouse.

According to these data it would seem that the balloon had traveled about three hundred miles in a direct line, its rate being about twenty-five and thirty miles an hour, or twice the average horizontal motion of the air.

Subjoined we publish facts taken from M. Durouf's narration of his voyage and rescue: "The balloon went up amid the acclamation of the crowd, and for the space of 327 yards went in a northerly direction; but upon attaining that height our course changed to the northeast, and shortly afterward we saw the French and English lighthouses at sea, and we seemed to be going more toward England than toward France. There were no vessels to be seen at sea, and night was coming on. I felt that, in case I should be obliged to make a long voyage, I must economize my ballast, and I decided to pass the night watching the extremity of the rope, which was seventy-six yards long, and every time the rope touched the water I threw out a very small quantity of ballast. At 4 A. M., just before sunrise, I threw all the light ballast out, and I discovered that during the night I had been driven in a northeasterly direction. Not knowing the distance I was from the nearest land, and fearful of being drived by another current to the northward, I resolved to try to lower myself to a vessel. I manœuvred so as to get down, and toward 5 o'clock I succeeded. The lower current of the wind was blowing northwest. It is impossible to describe my extreme thirst. The sea was very rough. Without any fear I opened the valve, and descended until the ropes were trailing in the water, and in an instant we were past a vessel. At 7 o'clock we again sighted the smack on the horizon, and saw that she was pursuing us, and by degrees we noticed that she came closer to us. The cold was very severe, and our limbs were becoming benumbed, our strength was failing us, and the hope of being overtaken by the smack was the only thing that gave strength to our arms to hold on. My wife's limbs were benumbed, and at each jerk of the balloon she became weaker and weaker. The smack continued to approach us. I pointed it out to my wife, and it renewed her courage. I saw the danger we were in, and I began to cut the ropes that trailed from the balloon. I had cut the greater part of them, when I was dashed against the boat, and let myself fall into it. I, like my wife, lay helpless in the bottom of the boat. The men then let go the ropes of the car and the balloon started off with a mighty speed toward Norway. The boat returned to the smack. We were put on board and taken into the cabin, where a good fire did not fail to bring us round."

—The suspension of C. Ludmann & Co., of New York, a firm extensively engaged in the importation of sugar, has been announced.