

OUR STORY TELLER



A TRIUMPH OF MEDICINE.

"DID you ever give a man the wrong medicine, Dr. Macpherson?"

Macpherson shook his head.

"I do not remember doing so. But I once gave a man an overdose of a drug for a sleeping draught, which nearly killed him. It was his own fault, though, as you will see when I tell you the story. It was when I was quite a young man, and soon after I started a practice of my own at Chelsea. I had taken a pretty large house there, as a doctor is bound to do if he wants to get on, and kept a couple of servants. One night, however, when my adventure happened, both the girls were away. So that when a violent ring came at the front door bell about midnight, when I was just thinking of turning in, I had to go and answer it myself. When I opened the door I found that it was as I expected. A small boy, breathless with running, informed me that I was required at once at an address he gave me in a street about half an hour's walk from my house.

"What am I wanted for? I asked, but the boy could not tell me. He had been passing the house, he said, when an old gentleman opened the door, gave him a half crown, and told him to run as hard as he could for the nearest doctor.

"I put on my overcoat and started, carrying with me a few things on the chance that they might be necessary, including a strong soporific which I might have to use if I found my patient in great pain which I could not immediately relieve.

"I had concluded that my services were made necessary by some accident, and used as much haste as possible, therefore, in getting to the address which the boy had given me. As I approached the house I was surprised to find it in complete darkness, and I could not help wondering whether I had been made the victim of a practical joke. I was prepared with an apology for my intrusion when I heard steps descending the stairs and coming along the hall in answer to my second ring. The door was opened by a genial-looking old gentleman in a dowered dressing gown, who carried a lamp in his hand, and whose first words set my mind at rest as far as my fears of a hoax were concerned.

"Oh! you are the doctor, I suppose? he said. 'Well you walk upstairs, please?'

"He was chatting all the while that he preceded me up the broad staircase in a voice that certainly did not show any anxiety. As he led the way into a room on the first floor at the back and placed the lamp on the table. I glanced around the place quickly, expecting to see some sign of the person I had come to attend.

"The room was comfortably, almost handsomely, furnished as a sitting-room and contained a cheerful-looking fire, before which two armchairs were drawn up, with a small table between them, containing two glasses, a bottle of whisky and a siphon of soda water, besides a box of cigars. But there was no sign of a patient.

"Take your great coat off and sit down," said the old gentleman; "you can put your things on the table. I suppose you will not object to a glass of Scotch and a cheroot? I can recommend the cheroots."

"He had seated himself in one of the armchairs as he spoke and was filling the glasses.

"Pardon me," I said, in considerable astonishment, "but had I not better see the patient before I do anything else?"

"He looked up, as if surprised at my suggestion.

"Oh, I am the patient," he said, placidly.

"I started in greater surprise than ever, for he looked quite a picture of health, and he smiled good-naturedly.

"If you will sit down I will tell you what is the matter with me," he said as placidly as before. "I do not like to see a man standing while I am sitting, and if you do not take your coat off you will catch cold when you go out again. You doctors never use your knowledge to take care of yourselves. That is better—as I obeyed wonderingly.

"I am a victim of insomnia," he went on, after I had taken the other armchair; "I suffer terribly. You cannot tell what it is to stay awake all night long while the rest of the world is asleep. Not a soul to speak to, the one living person in a city of dead. I think that it will send me mad some day."

"Yes, it is a great affliction," I said, shortly, not a little chagrined that I had been summoned at that time of night to a consultation which could have been held at any time, but it can be cured in time with healthy living."

"But that does not help me to-night,"

said my patient, pushing the box of cigars toward me.

"You are suffering to-night? I asked with my most professional air.

"Yes, I am perfectly certain that I shall not sleep a wink. It would make me feel suicidal to go to bed and try. That is why I sent for a doctor, but I am sorry you have had to come so far."

"Well, it is lucky that I brought some drugs with me," I said, opening my brief bag before me. "I will give you a sleeping draught for to-night, but you must give up drugs and live healthy and take plenty of exercise and diet yourself if you really want a cure."

"I took out the soporific I had prepared before starting as I spoke, but the old gentleman shook his head hopelessly.

"It is not the least use giving me drugs, doctor," he said. "I have saturated my system with them and they have no effect upon me."

"Then may I ask why you have sent for me? I asked, feeling very much like losing my temper.

"Well, it is like this, doctor," he said, placidly. "I can't sit up all night by myself. I feel as though I should go mad if I do. I must have somebody to talk to."

"And you mean to tell me—" I began hotly, and paused for want of words to express my indignation.

"My patient took advantage of the pause to proceed in his gentle, half-apologetic manner:

"I assure you, doctor, that I looked upon it quite as a business matter. I do not look upon a physician as a philanthropist, but as a business man, whose chief inducement after all is to make money. May I ask what your usual fee is?"

"My usual fee is seven and six pence," I said, severely. "I was a modest beginner in those days. 'But when I am called out in the night—'"

"You make it higher, of course," put in my patient, imperturbably; "shall we say ten shillings?"

"I nodded.

"And may I ask how long your visit usually takes?"

"It varies from five minutes to an hour."

"The man performed a short calculation on his fingers.

"Then we may call your average visit thirty-two and a half minutes," he said quietly. "Well, I am quite prepared to pay you ten shillings for every thirty-two and a half minutes that you remain with me. You came in at exactly 12:20. Allow me to pay you up till seven minutes to 1." He gravely handed me half a sovereign as he spoke, and went on: "If you prefer it, I have not the least objection to your giving me medical advice all the time you are here, although that is quite immaterial to me, so long as you talk about something, and keep me from the loneliness that I dread. Do take a cigar and help yourself to the whisky."

"His tone was so business-like and matter-of-fact that it was impossible to quarrel with him. Besides, his evident dread of being alone, which so many victims of insomnia have, appealed to my sympathies. I was not successful enough then to disregard the chance of gaining a rich and eccentric patient, the very class who make the profession worth practicing, from a pecuniary point of view. I made no demur, therefore, but determined to stay at least until I had given him directions for curing his want of sleep by systematic exercise and plain living, and I lighted one of his cheroots, which were, indeed, excellent.

"At the end of half an hour I rose to go. But my strange patient pleaded with me so earnestly to accept another fee and stay half an hour more that I scarcely had the heart to leave him. A fresh idea occurred to me.

"I will stay on one condition," I said; "that you lie down and let me try to get you to sleep." I felt that if I could succeed in doing so I should have done something to justify my visit and should be able to get back to my own bed without any danger of offending a possible remunerative patient.

"He agreed instantly, and drew up a comfortable-looking couch to the fire in place of his chair.

"Now, if I will do my level best to sleep, will you promise not to leave me till I am off?" he said, and, feeling pretty confident of my powers, I rather unwisely consented.

"I began by reading aloud to him in a soft, monotonous tone, when I have generally found effective, and at the end of half an hour was congratulating myself on my success, when the old gentleman jumped up wide awake, and fishing in his pocket, produced another half sovereign.

"I must not forget your fee," he said as he lay back again at full length on the couch. "Please go on. It is very soothing."

"I was getting desperately sleepy myself, and more than ever anxious to succeed and get away.

"This won't do," he said quite anxiously. "If I go to sleep how on earth shall I know what I owe you?"

"You can trust that to me," I said, shortly, and continued the reading again, with what seemed like complete success, till at 2 o'clock my patient jumped up as lively as ever to present me with my fourth fee.

"The want of success made me desperate, and I was already regretting deeply the promise which prevented me leaving the old gentleman to his fate, and getting home, when another thought suggested itself to me.

"The sleeping draught which he had refused was lying on the table before me. He admitted having taken large quantities of every known drug, but this was a very strong one, and might affect him more than he expected, if I could get him to take it. He had refused so pointblank before that I did not ask his consent, but slipped it quietly into a glass while I was reading.

"Perhaps another glass of whisky will help you," I said, filling it up; "try drinking it straight off."

"It appeared to me to take effect very quickly, but I did not flatter myself on the point until my feet became numb, when, finding that my patient did not stir, I rose softly, put on my hat and coat, and, turning down the lamp, felt my way downstairs in the dark, and let myself out of the house.

"As I walked home I told myself that I had secured a desirable patient, and already given him some reason to have faith in my powers. The four half-sovereigns jingled pleasantly in my pocket, and I had still time left to get a good sleep before it was necessary to begin the day's work.

"But rest was not for me yet awhile. As I opened my own door with a latebkey a single glance at the hall was sufficient to put another complexion on the case, and I strode rapidly through the house, to find that it had been ransacked from top to bottom.

"My old friend with the insomnia was simply the accomplice of a gang of burglars, who had taken this means of keeping me out of the way while his friends removed the greater part of my portable property. It seemed to me as if they must have taken it away in a furniture van.

"I hurried off at once to the neighboring police station, and the inspector in charge looked serious.

"It seems to me like the work of a gang that we have been hearing of for some time, but that we can't get hold of," he said.

"Well, I think I can take you to a house where you will find one of the gang," I said, and told him briefly of my patient.

"The policeman smiled a superior smile.

"He is one of the gang, without doubt, as well as the lad who brought his message, but you won't find him at the house now. You will find that he has taken the room furnished for a day or two, and vanished the instant you left the place."

"I have no doubt that was the plan," I said, "but I happened to give the gentleman a dose which, if he isn't as used to drugs as he pretended, will keep him asleep for a week."

"And did you find him?"

"Yes, exactly as I left him. I had some trouble bringing him around. As we thought, he was a notorious criminal, and his arrest led to that of the whole gang, and—what was of more importance to me—the recovery of my furniture. It has often made me smile to think of my little sleeping draught effecting what the whole police force of the metropolis had been trying to do for months. I call it a triumph of medicine."—Chicago Chronicle.

CUBA'S CRY IS HEARD

CITIZENS OF CHICAGO PROTEST AGAINST TYRANNY.

Cause of the Oppressed People Warmly Championed—Speeches Made and Resolutions Adopted in Keeping with Declaration of Independence.

Plans for Self-Government.

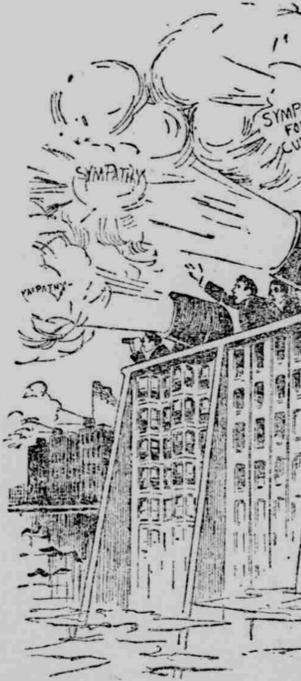
The first protest of free-born Americans against Spanish tyranny in Cuba was heard in Chicago Monday night. It was as fervid, as resolute and as defiant as if it had been voiced by men and women who had suffered personally the wrongs that have kept Cuba in a state of ferment for a century. There was no sign of prearrangement in the speeches. They differed widely as to the proper



course of this government. But whether the speaker dwelt upon the necessity of conforming to international law, as Mr. Bryan did, or whether, like Mr. Hynes and Mr. Mason, he spoke out squarely for Cuban independence, the undertone was the same. The meetings cried for freedom, and a correspondent, and it was noticeable that no sentiment was received with greater applause than Governor Alzola's blunt declaration in a telegram to the chairman that Cuba should be annexed to the United States.

The Central Music Hall meeting was the larger of the two. The other, in the

A NEW BATTERY OPENS FIRE ON SPANISH OPPRESSORS.



hall of the Young Men's Christian Association in LaSalle street, was an overflow, but enough people attended it to comfortably fill all the seats. As in the State street meeting, it was one of the most remarkable demonstrations ever seen in this city. In the first place—and that is the most important point—it was American to the core. There are not many Cubans in Chicago. Probably all the exiles of the suffering islands who have found their way to the cigar shops of the town would not fill the parquet circle of Central Music Hall. Most of them were there, leaning forward in their seats to take in every glowing sentence and cheer, and wildly the red-hot denunciations of their old masters that poured from the stage. Quesada, the secretary of the revolutionary party, was on the floor, and so was Zayas, the propagandist of the cause, who is here trying to secure contributions of arms, ammunition and medicine for the insurgents. The big cheer of the evening went up for an excited Cuban who arose in the gallery while Mr. Hynes was speaking and yelled: "I go over and lick Spain myself alone."

Chicago's Official Stamp.

The other big feature of the meeting was that it was presided over by the Mayor of Chicago, and that the City Council gave it official recognition by attending in a body. If this had happened over in Europe it might have been cause belli.

What brought to Central Music Hall this tremendous crowd that filled the auditorium from the back of the platform to the eaves of the topmost gallery? In the crowd there were not fifty men who had ever been within gunshot of Havana. There were not twenty to whom it makes a dollar's difference whether Cuba breaks her shackles or goes on totting, footsore under her burdens. There was neither politics nor business in it. Their motive must have been as pure as that which impelled the men who made New England ring against human slavery. It was a great demonstration. From the moment that the gavel of the chairman struck order it was a long roll of applause, shouted applause emphasized with roars that would lend grace to the greatest political meeting. It brought Cuba and the trials and struggles of the Cubans 1,000 miles nearer to Chicago. It lent a new meaning to the familiar lines of the declaration of independence which were in the mouth of every speaker. Liberty and patriotism rang with a different sound to the ears that had only heard them from the mouths

HEAVY FROSTS.

Many Portions of the Country Visited—But Little Damage Done.

Dispatches received by the Associated Press indicate that heavy frosts fell Sunday night throughout the greater portion of the country. Little damage was done. Warsaw, Ill.—The first frost of the season fell, killing all tender vegetation. No damage to corn.

Centerville, Ill.—A light frost, with no damage.

Elkhorn, Wis.—A heavy frost fell. All crops are beyond injury.

Plainfield, Wis.—A very heavy frost fell, killing all garden stuff.

East Tawas, Mich.—A sixteenth inch of ice was formed. A heavy frost fell with great damage to all kinds of vines.

Indianapolis, Ind.—A killing frost fell in many Indiana counties.

Louisville, Ky.—There was a killing frost which did great damage to tobacco and other vegetation in various portions of the State.

Topoka, Kan.—A heavy frost throughout the State. Beam corn seriously damaged.

St. Louis, Mo.—Light frost over the State, with little damage.

Memphis, Tenn.—Frost was found in low-lying localities at various points in West Tennessee, north Mississippi, and Eastern Arkansas. Tender vegetation was killed, but no serious damage was done to the Irish potato crop, and cotton was not injured to any considerable extent on the uplands.

Duncan, Miss.—A heavy frost in that part of the delta which may cut the cotton crop short by causing immature bolls to open.

Ottumwa, Iowa.—The frost the other morning was the heaviest of the season and all vegetation was badly damaged. Ice formed in all parts of the county.

Altoona, Pa.—The first snowstorm of the season fell, accompanied by a cold wave.

NINE DIE IN A GALE.

Loss of Lives and Much Property by the Recent Lake Storm.

Reports of damage and loss of life caused by the storm of Saturday and Sunday are coming to hand. The gale seems to have been most destructive on Lake Superior. Only one Chicago fatality resulted, Oswald Johnson, of the schooner John Babcock losing his life while trying to secure a tug to rescue his waterlogged vessel off Dune Park, Ind.

It is thought eight lives were lost by the foundering of the schooner Elma in Lake Superior. Many other lives may have been sacrificed, but there is still a lack of definite information. The steamer Birkhead left Baraga Saturday with the C. B. Jones and Elma lumber laden. They were caught in the great gale Saturday night and the Elma broke its tow line and disappeared in the darkness. The Jones also broke loose and brought up under Whitefish Point, the Birkhead finding shelter back of Grand Island Sunday afternoon. The steamer went out to look for its consorts and at the first of the massive cliffs forming the famous Pictured Rocks found the wreckage of the Elma. The crew of the lost vessel numbered seven, together with a woman and child.

IN FAVOR OF A WHIPPING POST.

District of Columbia Jury Desires that Offenders Be Flogged.

The District of Columbia grand jury recommended the adoption of the whip post in the national capital. It was suggested by the jury that there is now no adequate method in the District of Columbia of punishing persons guilty of petty larceny and white-slavery.

Judge Bradley, to whom this remarkable recommendation was made, said he believed the whipping post would do much to discourage crime in the district. He said, however, that the courts could not establish a whipping post, reminding the jury that Congress alone had that power, and that, while he would place their recommendations on file, he would suggest that they bring the matter to the attention of Congress.

Notes of Current Events.

The personal property of Minnesota is \$29,555,000, as against \$109,726,000 in 1891.

Orlan Apelle, 18 years old, living near Akron, Ohio, was killed by the explosion of a gun.

Leading citizens of Minneapolis are to start for Boston to present a silver service to the cruiser Minneapolis.

Sensational stories of a probable uprising at the Rosebud Indian reservation in Nebraska are without foundation.

Two Jim Warfield, a negro, committed suicide at Elkton, Ky., because tobacco worms destroyed his forty-acre crop.

Thomas Maschke, aged 12 years, collided with a team while riding a bicycle at Cooperstown, N. Y., and was killed.

C. C. Rhodes killed himself in a fit of despondency at Denver, Col. He made a fortune as a miner and leaves \$50,000.

Samuel York, aged 86, died at Washington, D. C. He was born in Philadelphia and was the senior member of his bar.

The entire family of N. C. Ratte at Akron, Ohio, were poisoned by eating cabbage which had been sprinkled with Paris green.

United States Circuit Judge Gilbert at Portland, Ore., decided the "Overlap" case against the Oregon and California Railroad Company.

A New Jersey clergyman asserts that it is morally wrong to kill mosquitoes. What would he do? Perhaps he favors chloroforming them and locking them up.

Council Hollis in Mozambique reports to the State Department that a decree by the Portuguese government at Lisbon has been enacted increasing the duty on liquors imported into the province of Mozambique.

Agent Fisher began the distribution of government drafts to the Nez Perce Indians at Lewiston, Id. The money is part payment of the \$1,300,000 for lands relinquished by the Indians to the government domain.

R. S. Pilley, of Georgiana, Ala., postmaster, ex-mayor, justice of the peace, high school trustee and Sunday school superintendent, wrote an improper note to a young lady and has been ordered by a mass meeting of citizens to leave town at once.

It is understood that Mgr. Satelli is giving his attention to the question raised by the petition to himself for the suppression of the brewery conducted by the Benedictine monks at Convent, Pa., with a view of harmonizing the differences so as to placate the complainants and at the same time not deal harshly with the ecclesiastics who conduct the brewery.

of politicians who sought to use them for stepping stones to office.

Every mention of the cruelty of the Spaniards was greeted with groans, every mention of the Monroe doctrine and the duty of the government to enforce it with the wildest cheers. If the responsibility of admitting Cuba to statehood had lain with the meeting and some one had put the question another star would have been added to the flag. At the mere suggestion of Cuba's possible statehood the meeting went into the wildest applause. To the committee that had in charge the drafting of the resolutions the demands on the behalf of the struggling Cubans had at first seemed too strong, too pronounced; but in the light of the enthusiasm which prevailed when they were read they seemed weak and ineffectual. But they were adapted with a roar. Mayor Swift was chosen chairman of the meeting, and addresses were given by the following gentlemen: Rev. Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, Thomas B. Bryan, William J. Hynes, William E. Mason, the Rev. J. H. Barrows, Bishop Fallows, the Rev. Dr. P. S. Henson, John Margo Palmer and E. B. Sherman.

NO OPEN SUNDAY AT ATLANTA.

Resolution to That Effect Tabbed, It Is Thought Permanently.

The preachers of Atlanta are still fighting the exposition on the question of sale of liquor on the grounds. A meeting of the Methodist Ministers' Association was held, and at that meeting the special committee appointed a week ago reported that it had secured legal advice on the question, and that the lawyers were unanimous in their opinion that the right to sell liquor did not belong to the exposition people or to their concessioners locally. A long discussion as to what the ministers should do in view of their report followed. Some of them were in favor of enjoying the exposition directors from allowing liquor to be sold on the grounds, while others favored bringing the matter to the attention of the grand jury. The matter finally took that course. A resolution was adopted thanking the exposition directors for keeping the grounds closed on Sunday and expressing the hope that they will continue to keep them closed.

At the meeting of the board of exposition directors action was taken which apparently kills for all time the project to open the exposition on Sundays. A resolution providing for Sunday opening was introduced by Director Cabanis, but after some lively discussion was tabled.