A STRANGE STORY.

A dejected man, M. de docteur Maurice Fournier locked the door of his physiological laboratory in the Place de l'Ecole de Medicine, and walked away toward his rooms in the Rue Rossini. At 32, rich, brilliant, an ambitious graduate of l'Ecole de Medicine, an enthusiastic pupil of Claude Bernard's, a devoted lover of science, and above all of physiology, yesterday he was without a care save to make his name great among the names of science—to win for himself a place in the foremost rank of the followers of that mistress whom only he loved and worshiped. To-day a word had swept away all his fondest hopes. Trousseau, the keenest observer in all Paris, formerly his father's friend, now no less his own, had kindly but firmly called his attention to himself, and to the malady that so imperceptibly and insidiously fastened itself upon him that until the moment he never dreamed of its approach. He had been too full of his work to think of himself. In any other case he would scarcely have dared to dispute the opinion of the highest medical authority in Europe; nevertheless in his own he began to argue the matter: "But, my dear doctor, I am well."

"No, my friend, you are not. You are thin and pale, and, I noticed the other night, when you came late to the meeting of the institute, that your breathing was quick and labored, and that the reading of your excellent paper was frequently interrupted by a short cough."

"That was nothing. I was hurried and excited, and have been keeping myself too closely to my work. A week of rest and sea air will make all right again."

But the great man shook his head gravely: "Not weeks but years of a different life are needed. You must give up the laboratory altogether if you want to live. Remember your mother's fate and your father's early death—think of the deadly blight that fell so soon upon the rare beauty of your sister. Some day you will realize your danger; realize it now in time. Close your laboratory, lock up your library, say adieu to Paris, and lead the life of a traveler, an Arab, a Tartar. For the present cease to dream of the future; strength is better than a professorship in the College of France, and health more than the cross of the Legion of Honor."

Fournier was at first surprised and incredulous; he became convinced, then alarmed. After some thought he was horribly dejected. At such a time an Englishman becomes stolid, a German gives up utterly, an American begins to live fast, since he my not live long; but he, being a Frenchman and Parisian, had alternations—first, the idea of suicide, which means sleep; second, reaction, which is hopefulness.

He chose to react, and did it promptly. A little time, and the rooms in the Place de l'Ecole de Medecine, opposite the bookseller's, displayed a card stuck on the entrance door with red wafers, "a louer," the hammer of the auctioner knocked down the comfortable furniture of the apartments in the Rue Rossini, while that of the carpenter nailed up the well-beloved books in stout boxes, and the places that had known M. le docteur knew him no more,

"Nevertheless," he said as he turned his back on Paris, "even idle wanderings are better than dying of consumption."

Behold the student of science a wanderer on the face of the earth, everywhere avoiding civilization and courting nature and the company of men who either by birth or adoption were the children of nature.

Certainly the treatment benefited Fournier. By and by it did more—it cured him. The cough was forgotten, the cheeks filled out, the muscles became hard as bundles of steel wire, his strength was prodigious, he ate his food with a relish unknown in Paris, and slept like a child.

Nevertheless, his mind, trained to habits of thought and observation, was not idle. When a city was his home he had been a physiologist and had studied man; he made the world his dwelling place, and wandering among the nations he became an etnnologist and began to study men.

Fournier, physiologist, as I have said not by the education of the schools, but by the broader education of his travels sociologist and ethnologist, devoted himself again to science, and framed his hypothesis; Climatic influences, acting upon man, bring about physical changes exceedingly slowly, because they are resisted by an inveterate habit of assimilation. This habit pertains either to the bood or the tissues, possibly to both, probably to the blood alone.

To establish an hypothesis experiment is necessary. To the ingenious mind of Fournier an elaborate one occurred. If he could perform it, not only would his hypothesis be established and confirmed beyond all cavil, but a field of scientific research also be opened such as was yet undreamed of. However, for this experiment subjects were needed.

Five years passed, and with restored health came back the old desires in redoubled force. Fcurnier longed to return to civilization and to work. The life that had been so delightful while it did him good became utterly unbearable when he had reaped its full benefit. He burned to renew the labors he had abandoned, to take up again the work he had laid down to do battle with disease, now that disease was vanquished. Thus the year 1863 found him in the city of Charleston, homeward bound in his journey around the world.

When still in the wilds west of the Mississippi he could have shaped his course northward and readily proceeded directly by steamer from New York to Europe. But a determined purpose led him to choose an entirely different course, though he was well aware that it would involve indefinite delay in reaching Paris, and great personal risk. The life he had been leading made him think lightly of the danger, and years would be well spent if he could accomplish the plans that induced him to go into the disorganized country of the south.

He straightway connected himself with the Confederate army as a surgeon and solicited a place at the front. He wanted active service. In this he was disappointed. Charlston, blockaded and besieged, was in a state of military inaction. Save an occasional exchange of shot and shell at long range between the works on shore and those which the Unionists had erected and held upon the neighboring islands and marshes, nothing was done and for a year Fournier experienced the irksomeness of routine duty in a wretchedly arranged and appointed millitary hospital. Nevertheless the time was not wholly wasted. From a planter fleeing from the civil war he procured a native African slave, one of the shipload brought over a few years before in the Wanderer, the last slave-ship that put into an American harbor. This man he made his body servant and kept always near him partly too study him, but chiefly to secure his complete mental and moral thraldom. An almost unqualified savage, Fournier avoided systematically everything that would tend to civilize him. He taught him many things that were convenient in his higher mode of life, and taught well, but of the great principles of civilization he strove to keep him in ignorance. and more, he so confused and distorted the few gleams of light that had reached that darkened soul that they made its gloom only the more hideous and profound. He wanted a man altogether savage, mentally, morally and physically. Instead of teaching him English or French, he learned from him many words of his own rude, native tongue, and communicated with him as much as possible in that alone, aided by gesture, in which, like all Frenchmen, he possessed marvelous facility of expression. In the unexplored back country of Africa the negro had been a prince, and Fournier bade him look forward to the time when he would return and rule. He always addressed him by his African name and title in his own tongue. He took him into the wards of his hospital, and taught him to be useful at surgical operations and to care for the instruments, that he might become familiar with them and with the sight of blood, which at first maddened him. Once he gave him a a drug that made his head throb, and then bled him with almost instant relief. He affected an interest in the amulets which hung at his neck, and besought him to give him one to wear. He committed to his care, with expressions of the greatest solicitude, a strong box, brass bound and carefully locked, which he told him contained his god, a most potent and cruel deity, who would, however, when it pleased him, give back the life of a dead man for blood. This box contained a silver cup, with a thermometer fixed at its side; a glass syringe holding about a third of a pint; a large curved needle perforated in its length like a tube, sharp at one end, at the other expanded to fit accurately the nozzle of the syringe; a little strainer also fiting the syringe; and last, a small bundle of wires with a handle like an egg-beater.

For the rest, this savage was crooked, ill-shapen and hideous. His skin was as black as night; his head small, the face immensely disproportionate to the cranium; his jaws massive and armed with glittering white teeth, filed to the points; his cheeks full, his nose flat, his eyes little, deep-set, restless, wicked. The usage he received from his new master was so different from his former experience with white men, and so in accord with his own undiciplined nature, that it called forth all the sympathies of his character. He soon loved the Frenchman with an intensity of affection almost incomprehensible. It is no exaggeration to say that he would have willingly laid his life to gratify his master's slightest wish. The latter's knowledge was to him so comprehensive, his power so boundless and his will so imperious and inflexible, that he feared and worshiped him as a god.

Fournier looked upon his monster with satisfaction, and longed for a battle. His wish was at last gratified. On the Fourth of July, 1864, an engagement took place three miles northwest of Legareville, near the North Edisto river. A force of Union soldiers had been assembled from the Sea islands and from Florida, massed on Seabrook island, and pushed thence up into South Carolina. Every movement was watched and reported by the rebel scouts; all the troops that could be spared from Charleston were sent out to oppose the invaders; roads were obstructed, bridges were destroyed, batteries erected in strong positions, everything prepared to impede their progress. With infinite fatigue and peril they advanced only five or six miles in a day's march. There was occasional skirmishing; but one actual battle. To that the troops gave the name of "the Battle of Bloody Bridge."

In this battle heavy as the losses were, the Confederates took but one prisoner. At the third charge a tall, broad-shouldered captain, who seemed, like another son of Thetis, almost invulnerable, darted impetuously ahead of his men and reached the summit of the defense. Useless bravery! In an instant a volley point blank swept away the charging men behind him, and a gunner's sabre-thrust bore him to the ground within the works, where he lay stunned and bleeding beside the gun he had striven so hard to take. The man who had captured him, wild with excitement and maddened with the powder that blackened him, and the hot blood which jetted upon him, sprang down, spat upon him, spurned him with his foot, and would have dashed out his brains with the heavy hilt of his clubbed sword had not a strong hand held his uplifted wrist.

It was Fournier, who had watched the battle with an interest as intense as that of the most ardent southerner in the battery, though wildly different in character. His interest was that of the naturlist who stands by eager to see a rustic entrap some rara avis that he desires to study, to use for his experiment.

The gunner turned fiercely upon him, but dropped his arm and sheathed his sabre at his question, and walked back to his gun abashed, for he was, after all, a brave and chivalrous man.

Fournier simply asked: "Do confederate soldiers murder prisoners of war?" And added, "He is a wounded man—leave him to me." Then he knelt down beside him and examined his wound, and though he strove to be calm he trembled with excitement as he tore open the blue blouse and felt the warm blood welling over his fingers. It was a simple wound through the fleshy part of the shoulder; a strand of saddler's silk and a few strips of sticking plaster would have sufficed to dress it, but the Frenehman smiled when he wiped away the clots and saw the blood spurting from two or three small divided arteries.

Then he called his African, and they carried the wounded man back to the tent, and laid him on a bed of moss and cypress boughs, and left him there to bleed, while he went out into the air.

And the prisoner, what of him? Any one, looking upon him as he lay upon the cypress boughs, would have known him to be thoroughbred. Everything about him proclaimed it. His face manly but gentle, his figure, great in stature and strength, yet graceful in outline like a Grecian god, the very dress and accoutrements he wore, which were neat, strong, expensive, but without ornament, showed him to be a gentleman. And Robert Shirley was a gentleman. Probably no man in all the states could have been found who would have presented a greater contrast to the man standing guard outside the tent than this man who lay within it; and for that reason none who would have been so welcome to Fournier. As the one was a pure savage, the other was the realization of the most illustrious enlightenment; the other gentle, frank, considerate; as the one was hideous, ill-formed and black as night, so the other was radiant with manly beauty, and fair as the morning. Each among his own people sprang from noble stock; the one a prince, the other the descendant of the purest Puritan race, which knew among its own divines and judges, brave captains, and farther back a governor of the colony. But the guard and his people were at the foot of the scale, the guarded at the top. The blood flowing out upon the cypress bed was the best blood of America. Generation after generation it had flowed in the veins of fair women and noble men, and had never known dishonor. Yet Fournier let it flow. More, he was delighted that it continued to flow.

Presently, however, he sobered down, and began to prepare for his work. He placed a large cauldron of water over a fire; he brought basins, towels, and his case of surgical instruments, and placed them in the tent, and with them the case with which he had taught the African to believe contained his god. While thus busied he did not neglect the subject of his experiment. His watchful eye noted everything—the mass of clots growing like a great fungus under the wounded shoulder, the deadly pallor, the dark circles forming around the sunken eyes, and blanched lips, the transparent nostrils, the slow, deep respiration. From time to time he felt the wounded man's pulse and counted it carefully. Ninety—he went out again into the open air; 100—"The loss of blood tells," he muttered, and began to rearrange his appliances and busy himself uneasily with them; 130 beats to the minute—"He is failing too fast; I must stop this bleeding," said the experimenter. Then he cleansed the wound, and tied the arteries, and bound it up. But the loss of blood had been so great that the heart fluttered wildly and feebly in its efforts to contract upon its diminished contents, and Fournier, anxious, and pale himself almost as his victim, trembled when his finger felt in vain for the bleeding artery and caught only a faint tremulous thrill, so feeble that he scarcely knew whether the heart was beating at all or not. In terror he threw open the ends of the little tent and fanned him, and moistened his lips, and gave him brandy, and hastened to begin the experiment for which he had waited so long and for which both subjects were at last ready.

He told his savage that the Yankee was dying, but that he had communed with his god, who would let him live if blood was given in return. Then he reminded him of the time when he lost blood, and that it had done him no harm. The African, trained for this duty with so much care, did not fail him, but bared his arm and gave the blood. The god was brought forth and caught it, and the sacrifice began. As the silver bowl floated in a basin of water so warm that the thermometer in its side marked 98 degrees of Fahrenheit, Fournier stirred the blood with the bundle of wires to collect the fibrine and prevent the formation of clots; he then drew it into the syringe through the strainer, and forced it through the perforated needle, which he had previously thrust into a large vein in Shirley's arm, carefully avoiding the introduction of the slightest bubble of air. Time after time he filled his syringe and emptied it into the veins of the wounded man, until at length he saw signs of reaction. The color came, the breathing became more natural, the pulse became slower, fuller, regular. By and by he moved, sighed, opened his eyes and spoke.

He asked a question: "What has happened?"

While he had been lying there much had happened. Life and death had battled over him, and life had triumphed. When he recovered from the effects of his fall and found himself bleeding he tried to rise and stanch the flow, but, already exhausted, he fell back almost fainting from the effort. He called repeatedly for help, but his only reply was the hideous face of his guard, silently leering at him for a moment, then disappearing without a word. At last it occurred to him that he had been left there to die, and he roused his enegies to his aid. But Shirley accomplished nothing; he could not even raise his hand to the bleeding shoulder; with every effort the blood flowed more copiously. His mind was rapidly becoming benumbed like his body, which shivered as though it was mid-winter. Darkness came over his eyes, and he fell into a dreamy state that soon passed into seeming unconsciousness again. Nevertheless, while the doctor came and went and did his work, and the savage scowled at him, yet gave his life's blood to save him, though he lay like a dead man and saw them not, nor heard them, nor even felt the needle in the flesh, his mind was not idle. Strange doubts and fears, wild longings and regrets, sweet thoughts of long-forgotten happiness, and fair visions of the future, busied his brain. Memory unrolled her scroll and breathed upon the letters of his story that lapse of time and press of circumstances had made dim, till they grew clear, and with himself he lived his life again, and nothing was lost out of it or forgotten. There was his mother's face again, with the old, old loving smile upon her lips, and the tender mother-love in the depths of her beautiful eyes. There before him, bright and dear as ever, were the scenes of his boyhood—the school forms defaced with many a rude cutting of names and dates, the master knitting his shaggy brows and tapping meaningly with his ruler upon the awful desk while some white-haired urchin floundered through an ill-learned task and his classmates tittered at his blunders.

Then the college days flew by with their romance and delight. Commencement with its "pomp and circumstance;" its tedious ceremony and scholarly display. Once more he trembled as he rose to make his commencement speech. He, the aristocrat of his class, had chosen to speak "Against Caste," and though he spoke with the enthusiasm of an untreid man, it was with devoted honesty of purpose, of which his earnestuess was witness, and of which his future was to give ample proof. Through the bewilderment of applause that greeted him as he finished he saw only the glad, smiling face of Alice Wentworth nodding approval; of the rest, hundreds though they were he saw nothing. Her congratulation was enough.

Then came tender scenes, and Alice Wentworth was to be his wife. Another change, and he is in the midst of ruder scenes. There is war, civil war, and he is a soldier; once more he seems to be in Virginia, and there are marches and counter-marches, camps and barracks, battles and retreats, and all the great and little miseries of long campaigns. The silver leaflets of a major are exchanged for the golden eagles of a colonel, and all the time, amid sterner duties, he finds time to write to Alice Wentworth, and never a mail comes into camp but he is sure of letters dated "Home" and full of words that make him hopeful and brave.

Negro troops are raised, and, true to his principles and to himself, he resigns his commission to take a lower rank in a colored regiment. Now the scenes grow dim; confused sounds far off disturb him; low music, familiar yet strange, now distant, now at his very ear, attracts him; a wierd, shadowy mist encloses him, concealing even the things which were visible to the mind's eye, and memory and thought have almost ceased. Thus he feels himself drifting away—drifting away like a boat that has broken its moorings and drifts out with the ebbing tide—whither?

But the rich, warm, lusty blood of the African quickly does its work. The heart, which had almost ceased to beat, because there was not blood enough for it to contract upon, reacted to the stimulus, and as it revived and sent the new life pulsating through all the body, the whole man revived. Fournier, under one pretext or another, but really by force of his relentless will, kept his victim by him for years after their escape from the south. He noted from time to time certain curious changes that took place in his physical nature, and recorded his observations with scientific precision in a book kept for the purpose, for the renewal of life had entailed results of an extraordinary character, as the reader may have already anticipated. At length he wrote: "My hypothesis is verified: it has become a theory. My theory is proved; it is a physiological law. Climatic influences, acting upon man, bring about physical changes exceedingly slowly, because they are resisted by an inveterate habit of assimilation which pertains to the blood."

That day Shirley was free. His rescuer had finished his experiment.

Alice Wentworth had never believed that her lover was dead. She had heard all with a troubled heart, but while his distant kinsmen, who were heirs-at-law, put on the deepest mourning and grew impatient of the law's delay, she simply said, "I will wait until there is some proof before I give him up." And in her heart she said, "He is not dead." Even when years had passed and the war was over, and her agent had searched everywhere and found no trace of him, she did not cease to hope that he would yet appear. So, when at length a letter came, it was welcome and expected. Not surprise but joy made her start and tremble as the old familiar superscription met her eyes.

Such a letter!—filled with the spirit of his love, breathing in every word the tender, passionate devotion of an earlier day, and yet so sad. Tears dropped down through her smiles of joy and blurred the lines she read at first, but smiles and tears ceased as she read on. He had written many, many times, but he knew she had not got his letters. He had been a prisoner—not only prisoner of war, but afterward prisoner to a man whose will was iron. It could hardly be explained. This man had not only saved his life, but he had also rescued him from the horrors of a southern prison—would God he had let him die!—and they had been living together in a ranch in a far-off Mexican valley.

Then the letter read on:

"In my heart I am unchanged; my love for you is ever the same; yet I am no longer the Robert Shirley whom you knew. That has come upon me which will separate me from you for ever; I can not ask you now to be my wife. You are free. It is through no fault of mine. It is my burden, the price of life, and I must bear it. God bless you and give you all happiness!

"ROBERT SHIRLEY."

When she had read it all she bowed her head and wept again, and the face that had grown more and more beautiful with the years of waiting was radiant. Who can fathom the depth of a woman's love? Who can follow the subtle workings of a woman's thoughts? Who can comprehend a woman's boundless faith? Her course was clear. If misfortune had befallen him, if he were maimed, disfigured, crazed, even if he were loathsome to her eyes, she loved him, and she must see him; she would see him and speak to him, and love him still, even if she could not be his wife. What would she have done if she could have guessed the truth? As it was, she wrote upon her card, "If you love me come to me," and sent it to him. And in answer to the summons he stood before her—not disfigured, not maimed, not crazed, not lothsome in any way, yet irrevocably separated from her, for Dr. Fournier's experiment had succeeded, and Robert Shirley was a mulatto!

Patti's Welsh Home.

Mme. Patti's castle, Craig-a-Nos, is perched high up on a cleft mountain, picturesquely wooded. It is nearly at the top of this mountain, and built after the common fashion of all Welsh castles, with low bastions and what is called a curtain between—that is, a straight line of wall joining two semi-circular towers. The walls, which are of greyish green slate, so plentiful here, are topped with battlements and covered here and there with ivy, while the windows are either arched or gabled. Spreading away in front of the gardens and lawns, all terraced because of the precipitous character of the ground, and so coming gradually down to the little valley which lies below. Through this valley runs a lovely river with an unpronounceable mame, spanned by numerous pretty bridges and well stocked with fish. The valley opens into the great Swansea Valley, while the whole country round is extremely mountainous and abounds with game.

The castle contains twenty-two rooms, none of them very large, but all warm and cozy, as they should be in such a climate. Patti's own is hung with blue silk, all the upholstery being to match, while attached to it is a little dressing-room that is complete enough it its appointments for a princess. The drawing room is charming, and he must be a dull person who could not find something to interest him there. It contains two grand pianos, albums, statuettes, pictures, and offerings from admirers, chief among the latter being an exquisite inlaid cabinet, containing gold and silver coronets, with which almost every nation in the world has crowned the diva "Queen of Song." The morning room is also a little beauty, but chiefly attractive because it contains a picture of the poor late Duke of Albany, with his autograph and a manly, modest letter begging Patti to accept his picture in return for one she had sent him. In the billiard-room it an immense orchestrion, which is the chief source of amusement every day after dinner.—Keynote.