

THE LITTLE KINGS AND QUEENS.

Monarchs whose kingdom no man bounds,
No leagues uphold, no conquest spreads,
Whose subjects are the world, whose
Whose crowns are circled on sunny heads!

The only sovereigns on the earth
Whose sway is certain to endure;
No line of Kings of kingless birth
Lives on to claim the world's crown.

No forces limit all the land
So strong they cannot storm it free;
No palace made too rich, too grand,
For them to reign triumphantly.

They tyrant, so hard-hearted known
Only to Heaven, and Earth,
Can usurp his very throne—
He abhors when he is kisst.

No home in the world so small,
So mealy-bellied, so squat and bare,
That it can't hold a single soul,
And set their reign of splendor there.

No beggar too torn and poor
To give all they need to thrive;
They rule in his yard and door,
The happiest Kings and Queens alive.

No ends where the world may lay low
In which little Kings and Queens,
The sovereigns of the earth,
Their sovereignty nor rests nor leans
On pomp of robes or birth.

But these hold changeless empire past,
Triumphant all, every scene;
The world is their home to have,
The buried "little Kings and Queens,"
—*Harper's Magazine.*

A CLEVER DOCTOR.

About twenty years ago the Hon. and Rev. Edward Lambert, a clergyman of the Church of England, found that his health was growing infirm, a mortal and physical languor seeming to take possession of him; that English melancholy which comes, no one knows why or wherefore, and he could not shake it off. Young, rich, handsome, eloquent, sure of success in the church—what was he then but with the Hon. and Rev. Edward Lambert?

He did what all Englishmen do when other remedies fail—he crossed the channel.

He thought he could seek the rays of the sun, that luminary so scarce in England. Perhaps it was that he needed.

One fine day he sailed for France, and found himself at Rouen, where he stayed for some days, taking every morning a walk around the cathedral, carrying a volume of Dante under his arm.

One afternoon he walked up the Mont St. Catherine, and, seating himself on the grass, gravely devoted himself to the divine comedy. He had scarcely lost himself in Dante's stately measure, when a stranger approached and with the most perfect courtesy addressed him, asking if he were a man who would permit a few minutes' conversation.

"I wish to perfect myself in your language," said the stranger, smiling, "and I always seize every opportunity to talk to an Englishman."

"You already speak the language fluently," said Mr. Lambert, politely;

"and I am." Mr. Lambert, pausing.

Resting on the turf, with a glorious view before them, the two young men soon found themselves talking glibly of the news of the day, of Dante, of religion, politics and the weather. The Frenchman was very agreeable, well educated, up to the times on all points; and, if so, he would permit a few minutes' conversation.

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"You already speak the language fluently," said Mr. Lambert, politely;

"and I am." Mr. Lambert, pausing.

They walked together to Rouen, and Mr. Lambert then noticed that the doctor had a beautiful white dog, a pointer, which gambled around his master's heels.

They separated as they reached the city, the doctor to go and see his patients, the clergyman to seek an apothecary, where he got his prescription pre-pared.

They walked together to Paris, and the doctor became extremely interested, and, upon examining Mr. Lambert's tongue and pulse, gave him a pre-calm.

When they arrived at Paris he determined that she should speak.

"Mademoiselle," said he, in a loud voice, "do awake and listen to me; I must leave you for a moment to go and find my friends."

He sought a long time, but could not find anybody who wanted a lady to visit him.

He came back to the carriage very disappointed, when he found his intense astonishment, he found a crowd around the compartment where the lady still sat. He went forward to see what was the cause of the excitement.

"Are you the man who traveled from Rouen in this coupe?" said a policeman.

"Yes,"

"Do you know that this lady is dead? You have poisoned her with prussic acid? She has been dead four hours!"

The populace groaned.

The clergyman was speechless with horror, and tried to clear himself with all the earnestness of an innocent man; but his story was found most improbable one. The police found on him the purse of the poor woman, and a bottle containing prussic acid!

It was the little bottle which Dr. de La Belle had forced upon him in the train.

Mr. Lambert, stunned, half dead, allowed himself to be carried to prison without resistance—he was past that a day later he said:

"Take me to Rouen; I will unmask the villain; he can never face me!"

Two sergeants de ville, with other employees of the police in plain clothes, attended this dangerous criminal to Rouen in the railway, and drove to the house of Dr. de La Belle. Mr. Lambert was sure that at the sight he'd face the assassin.

The train was engaged at the English doctor and his dog, who came bounding along with his pointer nose in the grass.

The two men greeted each other with smiles, and shook hands cordially.

"You have saved my life, doctor," said Mr. Lambert, with a smile of enthusiasm.

"Not at all, my dear friend," said the doctor; "I only gave you a good tonic, which also made you sleep. I found out (what none of my English brothers in medicine seem to have found out) that you have nothing the matter with you! Your system needs a little jolting, that is all. Railroad travel, my dear friend, will soon set you up. Now, I dare say, you have been leading a very easy and sedate life; now, haven't you?"

"It is true, I have."

"Take my advice, travel, ride day and night; take no medicine, excepting these sirups, which I will give you; seek adventure, lead a more varied existence, and my friend—you are all right!"

Now came the delicate question of money, and the Englishman felt for the proverbial guinea.

He tendered it to the French doctor, who laughingly pushed it away, with a very soft, well-formed, white hand.

"Never—never," said he; "for so slight a service, permit me to make my advice a return for a lesson in English conversation."

It was gracefully done, and the embarrassed Englishman put his gold back in his pocket.

"Doctor," said he, in a low voice, hesitatingly, "I am an Englishman, and I hate to be under an obligation; you have lifted a load off my heart which has hung there for six months; you have made a new man of me. I will give you a little in return for a lesson in English conversation."

It was gracefully done, and the embarrassed Englishman put his gold back in his pocket.

"Well, I have a number of sick people under my charge whom I treat for disease of the brain. One of these is a very rich woman, who is slightly deranged. I hope to have her here. Unhappily she has determined to return to Paris, and I have no authority to detain her. I perceive that she will frost until this caprice is gratified. I must go with her to place her in charge of her friends and I have been putting off from day to day, because I cannot leave my other patients, the duty of taking care of. Now, if you would escort her to Paris—until then I am at your service—and forever after. Can I do anything for you?"

The doctor reflected a moment, and looked at his dog.

"I don't know, indeed; and yet I do happen to think of one thing. You may give me a journey to Paris, which my engagements, is just now inconvenient. But it is asking too much, perhaps."

"What—how—too much?" said the clergyman.

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