ANOTHER'S FORTUNE.

"I have made one fortune in my time," said an old merchant the other day, "and——"

"Spent it," broke in the writer.

"Didn't have that pleasure."

"Lost it?"

"No, sir, the fortune I made was that of another man."

"Why, how was that?"

"After I left college," replied the first speaker, "I knocked about the country, here and there, for a few years before I settled down in this city. In course of my wanderings I met an old school friend who had gone to a medical college and was then just starting to build up a practice in a small country town. When I ran across him he was in a dreadful fit of blues, and I said to him after the first greetings had been exchanged: 'Why, old man you're not like your former self at all. You haven't been practicing long enough to have killed anybody yet, have you?'

"'No, no! my boy,' he answered, 'not that. But, if I may confide in you with safety, as I think I can, I will tell you my difficulties. I'm madly in love with the most beautiful girl in all the world, and she loves me, but all her people are opposed to our marriage because the old man is wealthy and I am poor. They want her to marry a rich suitor who is after her and I feel like a brute in asking her to wait for me till I am able to support her, while that prospect seems so distant. I've been in this town six months now and not a single patient have I secured.'

"'How many rivals have you?' I inquired.

"'Only one,' he answered, 'old Dr. Scroggs, but he has been here for forty years or more all by himself. He resents my intrusion as a personal insult, and so do his patients, I think. There seems to be a prejudice against young doctors, anyway, and I am heartily discouraged.'

"'Why don't you try some of the time honored old tricks of the trade?' I said. 'You know them as well as I do. Have a boy rush into church and whisper in your ear, where you sit, well up toward the front; then grab your hat and make as much noise as you can going out. Get up half a dozen prescriptions and have the boy leave them directed to Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Brown, etc., and then see that they are delivered to the wrong houses. Send for them again, explaining that in the rush of business these little mistakes will sometimes happen. There are a dozen such little dodges that——'

"'No, no, my dear boy,' he answered with a sigh. 'All these little games are up. In a small town, if Mrs. Smith has a toothache nearly everybody knows it, or will hear it sooner or later. The tricks would be discovered, I feel certain, and I should be worse off than ever. They are all right enough in a city, but——'

"'What's that,' I exclaimed as a terrific bang on the outer door. Charley, my friend, went to the door, and a girl's voice came out of the darkness saying: 'Come down to there took down with a fit or something.'

"'Why, what ails her?' I asked.

"'Morphine, I guess,' he answered. 'Give me your hat and come along.'

"We hurried down and found the girl in a state of violent convulsions, which Charley had time to say a word, rapped out:

"'Case of anoplexy. Bring some——'

"But Charley was not to be ignored in this way. 'It's a plain case of ep——' he began, but just then he pulled him to one side and whispered in his ear.

"'I was about to remark,' Dr. Scroggs, resumed Charley, with considerable dignity, 'that the case is undoubtedly one of morphine poisoning.'

"'Nonsense, young man,' said old Scroggs rudely; 'I say it's appoplexy.'

"'Much punn will soon see who is right,' said Charley, as he unlocked the door and let us out.

"The little crowd of hotel employes and villagers who had crowded into the room, a big one, seemed rather amused by the arguments of the doctors, and as the patient was a stranger to all the application of stomach pump and opiate to settle the controversy met with general approval.

"'Well, Charley, I'm off,' said old Scroggs, as we came out of the house, 'morphine it was, sure enough, but I'm discouraged.' Old Scroggs started abroad. Charley soon bought up his practice, married his heiress, and lived happily ever afterward.

"'And how did you discover it was morphine, just in time to prevent your introducing the old remedy in favor of epilepsy?' asked the writer.

"'That's just what Charley asked me, when it was all over,' replied the narrator. 'The fact was that while Charley and old Scroggs were engaged in looking wise over the patient and guessing at his malady, I was looking about the room, and when I saw that it was labled 'morphine poison,' and that it had been recently emptied, as the outside of it was still moist. That was enough for me, and I just had time to whisper in Charley's ear 'Morphine' before he committed himself.

HOW THE FEUD ENDED.

It was a good idea for Mr. Hillborn to imagine that the son of his enemy should be received in his house, but it was for his dying daughter's sake that he crushed down from his heart, the bitterest hate a great struggle. Amy had fallen in love with George Lawson while on a visit to some friends, and she wanted to see him before she died.

"Where is he?" asked Mr. Hillborn, after a long and painful pause.

"Here in his uncle's counting house."

"Have you seen him since you returned?"

"Many times, but never to converse with him. We meet in shops, in the streets, but that is all."

"And it was for my sake that you denied your love?"

"Yes, papa; I would do more than that to please you. If I were strong and well I would fight my love and conquer it! But I shall never be well and I have to sit idle so much, thinking all the time that I cannot—I cannot put George out of my heart!"

"I will see him."

That was all the promise that Mr. Hillborn made, but Amy understood. her father would struggle, her maiden pride would see if her lover's heart had stood the test of long separation, and if it had—oh, the girl's eyes brightened to think of seeing once, again the face she loved daring to return the love light in the eyes from which she had turned.

It cost Mr. Hillborn a severe struggle to enter the counting house, where the son of his dead enemy reigned in his place. He had borne but impatiently the injuries against him, and held gladly to the hate giving power that kept his enemy passive, and it gave him a shock of pain to think of encountering the son of Jerome Lawson.

But when a grave, handsome man of 25 or 26 his first thought was: "What a noble face!"

And later his heart acknowledged the fascination of George Lawson's voice and manner.

He gave his card to the young man and noted the paler than gathered upon the face so paingraved for its years.

"Will you be seated, Mr. Hillborn?" George said at last. "I—oh, sir, why are you here? Amy!"

There was no need of further question. The poor girl had all her great love in her eyes.

"My dear," the old merchant began, formally, "that you do this honor—" Then his formality gave way under the search of the eyes resting upon him.

"You love her," he faltered. "Be—be my——"

"Come to her, then. She is very ill and—"

"Hi! Not—not——"

"Yes; slowly, surely dying."

There was a long silence.

"Take me to her," he finally ordered.

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"But I would have taken you too, stronger than your love or mine will claim her soon. Come!"

So, without further word the two passed into the street, and before the moon had risen Amy had her heart's desire, for she saw her father's and her lover's hands clasped in friendship.

It was an hour full of strange joy and pain, but it was Mr. Hillborn's voice that broke a long silence to say. "Will it comfort you, Amy, to have George remain here?"

The quick lifted face answered without words, and George cried: "Oh, heaven bless you, sir!"

It was a quiet wedding the next day, only the servants and a few old friends of the family being present, but the solemn words that bound George Lawson and Amy together for the brief hours of life still before her were fervently spoken, and Mr. Hillborn, in giving the bride away, stifled all jealousy, all enmity for the sake of the lovely girl and her reward.

No longer need he hurry over his business hours to return to Amy's bedside, for she was daily growing better, and the hired nurse. George was watching over her.

Battle of Frogs.

A strange battle of frogs is reported to have taken place in a stream which runs through the grounds of a temple at Tokio, in Japan. Some hundreds of bullfrogs gathered on their bank. Each attacked the other, beating from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., and it is stated that when the combat finished the brook was blocked to such an extent that the waters were totally impeded.

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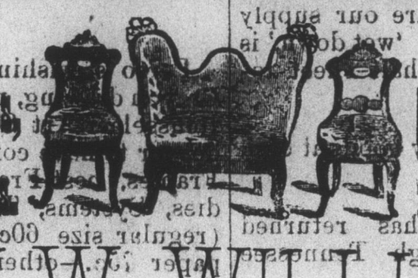

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