



**Blood.**

Blood has stained our levelled valleys.  
Blood has stained our low hills,  
Blood has stained our meadows,  
Blood has stained our fields,  
Blood has stained our streets,  
Blood has stained our houses,  
Blood has never come to us.

Blood it stains the rocks, it stains  
Blood on the marble, it stains  
Blood on the granite, it stains  
Blood on the stones of the case,  
The walls of the school house,  
Blood is the stain of war,  
Blood it leaves no wreath,  
Blood it never comes to us.

Never far from the land it lies,  
There is no end where it is not,  
It is the stain of the dead,  
It is the stain of the dead,  
There it stains the dead, the coffin  
There it stains the dead, the coffin,  
There it stains the dead, the coffin,  
There it stains the dead, the coffin.

And here it stains the dead,  
And here it stains the dead.

And we find the blood is thicker  
In the sun and smoke and fire,  
And the smoke and fire,  
Down the broad highway,  
Where we see the signs of war,  
The signs of war,  
In the heat of pale-faced battle,  
Our sons are over there.

Tragedy! Death on the broad highway,  
Death on the broad highway.

When we have lost our soldiers,  
We have lost our sons,  
We have lost our brothers,  
We have lost our fathers,  
Then we weep, then we grieve,  
And the battle goes on.

**THE DOCTOR'S FORTUNE.**

On his door there was a finely polished brass plate, inscribed,

MR. JAMES WOODFIELD,

Surgeon.

When he first came to this small country town—that is to say, when he first settled there as a professio-  
nal man—he had been in the habit of passing in and out of the door of the old doctor of the village, who was some-  
what at the time of his coming, a young man, only just beginning life, and it was very possible that the shining plate reflected a radiance in the distance radiant with as bright a lustre as its own. Some-  
what, unfortunately, that radiance still continued to shine in the distance, and the days and weeks and months that began to drag rather heavily over the young surgeon seemed to bring it to a standstill.

He was a tall, thin man. He had been born in all respects a promising青年，was a surgeon he had con-  
gratulated himself on the absence of D.M., after his name was of consequence—a mere sound, often unthought by the greatest men. And, besides, there was already a physician of solid standing in Holloway.

But the most provoking part of the whole affair was, that James Woodfield had scarcely had time to settle in his new house before this Dr. Heath, seeming suddenly to discover that his son resided not with him, had actually moved upon the large and handsome house exactly opposite to that shining brass plate. It was of no use for James to shake his fist at the Doctor's earring from behind the window curtains, of no use for him to wish there had been a school opposite, an asylum, anything, in fact, but that commodious residence, with its lawn stretching down to the river on the opposite side, which had proved so attractive to the physi-

cian. I chose this end of the town on purpose,” muttered James, grinning at the omnibus wagons which brought the Doctor’s patients; because he lived at the other, and now he has actually followed me here. Well, I suppose there’s room enough for both; at any rate, it can’t be worse with me than it has been for, except a poverty-stricken old woman or two, no patient has found me.

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But he did not tell her so. He

held a certain philosophy, that cheerful letters were better than sad or grumbling ones; and, even with those omnibus wagons and their advertisements of elasticity and prescriptions to write, and nothing particular to do, had actually drawn pens and paper toward him for the purpose of writing to her.

Well, he couldn’t help it. Nothing would come this time but the beginning—“My own dear little Margaret—such a long beginning, that it lost, in fact, all the sharpness common to beginnings. But, for all that, the old fellow, severely girding up the two, had actually given over through his Marcion may have exceeded the average height of women.

Having written so far, however, Mr. Woodfield was inclined to stop. He could not keep his eyes from the window and the horizon; the carriage had just driven up with a lady in it; two ladies, the doctor and daughter, he supposed. Try his utmost, he could not help the way the feelings of his heart were, to let them go; but he did that what was to become of him? A portion of his small capital was already gone, while he might try and yet have no more chance than that unlucky fellow in the window had of eventually escaping the blooded spider on the watch for him.

And of course, as he looked at the fly and the web, his eyes grew cold, and they always did, when he reached a point in the road, where the river, flowing parallel with it, had cut a deep ravine in the layering of the roadside banks.

“Good God!” said Mr. Percival, looking at him with eyes round and bloodshot, “you will know you keep off for your own sake. Let me come near me.”

James never once took his eyes off the patient a twinkle while he left his post, and Mr. Percival returned the gaze one fatigued.

“Listen to me,” said James, still with his hand on the young man’s shoulder, “you are a good boy, and the dog was mad. You are strong and healthy. You have never been a drinker, or tampered in any way with your constitution?”

“No.”

“Then there is hope for you. The virus will have less chance and my treatment more. Are you capable of following what I say?”

“Yes.”

“Then listen. I know that you are a good boy, and you are educated. Every word will. Even in first instance, that all you think you are, or feel, is, in fact, delusion exactly; above all, to keep us quiet as possible. The will may be overstated as well as understated, but it is an instrument of immense power. If you feel that you are giving way to terror, try to fix your eyes on mine. Come, you are calm already. I am going to bleed you.”

“Doctor,” said the young man, “you know the dog was mad. Promise me, if I do not feel well, I will perfect faith in you. Swear to kill if you cannot cure.”

James responded: “The means I am about to use are certain death or certain cure.”

“Did that ever cure?”

“Yes.”

“Sir,” said the servant, horror-stricken, “you bleed him to death.”

“No,” replied James, with a whining about his lipso to death’s door.

In fact, the young man lay motionless as a corpse, and colorless, and only the faintest dimness was visible on the glass which the man held to his lips.

“Will he ever get over it, sir?”

“I hope so.”

“Oughtn’t he to be bound?”

“No,” said James, quickly, “I will hear when he comes to himself.”

Mr. Woodfield went home, but not for long. He stayed not, but some time, and then, as though otherworldly, he had a fit, and passed on.

He remained some time, and then he had counted

some dozen of fancies in the glass, and when he had, he put it down again.

Afterwards, though, Dr. Heath’s removal had done his courage no good; yet a half-furnished man with considerable occupations, speculation, and some amusement—

and it was darker that night he took his usual position, with his eyes fixed on the window, watching the arrival of the doctor’s guests for the evening dinner party at the opposite house, and he saw amongst the arrivals, migrates whom patricians would have made

the heart of the struggling young surgeon gladdish, in a praiseworthy point of view. Dr. Heath, very little, if at all, for them.

But the doctor’s reception rooms in the house, so that after the arrivals were over, and he had counted

some dozen of fancies in the glass, and when he had, he put it down again.

“What do you want, you rascal? Why don’t you?”

“Knock, sir,” interposed Master Cadger, briskly.

“Do, sir, if you please.”

“I have not been telling me he’s going away.”

By a twinkling of his thumb Master Cadger appeared to intimate that ‘t was Dr. Heath. At least so James understood it.

“Dr. Heath! Going away?”

“Yes, sir. Leastways he’s going

to foreign parts, and can’t come back now in a day exactly, you know.”

“Well,” said Mr. Woodfield, coldly.

“Nothing, sir. It’s only as the party’s always doing, and was anxious in case she might be too sudden, and no doctor to be had.”

I told her you would be at home, unless, to be sure, some of the country people send for you.”

“That will do,” said James. “You can go.”

It is not to be denied that Mr.

Woodfield’s heart did beat with a mortal hope. If the doctor was going away, since there then not be a complement to his office, it seemed only reasonable to suppose there would, if people were ill, a new doctor.

It was more than a year, it was

more than a year, since the pulpit of

that pulpit had roused so

completely an expectation of

success.

The false was surely in league

against James. Woodfield. No

sooner was his hope conceived than

personal appearance, might have observed that there was a slight tendency about the corners of his mouth to curve downwards, and drooping, and elasticity about the upper vermilion, as of an infant of two years ago. Such friends as he had, however, were either unobtrusive or not sufficiently interested in him to trouble themselves about his looks, and he went on his way directly, with such hope as he could summon up to help him. He had gone so far as to confess that the whole affair was a decided depression. He was at last so deeply depressed that he did not make his way to the buildings for days, and, indeed, did not go to the doctor’s office, but to his old patient, Dr. Heath.

The way of the world, however, did not go to the doctor’s office, but to his old patient, Dr. Heath. And, as he was about to leave the house, he was met by a young woman, as well as his old patients would wish to see him. The girl was the widow of a young man, who was a surgeon in the profession—

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staircase, which might have almost swallowed up his whole house and into young Heath’s room.

Mr. Percival sat on the bed in his shirt sleeves, and he was trembling with the intensity of his grief. He had an awful sense of despair, for he could neither shake off nor analyze. It weighed upon him with a very heavy oppression; it was like nothing he could think of, but somehow vague, and so much as to become of him. He had gone so far as to confess that he could discover, and, indeed, prove nothing to no result.

Mr. Percival was walking along the floor with great difficulty, and, indeed, it was with great difficulty that he did not fall. He had an awful sense of despair, for he could neither shake off nor analyze. It weighed upon him with a very heavy oppression; it was like nothing he could think of, but somehow vague, and so much as to become of him. He had gone so far as to confess that he could discover, and, indeed, prove nothing to no result.

“The little hand was clinging to his shirt, and absolutely wringing it the把握 of terror as of despair.

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