

enterprises he could wait—until at last, like the patient cat in the familiar fable, he waited too long.

On the fifteenth of August, 1891, the doctor suffered a paralytic stroke, which was the beginning of the end. Nevertheless, when partially recovered, he bravely returned to his desk, still confident that his projected series of a dozen huge biographies would yet leap from his pen when he was at last ready. Thus, full of hope, although physically feeble, he toiled on until again paralysis laid him low, and on the twenty-sixth passed quietly to the hereafter, his great ambition unattained, his Carcassonne unreached. Death had rung down the curtain on this tragedy of a life's desire.

Short and slight of stature, Dr. Draper was a bundle of nervous activity. Almost to the last, his seventy-six years sat easily on his shoulders. Light and rapid of step, he was as agile as many a youth, despite the fact that he was seldom in perfect health. His delicately-cut features, which exhibited great firmness of character and the powers of intense mental concentration, readily brightened with the most winning of smiles. By nature and by habit he was a recluse. His existence had been largely passed among his books and manuscripts, and he cared absolutely nothing for those social alliances and gatherings which delight the average man. Long abstention from general intercourse with men with whom he had no business to transact, rendered him diffident in forming acquaintances, and wrongly gained for him the reputation of being unapproachable. To him who had a legitimate errand thither, the latch-string of the fire-proof library and working "den"—which was hidden in a dense tangle of lilacs and crab trees in the rear of the bibliophile's residence—was always out, and the literary hermit was found to be a most amiable gentleman and a charming, indeed often merry, conversationalist; for few kept better informed on current events, or had at command a richer fund of entertaining reminiscences, and he possessed that saving grace of humor which prevented his relapse into the temperament of the "dry-as-dust." To know Dr. Draper was to admire him as a man of generous impulses, who wore his heart upon his sleeve, was the soul of purity