HIS OTHER SELF

..... By .....

SARAH GRAND,

Author of

"THE HEAVENLY TWINS."

CHAPTER VIII.

An unctuous official came forward immediately and asked her if she wanted rooms.

"No," she answered. "I am looking for my husband. I have reason to believe that he is here—or, at least, that he came here yesterday—about this time of the day."

"Oh—ah—mum!" the official observed, quickly. "Does the gentleman expect you?"

"Yes," Gertrude answered, boldly; and then, to save her conscience, she added: "He is most probably looking for me, because I was not sure which hotel he would come to."

"What name did you say?" the man asked, less suspiciously.

"Mr. Leslie Somers."

"Pray be seated, madam, and I'll go and inquire." He returned presently. "No one of that name, madam, has ever been here," he told her.

Gertrude's heart sunk. "But do people always give their names when they stay so short a time?" she asked.

"Did you only expect the gentleman to stay so short a time?"

"It is just possible that he only stayed the night," she answered, desperately. "He was anxious to go to Southampton. But, stay, I will tell you exactly what he was like, and you will perhaps know whether he came or not."

The hall porter came up while she was describing him, and now interrupted:

"Oh, yes, he came here yesterday, that gentleman did. I noticed him partic'lar, because there's so few gents comes as is clean-shaved nowadays, only priests. Reddish hair, didn't you say, ma'am? and a rowdy, rollicking, free-and-easy sort o' happy-go-lucky manner? Drank brandies-and-sodas all the time, and was sweet on the barmaid."

Poor Gertrude's heart sunk lower. Was it possible even for disease to change anyone so perfectly refined as Leslie, and so generally respected wherever he went by high and low, into a creature such as this, with manners and tastes which lowered him to the level of the commonest people?

It seemed impossible, and yet from the time he appeared at the station at Trewport, every account she heard of his conduct agreed in this respect.

"If that was the gentleman," the unctuous person said, "he did come here about this time yesterday; but Somers wasn't the name he gave."

"Can you tell me what name he gave?" Gertrude asked.

The man hesitated. "Well, madam," he answered, "we do not generally give the names of people who stay here to unknown parties."

"Oh," exclaimed poor Gertrude, "this is wasting precious time. Can you not see, sir, that I am a lady My husband is not right in his mind. He has escaped from his friends, and it is of the utmost consequence that I should find him before he does any mischief to himself or others." Then turning to the hall porter: "I think you noticed how queer his manner was?"

"I did," the man answered; "but I thought he was the worse for liquor."

The manager, or whoever he was, now lowered his tone. "Of course, madam," he said, "in a case of this kind we shall consider it our duty to give you every help in our power. I will go and make further inquiries about the gentleman."

When he was out of hearing Gertrude addressed herself to the hall porter, speaking rapidly: "I will give you a sovereign," she said, "for every separate piece of information you can give he about that gentleman. What did he call himself?"

"I don't know, ma'am, but he had a bag with L. S. on it."

"His own initials." She put a sovereign in the man's hand. "Go on," she said. "Did he say where he was going?"

"He said he was going out as first consul to San Francisco, and meant to see all he could of the world on the way, as he wasn't due there for three months."

She gave him another sovereign.

"He left here," the man continued, "about ten minutes before you came. He said his luggage was at Southampton, and he meant to go out by the P. & O. I put his bag into a hansom myself, and told the driver to go to Waterloo. It's not half an hour since," the man concluded, glancing at the clock.

"Good heavens!" Gertrude exclaimed, putting two more sovereigns into his hand, "I may have missed him."

The manager now came back. "Mr. Lawrence Soames—" he began.

She caught the name, but had jumped into the hansom and was on her way back to Waterloo before he could add another word.

Arrived there, she threw half a sovereign at the driver and rushed onto the platform. It was crowded with passengers, porters and luggage, a confused mass of things animate and inanimate, all alike struggling or being moved in every direction—a human hash—with shouts of laughter; here a merry family party off for change of air; there a young couple, with maid-servant and man-servant in attendance, evidently somebodies, but treated with little ceremony by five romping schoolgirls who rushed by, separating them, on their way to a second-class carriage, at the windows of which they stood, eating buns and enjoying the noise and bustle.

"Is this the Southampton train? Is this the Southampton train?" Gertrude asked everyone, but could get no answer at first.

Then one man, whose arm she grasped in her eagerness, said "Yes," as he shook her off, and she made for a carriage; but another said "No" to her on the way, and she stopped when another declared he didn't know, but thought it was, which made the matter doubtful once more, and again she began: "Is this the Southampton train?" but before she received an answer she was almost lifted off her feet by the sudden swaying of the crowd to make room for a porter with a mountain of luggage on a truck, and was carried from the door of the carriage beside which she had been standing over to the book-stall, against which she was pinned for some seconds.

The swaying of the crowd in the opposite direction released her, only, however, to force her back the next moment through the nearest entrance to the place where the booking offices are. Here the pressure relaxed, the crowd thinned, she could move again of her own accord.

A porter hurried past her, gumming a printed label on a new-looking Gladstone bag as he went. There were two black letters on the bag. She looked away after seeing them, before the fact struck her as significant. Then she looked again, hurrying forward to read them, and just succeeded as a porter handed the bag into a first-class carriage.

The doors were shut by this time; she could not see through the window; but the letters on the bag were L. S., and she made a frantic dash for the carriage. The bell rung; the whistle shrieked; a voice shouted "All in!" the buzz of the crowd became a roar; there was a rush of rough men from the refreshment room; they elbowed her to one side—"The weak must go to the wall"—and gained their own seats; the train began to move.

Conscious of nothing but her object, she pressed forward again—any carriage would do now—she tried to catch the handle of a door; it passed her.

"Look out, there!" "Stand back!" "She'll be killed!" a dozen voices roared, yet she tried again.

But now her arms were grasped on either side. She put forth all her strength to release herself, but was held as if in a vise. Then, womanlike, she sent up an exceeding great and bitter cry, and then was still.

The train had slipped from sight; the crowd had melted away; a strange hush had fallen, a lack of life, where all had been uproar and hurry a moment before. Her captors dropped her arms.

She pressed her handkerchief to her lips; her mouth was full of blood. The guard who had held her on one side looked at her pityingly, while the gentleman who had caught her on the other spoke severely:

"You've nearly killed yourself, young lady. Couldn't you let the train go when you saw you had missed it?"

"That's the way they do, sir!" the guard exclaimed, "and we gets blamed when accidents happen."

"Oh, sir!" Gertrude moaned, clasping her blood-stained handkerchief convulsively to her breast, "if you only knew how much depended on my catching that train!"

The gentleman took her hand and drew it through his arm.

"Come," he said, "before a crowd collects. Allow me to see you into a cab. And forgive me if you think I am taking too much on myself, being a stranger to you. I have a daughter about your age. I am afraid, though, you have had a severe shock. You can hardly walk. Try and get as far as the refreshment room, at all events, and lean on me as much as you like.

With her usual good luck, Gertrude had found another kind friend to help her in her need, and she resigned herself to his ministrations with perfect confidence, as she sunk exhausted into the deep, luxurious plush arm chair to which he led her in an inner room.

CHAPTER IX.

In the refreshing quiet of the room in which she found herself after the hideous nightmare of turmoil and trouble through which she had just passed, Gertrude rapidly revived. Her new protector only waited, however, till he saw that she was able to take care of herself again, and then he left her.

He had a train to catch himself, and had waited till the last moment on her account. And surely it was a heart of gold that thus befriended an unknown girl, because he had, forsooth, a daughter of his own at home about her age! Gertrude had not the slightest recollection of his face. She would not have known him again had she met him anywhere. She would not even have recognized his voice. Yet she remembered him always gratefully.

She could think of nothing but her one object, and how to accomplish it; feel nothing but the bitter disappointment caused by having missed the train.

The thought of having been so near to him without even seeing him was very grievous, but the feeling that every moment was taking him further and further away from her was simply maddening.

She had little or no imagination. Her mind was pre-eminently active and practical, and consequently, instead of following her husband in fancy, as nine out of ten women would have done under the circumstances, she began at once to consider how she could follow him in fact.

She had only to take the next train, and behold her! But then came the question: When she arrived, where in Southampton would she find him, if he stayed there, which was not at all likely? What was it they told her at the hotel? Oh, that he had said he was going out as English consul to San Francisco.

Poor fellow! That then, was his delusion, and was it not also her clew? A man bound for San Francisco via Southampton—they had mentioned the P. & O., too—would surely be easily found.

And then there was the name he was traveling under. Lawrence Soames—it occurred to her the moment she wanted it—L. S., his own initials. They were on the purse he had in his pocket that fatal morning, and probably, like that poor clergyman, he had forgotten what they stood for, or was under the impression that the first two names that occurred to him beginning with those two letters were really his.

That new Gladstone bag, too he must have bought in London; and what a lucky chance! for without it she must have lost all trace of him here. No, though, now she thought of it, for she knew he was going to Southampton, and wherefore. And accordingly to Southampton she must go with all possible dispatch.

She therefore returned to the station, half expecting to find herself in pandemonium again; but it was quiet enough there now. The principal trains of the day had gone. There was a lull in the traffic, scarcely a passenger hung about the station.

The officials sat on trucks or stood in groups chatting with coarse laughter, or else they loitered about, as if loitering were their business, like the police. Gertrude applied to the first she met, and found that the next train for Southampton—a fast one—left in one hour's time exactly.

(To be continued.)

MEXICAN SENORITAS.

Traditions and Habits of the Young Women.

The senorita is a name with which to conjure in Spanish speaking lands; and the Mexican senorita is not inferior in charms to her Spanish sister. In fact, most of the upper class of Mexico is distinctly Spanish in appearance and bearing. Often, however, there is a slight mixture of Indian blood in the "white race" of Mexico, which very rarely detracts from the charm of the senorita.

Senorita signifies in Spanish a young, unmarried lady.

In the past the ideas of Mexico with young, unmarried ladies, have been more Moorish than anything else. And these ideas prevail still to a great extent. Therefore, the habits of Mexican women are very different from those women of the United States or England. On account of excluding women of all ages as much as possible from appearing alone in the public streets, and of more or less isolating them within their own family, there grew up in Spain and in Mexico, among the middle and upper classes, the custom of allowing women to make use of the windows of the houses facing on the street for observation stations. This was a long step in the advancement of women from the intolerant ideas of the Moors.

In Mexico in the cool of the evening, the windows of all the houses are opened along the street, and hundreds of ladies, principally the young ones, appear there to view the carriages that pass by and to nod to their friends and thus keep in touch with a world into which they are not likely to come into much closer contact; for the young men, or old, for that matter, do not make a habit of visiting the families of their friends, and young men have to do their courting from outside the houses. Most of the houses in Mexico were, but a short time ago, provided with windows heavily barred with iron. Through these the lovers saw one another. And although many of the modern houses are without these bars to the windows, the custom of making love from the window is still preserved. A young girl in Mexico could not commit a greater crime against social usage than to appear on the street alone with a man not of her own family. She understands this, and so she is careful not to go out of the house to see her lover, even though the windows have no bars.—Modern Mexico

Educating the Family.

Nowadays, when there are several children in the household, the task of aiding all of them with their lessons becomes rather a serious problem. One overburdened mother, who was obliged to decline an invitation to pay a visit, went on to give her reasons.

"No," she said, "I can't possibly leave home for a whole half-day. You see. I'm obliged to spend all my time helping the children with their lessons, their teachers give them all so much outside work to do. It takes me from seven to ten every night to solve Harold's problems in algebra, from four to six every afternoon I have to look up historical topics at the library for Isabel while she is struggling with her Latin, and from one until four I am either looking for pieces for little Henry to speak in the fifth grade or pressing Isabel's botanical specimens or translating Nellie's French—the poor child's not very strong you know, and I don't like to have her sit up too late at night."

"Then why not come to me in the morning?" asked her friend. "This very morning for instance."

"No," replied the busy mother, with evidence reluctance. "I'd really like to, but I promised to spend this morning doing something for Robert. The poor child would be so disappointed if I failed him!"

"What are you going to do for Robert?" asked the friend.

"Well," returned the devoted mother, "I'm going to the swamp back of the cemetery to catch a large green frog for him to take this afternoon to his biology class."

Not Yet a Depew Story.

A few days ago Senator Spooner told a story to an appreciative group of senatorial listeners. When the laugh had subsided Senator Allison, who feared the senator from Wisconsin might grow inflated, asked:

"Is that one of Depew's stories?"

"Not yet," retorted Senator Spooner.—Washington Post.

A Successful Substitute.

"You get oranges from Florida groves now, don't you?"

"Yes, a few."

"How are they?"

"Fine. My wife uses them altogether in place of lemons."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The room in the house that you expected least to enjoy is the one that generally turns out to be your favorite.

BABY SLEEPS.

Knowing naught of joy or care,
Baby sleeps.
Sails on seas of pearly cloud;
Floats through dreamland, dim and fair,
Vaporous landscapes round him crowd,
As he rocks o'er golden deeps,
Rest his half-formed senses steeps,
Baby sleeps.

Hark! that little troubled sigh,
Baby dreams,
Gathering round from dreamland's rim,
Eerie shapes are drawing nigh,
Distant, vague, they menace him.
Ah! but mother's sheltering arms
Guard him and dispel alarms,
In baby's dreams.

Incense seems to fill the air,
Baby smiles.
Angels, unseen, near his cot
Mystic converse with him share;
Visit baby's realms unsought.
None may see their forms but he,
Or hear them sing his lullaby
As baby smiles.

With a sigh of soft content,
Baby wakes.
Who but he knows babyland.
Save the angels God has sent;
Viewless, yet a potent band,
Guarding him with gentle might
In his slumbers, pure and light,
Till baby wakes.
—New York Sun.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TULE.

UNCLE ZENAS PATRIDGE had always declared that he wanted to be buried in the hills.

"It's no use talking," he would say, between whiffs at his black pipe, "this here valley's doomed. You can't keep out them floods, though you go on and spend your last cent a leveling. Snow's bound to pile up in them Sierra Nevada's every winter, ten or twelve feet high, and it's got to come down, and 'twill bring the slickens with it; then where's your country?

"I don't say 'twill be in my time, but it's bound to come. Them mountain folks is a going to mine, and from their side I don't blame 'em. It's mighty hard to set down and starve when there's a fortune 'most in your dooryard already for the washing out.

"It's human nature. 'What's one man's food is another man's pizen.' And we're the lowest down, and the under dog this time. They'll get out the gold, no matter how you injunct; and them there restraining dams they make so much of will be like a sand bar when the heavens are opened and the floods come down.

"When it's time for my burying I want to be put up in the Buttes where it's high. I always liked to be among the first when things were going on, and so I do in the resurrection. Give me a good chance up high and don't sodder me into one of the tin-lined coffins; let me get out quick so I can take in the bigness of the thing."

Now Uncle Zenas was dead and his children, grandchildren, nephews and nieces had come together for the last duty of laying his body in the high place he coveted.

The chill fog of early winter had settled down in the Californian valley, and almost hid the spring wagon that bore the coffin from the long file of buggies and rockaways that followed slowly through the mud behind it.

After a long, tiresome drive they began to wind up through the Buttes, that strange elevation in the center of the valley, whose pink and gray shadowy outline of the distance had changed to a reality of rugged steeps and stony declivities, with here and there cosy homesteads nestling in brown depressions, which would soon turn into greenness.

They had to come near the stopping place on foot, the bearers carrying the plain coffin, destitute of flowers, as had been the old man's wish.

"They do for women and children," he had said; "nowise for old folks. Give me a sheaf of grain."

It was lying there now, tied with deep purple ribbons, a symbol of the fruits of a good man's life. The sun came out and rested on the rounded mound, and the mists rolled away into white clouds. Uncle Zenas could rest in peace; he would rise from the hilltops.

"You can't think how I dread going home across that tule, father," Mrs. Briggs said to her husband, as they journeyed toward home. "I know it's a sight nearer, but how can we tell but the water's backing up and cutting us off; we've had a sight of rain lately."

"Don't you worry, mother, it's all right."

"But I just believe the fog's going to settle down again, it looks so misty over there. It was right pretty just as we laid Uncle Zene in his grave. Katie, isn't that John Hanlon over there, look, on that curve, in his new buggy?"

The girl gave a quick glance.

"Yes," she answered shortly, and setting her lips tightly, turned her face the other way.

The Briggs were crowded in their spring wagon. Katie, her mother, little Johnny and the baby had the back seat, while the father and two boys were on the front.

Six months before Katie would have been riding in the new buggy in the rear, snugly covered with the orange and black plush robe; for six months ago Kate and John had been lovers. Now the girl turned her head away as if the sight of that big six-footer was hateful to her.

She wondered why he hadn't brought Mary Higgens; it was lonesome riding so far alone. Perhaps he wouldn't, seeing it was Uncle Zene's funeral. John always thought a lot of Uncle Zene, the same as she had from a little girl.

"Oh, dear," she went on thinking; "things are so slow and stupid nowadays, and they might have been so different. John and I would have been married by now and living in that pretty little cottage on Locust street, if John hadn't been so mean as to get jealous of that Stanford boy."

Here Katie felt a little quaim of conscience. To be sure she had flirted with him to plague the other girls, and then he was rather nice, and told such funny college stories, and hadn't he said she was the prettiest girl in town? John need not have taken it so solemn, and got it into his head that she was tired of him. What if she had told him she meant to study and enter Stanford, he needn't have jumped at things so, and said, "Then, Katie, it is all up with us." Of course she had told him, "Just as you please," and taken off his ring. John never came back again, though she looked for him the very next night, to make up.

What did she really care about that Stanford fellow with his hair parted in the middle, and his high hand shake? He wasn't to be compared to big, broad-shouldered John. If John went to that school he'd be the idol of the foot-ball team, and win every time for the cardinal!

But she had lost John and that Higgens girl—oh, dear! everything was so horrid!

They were coming out on the tule. Away as far as could be seen stretched the level brown grass. It was almost night and the fog had settled down with a heavy thickness. Mrs. Briggs was fretting.

"Be sure you know the tracks?" she asked again and again anxiously. "You ain't likely to get into a pond hole, are you? It's so long since you've crossed here."

"If I do, there's somebody coming behind to pull me out," he answered grimly.

"Who is it? I can't see."

"Listen and you'll hear the horse."

It was rapidly growing dark.

"I can't stand going on this way a minute longer," she broke out. "Let me get out and walk on ahead. I'll hold up my dress and you can follow my white petticoat. I wish we'd brought a lantern."

"You set still; I know what I'm about."

The wearied horses plodded on, the dark grew colder and thicker. By-and by Mr. Briggs stopped of his own accord; he gave the lines to one of the boys and got out.

"What is it?" called his wife, sharply.

"We's brought up close to one of them holes. I've sort of lost my bearings in this fog."

The other team came up behind them and stopped; some one got out. It was John Hanlon.

"Howdy, John; where do you think we are?"

"Can't prove it by me; kinder looks as though we were lost on the tule."

Mr. Briggs and John looked around.

"This here's a pretty big pond; good-sized willows," he said. "I ain't been here for so long I can't place it. I don't know, John," and he laughed rather sheepishly, "but we'd better camp right here for the night; the horses are dead beat, and for the life of me I don't know which way to go."

"That's my opinion; we can picket the teams out to those willows. There's pickings for them there, and sit in the rigs until the fog lifts some."

Mrs. Briggs rose to the occasion, and began to plan.

"That's just the thing! Katie can go and sit in John's buggy, and then father can come back here with me, and the little boys can lie on the bed of the wagon and sleep. I can fix the baby snug on the front seat. With the curtains down tight and the rubber up we'll be right comfortable. I've got enough lunch left to give us a bite all around. It's a good deal better than driving the Lord only knows where in this fog."

"That's so, Mrs. Briggs. Miss Katie, you are welcome to my buggy," said John.

The girl shrank back.

"Go long," whispered her mother, "don't be foolish."

Katie jumped down, disdaining John's proferred hand. They walked in silence to the buggy.

"Miss Katie," said the young man, hesitatingly, "if it's disagreeable to you to sit here with me, say so, and I'll sort of walk around and look after the horses; they won't know."

"Oh," answered Katie with a little nervous laugh, "I wouldn't stay here alone for anything. I'd be afraid of the spirit of the tule."

"The spirit of the tule?" said John, as he seated himself beside her. "I never heard of that. What is it?"

"It's an Indian legend, I've heard grandfather say."

"Let's hear it."

It was very comfortable for Katie sitting there so close to John under the soft robes, and protected from the fog by the shining rubber "boot," that reached up to her eyes.

"Well," she began brightly, "the Indians thought the tule was guarded by a spirit, who was very jealous of her home. She made the mirage—groves of trees, and houses, looking very near—to hurry the traveler crossing her grassy land. She lived in the rushes by the ponds, and rose from beside the water like a white mist. If her grass was set afire in the fall, then she made the floods and high winds to drive the water over the growing crops. She protected the sheep and wild things, and guided them to the high knolls before the rising water. To surprise and see her meant to bring great happiness into your life."

"Then I hope she may rise from this pond for you, Katie, and bring you happiness."

"And yourself?"

"No," said John, slowly, "happiness passed me by six months ago. I don't expect to see it again in this world."

"Oh," said Katie, weakly.

"I don't want you to think I'm complaining, dear; it was my mistake thinking a pretty, delicate little thing like you, could love a big, hulking fellow like me. I don't blame you. I've been trying to get used to it, though it's been a tough fight. That man from Stanford——"

"Oh, John, don't, I hate him! Oh, dear, I feel so bad——"

"Why, Katie, you're crying! It can't be you cared! Girl, for heaven's sake," he cried hoarsely, "don't fool me again!"

"I—I never did like anybody but you, I've been mis—miserable, John."

"Thank God!" and Katie was caught close to a rough overcoat and hugged tight. "I can't hardly believe it," cried John, rapturously. "I was doing my best to give you up freely to that Stanford fellow. I wasn't going to love another man's wife, though I knew there was no other woman in the world for me. And now—let's be married right off. I'll never let you out of my sight again, sweetheart. I'm so happy!"

"I thought you wa'n't never going to be. Have you seen the spirit of the tule?" said Katie, demurely.

"Yes, darling, and it's love."

"I thought they'd make up," said Mrs. Briggs, sagely, the next day; "'it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good,' but in their case 'twas a fog."—Waverley Magazine.

FAMOUS INDIAN HAS GONE.

Chief of the Arapahoes Lived Long Past the Century Mark.

The death of Old Crow, or Hochiney, at the advanced age of 115 years, occurred recently near Hinton, I. T. He was the oldest Arapahoe Indian and the highest official in the religious and social circles of the redskins. He was famous among the Indians of the Southwest as the high priest or sachem of the Arapahoe lodges.

This tribe of Indians has a main organization, religious in its purpose, which is composed of six degrees, as follows: The Fox lodge, the Star lodge, The Tonkawa lodge, the Self-Man's lodge, the Crazy Man's lodge and the Dog Soldier's lodge, which is the highest degree or which corresponds in importance to the Masonic thirty-second. The Arapahoes in addition have a thirty-third degree known as the Sun lodge, under whose auspices the well-known sun dance is given, during the celebration of which the participants fast four days and nights, and until prohibited were accustomed to torture themselves and offer human sacrifices. Of all these degrees Hochiney alone knew the secrets with the single exception of White Eyed Antelope, whom he had chosen his successor and instructed in all the mysteries.

Hochiney is said to have fought in thirteen of the bloodiest battles of border warfare, and although he gained great reputation as a fighter, he was never wounded, a fact that resulted in his being held in almost a superstitious light by other Indians. One of the bloodiest battles in which he was engaged with thirty other Arapahoes and an army of Cheyennes was the battle of the Washita against Gen. Custer. From this battle he was one of the few who escaped. At another time he led a band of tribesmen against the Utes and in turn was surrounded by these enemies. All were killed except Hochiney, who escaped with two scalps. These two scalps, which he venerated greatly, were buried with him at the Indian burying ground near Powderface, on the South Canadian river. These scalps he held sacred, allowing no one to touch or see them. A few years prior to his death Hochiney was accustomed to wear while dancing a belt from which dangled numerous scalps, his war trophies and two of which were adorned with long yellow hair. This aroused the indignation of the whites until the Indian agent interfered, forbidding Hochiney from ever afterward wearing the scalp belt.—Kansas City Journal.

HAUNTED BY A CAT.

Man Cannot Forget Cruel Deed of His Boyhood.

"Speaking of ghosts, I never was very strong on the subject," said a writer in the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "but a strange thing has happened in my life, and a thing I cannot account for in any way, unless I put it on the ground that I am haunted. I am not haunted by any human ghost, either. Nor is it a white specter that walks forth in the stilly hours. It is nothing more nor less than a cat—a cat as black as if it had been dipped into a barrel of tar. Back in my boyhood days one afternoon, just to give a couple of hound pups I owned a little exercise and to train their legs a bit, I caught an old stray black cat that had been hanging around our place, put it in a sack and went over behind the orchard to have an innocent chase. I got a companion to hold the cat off some distance, in order to give it a good start of the dogs. When I shook the cat out it was the signal for my friend to release the dogs. He released them, and they came at full speed. They pressed the cat so closely that he was forced to climb up a small peach tree in the rear of the orchard.

"In the excitement of the chase, and thinking, too, the cat would leap some distance out from the tree and get away, I shook the cat out. Before he could get away the hounds were upon him. Before we could pull the pups off the cat was so badly hurt that he died, despite the tenderest and most affectionate care we could give him. So much for the basis of my ghost story. That cat haunted me if a cat spirit ever haunted a human being. I never dream of a cat that I do not dream of that same black cat that fell a victim to my innocent boyish sport in the old home orchard. Whenever a cat attacks me in my dreams, claws at my face or buries its teeth in some part of my body, it is always the same old black cat. That cat has pursued me now for nigh on to thirty years, and I suppose I shall not outlive the boyish infamy, though I suffered bitterly for the misdeed at the time. As I have said, I do not take much stock in ghosts, but there is something closely akin to ghosts in this black-cat business, and something I would like very much to rid myself of it if I could do it."

The Indulgent Father.

"Old Roxley says he is going to make that son of his paddle his own canoe."

"Yes, but I notice he's bought him the canoe, and I wouldn't be surprised if he'd buy him a yacht next."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

An Honest Politician.

First Citizen—But do you think there ever was such a thing as an honest politician?

Second Ditto—Sure. There's Mike Guffin, for instance; he's so honest he pays for votes before they are cast.—Boston Transcript.

Monument to an Idea.

The Swiss republic is about to erect a monument in honor of the world's postal union.

All the paraphernalia of a civil engineer isn't in it with the strong right arm of a young man when it comes to locating the girl's waist line.

Yachtsmen's Humor.

There is a fund of dry humor in the skippers of yachts. I remember a very fat man rushing up to the skipper of a yacht that was making bad weather in a lumpy sea.

"Oh, captain, captain!" said he, "what will happen to me if the yacht goes down?"

"Oh, you'll float all right, sir. All you have to do is to keep out of the track of the Atlantic liners; you might sink one of 'em."

Again I recollect a dinghy breaking away from a yacht lying in an open roadstead.

"Jump into her, lad," bellowed the Scotch skipper to the boy as she swept past on a nasty tide race.

"Stop him, skipper," I shouted; "if he makes a mistake he'll be drowned."

"An' if he is, sir, boys are cheap, and the dinghy cost 10 poun's!"—Pearson's Magazine.

The Preacher's Evidence.

Roland, Ill., June 27.—Diabetes has so long been looked upon as an incurable form of Kidney Disease that a sure cure for it must rank as one of the most valuable discoveries of the age. And every day brings forth more evidence that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Diabetes. Important evidence in their favor is given by Rev. Thos. B. Norman, the well-known Baptist minister here. Mr. Norman says:

"I had all the symptoms of a bad case of Diabetes and received so much benefit from the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills that I cheerfully recommend them to anyone suffering from that dread disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure the worst form of Diabetes."

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure Diabetes, one of the final stages of Kidney Disease. All the earlier stages from Backache to Rheumatism are naturally much more easily cured by the same remedy.

An Odd Nesting-Place.

The nests of mice have been found in all sorts of places, but never in a more singular or more comfortable one than that recently discovered by a farmer in western New York. The mice in question, of which the New York Sun tells, had homes which were not only soft and warm, but which commanded a constantly changing outlook, and gave their owners the advantage of extensive travel. One could not help wondering, however, how it was that a mouse which had gone out in search of food was able to tell where its home would be when he wished to return to it.

Adsit Bailey, of the town of Urbana, keeps a good many sheep on his farm, says the Sun. One day he noticed a black spot on the back of one of his sheep. When he went to investigate, the black spot had disappeared. Looking over the flock, the farmer saw another black spot appear for an instant on the back of another sheep, and then quickly go out of sight.

This time Mr. Bailey saw that the spot was a mouse, and while he looked other black spots came and went on the sheep's back. He thought it time to investigate, and he caught the sheep and thrust his hand into its thick fleece and to his surprise discovered some snug and cozy mice nests, each with a new-born litter of young in it. He lost no time in breaking up the odd mice colonies, and then looked over others of his flock, with the result that he found several more sheep in the depths of whose wool mice had chosen warm places to build nests and bring forth their young.

Ten nests were found in all, containing an aggregate of old and young of between seventy and eighty mice. The sheep seemed not only not to mind the mice in their wool, but the farmer thought they were not pleased with their removal.

Blue Predominant.

He was from the country, and stood helplessly before the haughty young lady clerk of the downtown store.

"What do you want, please?" she demanded, icily.

He gulped down his embarrassment, for he was hopelessly young and shy and awkward, and she was a most superior looking creature.

"I want twelve yards of blue predominant," he finally said.

"What?" demanded the startled clerk.

"T-twelve yards of b-b-blue predominant," he stammered again.

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean," said the clerk. Then, womanly kindness and intuition getting the better of her hauteur, she said: "Tell me just what it was your mother or your sister told you to bring."

He gave a sigh of relief and said:

"They wanted some wash goods for my little sister's dress. They said they were not so particular as to quality and color; just so I got blue predominant. Can't I get it here?"—Memphis Scimitar.

Disease at the Back Door.

Yes, it is a nasty habit of pitching out of the back door a pailful and dipperful, now and then, of greasy water, and a handful of parings and the general waste of the kitchen that breeds fevers and bilious diseases. The waste disappears for the most part in the soil, but that is the key to the mischief. The soil gets full after a time and ferments, and the hot sun breeds gases which surround and enter the house. This is true not only of the cheaper, poorer houses and careless families, but well-to-do, intelligent people have spots behind their houses saturated with slops. In populous towns no amount of supervision can prevent a great deal of filthy evil. But in the country towns slops should be carried out to trees and poured in small quantities here and there as a fertilizer. Trees will take up a large quantity of water and be grateful for it. There must be simply constant intelligence in the disposal of waste.

Naptha on Sakhalin.

Commercial Agent R. T. Greener writes from Vladivostok: A German engineer has found new naphtha ground on the eastern part of Sakhalin Island and also a large lake filled with dry naphtha. This, he says, would be excellent material for preparing asphalt. Work, it appears, was begun some four years ago; but it will take a year or two more to develop it, as proper machinery and testing instruments are to be employed for the first time. The prospects for naphtha products are good, and this engineer thinks they promise to be richer than those of Baku.

His First Year of Law.

Young Physician—What is your practice mostly?

Young Lawyer—Domestic economy.—Chicago News.