

A QUEER CASE

By G. S. Montgomery.

Transmigration of souls? Yes, sir, as true as daylight. A few weeks ago I read an account of a man who dreamed that he had substituted himself for another man, taking on his appearance and his manner of speech.

The story took so powerful a hold on me that I was unable to settle down to my evening's work, and I started out on an aimless walk, to meditate upon it. The supremacy of will; that was what it meant—individual strength. Why might it not drive the consciousness of somebody else out of him and allow the stronger mind to take possession?

From sheer force of habit, because business takes me there almost every day, I turned in at the lobby of the D— hotel. It was the echo of my own feet on the tiled floor that made me look up to see where I was and how I got there, and it vexed me a trifle to see how absent-minded I was becoming. Absent minded! There you

appeared different from the way I supposed I did, my impressions in that respect having been based partly on the reports of my mirror and partly on the assurance of my wife—made soon after we had been married. I never realized, for instance, how large the mole was on my cheek, that I resolved to raise whiskers forthwith. But the money, dropping into a chair beside myself, I began to explore my pockets. My fingers had not closed over the bill and silver when I felt a clasp of stout hand on my shoulder. It was one of the porters. "Aha, ye blatherskite!" he cried. "We've caught ye at it."

Then the situation dawned on me. I was a robber. But, no, Dusenberry was the robber, and would get the blame. He was something of a rascal, after all, confound him! Yet, if he were arrested I should be the sufferer, for the time being, at least, and to all appearances I was the sufferer anyhow; but for this once I would not complain of Dusenberry, for he had assumed a dignified air, and said: "Desire the clerk to step this way."

The porter would not leave me, but he held up his hand and beckoned with four fingers to the night clerk, who came directly. I knew that he was one of the most natural things in the world to remark, "Good evening, Mr. Martin," through Dusenberry. "I do not know you sir," he answered.

myself and leave Dusenberry asleep in the boot room. I entered the hotel looked at the register and requested to be taken to room 24.

"That's where Mr. Ferguson was put, isn't it?"

"Well, he's gone."

"What?"

"He sobered up just a little while ago."

"How dare you say that, he has sob-



Figures Showing the Loss of Life From Preventable Disease.

In the statistics of typhoid fever death rate, published in the joint water commission's report, Lawrence, Mass., stood next below Allgheny and above Pittsburg in its magnitude of the rate. This was evidently because during the period covered by the statistics Lawrence had drawn its water supply from the Merrimack river, containing like the Allegheny, the drainage of a densely populated city. After a filter had been put into operation the experience of the first two months showed a large reduction in the typhoid fever rate, as was stated in the commissioner's report.

A letter in the "Engineering Record" gives the further experience for eight months, which is more reliable as an index of what can be effected by the sanitary measure of pure water. The average death of typhoid in Lawrence for five years previous had been five per month. During the eight months after the adoption of filtration there were seventeen typhoid deaths, or practically two per month. This reduction of 60 per cent in the typhoid fever mortality from the same disease in Pittsburg and Allegheny would have saved last year 270 lives, worth, at the corporate value of human life, \$1,350,000.

But that is by no means the whole demonstration of water to typhoid fever. A careful investigation of the seventeen cases produced proof that nine, a majority of them, had drunk in the factories unfiltered and polluted water from the sluices. Of the eight remaining, two contracted the disease during absence from the city, and two lived in families in which there had recently occurred deaths from typhoid fever, creating a strong presumption of local origin, but taking the cases known to have come from impure water, with the reduction due to filtration, it amounts to 80 per cent due to pure water.

Eighty per cent of the typhoid fever deaths in Pittsburg and Allegheny last year was about 300. The saving of 200 lives, and perhaps 1,000 cases of long, painful, costly though not incurable illness, worth the expenditure necessary to purify the water. When the vital bearing of these facts is fully understood the people of Pittsburg and Allegheny will vote overwhelmingly to unite the two cities on the platform that the first thing to be done shall be the complete purification of the water furnished to the entire population of both cities—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Water and Typhoid.

The Supply Kitchen at Providence, says the Journal of that city, has now been in existence considerably over two months, and progress in the work which it has undertaken is the verdict from those who are closely connected with it. Since it first started many improvements and additions have been made, and the method of running the institution has become more systematized. Last month expenses were nearly paid, but the goal has not been quite reached as yet. It is thought, however, that with the present attendance, which averages 300 daily, money sufficient will be taken to make both ends meet after all necessary articles for running the kitchen have been procured. Most of the cooking is now done in the cellar, and a large oven for baking has been put in, a bulkhead has been added and a screened cupboard in the restaurant for the cooked food on hand has recently been finished. All these improvements have drained heavily on the funds of the association, but the money taken in daily money sufficient will be taken to make both ends meet after all necessary articles for running the kitchen have been procured.

MAMMOTH SUPPLY KITCHEN.

A Providence Institution Which is Constantly Gaining in Patronage.

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TALES THEY TELL

Professor I. K. Miller, who was buried at Mt. Acton, Pa., lately had ordered that no earth be placed on his remains. In accordance with his desire a stone slab was placed over the coffin, and another one was placed across the grave near the surface.

Two little boys were sent to bed and told that they must not talk while they were undressing, however much they might be tempted to do so. Later, when their mother came to see them, one little boy was lying with the sheet crammed into his mouth, while the other was sitting up in bed and saying in a plaintive voice, "Mr. Devil, do please come and tempt Tommy to talk."

An English reformer suggests a tax upon Christian names, to be levied at baptism. Every child, according to the plan, is to be allowed one Christian name free, a moderate duty—say twenty-five cents, would be levied on the second name, a greatly increased charge, say \$1.25—on the third, \$3 on the fourth, and so on. On this scale the baptism of the infant prince of the house of York would have benefited the government to the amount of over \$1,100.

The old story, good enough to be true, is revived about John Quincy Adams as a disciple of the gentle art of fishing. It is told that a Quincy client of his, whose case was to be tried on a certain morning, was unable to get his counsel to go to Boston or to leave his fishing boat, except for enough to write a note to the judge, which, when presented, caused that worthy magistrate to announce to the court that Adams is detained on an important business. The note read: "Dear Judge: For the sake of old Isaac Walton, please continue my case until Friday. The smelt are biting and I can't leave."

While opportunity awaits every man, it does not put in its leisure time blowing a horn.

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OR MONEY RETURNED.

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E. B. NORMAN, Esq., of Andover, Mass., writes: "The Golden Medical Discovery" is the best medicine for pain in the chest that I have ever known. I am a sound and well, and owe it all to the "Discovery."

MR. NORMAN.

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"I Began to Explore My Pockets."

are again. Why does that mean, if not that the mind may take excursions out of the body? Humph!

I dropped into one of the arm chairs that are ranged about the lobby and lit a cigar. They knew me quite well there, so I was sure of remaining undisturbed for some hours if I chose. I became meditative again, and as the smoke of my weed circled around my head I noticed J. W. Dusenberry lazily sprawled in a chair, across his paper, and drowsily reading an evening paper. I was glad that he had not seen me, for I do not like him. He "did" me in a wheat deal once, he received a pair of embroidered slippers intended for me, by mistake, and kept them; but worst of all he went out to Hackensack when he learned that I was negotiating for a choice corner lot near and bought that identical lot, at my figure, too, virtually turning me out of Hackensack.

Great heavens! Why not effect a transmigration and occupy him? I felt that in a single evening I could revenge myself on this man, and none would be the wiser. I determined to try, and began my eyes on him. I was giddy and clutching my chair with all the nervous power that was in me, that he should lose his consciousness, and that my own should replace it. My eyes tingled as though sparks were coming out of them, the sweat stood on my forehead, my heart beat like a hammer, and my hands were clenched around the chair arms as if to crush them. I felt the whole force of my being gathering into focus, and just in focus sat Dusenberry, oblivious of what was happening to him. Presently his eyes grew heavy, his head sunk forward, the paper dropped from his hand, I saw a little shudder pass through him, and at the same instant I heard a ringing in my ears and felt a momentary darkness closing upon me. How had the door which was my right to go so suddenly over to my left? And who—that man! Asleep in the chair! It was myself! I looked down at my clothes. Amazement! I was Dusenberry!

I had forgotten you sir," was, and the porter took advantage of my momentary confusion to say in a loud voice, full of disbelief, "Lukie 'at, now."

"My friend, Mr. Ferguson," I continued, pointing to my sleeping self, "is subject to a condition known as 'cataplexy.' He is liable to be in this condition for a day or so. Kindly keep his watch and money, and give him a room at my expense. I will pay for a day anyway in advance."

He had not intended to do it, but under the circumstances I had to draw out Dusenberry's "wad." My manner was so frank and the wad was so large that the clerk was impressed and the porter quieted. He summoned another man, and the two of them carried me to a room that used to be off up stairs, somewhere.

"I know Mr. Ferguson," said the clerk. "I'm afraid he's been drinking."

"Never, sir," I answered. "He would not allow himself to be overcome with liquor. Mr. Ferguson is one of the most moral and temperate most admirable young men of my acquaintance. Drinking? Absurd! Take the best care of him, give him what he likes, and I will pay the bill. I slipped a \$10 bill into the hand of this functionary and left a dollar for the porter; then I left the hotel in a hurry, while the good impression was strong, wiping the perspiration from Dusenberry's brow. On reaching the street I started up town, but I noticed a tendency in my legs—I meant Dusenberry's legs—to go the other way. Presently I was startled by a remark, "It's pretty tough, I think, that a man can't do as he likes with his own body."

I had not authorized that statement; I was thinking of something else at the moment, yet he voice was the one that I was using. Horrors! There was 'two of us in Dusenberry! He had partly recaptured himself. The situation was beyond my power to assert myself at once by crying, "Silence!" in a loud voice—some voice. "Another word and

People Would Come at All Hours.

am up?" He was no more drunk than I am.

"Excuse me, but you are quite sure that your breath—however—"

The clerk's the fatigued had I been getting Dusenberry drunk?

"You are sure he has gone?"

"I saw him leave half an hour ago."

"Good night," and I strode from that place in an agitation of soul that ought to have turned Dusenberry's hair gray. I had left that place unguarded. I was now, most likely, walking around the streets of that city, perhaps in the vilest slums, a prey to villainy and accident, a creature without a mind, deaf, blind, unfeeling! What would—what had—become of me? Suppose I were at the bottom of the river at this moment, and should be doomed to occupy the interior body that I lived in at present. I should be a man, but Dusenberry's personality and suppose that while I was asleep he should succeed in doing it. Again, despair! I might be maimed or crushed; my clothes might at this moment be in the possession of a gang of corner loafers who would have them on the morrow for free, obliging me to lie perdu in the friendly screen of a coal yard until night fell again, and I was enabled to steal home without exciting comment. I rushed aimlessly from street to street, making Dusenberry's put as I did so, for some minutes before I could form any plan of action, the dread of being permanently locked in with Dusenberry, in his now hated form, driving me almost mad. I went to the nearest street car, and inquired if anything had been seen of a tall, good-looking man of 37, dressed in excellent taste and of polished demeanor, who had left the D— hotel while suffering from the effects of a sauce.

"In October," asked the sergeant, lifting his brows.

"Oh—ah—well, it was something like it."

"Well, we ain't seen nothin' of 'im, see?"

I left the place in a new frenzy. On reaching a dark and lonely street I sat on the curbstone and tried to weep, but there were no tears in Dusenberry, and I had to give it up. All this time I had a vague sense of relation to my self, which I could not explain. I remembered that during my ardent wish to be at home a vivid picture, almost like a sensation, of my self going in that direction, accompanied the thought. How if, after all, I had retained enough of my own consciousness to cause it to make the journey? I rushed away in the direction of my flat, and arrived at the door in a bewilderment of hope and fear. The clock struck 3, as I turned the corner. What a night it had been! I felt in my pocket for my key. I found that I had only Dusenberry's key. I knew that if I broke into the house I was liable to get Dusenberry shot and arrested, and I did not want to go as far as that with him, so I resolved on an expedient hardly less bold: I rang.

Somebody was up and moving about the place. Oh, if it could only be—I dare hope—I bent all my thought to it. In three minutes the knob rattled; the door swung open, and there I was, there was no mistaking the figure that stood there. It was myself.

"Saints be praised!" he cried. "I did get there ahead of myself, after all."

The figure in the doorway stood still gazing straight into the dark with fishy, unseeing eyes, and breathing heavily, like one who walks in his sleep. Listening at the stair foot I could hear no sound except the snoring of the man on the third floor. The arrival of this automaton of myself had not been known to anybody. My wife was asleep. The bell had been unheard, and only my will had brought the figure to the door. Seizing it I drew it passively out, closed the door softly behind it and let it up the street to where the shadow of a tall maple fell in a black gloom around some yards of sidewalk. I leaned it against the tree trunk, grasped its hands and put every atom of my will into an impetuous demand to change. Again, the momentary darkness, faintness, and dizziness; then I found myself supported by the tree, looking at Dusenberry who was tightly clutching my hands and greedily perspiring. I shook him off. He was dazed and showed a desire to sit down. Taking him by the arm I walked him to the corner, where an electric light threw a garish illumination over the street. A man was approaching from the left, and I saw the glint of a belt plate and official shield upon him. He was a policeman. When he had come up I said: "Officer, I found this man on my door step just now. He rang my bell. He has evidently been drinking, but he is fairly dressed and may have some money about him. Will you kindly see him away from here?"

The officer did, just that, and Dusenberry dazed but docile, went along with him. He was taken to the police station but as by that time he had recovered enough of his senses to find the way to the ferry and thence home on an early freight, he was allowed to go, no record of the arrest being entered on the blotter. Both of us slept late next morning. I awoke with a feeling of deep thankfulness, and went to the hotel for my watch and money, which I secured only at a cost of a knowing look from the clerk. Dusenberry awoke only to embark on a sea of troubles and misunderstandings. He remained in the notion of what had happened while I occupied his tenement of clay, and to this hour he does not see how it was that after falling asleep in the lobby of the D— hotel he should awake in Hackensack.

WATER AND TYPHOID.

Figures Showing the Loss of Life From Preventable Disease.

In the statistics of typhoid fever death rate, published in the joint water commission's report, Lawrence, Mass., stood next below Allgheny and above Pittsburg in its magnitude of the rate. This was evidently because during the period covered by the statistics Lawrence had drawn its water supply from the Merrimack river, containing like the Allegheny, the drainage of a densely populated city. After a filter had been put into operation the experience of the first two months showed a large reduction in the typhoid fever rate, as was stated in the commissioner's report.

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But that is by no means the whole demonstration of water to typhoid fever. A careful investigation of the seventeen cases produced proof that nine, a majority of them, had drunk in the factories unfiltered and polluted water from the sluices. Of the eight remaining, two contracted the disease during absence from the city, and two lived in families in which there had recently occurred deaths from typhoid fever, creating a strong presumption of local origin, but taking the cases known to have come from impure water, with the reduction due to filtration, it amounts to 80 per cent due to pure water.

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HE FOOLED LEBOUCHERE.

Bret Harte's Manuscript Refused by His Intimate Friend, the Editor.

His most famous London joke made a victim of a celebrated man. Dressing himself in the threadbare, frayed, fringed and faded garments which would quite likely be worn by a cross between a Bohemian journalist and a tramp, Bret Harte visited the office of Labouchere's Truth and asked to see the eminent journalist. He was ushered into the holy of holies, the inner office of the newspaperist, M. P., and told him that he had a poem which he would be pleased to sell and asked Mr. Labouchere to look it over. But the famous lance hurler of the London press at first refused to glance at the offering, but upon Harte's earnest pleading his immediate need of money Mr. Labouchere hastily examined it with the remark: "I cannot see its trash."

"But, my God!" exclaimed Harte, "I'm starving."

"What do you want for it?" inquired Labouchere.

"Is it worth a pound?" said Harte, with an expression indicating that his heart was swelling up in the vicinity of his larynx.

"Want a pound! It is not worth the paper it is written on," raged Labouchere. "If you want charity I can give you a few shillings, but it would be a standing reason that a long sleeper can make more money and give less cause of offense by seeking employment at hop-picking or shipping before the mast instead of attempting to worm your way into journalism."

Why did you not join the expedition for the relief of Gen. Gordon? Who are you, anyway?"

"Bret Harte," was the answer, as the major portion of the disguise was removed and the astonished Labouchere there beheld a club companion whom he had known for years. The poem, however, will soon be published to the world, and it is one of Harte's greatest efforts. But its introduction to the great world will not be through the columns of London Truth—Washington Post.

Just Like Them.

Some tired teachers in one of our schools for whom the small boy had been making life a burden were discussing the situation. Said one: "Well, we won't have them in the next world, drumming their feet or doing something to disturb us all the time." To which another teacher replied with a laugh: "No, but they can flap their wings."

THE ORIGIN OF DYSPEPSIA.

Doctor—It's merely a case of dyspepsia, ma'am.

Wife—And what does that come from?

Doctor—It comes from the Greek ma'am.

Wife—Ah, I thought he'd been getting at something. He was all right as long as he stuck to tea.

Not a Hard Task.

Mamma—What are you trying to draw?

Little Ethel—An elephant.

"Rather a difficult subject?"

"I'd rather draw elephants than anything else, because my friends can always tell what it is. They know an elephant is the only animal with two tails."

A Caravan in Paris.

An interesting exhibition.

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

My Body Was Carried Up Stairs.

carelessness I started toward the bar, thrusting my hand into Dusenberry's pocket as I went. There was a wad of bills in the right pocket.

It was no part of my scheme to rob my victim, though I intended to take revenge on him before I was through, and I did not want to touch his money. I had enough of my own away. But good gracious! it was on my other self. There was sixty good American dollars in the pocket of that unconscious figure across the lobby that belonged to me. After some delay caused by an English unaccountable aversion to touching my self, I went over and shook myself. I was breathing deeply, and was apparently in a deep sleep. Somehow I



"I Found This Man on My Doorstep."

I uttered a faint cry, that caused two or three loungers near me to look up, but affecting to have been choked with cold, I caught at my throat—no, it was Dusenberry's throat—and coughed savagely a few times in a voice that was harsh and that I recognized as never having been mine before. Then I dropped back into my chair and stared at my recent self in sheer amazement. The fascination of my old body was too tense to endure long. The sight of it filled me with a kind of dread, as if I might, after all, be looking at it from a wholly disembodied standpoint. How if I were really to die and be unable to get back, thus keeping Dusenberry out of his place for the rest of the days? It was too uncanny. I sprang to my feet, that is, I should have done so if I had my own feet to spring to, but I found that the ones I was using were Dusenberry's, and these were not much spring to him, for he weighed 50 pounds more than I. It also surprised me a little to find that Dusenberry did not see colors precisely as I did, for through his eyes there was a prevalence of yellowish tints, but that might have been because he was bilious. With studied

"I Found This Man on My Doorstep."

I went down the foot of the street and jump of the dock.

"And my insurance premium not paid for this quarter?" groaned Dusenberry.

"I command you to subject yourself to my will, and if you behave yourself I shall probably give you back to yourself in the morning, for you don't improve on close acquaintance. Go to sleep, and stay that way until I call you."

Dusenberry subsided, and I was in charge once more. As a reward for his obedience I took him to the best restaurant on town and gave him a \$15 dinner; then I left him to go to the opera and occupy a \$25 seat in a box, though he did not care for that so I went over to the first act and took in a few church fairs. I loathe a fair, but I was teaching Dusenberry a lesson. I subscribed with his hand and in his writing to various building funds and missionary funds, and plans and funds for clergymen, and I don't know what all—funds aggregating a stiff little sum of several hundred. But I knew that Dusenberry could stand it, and he was mean in money matters. If I wanted to get a good deal of money for the peace of his soul to do some good with his money. On leaving the last fair I slipped and fell down stairs, for I could not get used to Dusenberry's thick legs. Good! was trusting Dusenberry, went in to a café and drank a pint of heavy, sweet liquors. Good! Dusenberry would have the gout. I went into the park and sat on a bench in the chill wind with hat off and coat unbuttoned. Good! I was giving Dusenberry a cold. I returned to the hotel, a little anxious about my real self, when an important person blocked the way and said in a loud voice: "Now, then, sir, I want to know when you're going to pay my bill."

I was unamusing to be detained and addressed in this public manner, and I started to blush; but, after all, this was Dusenberry's business. Let him blush if he knows how. I would see if he did. "Never, sir," I answered, and Dusenberry didn't blush. "After being dunned in this open and offensive way I shall not pay you one cent."

"You won't, won't you? We'll see to-morrow."

"Ha, ha! That's good. You'll make my acquaintance in the courts, then, soon."

"Go to the devil!" You see, I was getting up a reputation for rudeness as well as for immorality for Dusenberry, and now I had precipitated him into lawsuit.

Presently I found that I was growing tired, for Dusenberry must have been up late on the night before. And it seemed to me that I had enough of my present form. I began to unhook strongly of home, of my comfortable bed, of my bath, of my cool fresh linen in the locker. Yes, I would go there but first I would go to the hotel, get

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It was no part of my scheme to rob my victim, though I intended to take revenge on him before I was through, and I did not want to touch his money. I had enough of my own away. But good gracious! it was on my other self. There was sixty good American dollars in the pocket of that unconscious figure across the lobby that belonged to me. After some delay caused by an English unaccountable aversion to touching my self, I went over and shook myself. I was breathing deeply, and was apparently in a deep sleep. Somehow I

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