FIRE AT RIVERDALE.

Messrs. Meeker and McGill's Private Stables Destroyed.

Three Hackneys, One Valued at $3,000, Burned to Death.

Wealthy Summer Residents Worked to Save Their Homes.

(Special to The Evening World.)

RIVERDALE N. Y., Oct. 9.—That portion of the city known as Riverdale, lying on the bluff overlooking the Hudson, witnessed a fire at 3.30 o'clock this morning that illuminated the country for miles around.

The families of George W. McGill, T. B. Meeker, Giovanni P. Morosini, Samuel D. Babcock, Spencer Trask, William H. Appleby and others, whose mansions are on these green-clad hills, were startled from their sleep by the brilliant flames that already ascended to a height of 100 feet from the elegant stables of Messrs. McGill and Meeker, adjoining each other in West street, directly east of the Riverdale railway station.

W. H. McGill and Thos. Leavey ran to the fire box, a few hundred yards distant at West street and Mosholu avenue, but their keys would not unlock the box and the gardener was sent to another box, a quarter of a mile away. Half an hour elapsed before engine and truck 52 arrived, and then the ruin was about complete.

The firemen devoted themselves to saving the houses of McGill and Meeker, the wind blowing the sparks dangerously close to them.

Then it was discovered that the groom, James O'Hara, who slept on the second floor of the $25,000 stable of Mr. McGill, was missing. He was given up for lost, and the firemen were preparing to dig him out of the ruins this morning when he put in an appearance. O'Hara had been down to the city yesterday. Returning late last night he fell asleep in the train and was carried on to Tarrytown.

The origin of the fire is a mystery. It destroyed the Meeker and McGill stables and McGill's greenhouses. Mr. Meeker saved his horses, but lost his carriages and trappings. Three hackneys were lost in the McGill stable, one valued at $3,000.

There were destroyed besides a victoria, brougham, cart, runabout, Hempstead cart, depot wagon, rockaway, utter, two big sleighs, harness, saddles, ridles, steel bits, whips, robes, blankets, vercoats and three suits of livery, all valued at more than $15,000.

Young Mr. McGill lost a yacht model brought from Europe, and a fine rowboat. The property of both Meeker and McGill was fully insured.

FIRE AT SPUYTEN DUYVIL.

Special Building Alarm Sent Out from Primary School No. 46.

Shortly after 10 o'clock to-day fire broke out in a one-story frame dwelling at Spuyten Duyvil, owned by a Mr. Johnson.

An alarm was sent out from the special building fire call in Primary School No. 46, which is about five blocks from the scene of the fire. The fire department responded promptly and the flames were quickly extinguished.

The damage to the building is estimated at $1,000.

BURNED AT A BONFIRE.

Willie Willinsky Dragged Into the Flames and May Die.

William Willinsky, seven years old, of Stone and Blakeavenues, East New York, is at the point of death to-day, suffering from burns about the body, which he received while at play.

Last Sunday afternoon several youngsters built a big bonfire at the corner of Stone and Dumont avenues. The children then joined hands and danced around the blaze. Several of them ran across the fire. Willinsky was coaxed to follow them, but he was afraid. Finally one of the children, Hattie Goldstein, grabbed Willie by the hand and dragged him into the flames. His clothing caught fire, and before assistance arrived he was badly burned. Drs. Rathner and Hoffman attended the child, and they said he would probably die of his injuries.

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TOILED THAT HE MIGHT PRAY.

Shoemaker Worked 52 Hours to Observe Yom Kipper.

Then, Fell Asleep, Overturned a Lamp and Started a Blaze.

The fierce struggle for existence of an East Side family came to light this morning, when a lamp overturned at 83 Allen street, and started a slight fire in the house. Lewis Jacobson is a shoemaker, who lives with his family in two rooms on the third floor of the house. Although he works twenty hours a day he is unable, his wife said this morning, to provide more than bread and water for his wife and two little children. Three days ago he said to his wife:

"On Tuesday evening Yom Kipper will commence. That is the most sacred of the Hebrew church days. I do not know how I am going to stop my work for an entire day."

They talked the matter over as Jacobson worked, and finally he decided that he would not sleep until the holiday began. He would work day and night until that time, and then he might observe the day and still provide for his family.

At 4 o'clock this morning Jacobson was still at work at his bench. He had been sitting there for fifty-two hours, and the shoes that he had made were piled three fet high. Suddenly he fell into a dose. His head nodded and struck the lamp, and it fell to the bare floor, which was soon half covered with burning oil.

Mrs. Jacobson, who had sat by her husband's side and worked as long as she could keep her eyes open, was in bed when the mihap occurred. She sprang to her feet and saw that her husband's beard had caught fire. She threw a blanket around him in time to prevent his suffering further injury than the loss of half of his beard. Then the woman smothered the flames under the blanket she threw on the floor.

In the mean time the firemen burst into the room. There was no fire, but the fire-fighters found the man and woman weeping as they knelt on the floor. They were so happy, they said, that the flames had done so little damage, and that they could still observe Yom Kipper, with the deepest joy.

As the firemen left Jacobson went back to his bench and to his work, without even taking the time to wash the smoke stains from his face. The flames did practically no damage.

DESERTER SHUT UP IN A PEN.

Ex-Militiaman Serving a Sentence in an Ohio Armory.

(By Associated Press.)

COLUMBUS, O., Oct. 9.—The penalty of cowardice is being visited upon Private Dearth, of Company C, Fourteenth Regiment, Ohio National Guard, in a peculiar manner. When the regiment was ordered by Gov. McKinley into Belmont County to quell the riotous miners in June last, Dearth hastily left the city and successfully eluded the commanding officers. There was apparently no excuse for the man's absence, except fear of service. He was court-martialed for desertion, dishonorably discharged from the service and sentenced to fifteen days' imprisonment.

The authorities, not wishing to send the man to jail, erected a pen, six by nine feet, in the centre of the armory building, and Dearth is now serving his time under the eye of a guard. He is not allowed to leave the little coop even for exercise, and his presence in the improvised prison serves as a warning to others who regard lightly their obligations as soldiers when entering the service of the State.

EXPLOSION IN A MINE.

One Man Killed and Four Others Imprisoned Alive.

(By Associated Press.)

SHAMOKIN, Pa., Oct. 9.—An explosion occurred in Luke Fidler mine shaft this morning and one man was killed. Four others are in the mine with no avenue of escape.

The shaft is on fire. Fifty-five other workmen were taken out alive.

KILLED BY A CABLE CAR.

Elizabeth Caughey's Life Crushed Out on Ninth Avenue.

Elizabeth Caughey, aged fifty-eight years, was run down by a Ninth avenue car at Twelfth street, this morning and killed.

The Coroner was notified at 9 o'clock by Eagan Leaken, of 225 Spring street.

The woman's body was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital and later to 225 Spring street.

His Body Found in the Canal.

(By Associated Press.)

BROCKPORT, N. Y., Oct. 9.—The body of James Heffron, aged thirty, saloon-keeper, missing for several days and thought to be the victim of foul play, was found in the canal yesterday. A part of the considerable sum of money he was known to have was found on the body.

Dead Man on the Harlem Railroad.

The dead body of an unknown man was found between the tracks of the Harlem Railroad, one hundred feet north of Bedford Park station, at 5.15 o'clock this morning. He was described as about twenty-four years old, of slender build, light complexion, brown hair, smooth face, clad in a blue flannel suit, striped shirt, brown derby hat, brown stockings and laced shoes.

IN BROOKLYN PLAYHOUSES.

"The Men of '76" and "About Gotham" Among the Novelties.

"The Black Crook" at the Amphion—Other Attractions.

The stirring incidents in Henry Guy Carleton's latest play, "The Men of '76," aroused the enthusiasm of a good-sized audience at the Park Theatre, in Brooklyn, last night. Mr. Carleton's picture of life in New York during the Revolutionary period was put on the stage in an attractive manner, in point of scenery and costumes. Several members of the company, which included E. L. Davenport, F. R. McClannin, Alex Vincent and Grace Atwell, were encored. "A Temperance Town" is underlined for next week.

"About Gotham" was introduced in Brooklyn at the Bijou Theatre last evening. The new piece is a mixture of minstrelsy and farce comedy, allowing great scope for introduction of specialties by George Thatcher and his company of minstrels and vaudeville entertainers.

"The Black Crook," with its gorgeous scenery, dazzling costumes and army of dancers, attracted a large audience to the Amphion last evening. The Electric Terrace and the March of the Silver Army added greatly to the charm of the production.

"Casper the Yodler" was revived at the Grand Opera-House last night. Charles T. Ellis, in the title role, sang, danced and yodled, and was assisted by a good company.

The second and last week of the engagement of Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Theatre Company in "The Amazons" opened last night at the Columbia. Next week the Bostonians will appear at this theatre in "Fatinitza" and "Robin Hood."

"The Great Brooklyn Handicap," a melodrama new to Brooklynites, was played at the Star Theatre last night. The piece was well mounted, and the scene showing the last Brooklyn Handicap, in which fourteen horses contested, was greeted with applause.

"The Shaughran" was enjoyed by young and old at the Empire Theatre last evening. The various characters were interpreted by a good company, and many of the situations created laughter and applause. The present attraction at the Star Theatre will be presented at this house next week.

"A Golden Idiot" was the feature of the bill given by The Meteors at the Gayety Theatre last night. Several excellent vaudeville acts were introduced by Conway & Leland, Matthews & Harris, Barr & Evans, Carrie Scott and others.

The Living Pictures continue to be a potent attraction at Huber & Gebhardt's Casino, where they entered upon their sixth week. In addition to the pictures, a good variety entertainment was furnished by Minnie Schult and others.

The charitable people of Brooklyn have interested themselves in the matinee benefit entertainment to be given at Col. Sinn's Park Theatre, Oct. 30, in aid of the Immaculate Conception Day Nursery. On this occasion, Marie Wainwright and her company will present Tom Taylor's three act comedy, "An Unequal Match." Col. Sinn has kindly donated everything in connection with the theatre for the entertainment, while Miss Wainwright and her company have volunteered their services. The entertainment is in charge of Mr. Joseph J. Hild, who last year made such a success of a similar entertainment in aid of the same noble charity.

HUNGARIAN CLUB DILEMMA.

Rival Landlords Demand the Rent for Its Headquarters.

The Hungarian Club hired its quarters, at 61 East Fourth street, for $50 a month rent from Theodore Fichtner, owner of the Hotel Vienna Vista, of Fort Lee, N. J., who holds a lease on the premises. Fichtner sold the lease to one Henry Leer. Leer agreed to pay $400 for the lease, and gave notes at the rate of $50 per month. As security he gave Fichtner an order on the Hungarian Club, agreeing that if he did not pay the notes promptly, Fichtner might collect the rent from the Hungarian Club and pay himself.

Leer did not pay the first note, and Fichtner called on Lawyer Alfred B. Jaworower, who served a notice of claim on the Hungarian Club for the rent. At the same time, and in spite of the order given, Leer also demanded the rent. Ignatius Weltner, the President of and lawyer for the Hungarian Club, refused to pay it to either party until their difficulties had been settled.

Leer began dispossess proceedings against the Hungarian Club, and the case came before Civil Justice Roesch to-day.

Weltner presented Lawyer Jaworower's notice of claim and asked to be allowed to deposit the money in court and be relieved from any liability.

Justice Roesch adjourned the matter until Oct. 12, when he will decide who gets the money. In the mean time, the Hungarian Club, whose corporate name is the New York Magyar Egylet es Mukedvelo Tarsasag, will hold the money.

CHANGES AT THE THEATRES.

Hallen and Hart in "Later On" at the Bijou.

"Hoss and Hoss," the Popular Farce Comedy, at Jacobs'.

Hallen and Hart presented their well-known farce comedy, "Later On," at the Bijou Theatre last night. New songs and specialties were introduced in such profusion that the piece was virtually new. The stars had an admirable company, including Mollie Fuller, Carrie De Mar, Mark Murphy, Donald Harold, E. S. Wentworth, W. W. Black, Blanche Sherwood, Bessie Tannehill and others.

H. R. JACOBS' THEATRE.

"Hoss and Hoss," a farce comedy of a most attractive order, was the attraction at H. R. Jacobs' popular playhouse last night. A few seasons ago it was used for starring purposes by Willie Collier and Charlie Reed, but it can be appreciated just as well without them. Charles T. Aldrich, an eccentric comedian, did some good work, while Carrie Sweeny and Harry Crandall, the German comedian, contributed some amusing specialties.

PEOPLE'S THEATRE.

"The Girl I Left Behind Me," with its elaborate scenic accessories, horses and war paraphernalia, went down to the People's Theatre, for a week, last night. Miss Blanche Walsh, who is very popular on the east side, played the part of Kate Kennion, and was given a very fervid reception. Her interpretation of the role was extremely good. The sensational third act, with its stirring climax, was loudly applauded.

AMERICAN THEATRE.

"In Old Kentucky," Charles T. Dazey's melodrama, which seems unable to tear itself away from the appreciative audiences of the metropolis, was acted at the American Theatre last night. The role of Mammy Melitta, the heroine, who swings herself across a precipice and saves lives as though she had nothing else to do in the world, was intrusted to Miss Laura Bart, who did full justice to the part.

HARLEM OPERA-HOUSE.

"The Prodigal Daughter," the steeple-chase drama that was built by Sir Augustus Harris and the late Henry Pettitt, began a week's engagement at Hammerstein's Harlem Opera-House, last night. The big scene, showing the Aintree races, was very effectively staged. Henry Bagge appeared as Capt. Harry Vernon, the hero, and rode the winning horse. There were a number of competent actors and actresses in the cast.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

Walter Fessler's new melodrama, "A Ride for Life," was presented for the first time at the Grand Opera-House, last night. It was up-to-date, inasmuch as it relied mainly for success upon sensational mechanical effects. A giant engine, driven by real steam, rushed across the stage, and this was the great feature of the production. The story was not new, but it was fairly well told, and the audience seemed to like it.

COLUMBUS THEATRE.

Tony Pastor and his own company were seen at the Columbus Theatre, Harlem, last night. Mr. Pastor likes Harlem, and the Harlemites adore Tony. His company, of which more will be said in these columns during the week, included the Roger brothers, Melville and Stetson, Maud Huth and Billy S. Clifford, McAvoy and Shay, the St. Felix sisters, Musical Dale, Annie Hart, the Harbecks and the Nawns.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

Elmer Grandin's melodrama, "Slaves of Gold," attracted a crowd to Niblo's Garden last night. The story is somewhat lurid. The sum of £20,000 is left to Richard Bartley's daughter, but the girl dies, and the popper gets William Hope's daughter to impersonate her. All goes well until Hope reveals his identity to the girl, and then Bartley tries to kill him in a coal mine, and there is agony until the end of the play. Mr. Grandin was very good as the hero.

KEITH'S UNION SQUARE.

There was enough to satisfy the most ardent lover of variety at Keith's Union Square Theatre yesterday. The long programme included John W. Ransone, "the Ruler of New York," the two Richards, Atroy, Drummond, Staley and Bellclerk, Hibbitt, Ali, Filson and Lee Errol, Ward and Lynch, Mamie Conway, Toner and Frobel, Dixon and Lang, William Courtright, Fox and Ward, Celeste, Ritchie and Ritchie, Daly and Knight, and Tillo's marionettes.

TONY PASTOR'S.

The stars of the excellent company at Tony Pastor's Theatre, last night were J. W. Kelly, "the master spirit of Irish humor," and little Bonnie Thornton. Other attractions were Joe Cawthorne, Nina Harrington and Ed Lawrence. Mme. Carlini, with or trained monkeys and her skirt-dancing dog; the Highleys, Will and Ida Morello, Frank La Rossa, and Prof. Weston's trained cats. These cats did some remarkable work.

PROCTOR'S THEATRE.

There were some new living pictures at Proctor's Theatre last night, and an apparently inexhaustible "vaudeville kaleidoscope." Among the vaudevillers were Georgie Parker, Tortajada and her troupe of Spanish troubadours; the Dillons, Travelle, the juggler; Morrissey and Rich, Ceado, the sisters Mariere, Hines and Colby, Vanetta and Flynn, Genevieve, James and Ida Gilday, Henry Burgoyne, George W. Morton and Cecil Lane.

MINER'S BOWERY THEATRE.

The Irwin Brothers' Specialty and Vaudeville Company supplied the entertainment at Miner's Bowery Theatre yesterday. The programme was a most enjoyable one. It included John White, with his performing mules and ponies; the Vedder Sisters and Richard Fox, the Mortons, Carr and Jordan, John Wood, an eccentric dancer, the National Trio, and the American Macs, who are hosts in themselves.

MINER'S EIGHTH AVENUE THEATRE.

The stage of Miner's Eighth Avenue Theatre was occupied last night by Sam Devere's own company of comedians and vaudeville stars. A number of clever people appeared, and there was not a dull moment from the time the curtain rose until it fell. Sam Devere sang several new songs, and told a number of funny stories. Omene contributed a sensational dance, and was well received.

IMPERIAL MUSIC HALL.

At the Imperial Music Hall last night a new tableau was added to the second series of Living Pictures now on view at that house. It was called "The Hero of the Hour," and showed Engineer Rose racing his train through the recent fires in the northwest. Specialties were contributed by Johnny Carroll, Madge Ellis, the Romale Brothers, Kokin, Brown and Harrison and others.

DORIS'S MUSEUM.

A new version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was presented in the theatorium of Doris's Eighth Avenue Museum yesterday. There was new scenery, and the "escape across the ice" and the "slave auction" were very realistically shown. A band of dancing pickaninnies and a colored quartet were much applauded. Charley W. Burns was the Legree, C. L. Tucker, Lawyer Marks, and Miss Blanche Gaudier, Topsy.

HUBER'S MUSEUM.

The Weston sisters, Dave Genaro, the Cullerans, Tom Robinson, the Lamonts, Emil Muller, and some living pictures were the attraction in the theatre of Huber's Fourteenth Street Museum yesterday. In the curio halls were C. H. Holmes, the "Frisco Wonder," Billy Wells, the "Man with the Indefatigable Heroine," who swings herself across a precipice and saves lives as though she had nothing else to do in the world, was intrusted to Miss Laura Bart, who did full justice to the part.

Arrived on the Friesland.

Among the passengers who arrived on the Red Star line steamship Friesland, from Antwerp this morning, were Rev. James H. Dennis, Miss Jennie Dennis, Mr. and Mrs. S. N. D. North, Edward North, Miss Eloise North, Master Dexter North, Rev. Dr. Thomas O'Gorman, Dr. Clement F. Thiesen, Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Williams, Right Rev. Ernest Windhorst and Prof. H. Bertrand.

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GARDEN THEATRE. Last Mats. Wed. & Sat. RICE'S 1492. KILANYI LIVING PICTURES. LAST 5 NIGHTS. 450th Souv. nxt Fri. Monday—Rice's Little Christopher Columbus.
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B. F. KEITH'S NEW UNION SQUARE. Original Continuous Performances Noon to 11 P. M. No Stop. JOHN RANSONE, 4 RICHARDS, ATROY, FILSON AND ERROL, DRUMMOND, STALEY & BIRBECK, MAMIE CONWAY, 30 others. Great Show. 50, 25, 15c.
ACADEMY OF MUSIC. 14th St. & Irving Pl. PRICES $1.00, 75c., 50c., 25c. BRONSON HOWARD'S SHENANDOAH. MATS. WED. and SAT. at 2. Eve. 8.15. EXTRA—GILMORE'S BAND Sunday Evenings.
LYCEUM THEATRE. 4th ave. & 23d st. At 8.15. MRS. DAM'S MOTHERS.....in A WAY TO WIN A WOMAN.
GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. Even'gs at 8. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2. THE HERO ENGINEER JIM ROOT IN A RIDE FOR LIFE. NEXT WEEK—Mr. JOSEPH MURPHY.
NIBLO'S. Walter Sanford, Lessee & Manager. 507 Reserved Seats at 25c. SLAVES OF GOLD.
EMPIRE THEATRE. Broadway and 40th st. Evenings, 8.15. Matinees Wed. and Sat. at 2. MR. JOHN DREW. THE BAUBLE SHOP.
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. Daily, 2.30, 8.30. HAGENBECK'S TRAINED ANIMALS. 25c., 50c., 75c., $1. Children Half Price. Menagerie 11 A. M. to 11 P. M. Admission, 10c.
DALY'S THEATRE. Every night A GAIETY GIRL. Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2. George Edwardes's Co. from Prince of Wales's Theatre.

20 Words, 10 Cents. A Situation Advt. in The World Will Get You the Employment You Want. 10 Cts. for 20 Words.

POLLY'S PRAYER.

It Was Answered in a Most Unexpected Manner.

She stood long on the church step that calm Sabbath eve, her bright little face all puckered and twisted askew. "Oh, dear!" she groaned, as she whirled her bonnet furiously in the air by its crumpled string. "If only I could fall in love with some real rich, agreeable, handsome young man he'd pay the taxes on our dear little home, and we could keep it, mother and I. Then we three could live happily together forever. Amen. I don't know as I even care if he wasn't very agreeable if he were only plenty rich, and I don't feel sure I should have to wait till I truly love him, but he certainly must be handsome, for I never could dwell in peace with a homely man—never! I wonder if he would ever get used to painted floors and no carpets. And oh, mercy on us! onions! I love them so. I could never exist without them. I perfectly know he never would endure them. Men have such proud stomachs." And the petite coquette sighed wearily as half reluctantly she stepped in at the open door of the queer old church and slowly—yea, almost languidly—took her accustomed place in the village choir.

There were tears that night in her clear, sweet soprano, though her bright, brown eyes were uncommonly dry, as she sung with all the fulness of her troubled soul "Some Time We'll Understand." As she sank back in her place a radiant smile replaced the worried look on her flushed face, for she knew now that some time she "would understand why some folks always had to be miserably poor and go without so, while others had enough and to spare." Somehow she felt strangely sure that her fervent prayer, "Father, spare us our home," was going to receive a speedy answer.

Was our alert brunette half-conscious that a pair of very grave blue eyes gave her a trifle more than necessary attention during the sermon that followed her song, or was she oblivious to the fact that Mr. Earl Rossiter, who had just returned from Italy after perfecting his education as a violinist, was not exactly giving the minister undivided attention? At any rate, Polly Hayes took it quite as a matter of course—it must be confessed, a little to Earl's surprise—when after church he told her he had driven round to her home the night before with his span to take her for a drive, forgetting she would be at choir rehearsal.

"You might call again," she said, quietly, with a half smile, which revealed the most perfect set of teeth Earl had ever seen. "But," she added, demurely, "now, I think you had better take me home, if you please." She almost caught her breath as it occurred to her she might have gone a little too far for modesty. "But," she added mentally, "I must do all I can to answer my own prayers."

"As it is rather late, perhaps you would prefer to wait till next time before you come in," suggested Polly, with raised eyebrows, when Earl was taking leave of her at the door. "Yes, I think I will wait," he assented, a bit dryly, bowing himself out.

Poor Polly! Rossiter's tone cut deeper than he guessed. Rushing upstairs and locking the door, the poor child, utterly discouraged, threw herself upon the bed and sobbed violently.

"If I knew something about society manners! But I don't! I only tell the truth, and say what I believe! I felt sure to-night in church we were going to be helped out of our financial troubles by—well, by Providence! And now I've spoiled it! It's always the way! I was afraid he'd know how well I liked him. So now the house will be sold, and we will go to the poorhouse, I s'pose! I wonder poor folks can't die while they are babies! What a blessing it would be!" And the worn-out young girl fell asleep to dream of improbabilities.

Earl Rossiter strode through the woods in a decidedly unenviable frame of mind. Gradually the stillness of the hour, the calm radiance of the moon and the soothing murmur of the brook began to subdue him. At length, flinging himself on a grassy knoll near the brook, and burying his heated face among the cold ferns, he thought over the evening's events, doing full justice to the injuries he had received. "And yet she is pretty, and sings like an angel!" he mused. "Bless it! I wish I did not like her so uncommonly well. I don't! I won't hereafter! I wonder why women were put in this world just to aggravate steady-going men like me? Well, I henceforth renounce all womankind!" he said aloud, suddenly sitting up and digging his heels vigorously into the ground. "If she can be so independent and tell me I can wait to come in I'll show her I can wait, in more senses than one, too!" So saying, he walked rapidly home, congratulating himself on the firmness he had just displayed in forever extinguishing from his heart all tender feelings towards womankind. "Bother it!" he ejaculated, as he came in sight of the dark, cheerless house. "How plagued lonesome it is! I wish the folks were at home to welcome a fellow! But they won't be here for a month to come, so father wrote in his last letter."

"For the sake of charity! Who in thunder has been filling my bed with old shoes?" exclaimed he, springing hastily out of bed and stubbing his toe cruelly against the dresser. "Oh—oh—ouch—what a nuisance furniture and the inventions of mankind generally are! Men aren't much better than women, though they are somewhat better," he added, decidedly. Whereupon he got back into bed, only to twist and turn and get hopelessly tangled in the bedclothes till morning. A blinding sick-headache kept him in bed for a time, but after a little it wore off and he began to be very hungry. "I wonder how you make coffee?" he speculated. "Polly makes delicious coffee! She makes good toast, too. At least she used to when I was a boy and had the malaria so long. I wish I had some toast now. Bless it! I wish the cook was coming to-day instead of Saturday! I'll ring for Thomas and see if he can help me out. Skewers! He must have gone off! The whole world is dead set against me! I believe I'll happen round to Polly's near dinner-time, and if she is in good mood she may invite me to stay. But it's only 9 now and I'm willing to wager my best coat I'll cave in before I, for I'm as hollow as an empty egg-shell now and can hardly stand on my legs, they wobble so. Well, I'll get some kindling and start a fire and be my own caterer for once." So saying, he walked unsteadily out at the back door.

Certainly something did possess his legs! He surely had lost control of them, for instead of just going to the woodpile, on, on they went, through the woods, down past the brook where he had lain last night, out in the road, through the sweet clover, right to Mrs. Hayes's door. Not to Polly's door! Oh, no! Somehow—odd, wasn't it?—he had a perfectly irresistible desire to know how Mrs. Hayes was feeling that morning. "Great guns and little pitchers! Are they both in bed yet? Women are the laziest! How deserted the house looks! Can anything have happened to Polly? to Mrs. Hayes, I mean? Nothing could grieve me more than to believe anything had harmed the dear old soul."

Thinking thus he gave the bell a push calculated to draw for