"IF YOU SEE IT IN The Sun IT'S SO."

The Sun.

"IF YOU SEE IT IN The Sun IT'S SO."

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, JUNE 18, 1893.—COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY THE SUN PRINTING AND PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.

FOES IN AMBUSH.

By CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A.,

Author of "The Colonel's Daughter," "Marion's Faith," "Kitty's Conquest," "A Soldier's Secret," &c.

Copyright, 1893, by Charles King.

CHAPTER XII.

It is a sultry day, early in July, and the sun is going westward through a fleet of white, wind-driven clouds, that send a host of deep shadows sweeping and chasing over the wide prairie. Northward the view is limited by a low range of bluffs, destitute of tree or foliage, but covered thickly with the summer growth of bunch-grass. Southward, three miles away at least, though it seems much less, a similar range, pierced here and there with deep ravines, frames the picture on that side. Midway between the two ridges, and fringed with clumps of cottonwood and willow, a languid stream flows silently eastward and is lost, with the valley, in the dim distance. Out to the west in long, gradual curve the southward range veers around and spans the horizon. Midway across this monotone of landscape, cutting the stream at right angles, a hard prairie road comes twisting and turning out of one of the southern ravines and, after a long, gradual dip to the ford among the cottonwoods, emerges from their leafy shade and goes winding away until lost among the "breaks" to the north. It is one of the routes to the Black Hills of Dakota, the wagon road from the Union Pacific at Sidney by way of old Fort Robinson, Nebraska, where a big garrison of some fourteen companies of cavalry and infantry keen watch and ward over the Sioux Nation, which one year previous was in the midst of the maddest, most successful war it ever waged against the white man. That was the Centennial year, '76. This is another eventful year for the cavalry, '77; for before the close of the summer even the troops so far to the southeast are destined to be summoned to the chase and capture of wary old Chief Joseph, the greatest Indian General ever reared upon the Pacific slope. And even now, on this July day, here are cavalrymen at their accustomed task, and though it is five years since we saw them under the heat and glare of the Arizona sun, there are familiar faces among those that greet us.

All along under the cottonwoods below the crossing the bivouac extends. Long before sunrise these hardy fellows were in saddle, and, in long column, have come marching down from the north—four strong troops—a typical battalion of regular cavalry as they looked and rode in those stirring days that brought about the subjugation of the Sioux. Out on the prairie the four hords of the four different troops are quietly grazing, each herd watched by its trio of alert, though often apparently dozing, guards. One troop is made up entirely of black horses, another of sorrels—two are of bays. Another herd is grazing close to the stream—the mules of the wagon train, and the white tops of these cumbrous vehicles are dotting the left bank of the winding water for two or three hundred yards. Cook fires are smouldering in little pits dug in the yielding soil, but the cooking is over for the present; the men have had their substantial dinner and are now smoking or sleeping or chatting in groups in the shade—all but a squad of a dozen, commanded by a grizzled veteran on whose worn blouse the chevrons of a first sergeant are stitched. Booted and spurred, with carbines slung and saddles packed, these sun-tanned fellows are standing or sitting at ease, holding the reins of their chargers, and waiting apparently for the passengers who are to start in the stout-built "Concord," drawn by four sleek, strong-looking mules, standing in the shade near the canvas homestead of the commanding officer.

Presently two soldiers following a young man in civilian dress come forward, lugging a little green painted iron safe, and this, with a swing and a thud, they deposit in the wagon.

"You've seen that before, sergeant," laughs the civilian.

"I have, begad, an' when it had a heap more green inside an' less outside than now. Faith, I never expected to see it again, nor the paymaster, either. We were both bored through and through. 'Twas our good habits that saved us. Sure your predecessor was a game fighter, Mr. Barnes, if he was a tenderfoot."

"Yes, the Major often tells me he wishes he had him back and me in the place he has instead of the one he had," answers the clerk, whimsically. "Does he know you're to command the escort in? You got him into such a scrape then that he's never tired telling of it."

"Then he may feel gratified at the honor I am doing him now. Sure it's beneath the dignity of a first sergeant to command a squad like this except on extraordinary occasions, and it's to take the taste of the last time out of his mouth I volunteered to escort the Major now. 'Twas a strong taste to last five years, though my reminder will go with me many a year longer. Here they come now."

As the sergeant speaks a little group of officers issue from the battalion commander's tent. Foremost is a big man in loose flapping raiment and broad-brimmed hat and green goggles, the rotund and portly shape of Major Plummer, the paymaster.

"Well, old man," says the cavalry leader, "you can hardly get into a scrape 'twixt here and Sidney. We've seen you through all right so far; now we'll see you safe on about our way. Your old friend Feeny asked permission to see you safely to the railway."

"What, Feeny? and a first sergeant, too? I'm honored, indeed! Well, sergeant," he adds, catching sight of the grizzled red face under the old scouting hat, "I'll promise to let you run the machine this time and not interfere, no matter what stories come to us of beauty in distress. All ready?"

"All ready, sir, if the Major is."

"He wasn't that evil to me in Arizona," laughs the paymaster, as he turns to shake hands with the officers about him.

"You see you were new then," explains a tall Captain: "Feeny considers you a war veteran now, after your experience at Moreno's. We all had to serve our apprenticeship as suckling Lieutenants before he would show us anything but a semblance of respect. Good-by, Major; good luck to you."

"Good-by all. Good-by, Drummond. Good-by, Wing. Here!—didn't mean to disturb your siesta: Drummond here?" says the commander in his off-hand way, and, at sound of the well-known voice, Drummond, too, is on his feet in a twinking.

"Seen the papers that came in to-day?" queries the Colonel, obliterating from his sentence all other words save "Sidney."

"Not yet, sir; any news?"

"Hell to pay in Chicago, so far as heard from. The railway strike has taken firm hold there. Police and militia both seem unable to do anything against the mob, and the authorities are stampeded. Your home, isn't it?"

"It was once, sir, but that was many a long year ago."

"W-e-ell," says the Colonel, reflectively, stroking his grizzled beard, "it's my belief there is worse to come. It isn't the striking railway hands that will do the mischief, but every time there's a strike all the thieves and footpads and blackguards in the community turn out. That's what happened in Pittsburgh; that's what's the matter in Chicago. It looks to me as though the plea for regular troops would have to be granted."

"Think we can get there, sir?" asks Wing.

"Can't say. We're supposed to have our hands full covering the section of Nebraska, though I haven't heard of a hostile Sioux this summer. Besides, they have full regiments of infantry at Omaha and along the lakes. Doesn't Mrs. Wing say anything about the trouble?"

"Her last letter is four days old, sir, and only says her father looks upon the situation as one of gravity; but women rarely see troubles of this kind until they come to their doors."

"Well, this is the *Times* of two days ago. It reached Sidney at breakfast time this morning, and Hatton brought two or three copies out when he came with the mail. I thought it best to inform the Major of the strike, and with that the Colonel goes striding along down the bank to the stream, pausing here and there to chat with some officers or give some order relative to the grazing of the horses, one of his especial fads."

And this evening, just as the sun disappears over the low bluffs to the west, the sun-dried horses are being picketed for the night, while from a score of cook fires the appetizing savor of antelope steak and the aroma of "soldier coffee" rise upon the air, a little dust cloud sweeps out from the ravine into which disappears the Sidney road and comes floating across the prairie, the keen-eyed troopers quickly note the speed with which it travels toward them. Officers and men, who have just been looking to the security of their steeds, pause now on their way to supper and stand gazing through the gloaming at the coming cloud. In five minutes the cause is apparent to all, as, with jingling harness and flapping raiment and broad-brimmed hat and green goggles, the rotund and portly shape of Major Plummer, the paymaster, comes bowling down the road, in his buckboard, with his escort of a dozen troopers, the Major himself, as he comes, waving his whip in salutation to officers and men, and, as he comes abreast of the Colonel's tent and hands that officer a telegraphic despatch, which is received, opened, read with gravity, and pocketed. To the manifest chagrin of the coterie of disappointment of the officers, the Colonel simply says:

"W-e-ell, I'm going to supper. You all'd better have yours, too."

"Why, the old hide!" pants the courier later, "the quartermaster told me never to lose a second, but get that to him before dark. The full outfit's ordered to Chicago by special train, sir."

And so, hiding the secret out, the Colonel presently puts aside professional sangfroid and condescends to be human again.

"Get supper all round, gentlemen, then—'boots and saddles' and away for Sidney!"

Two days later. A fierce July sun is pouring down a flood of humid, moisture-laden heat upon a densely packed, wildly surging mass of turbulent men, many of them flushed with drink, all of them flushed with triumph, for the ill-armed, ill-disciplined militia of the seventies—a pigmy force as compared with the expert "Guardsmen" of to-day—has been scattered to the winds; the sturdy police have been swept from the streets and driven to the shelter of the station. Mob law rules supreme. Dense clouds of smoke are rising from sacked and ruined warehouses and from long trains of burning cars. Here and there little groups of striking employees have gathered, holding aloof from the reckless and infuriated mob, appalled at the sight of violence and devastation resulting from their ill-advised action. Many of their number, conscious of their responsibility for the scenes of bloodshed and pillage and wanton destruction of property, public and private, would now gladly undo their work and array themselves among the few defenders of the great corporations they have served for years and deserted at the call of the demagogues who, they never saw and in a cause they never understood, but there can be "no footsteps backward" now. The tide of riot has engulfed the great city of the West, and the majesty of the law is but the laughing stock of the lowest of the masses. Baffled in their prodigious efforts to the police are banging their brains and broken heads. Rallied at their armories, the more determined of the militia are preparing to defend them and their colors against the anticipated attack of fifty times their force in "touchs"—Chicago's vast accumulation of outlawed, vagabond, or criminal men. The city fathers are well-nigh hopeless. Merchants and business men gather on change with blanched faces and the oft-repeated query, "What next?" What next? Every moment brings tidings of fresh disaster. New fires, and a crippled and helpless department, for the rioters slash their hose and laugh their efforts to scorn. A gleam of hope shines in at 10 o'clock, and the Board room rang with cheers at the President's announcement that the regulars were coming—a whole regiment of infantry from Omaha was already more than half way. But the gleam died out at noon, when, with white lips, an aide read the telegram saying the strikers had "blockaded the special trains bearing the soldiers, and they could not advance another mile.

And so they had on one road, but there are others, better guarded, better run. The sun is well over to the west again, Chicago is resigning itself to another night of horror, when from the suburbs there comes glinting in to the heart of the city the old fort-looking railway train that has been seen for years, a sight at which a host of riotous men break away from the threatening front, dragging with them those "pals" whom drink has either maddened or stupefied; a sight at which skulking blackguards who have picked up paving stones drop them into the gutters and think twice before they lay hand on their revolver butts. No puffing engine hauls the train; the motor power is at the rear. First and foremost is a platform car, open, uncovered, but over its buffer glisten the barrels of the dreaded Gatling gun, and around the gun—can these be soldiers? Covered with dust and cinders, hardly a vestige of uniform among them, in the shabbiest of old felt hats, in hunting shirts of flannel or buckskin, in scout-worn trousers and Indian leggings, but with their prairie belts crammed with copper cartridges, their brawny brown hands grasping the browner carbine, their keen eyes peering straight into the faces of the thronging crowd, their bronze features set and stern, the vicious ear fairly bristles with men who fought tribe after tribe of savage foes from the Yellowstone to the Sonora line, and hold a savage mob in utter contempt. Here by the hub of the Gatling a wheel stands old Feeny, close at the elbow of dark-faced Drummond. C troop's first platoon, commanded by Wing, comes under its old leader of the Arizona campaigns "leads the procession" into the "Garden City" of the ante-bellum days. By Drummond's side is a railway official gazing ahead to see that every switch is properly set and signaling back to the engineer when to "slow" when to come confidently ahead. Behind the platform car come ordinary baggage and passenger coaches, black with men in the same rough, devil-may-care scouting rig. All but their horses and horse equipments left with the Quartermaster at the Sidney station, the battalion has been run to Chicago exactly as it came from the plains, and Chicago's "toughs," who would have hooted and jeered, perhaps, at sight of polished brasses and natty uniforms, recoil bewildered before this gang of silent and disciplined "jayhawkers." Steadily, silently, ominously the train rolls along. As it is rounding a curve several light signaling flows are seen running at speed toward the switch lever at the next street crossing. Excitedly the railway man clutches Drummond's elbow. Two troopers are kneeling close at hand.

"Shoot if they touch that switch," says Drummond, and instantly the locks click as the hammers are cocked, and the foremost runner is almost at the iron stand, his hand is outstretched to grasp it, when a gasping, warning cry reaches his ears. Glancing back, he sees his fellows scattering to either side, and one look at the smooth-rolling car reveals the cause—two carbines is levelled at his chin, and he throws himself on his face, and rolls to one side, and derisive laughter from the strikers themselves. A little further on a knot of surly rioters are gathered on the track. No warning whistle sounds, and the clanging bell is too far to the rear to attract their attention. "One! two! three!" rings the sharp, roughly-spoken order. No time this for standing on ceremony. Vengeful and sewling the men spring aside, some stooping to pick up rocks, others reaching into their pockets for the ready pistol; but rocks are dropped and pistols undrawn as the train whirls rapidly by, and wrath gives place to mystification. Who—who are these strange, silent, stubbly bearded, sun-tanned fellows in slouch hats, flannel shirts, and the worn old black belts over the shoulder? Even the engine has its guard, and half a dozen of them, perched upon the tender, have levelled their carbines to flank and rear, ready to let drive into the crowd the instant a brick is heaved or a trigger pulled.

And so into the great station they roll, and here they find the platforms jammed with citizens, some drawn by curiosity, some active sympathizers in the strike, and many of them prominent leaders of the mob surging in the crowded thoroughfare without. The train has hardly come to a stand when from every direction the mass of outsiders is heaving up around it.

"Now, Feeny, clear the platform to the left. Take the other side, Wing," says Drummond, to the officer at the front of the next car.

In the very fraction of a second the first sergeant and a dozen men have leaped from the deck, and straight into the heart of the crowd they go, "Boots and saddles" at their heels. Not yet, sir, the orders are, but the tones of the officer are stern, determined orders, emphasized by vigorous prods with the heavy carbine butts. Astonished at methods so prompt and decided, there is only such resistance as the weight and bulk of these in rear can offer, and that is but momentary. The sight of those gaaming rifles, the stern, brief orders, and the rapid, confident advance, combine to overcome all idea of resistance. On both sides, at the head of the train, the huge crowd, half laughing, half suffocating, is heaved back upon itself and sent like a great human wave rolling up to the iron latticed gates of Sidney station. Without an instant's delay the battalion springs out from the cars, forms ranks on the north platform, counts fours, and then, arms at right shoulder, away it goes with swinging, steady tramp around the rear of its train, across the parallel rows of rails, and in another moment, greeted by frantic waving of hats and handkerchiefs of long lines and high tiers of stores, offices, business blocks, the grimy, dusty, war-worn campaigners come striding down the crowded street. Heavens! how the people shout! Staid old burghers, portly business men trot panting alongside, waving their hats and cheering themselves hoarse. "Them fellas hasn't no bouquets in their guns," is the way a street gamin expresses it.

"Whither are they going?" "What have they first to do?" is the cry. Police officials ride now with the Captain temporarily in command; a carriage has whisked the Colonel over to headquarters, leaving the word behind the word. On they go, silent, grim, with the alkali dust of the North Platte crossing still coating their rusty garb. A great swing bridge looms ahead; a dozen police deploy on either side and check the attending crowd. Over they go at route step, and then turning to the right, traversing a short distance the river bank, growing dim and dimmer every minute with stifling smoke. Presently they are crossing snake-like lines of hose, gashed and useless; passing fire apparatus standing unhitched and neglected; passing firemen exhausted and listless. Then occasional squads of scowling men give way before the grim, stern-eyed troopers, are driven down alleyways, and around street corners by reviving police. Then the head of column turns to the left and comes full upon a scene of tumult—a great building in flames, a great mob surging about it defying police interference and bent apparently on gutting the structure that is threatening to collapse and pillaging the neighboring stores. Now comes Feeny's work cut out for you! Drive that mob! bloodlessly if you can, bloodletting if you must!

The Colonel is again at the head. All are on foot. "Left front into line, double time!" the first company throws its long double rank from curb to curb. Drummond, the commander, striding out its front, Wing, his senior, anxiously watching him from among the file closers. Already they have reached the rearmost of the rioting groups, and, with warning cries and imprecations, these are scurrying to either side and falling into the hands of the accompanying police. Thicker, denser grows the smoke; thicker, denser the mob.

"Clear this street! Out of the way!" are the orders, and for a half block or so clear it is. Then comes the first opposition. On a pile of lumber a tall, stalwart man in grizzled beard and slouching hat, evidently a leader of mark among the mob, is shouting orders and encouragement. What he says cannot be heard, but now, rights wedged in crowded rows of buildings, the mob is at bay, and, yelling mad response to the frantic appeals and gesticulations of their leader, at least two thousand reckless and infuriated men have faced the little battalion surging steadily up the narrow street.

"You may have to fire, Drummond," says the Colonel, coolly. "Get in rear of your company." One front, the tall Lieutenant turns and follows his chief along the front of his advancing line so as to pass around the flank. He is not fifty paces from the pile on which the mob leader, with half a dozen half-drunken satellites, is shouting his exhortations, just as the Lieutenant sees the grazing grin and Feeny's elbow as he passes the first sergeant's station a brick comes hurtling through the air, strikes full upon the back of the officer's unprotected head, and sends him, face forward, into the muddy street. In the yell of triumph that follows, Wing's voice for an instant is unheard. Obedient to its principle, "Never load until about to fire," the battalion's carbines are still empty, but all on a sudden C troop halts. "With ball cartridges load!" is Wing's hoarse, stern order. "Now aim low when I give the word. Fire by company. Company, ready!" and, like one, the hammers click. But no command "Aim" follows. "Look out! Look out! for God's sake, don't fire! Out of the way!" are the frantic yells from the throats of the mob. Away they go, scattering down side streets, alleyways, behind lumber-piles, everywhere—anywhere. Many even throw themselves flat on their faces to escape the expected tempest of lead. "Forward," says the Colonel, briefly. "Forward, double time, and give them the butt. We'll support you." Down from the lumber piles come the erstwhile truculent leaders. "Draw cartridge, men," orders Wing in wrath and disappointment. "Now, butts to the front, and give them thunder! Forward!" and out he goes to take the lead, dashing straight into the theft of the scattering mob, his men after him. There is a minute of wild yelling, cursing, of resounding blows and trampling feet, and in the midst of it all a single shot, and when Wing, breathless, is finally halted two squares further on, only a dozen broken-headed wretches remain along the street, and these are the curious most that confronted them a few minutes before. Only these few and one writhing, bleeding form, around which half a dozen policemen are curiously gathered, and at whose side the battalion surgeon has just knelt.

"He's shot through and through," is his verdict. "No power can save him. Who is he?"

"About the worst and most dangerous ringleader of riot this town has known, sir," is the answer of one of the police. "No one knew where he came from either, or his real name."

And then in his dying agony the fallen demagogue turns and the other side of his twitching face comes uppermost. Even through the thin, grizzly beard there is plainly seen an ugly, jagged scar stretching from ear to chin.

"This isn't his first row by any manner of means, if it is his last," says a Sergeant of police. "Look at that! Who shot him, anyhow?"

"I did," is the cool prompt answer, and Sergeant Feeny raises his hand to his carried carbine and stands attention as he sees the surgeon kneeling there. "I did, and just in the nick of time. He had drawn a beat on our Lieutenant; but even if he hadn't I'd have downed him, and so would any man in that company yonder." And Feeny points to where C troop stands resting after its charge.

"You knew him, then?"

"Knew him instantly, as a deserter, thief, highwayman, and murderer—knew him as Private Bland in Arizona, and would know him anywhere by that scar."

A policeman bends and wrenches a loaded revolver from the clutching, quivering fingers just as Wing comes striding back and shoulders a way into the group.

"Is he badly hurt, doctor? That was an awful whack."

"It isn't the Lieutenant, sir," says Feeny, with strange significance in his tone as he draws a policeman aside: "Look!"

And Wing, bending over, gives one glance into the dying face, then covers his eyes with his hands and turns away dizzily aware.

That evening a host of citizens are gathered about the bivouac of the battalion at the water works while the trumpets are sounding tattoo. A few squares away the familiar notes come floating in through the open windows of a room where Jim Drummond is lying on a most comfortable sofa which has been rolled close to the casement, where every whiff of the cool lake breeze can fan his face, and where, glancing languidly around, he contrasts the luxury of these surroundings with the rude simplicity of the life he has lived and loved so many years. Gray-haired George Harvey, kindly Mrs. Stone, his sister; stately, beautiful Fanny Wing, with burly baby Harvey in her arms, and her proud, soldierly husband by her side, and a tall, lovely, silent girl have all been there to minister to his needs and bid him thrice welcome, and make him feel that here, if anywhere on earth, he is at home. And here the distinguished surgeon and the family physician unite in declaring he must remain until released by their order, and here for three days and nights he is nursed and petted and made so much of that he is unable to recognize himself, and here sister Puss comes to cry over and kiss and bless him, and, in her turn, to be made much of and forbidden to leave, and then, after her big brother's return to duty with the battalion, now being fed and feted by all the North Side, he must needs come over every evening to see her; and, now that presentable uniforms have arrived, and the rough beards have been shaved and the men of the old regiment look less like "toughs," but no more like American soldiers as our soldiers look in the field of their sternest service, her sisterly pride in her big brother is beautiful to see—so is her self-abnegation, for, somehow or other, though he comes to see her he stays to look at Ruth Harvey, shy, silent, and beautiful; and soon, as though by common consent, that corner of the big parlor is given up to those two, the tall, stalwart trooper and the slender, willowy girl. And one evening he comes earlier than usual in manifest discomposure, and soon it transpires that important orders have reached him. Fanny turns pale. "Are you—all—ordered back?" she cries, and is for an instant radiant at his assurance that the order involves only himself. He is ordered to department headquarters to report in person to the General commanding, who is about to make a tour through the mountains in northwestern Wyoming, and wants Drummond with the escort. She is radiant only until she catches sight of her sister's face. It is not so very warm an evening, yet she marches household out on the steps, out on the back veranda—anywhere out of that parlor, where, just as the faint notes of the trumpets are heard, sounding their martial "tattoo," and just as Lieut. Wing, returning from a tiptoed visit to his sleeping boy and escaped for the moment from the pallid face of his wife, now happens to go blundering in—there is heard from the dimly lighted corner near the piano the sound of subdued sobbing, the sound of a deep, manly voice, low, soothing, wondrously happy, the sound—a sound—indescribable in appropriate English, yet never misunderstood—a sound at which Mrs. Stone, short, pauses one instant irresolute, then faces about and goes tiptoeing out into the brilliant gleam of the vestibule lamps—into the brilliant gleam of his wife's questioning, reproachful eyes.

And for all answer, it being perhaps too public a spot for other demonstration, Wing simply hugs himself.

That night, under the arching roof of the great railway station, the comrades, so long united by the ties of such respect and affection as are engendered only by years of danger and hardship borne in common, and now so happily united by a closer tie, are pacing the platform in short, sharp strides.

"Jim, think what a load I've had to carry all these five years, and forbidden by my good angel to breathe a word to you."

"I can't realize my own happiness, old man. I never dreamed that, after she got out into the world and saw for herself, that she would remember her girlish fancy or have another thought for me."

"I know you didn't. Yet Fan says that ever since the voyage in the 'Newborn' little Ruth has never had a thought for anybody else."

There is a moment's silence, then Wing speaks again:

"There has not been time for mother's letter to reach me. I had to write, of course, and tell her of the fate that at last befell him. Do you know I feel as though after all it was my hand that did it."

"How so?"

"Feeny says he knew him the instant that side of his face was turned toward him: the side my knife laid open years ago. That was a fatal scar."

THE END.

WHERE DID SHE GET THAT CAT?

It Was a Fellow That the Handsome Young Woman Student Was Dissecting.

For some reason never satisfactorily explained women physicians would rather dissect cats than any other animals. The fair students of the Woman's Medical College have dissected the bodies of cats from time immemorial, and there are some, who were switched off into matrimony before they could graduate, who still test with delight of their experiences in applying the scalpel to deceased felines. The other day a former student, who is now a practising physician, took the whole neighborhood into her confidence while she operated on a once vigorous cat. The woman in question is tall, good looking, and very dignified. She has in abundance all those qualities which have given to her sex the title of gentle, and they appear so pronouncedly in her face and bearing that no one would imagine it possible that even science could induce her to do any harm to any living being. Still, when the neighbors, or such part of them as can look from the rear windows of the adoining houses into her office, saw her cutting that cat's body into pieces with swift, positive precision the question that suggested itself to every observer was:

"Where did she get that cat?"

It must have been alive once, and it was a reasonable inference that that condition could not have ceased long before. One of the former students of the college referred to once told THE SUN man that the presence in her day was to entertain lightning cats into the ceiling, swipe them deftly by the tails, swing them around two or three times until sufficient speed and force had been gained, and then bring their heads into contact with a beam or post.

Talk about a cat having nine lives," said this devotee of science, "why, it's absurd. They are as tenacious of life as—as—well, as flies, when you know how."

When THE SUN man saw the dissecting process in operation he wondered whether the dignified lady operator had secured her subject in the same way, and whether any evidences of the butchery remained in her cellar. Whose cat was it, any how? There are a good many in that town who make night milkmen, and the idea that this might be one of them was pleasing. Probably the other witnesses to the deft destruction of that cat's body were not so well informed regarding the practices of women physicians as the reporter, but they were certainly just as much interested. Evidently the lady was unaware of this curiosity she had aroused, for she worked away industriously, unmindful of the opera glasses which were levelled at her from a score of windows. Probably she performed the operation at the window, because she could secure better light there, and because it was convenient. The witnesses saw her examine portions of the cat's anatomy with great interest, and saw her pick out the veins and nerves with a practised hand. As she proceeded she became more and more engrossed with her work, until her head was bent over the body so far it was almost hidden.

At length some girls who were watching her from a window in the opposite house tittered loudly enough to arouse her. She looked up in wonder at the faces in the windows. Slowly she realized what had happened. Her face became scarlet, then indignant, and then relaxed into a quiet smile. She pulled down the blade with a jerk, and closed the exhibition. The latter is still the most popular subject of conversation in the block, and owners of cats are warned to keep a sharp eye on their pets.

FAIRY TALES OF IRELAND

Collected in the Original Irish from the Lips of Irish Story Tellers.

Copyright, 1893, by Jeremiah Curtin.

[The fairy tales of Ireland are looked on by most persons, I suppose, as mere whimsical stories, some of which were invented to amuse people, and all of which refer to superstitions and queer fancies special to the Irish.

Nothing can be further from the truth than such a view. The more I look into these tales the more I am convinced that they are of ancient origin and contain elements of serious value. These fairy tales are stories which, in a modern dress and in the special fashion of rural Ireland, give us important fragments of a system of beliefs touching future existence and the relations between this life and another.

This Keltic system is very ancient; the beliefs to be found in it are as primitive as those held by the Indians of North America. In fact, these beliefs are a part of that primitive system of thought which under various forms existed everywhere among men, a system which, with all its variety, was really the same which exists yet entire among whole races of the earth, and, in various fragments, among others. Some of the races and stocks of America and Africa possess this primitive system of thought and religion unbroken.

Numerous and important fragments of it exist in the religions and literatures of nations the most civilized. Though all peoples retain primitive thoughts in some degree, men who are least subject to extraneous influences preserve the original ideas of their race best and longest. There are certain parts of Ireland where Keltic views of the visible and the unseen world have been left without attack almost to the present day. In these parts the belief in fairies and ghosts and in communion of the dead with the living is as vivid and real in the minds of many people as it can be. It is as unshaken conviction.

The following are some of the points in this fairy system. In a great many, if not all, cases of death and sickness infants and young people are removed bodily by the fairies, and other persons are substituted for them. The removed persons, though supposed to be dead or sick, are well in fact, and are taken to the fairy places underground. The entrances to these are the various circular embankments in Ireland called forts. The substituted corpses and sick persons are made to resemble those removed in such fashion as to pass for them.

The fairy world is composed of the original fairy people, increased by all those who have been removed to it from among men and retained there permanently. There is continual intercourse and communion between the world of the fairies and the world of men, and there is a regular system of rules and observances by which fairy favor may be obtained; a neglect of these incurs disfavor, as does any offensive act.

The nature of the system is seen clearly enough from the tales and from the adventures of those persons who have been with the fairies long enough to know them. Some of these have been punished, others rewarded.

One striking feature of this Keltic testimony to the existence of a life which, though near, is still very distinct, is its vividness. It is as clear and confident as the tale of a traveller just returned from a neighboring country.

The following tale gives some testimony of an eyewitness, that people supposed to be dead are living with the fairies, as in the case of the "boys and girls, men and women," who were walking around enjoying themselves. The merit of keeping a clean kitchen with fresh water at night is mentioned in other tales to be given later on.]

A poor girl left Cahirciveen once to seek service in the country toward Killarney. Before she came to Killarney she asked for lodgings in a farmhouse, and after eating supper she took a broom and began to sweep the room and put the place in order. The woman of the house liked this, thought the girl might be a good servant, and asked would she take service.

"I would indeed," said the girl. "I am willing to hire with you for a quarter, and if we do not like each other then we can part."

"Well," said the woman, "I'll engage you for a quarter, and there is a man here to-night, for a sister of mine, who lives a mile from this, is sick and I'd like to go to her."

Not long after a messenger ran to the house and said:

"Your sister has a young son and wants you."

The woman hurried away, and when she came to the sister's house she didn't know her, she looked that thin and wrinkled and old; she was more like a witch than a young woman, but the child was good looking.

It seemed that the night before a man on horseback rode up to the door and called out her name and surname, and it is the way with the fairies that if a person in bed be called by them at night and answer, the first or second call that person must go. She, thinking that it was some relative or neighbor calling her, answered, "I am here."

"Dress and come out then," said the man.

She was not able to go out alone, so he helped her and put her onto the pillion, and sitting on the saddle behind her rode away. The woman grasped at him to hold on, but found nothing to hold. Being frightened she said: "My God, where are you taking me at this hour of the night?"

"You'll see soon. I'll take you to a house where you'll find plenty of fire and light, and when you come back I'll be glad and I'm glad you had the courage to speak to me, for now I can tell you. When you go to this castle, which is a fort, they will give you a child to nurse about the age of your own child, but do not sing or try to please it in any way; handle it roughly, and begin to scold and curse, and do not eat or drink while you are there, for if you disagree they will grow tired of you and send you home soon. An old witch will be in your home taking care of your own child."

She thanked the man and said she would act as he said. When she entered the fort she saw the most beautiful palace that man or woman ever saw, even on Sundays. Many of her acquaintances, boys and girls, men and women, supposed by their friends to be dead, but who were walking around and enjoying themselves; they pretended not to see her, took no notice of her. She refused food and drink.

"Well," said an old woman, "if you don't eat or drink for yourself for my sake, you suffer, for 'tis a strong child that you will have."

"I don't want your imp," said the woman.

The hag looked vexed, but gave her the infant. She caught it so roughly that the child began to scream.

"Don't hurt the child!" cried the hag.

"Bad luck to you," said the woman. "I'll hit you a blow with it, or I'll break its head."

"Indeed, then, you will not."

She wasn't giving any care to the child when an opposite door was thrown open, a young woman walked in through it and asked: "Who brought that woman to this place?" The hag told her what man brought the woman.

"It was a great deal sitter for him to leave her. This was no place for her. If there was never a night when we went to her place that we didn't find the kitchen swept and the pots and kettles clean and plenty to eat in the cupboard. Tell the man to take her back and put her in the bed she left." Saying this she vanished.

The hag stood up and said to the farmer's wife: "Bad luck to the person who advised you." With that she went out and brought back the young man. He took the woman by the arm, led her out, put her on the horse, and, going like the wind, soon stopped at her door, and helped her into her own bed. She saw that the old witch lying in her place, made a grin at her, then sprang up and went through the window. Her sister was astonished next morning when she saw her, and she laughing and looking as young as ever.

This tale shows, among other things, how the "accidents" of a suit of clothes are worn in this world and the subsequent life in another. This tale shows also, to a people unacquainted with the fairy system, at least in words:

There was a young man by the name of James Fitzgerald who lived in Cloghane. He grew to be a very handsome fellow, stout and well built, but when about twenty-one years of age he began to grow thin, his color went from him, and he got so miserable looking that people said he was in a decline. One day an old woman asked him privately what trouble was on him.

"I'll tell you," said he, "since you ask me. There isn't an evening that I put a foot outside the door but I see a naked man. He is hunting me