

# DANGEROUS GAME.

BY MARGARET WELLS.

Well, it has been some time since then, but neither Richard nor I have forgotten it—our narrowest escape. From death? you ask. From worse than death.

We had been married only a short time when we took her into the family, a cousin of Richard's fourth or fifth removed, or something of that sort, distant, but still sufficiently kith to be numbered in the kin.

I felt sorry for Fanny, that was her name, for she had no home. So, getting Richard alone one night, I whispered to him all about her. How lonely she was, how dependent, how in need of friends. And Richard agreed to my plan. We would adopt Fanny, with her sorrows and her 20 years of life.

An orphan, with a small competence, she had come to the city to add to her mite by working out a living in the great metropolis. But my plan was to take her into the family and make a sister of her—for I longed for a sister; and as Fanny was love hungry, we agreed that a sister she should be to us all.

What a pleasant winter that was! Fanny, Richard and I went everywhere, and I can truthfully say now that I had nothing without Fanny, for we divided everything evenly.

"What a blessed world it is," I said to Richard one night after we had returned from the theater and were sitting by the hearth in our own pretty room, with

I did not go, and all that afternoon Fanny's manner troubled me so that I was really quite cold to Richard when he came home. After supper I retired to my room, leaving Richard and Fanny alone in the parlor.

That night Richard had little to say, and the next morning he left home an hour earlier than usual, and Fanny, who usually did the marketing an hour later, accompanied him.

As I saw them disappear the first pang of jealousy I had ever felt in my life came over me; and as they turned the corner burst into tears.

Fanny came home in high spirits and later dressed herself and went out, and I had the feeling she had gone to meet Richard, a feeling that was later confirmed when they came home together. I did not go down to supper that night, pleading a headache, but from my couch up stairs, I could hear them laughing until far into the night, though I noticed that Fanny's laughter was louder than Richard's, and had more merriment in it.

Matters were a little strained between Fanny and me the next day, and I kept my couch all day, but toward night I shook off my headache and dressed myself to go out to meet Richard, in spite of Fanny's many attempts to prevent me by pleading the weather and my indisposition.

Well, I shall never forget the smile of



"AND LONGER STILL TO ME."

Fanny retired for the night. "and how fortunate that heaven has sent us such a kind, good sister as Fanny."

Richard said nothing, and I recalled afterwards that he looked a little queer as he nodded his head.

The first of it came something like this:

Richard returned home late one night, and instead of bounding up stairs to our little private sitting room, as usual, he lingered down stairs in the hall. When he came up I noticed that he had on his smoking jacket and slippers and held in his hand a well filled pipe.

"That was thoughtful of you, puss," said he, reaching for a match to light the pipe, "everything ready for me down below."

"That must have been Fanny's work," I said, laughing, "but where did the child get your slippers? I thought they were here."

Richard laughed and looked at me a little keenly; and at that moment I thought I heard the rustling of a skirt in the hall, though it might have been Richard coughing.

The next time Richard was late the same thing happened. When he came up stairs, midnight though it was, he had on the smoking jacket and slippers; and once he mentioned that Fanny had been down in the drawing room waiting for him by the open fire, holding his coat to warm it.

"The poor girl will make herself sick for us," I said; "I must speak to her about it."

But when I mentioned the subject to Fanny she seemed so grieved that I said no more; and when she did not come down to supper that evening I blamed myself for bringing on one of her headaches, and, myself, carried her supper up to her, which she refused to touch. But when Richard, whose business detained him down town late many evenings in the week, returned at 11 o'clock that night he found Fanny waiting as usual for him down stairs.

"You mustn't let her take your place, puss," he said, quietly.

And I noticed that he threw the coat aside, saying it was too warm.

One day, coming in quietly, I heard Richard talking in loud, firm tones to Fanny, and Fanny sobbing out a reply. Running in, I caught the poor girl in my arms, and turned to Richard with a surprised look.

"Nothing at all, my dear," said he, "only an unpleasant topic Fanny and I were obliged to talk over."

"Something about Fanny's estate," I thought, "poor girl, how she grieves."

One day, as I was about to go out to meet Richard, Fanny said:

"I wouldn't go, if I were you. Richard said he was going to be very busy."

"Strange he did not tell me," said I.

"Well, he told me," said Fanny, pursing up her lips and tossing her head.

welcome with which Richard greeted me. "I declare, puss," said he, "this is pleasant. I thought you had delegated all your welcomes to Fanny. She says she tried in vain to persuade you to accompany her last night and the night before."

I turned and gave Richard one look—one speechless look—and then we both knew and understood—our escape.

The walk home was quiet, but full of resolve for us both. As soon as we were in the house Richard turned and lifted my face in his hands.

"This is for what you have suffered," he said. "And as for me, I shall make up in love the time I've been losing the last three days."

"They have been a thousand years long," I whispered.

"And longer still to me," Richard said. Suddenly Richard turned, for there was a rustling of the curtains behind him.

"It is Fanny," I whispered. "Don't dear! Let her go quietly. We can afford to be magnanimous, you and I, when we have each other to live for."

Fanny remained in our family only a week after that, sullen, baffled and full of rage. Then she went back to her western home to finish out life as she began it—on a farm—where Richard and I both hoped she would learn the folly of coming between a man and his wife.

### GALLERY GODS.

"Not all of the gallery gods eat peanuts and whistle and stamp and utter cat-calls," said a man who had begun saving up his money instead of spending it. "I have heretofore been accustomed to the orchestra; now I have tried the gallery, and here is my experience."

"It was tremendously hot and the business was light, and I suppose I did better by buying a ticket in advance; but anyhow I had a good seat in the front row. I had to climb a good many stairs and when I got up there the gallery looked pretty steep, so that as I skirted around the back of it to get to my aisle I hugged the bank, so to speak, and I went carefully down the stairs, but when I got to my place I found an orchestra chair with a folding back—they are all like that—with a wire hat-holder in order, and that indeed seemed to be a characteristic of the place. It was by no means elaborate in adornment, but everything appeared to be looked after and kept in trim."

"Well, I sat down in my seat and looked down into the orchestra where I had sat the last time I had been in the theater, and it seemed a good ways down. Then I looked around where I was, I saw there people just as good as I was; maybe they'd think themselves better, and a variety of people. There was one sailor there that night, and he conducted himself as precisely everybody else there did, with perfect decorum. There was attention to the play and interest in it;

### THE PROPOSED NEW YORK UNDERGROUND SYSTEM.

The success of London's underground system has incited New York civil officials to a similar attempt, and plans are now being made for a system of underground railway like that of England. Stairs will lead down to the station and the cars will move by electricity without smoke or noise. They will travel very rapidly, with all the speed of the "L" trains, and by the first of January, 1900, just a year hence, they will be in full operation. It is whispered quietly that the work to the extent of locating the stations, has been begun upon them. One of the most successful subways now in operation is in Boston.

rather more manifestation of interest than in other parts of the house; but aside from that the bearing of the people there was substantially like that of the people below; strangely like it indeed in some respects; as, for instance, in the case of the man sitting next to me, a well-dressed, well-appearing man, who for the greater part of the evening sat with his arm over the arm of my seat. It made everything seem just as natural as could be, and gave me a homelike feeling right from the start.

"As a matter of cold fact, I'd rather sit in the orchestra than the family circle, but it was a very satisfactory experience, nevertheless, in which I discovered that I could see the best plays going for very little money if I would be content to look at them from a little different angle."

### TEMPERANCE IN PICTURES.

The Belgian secretary of the interior has published a call for competitive designs to represent the horrors of inebriety. The competition is open to everybody, four pictures being required on these subjects: A scene in a drunkard's home, showing in detail unhappy and broken family life; the happy home of a total abstainer; the wrecked nerves and physiological chart of a drunkard's system, and a similar chart of a temperate man.

For each picture a prize of one thousand francs is announced, the meritorious pictures to pass into the possession of the government, to be photo-lithographed and copies to be placed in all public places and halls.

A Belgian newspaper says that some time ago Sir John Burke, the famous English professor, was lecturing to a London audience on the evils of alcoholism. To impress his hearers with the consequences of too much indulgence in liquor the professor illuminated two huge charts, showing the contrast between the temperate man's stomach and the inebriate's.

A man with a decided "blossom" on his nose stood up and with the lecturer's permission walked over to the two charts. He regarded the drunkard's stomach intently for a moment, and exclaimed, "Is that supposed to look like my stomach? Ugh! How ugly! Goodness! I can't stand this without a drink," and he calmly took a flask out of his pocket and drank its contents before the amazed audience.

### IT WAS HARD ON HIS NERVES.

The old proof reader, who had been for more than a score of years correcting the thousand and one minor errors which the haste of newspaper-making allows to creep into "copy" before it reaches the printer's hands, was a most methodical man, as proof readers are likely to be. He came to work at the same hour and minute every evening, worked in the same methodical way and knocked off at the same time, starting immediately for one night with one particular chum. But one night he made a change in his mode of proceeding which was the more remarkable coming from him.

It was the end of the week, and like all well-regulated printers, he borrowed his weekly dollar and started for home. But instead of taking the nearest road he struck off on a roundabout course.

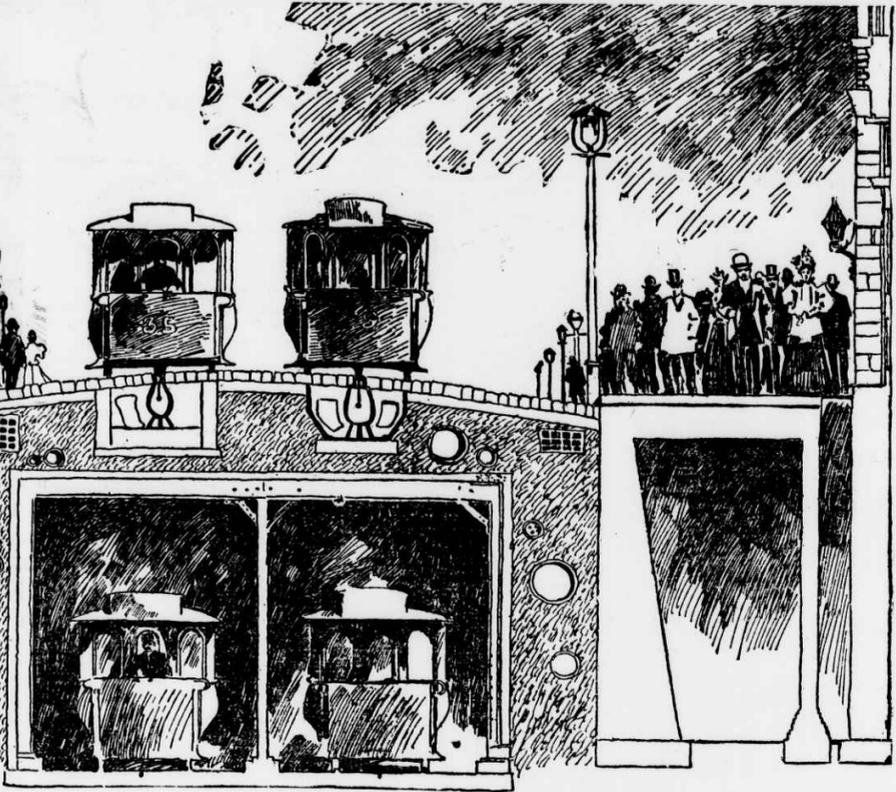
"What's the matter?" inquired his partner, "why don't you go down Twelfth street tonight instead of taking this long route."

The proof reader hesitated a moment and then said:

"Well, I'll tell you. I'm getting so I can't bear Twelfth street any more, the signs over the stores are so badly spelled and punctuated."

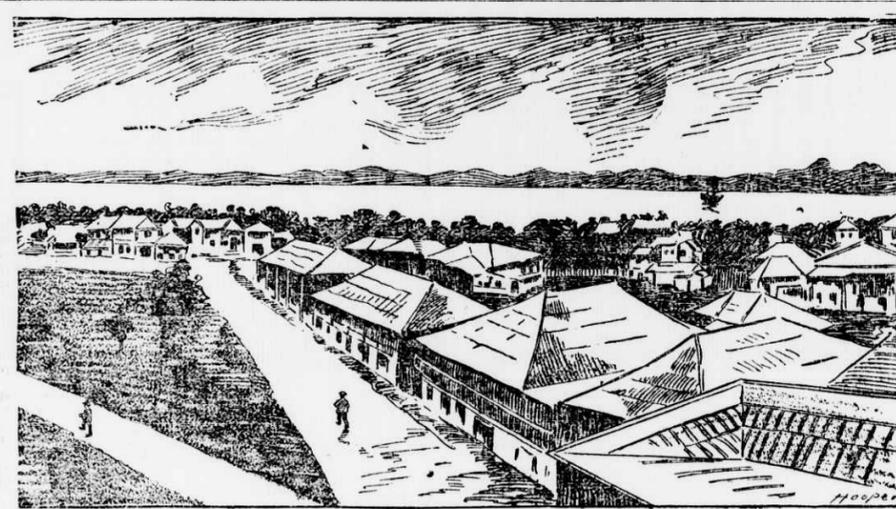
### MIDDAY NAP FOR BABY.

In a series of parlor talks given to young mothers by a skilled physician, a number of practical suggestions were laid down regarding the sleep necessary for infants and growing children. Never wake a child unless absolutely necessary. Good sleep is a necessity if health and growth are to be maintained. A healthy normal baby will sleep 15 out of 24 hours, which gradually diminishes, until years 15 out of 24 hours will suffice. This amount of sleep is gradually reduced until at 15 years old, 11 out of 24 should be spent in bed. The midday nap for babies is most desirable. At this time they should be entirely undressed and put to bed. After the fourth or fifth year children will not sleep in the daytime. In regard to a child's bed, a good spring bed, a hair mattress and blankets not



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THE HARBOR OF ILOILO.

The cruiser Baltimore is now in this beautiful harbor ready to haul down the flag of the insurgents at word from Dewey. Gen. Ries, the Spanish commander, recently evacuated this city; and the insurgents are in possession. It is one of the most beautiful harbors of the eastern hemisphere, and will prove most valuable to commerce when Uncle Sam owns it.

### TOO HEAVY SHOULD BE PROVIDED.

A feather bed should never be permitted only when a child is exceptionally delicate and difficult to keep warm. Otherwise, it is too heating. Children should be put to sleep in a comfortable room, not too warm. If possible, they should always sleep by themselves, and never in any case with a sick person.

### TURKISH BATH FOR THE STOMACH.

Probably the people who don't know that they have any stomachs will not be interested in this latest medical discovery. But to every one who has ever had a twinge or a pain from indigestion it promises quick relief without medicines.

It is nothing less than brushing and washing out the stomach and putting that organ through a set of gymnastic exercises. Americus Enfield, of Bedford, Pa., a member of the Medical Board of that state, has written a description of it for a local paper. The process is really an internal Turkish bath. But instead of the bath-rubber applying himself fiercely to the skin, the doctor inserts a brush into the stomach and turns a pivot. This sets up such a whirlwind of bristles that the stomach walls are scraped clean. Then a hose is run down to flush it out, and finally the muscular walls are set to work like a prize fighter in training.

Yet in all this astonishing process, in which the stomach is treated as if it were a leg or arm that could be taken in the hands and manipulated, the patient sits as tranquil as if being manuevered. To make the diseased organ wake up from its lethargy Dr. Enfield forces oxygen gas or medicated air into the stomach. As the bellows drives the gas or air into the cavity the walls of the stomach begin a convulsive movement of expansion and contraction.

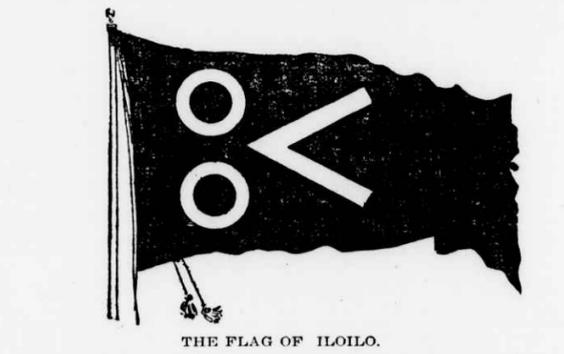
"Still another method is by putting a coil of medicated cord into the cavity. It is left there till the sides of the stomach contract about it."

### NOT IN THE CATALOGUE.

Library Assistant (to visitor who is wandering about in a puzzled manner)—Can I help you? Are you looking for anything special?

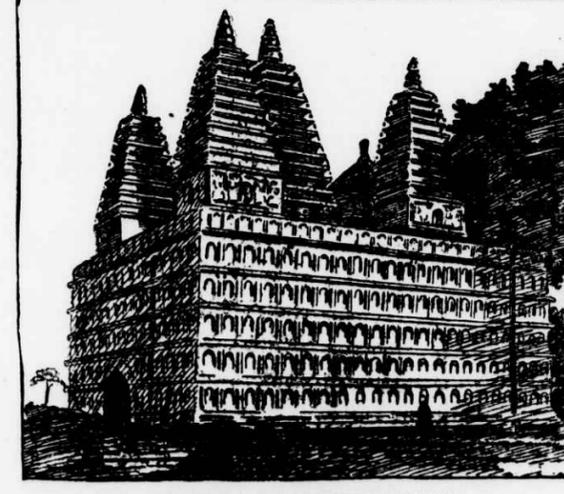
Visitor (absently)—No, thank you; I was only looking for my wife.—Library Journal.

"It is said," writes Secretary Long, in the Youth's Companion, "that to Fulton is due the credit of inventing the torpedo. As early as 1810 he proposed one on a spar 96 feet long; but its practical use dates from our Civil War. It was first tried by the Confederates in the action between the ram Atlanta and the monitors Wehawken and Nahant, June 17, 1863."



THE FLAG OF ILOILO.

This is the flag which Uncle George Dewey says must come down from over Iloilo. It was raised by the insurgents, and its art design is probably now floating the breeze. Dewey's method of attack will be swift and sure, but it is hoped that he will be able to lower the flag without bloodshed.



THE TEMPLE OF FIVE PAGODAS.

This enormous temple at Pekin is receiving hundreds every day who are said to be massing for a conflict with the Dowager Empress. The temple will shelter 10,000 at least, and as the Chinese fight with broadswords, each man carrying his own weapon, the troops can be fully armed.