

# A NEW SPECIES

(Original.)

"Countess," roared the baron, "I congratulate you on getting rid of a husband!"

"Baron," snarled the countess, "I congratulate you on getting rid of a wife."

"Never again," added the baron "shall a woman set foot on my domain."

"Any man trespassing on mine," replied the countess, "shall be whipped off like a prowl cur."

The countess' husband had eloped with the baron's wife, the baron being left with an infant son, Ernest; the countess with an infant daughter, Wilhelmina. Both parents kept their word besides keeping their children carefully guarded and always at home, so that each grew up without a sight of one of the opposite sex.

One day when Ernest was twenty, growing restive under his father's watchfulness, he stole away and rode to the verge of the estate. Suddenly he started. A creature such as he had never seen before, seated on horseback, with a falcon on its wrist, was looking at him with an astonishment equal to his own.

"It's a creature come down from heaven," he exclaimed.

"What a beautiful animal!" said the object of his interest. "It wears clothes something like a human being."

Ernest spurred his horse to the wall for a closer view. The girl reined back a few paces.

"I wonder if it can talk," said Ernest. "I'll try."

"Are you an angel?" he asked.

"No, I'm a girl."

"On what do they feed you? Flowers?"

"No; I eat what other people eat. I didn't know there were such fine animals in the world as you."

"You think me a high grade brute?"

"Yes; else you would not have hair on your face."

"You must be divine, for man is the highest created living thing on earth, and you are of a finer type than man."

Ernest dismounted and sat upon the wall. After a good deal of persuasion Wilhelmina was induced to go and sit by him, but not till he had convinced her that he would not bite her. He touched her soft cheek with his hand; she ran her fingers through his silky beard.

"How nice your cheek is with no hair on it," he said.

"But yours is so much stronger."

"The curves of your body—how symmetrical!"

"Yours show more power."

"Somehow I feel a desire to place my lips against your cheek."

"Try it and see what it's like."

He placed his lips upon her cheek and repeated the experiment several times.

"It's delightful," he said. "I wonder what would be the effect if I were to put my lips against yours?"

"I don't know."

He tried it a great many times. "It's heavenly!" he exclaimed. "How fortunate that you have no hair on your face!"

"How fortunate that you have," she replied.

"This arm of mine exactly fits the curves of your waist."

"You are more splendid than the rising sun," she whispered.

"And you are lovelier than the moon on a summer night."

She did not reply at once. He supposed she was thinking of another companion for his splendor. He was mistaken.

"Would you mind saying that again?" she asked.

He said it again, then said something more of the same kind, then more and more, pausing at last for breath.

"If you're not tired I'd like you to go on," she said.

Meanwhile Ernest had been misled by his father and Wilhelmina by her mother. Suddenly both parents appeared, coming from opposite directions.

"Oh, father," exclaimed Ernest, "I've discovered an angel!"

"A devil!" growled the baron.

Ernest looked at the countess, Wilhelmina at the count.

"Mother, dear," said Wilhelmina, "I've caught the most beautiful animal in the world, a new species. Send for a chain and collar. I'm going to take it home."

"He'll go mad and bite you," snapped the countess.

"He's ugly. I'll chain him in his kennel."

Meanwhile the count was arguing with his son.

"Foolish boy! Don't you know that this is a woman, the most venomous thing on earth? Her very breath is poisonous."

"It's an intoxicating poison. I'd like to breathe it again."

"She will make you what she considers you—her dog."

"I'd be glad to be her worm."

The baron was discouraged. "Countess," he said, "the game's up."

"What shall we do, baron?"

"Marry the young fools and let them work out their own misery."

With difficulty the young people were parted, Wilhelmina begging her mother to permit her to take Ernest home and keep him under the table in her boudoir. Ernest wished to place Wilhelmina in the chapel and say his prayers for her.

The pair were married, though they knew nothing of the meaning of the ceremony. Ernest did not object, because he knew no reason why he should. Wilhelmina was delighted, because they told her it would secure to her her new possession and he could not get away.

To the chagrin of their parents they lived happily together.

F. A. MITCHEL.

## Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

### PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Two heads may be better than one, but not to an army.

In a game that two can play at one is apt to get beat.

When a man gets beaten in a business deal he may play the baby, but not to the extent of threatening to tell his mother on the other fellow.

When a man starts out to paint a town the police should hold him up and ask him if he belongs to the painters union.

It is only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous—the bandmaster when he takes off his hat.

A man may have a shiny bald head and yet be regarded by the neighbors as hair brained.

Some people who would not think of jumping from a ten story house plunge into matrimony in the most thoughtless manner.

A man has to be very far gone before he will sit on a barb wire fence to see a girl go by.



Only occasionally is there a favored individual who can draw a salary for looking wise.

To avoid slips between the cup and the lip a man should take his drinks through a straw.

A woman's will may be stronger than a man's, but a lawyer would just as soon break one as the other.

Keep Cool. When it's hot enough to roast a brass monkey. Keep cool. No use to get mad or grow spunky. Keep cool.

Just take this advice—It's given without price—And put it on ice: Keep cool.

When it's marked at one hundred and two in the shade. Keep cool. And the mercury slowly is going up grade. Keep cool.

Let other folks stew And at the rag chew And grumble while you Keep cool.

When sun strokes are stalking abroad through the town. Keep cool. And playfully cutting the villagers down. Keep cool.

And when the sun's rays Cause sidewalks to blaze Or some such prank plays. Keep cool.

Perhaps this may strike you as silly, and yet. Keep cool. Some jay will arise And play he's J. Wise And gravely advise. Keep cool.

Nothing For Tips. "He lived in Paris through the reign of terror." "Pshaw! That was over 100 years ago." "Not for him. He was there two weeks without any money."

Snap All Round. "You have heard of the electric cradle." "No. How does it work?" "Well, the mother touches the button, and the baby does the rest."

The Difference. When a man has paid his carfare And is asked to pay once more. Then the racket that he raises. Fills the car from door to door. When the man who takes the tickets. Doesn't see him for a while. Then the silence is so noisy. You can hear it for a mile.

Immune. "He must bear a charmed life." "Why so?" "He was thrown in with three widows this summer and came away unengaged."

Relationship Explained. "They found a baby girl on their steps one morning and took her in and raised her as their own." "Did that make her a stepdaughter?"

Wasted Talent. "Strange that the man who knows it all And how to keep things straight Is often running some small joint That hardly pays the freight."

## A Mysterious Visitor

(Original.)

Mr. Kelsey Opsyke went home from the opera late. Opening the front door with his night key, he entered the hall, dimly lighted by a gas jet, and was passing the drawing room door when he caught sight of a man in evening dress also passing to the rear. There was not sufficient light to see what the man looked like, and what there was was turned off the moment Mr. Opsyke caught sight of the intruder. Then came a sound as of some one scampering through the back room and a crash denoting the falling of a table mingled with the breaking of glass. Mr. Opsyke knew that the fugitive had upset a small stand covered with bric-a-brac.

Mr. Opsyke hurried after the man to the rear rooms and finally the kitchen. No one was to be found. The doors and windows were all locked except one window, and Mr. Opsyke concluded that the fugitive had escaped through this window. After a thorough search Mr. Opsyke made up his mind that the intruder had gone, and then for the first time it occurred to him that sneak thieves or burglars do not go about in evening dress. He dropped into a chair, with a terrible sinking at the heart. His wife must be unfaithful to him.

He arose and went upstairs, when for the first time he noticed that the light from above had not been completely shut off. There was plenty of light in his wife's bedroom, the door of which was open. She came out to meet him and asked what accident had occurred downstairs.

"And who," he asked sternly, "was your visitor?"

"What visitor?"

"The gentleman I found when I came in making for the rear of the house, the man you turned out the hall gas to screen."

"My dear, what do you mean? I turned out the hall gas since you so often forget it. I opened my door to light you."

Mr. Opsyke had too much self control to give vent to the fire burning in his breast. He simply stated the facts as they had occurred. Mrs. Opsyke suggested that perhaps a burglar had put on evening dress the better to escape detection. This sounded reasonable, and they agreed to look over their valuables to discover what might be missing. After an examination everything was found in its place.

Mr. Opsyke would not accuse his wife without more definite proof. Nevertheless it was plain that he had strong suspicions. Both passed an uncomfortable night, and when day dawned neither had slept.

The next morning Mr. Opsyke discovered his wife bandaging the foot of her poodle that had evidently been cut by the broken glass on the floor. He was mentally occupied with the man who had upset the table, she with the wound, and they did not discuss either. For a long period they lived together as strangers—worse than strangers, who do not necessarily wear on each other, while Mr. and Mrs. Opsyke illustrated the words of the poet:

To be wroth with one we love  
Doth work like madness on the brain.

Mr. Opsyke spent his evenings at the club and carried a revolver in case he should again meet the man he had found in his drawing room. One night he dragged himself up the steps of his house, entered and, passing the parlor door, saw the dim figure of the intruder. For Mr. Opsyke to draw his weapon and fire was the work of a moment. He was no quicker than the other, who fired simultaneously with him. Mr. Opsyke felt something warm trickling down his cheek and, putting up his hand, felt warm blood. He was surprised to see his enemy do the same. There was a quick step in the hall above, the gas was turned up, and Mrs. Opsyke came hurrying downstairs. Seeing her husband wiping blood from his face, she cried:

"Oh, heavens! Are you killed?"

"No, my dear; I am not. The fool killer has not yet taken me in."

"And what's the matter with the mirror? Who broke it?"

"I did. I was trying to kill your lover. I saw his reflection there and fired at him. A bit of glass flew at me and caused a slight wound."

Mrs. Opsyke saw it all. Her husband had twice mistaken his own reflection for a visitor during his absence and had literally tried to kill his own image.

For months she had been suffering from this ridiculous blunder, and now in addition to the suspicion and cold treatment she had endured the long and valuable pier glass, her pride, had been shattered by her husband's absurd attempt. It was too much for her equanimity. She turned on her heel and walked upstairs. Not even her husband's wound sufficed to detain her. He, poor man, went to the bathroom and after stanching the blood bound up the cut and went to bed.

It was not till the next day after dinner that the couple while sitting at table over their coffee were reconciled. Then for the first time the absurdity of the whole affair broke through Mrs. Opsyke's resentment, and she began to laugh. The husband caught the spirit of her mirth and smiled a sickly smile. The spell was broken. Mrs. Opsyke went and put her arms around his neck and asked his forgiveness for not having dressed his wound the night before, and from that moment peace reigned in the Opsyke family. Mr. Opsyke's image and the poodle that had upset the bric-a-brac never again conspired to make trouble. The husband was satisfied to draw a check for the cost of a new mirror and another for a handsome present for his wife.

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