

## JUST WHISTLE!

When times are bad and folks are sad  
An' gloomy day by day,  
Jest try your best at lookin' glad  
An' whistle 'em away!

Don't mind how troubles bristle;  
Jest take a rose or thistle;  
Hold your own  
And change your tone  
And whistle! whistle! whistle!

A song is worth a world o' sighs  
When red the lightnings play,  
Look for the rainbow in the skies  
An' whistle 'em away!

Don't mind how troubles bristle;  
The rose comes with the thistle;  
Hold your own  
An' change your tone  
And whistle! whistle! whistle!

Each day comes with a life that's new—

A strange, continued story;  
But still, beneath a bend o' blue,  
The world rolls on to glory!

Don't mind how troubles bristle;  
Jest take a rose or thistle  
An' hold your own,  
An' change your tone,  
An' whistle! whistle! whistle!

J. L. STANTON,  
in Atlanta Constitution.

## Modern Knight Errantry.

She was bewitchingly pretty, and her name was Ethel Fontaine. Ted Eccles pronounced her a little fairy, far too good for this rude works-a-day world. And he longed to have her all to himself, her earthly dross notwithstanding. He saw no reason why his suit should not be successful if "that ass, Jack Bowles, who never seemed to see that he was not wanted, would only take himself out of the road, and not such an unmilitated nuisance."

Jack Bowles, the gentleman referred to, also thought her a jolly nice girl. His thoughts ran on lines more prosaic than sentimental. He gave them vent in a frequently-muttered desire to punch the devoted head of Mr. Eccles for presuming to interfere between himself and the affections of Miss Fontaine.

The conversation one evening was apropos of poetry in general and one of Mr. Ted Eccles' effusions in particular. He had composed a pastoral idyl after the most approved classical models, with the reading of which he entertained the company.

"You know, I think we are living in most degenerate days," Ethel remarked to Mand Eccles, who was seated at her side; "men do nothing nowadays to justify the extravagant expressions they make of undying affections, and all that sort of bosh."

"Surely, Miss Ethel, you do not class us all as hypocrites?" pleaded Ted, with a slight accent on the word "all," as if he felt that the remark might not be without some justification in the case of his rival.

"Oh, I don't know, I'm sure," she responded archly. "You're all pretty much alike. When there's any talking to be done, each strives to outdo his neighbor; but there's no great hurry to put all these fine speeches into practice."

"I don't quite understand what you mean," interposed Jack Bowles, evidently much interested.

"Well, I think my meaning plain enough. A poet, or, for the matter of that, any person in love, or who imagines himself to be in love, throws himself into a dramatic attitude and exclaims that he is ready to do anything, go anywhere, for the object of his devotion, and, if need be, sacrifice his life for her sake; while, as a matter of fact, he wouldn't even go without his dinner for one day."

This fragment of conversation left a great impression on the minds of Ted Eccles and Jack Bowles. They each regretted that the days of knighthood were passed; that no joust or tournament could afford them the opportunity of covering themselves with gory and glory in honor of Miss Fontaine. Ted's fervid imagination pictured himself, as the hero of a hundred combats, kneeling at her feet to receive the laurel crown of victory. Jack entertained the conviction no less that he would have vanquished whole armies in such a cause.

Ted dwelt long on the agreeable theme. And there came to him a happy inspiration, upon which he proceeded to act.

"Bob," said he to Mr. Fontaine's coachman, a night or two later, "is that brown mare of yours restive?"

"Quiet as a lamb," was the response. "But still, she could kick if you vexed her."

"I dare say," was Bob's cautious rejoinder.

"Well, look here, Bob," said Ted, confidently. "I want you to do me a favor." Here Bob's fingers closed over half-a-crown. "I want you to assist me to carry out a little scheme of mine. Miss Ethel will be going out for a drive to-morrow afternoon, and if you could manage—'a wink—'er—manage to seem like as if the horse was—er—running away, and I was on the point to stop her, I'd give you half-a-sovereign, Bob."

Ted hurried over the latter part of his explanation somewhat nervously, and awaited the reply with apprehension.

Bob looked mystified, as, indeed, he was.

Ted explained again.

"You see, Bob, I don't want Miss Ethel to run any danger," he added, "but I'd like to see me ready to risk my life for her. It wouldn't take much to make believe the horse was running away, and you could shout and yell, and I'd be ready to rush forward and stop the blamed thing."

It took Bob some time to see the affair in all its bearings. At last, however, after much persuasion, he consented, for the sake of a sovereign, to carry out a runaway incident with as little danger as possible to Miss Fontaine, and as much glory as possible to Mr. Eccles.

The next afternoon the latter was strolling, to all appearances accidentally, along a country lane, when he saw a carriage coming in his direction at a very unusual speed. The coachman on the box seemed to have taken temporary leave of his senses. He was gesticulating like a lunatic, and

yelling at the top of his voice for help. A young lady clung, white and terrified, to the carriage back.

Ted braced himself together for a heroic effort. He jammed his hat firmly down on his brow, and as the mare dashed up, breathless and foaming, spurred to unusual exertions by the erratic outcries of the son of Niushu, he bounded forward, and, flinging his arms round the astonished animal's head, speedily brought her to a standstill.

Then he rushed to the carriage door and assisted the agitated Miss Fontaine to alight. Bob had done his work so well that she sank trembling into his arms.

A great longing came over him to stoop down and kiss her. But while he hesitated she recovered. Her color rapidly returned, and gently disengaging herself, she lifted a pair of grateful eyes upon him and exclaimed:

"Oh, Ted! how good and brave you have been! What would have become of us if you had not stopped us?" "We should ha' been smashed to smithereens," said Bob, solemnly.

A week later Miss Fontaine was directing her steps along the self-same pathway across the fields which she had so lately traveled in the company of Mr. Eccles. She was attended only by Tommy, a strapping lad of 15, who performed odd domestic jobs in the Fontaine household. Miss Fontaine had an old pensioner, a bedridden woman, whose cottage she had been in the habit of visiting periodically. On these occasions Tommy carried a basket containing jellies and other delicacies for the invalid.

The pathway was solitary, and in one part skirted the edge of a thicket. It was just at this point that Miss Fontaine found herself, to her dismay, suddenly confronted by six sturdy ruffians, armed with cudgels, who demanded charity in tones as plausible as their gestures were menacing. Tommy, not by any means a brave youth, dropped his basket and fled across the empty fields, shrieking for help. The thought of pursuant lent wings to his feet, and he bounded headlong over the first stile into a dry ditch, where he lay breathless and too frightened to move.

Miss Fontaine was by nature timid, but, left alone in the face of imminent danger, she did not lose her presence of mind. As calmly as possible she handed her purse to the men and sought, not without much inward trepidation, to pursue her way. A dozen hands were instantly laid upon her, and—

At this moment Mr. Jack Bowles came tearing along the path at his utmost speed. He dashed headlong into the group, upset one man with the impetus of his charge, drove his fists into the faces of the second and third, and then, thrusting Miss Fontaine aside, commenced a vigorous onslaught on the remaining three. A severe struggle lasted for several minutes, in which blows and scuffles succeeded one another without intermission. Then, just as it seemed as if Jack would have to yield to superior numbers, the whole body of ruffians suddenly took to flight, leaving him master of the field, with a torn coat and a generally disordered attire.

The victor turned to Miss Fontaine, who had been anxiously awaiting the issue of the doubtful conflict. He took her tenderly by the arms, and, with eyes full of concern, inquired if she had been hurt.

Poor Ethel was too overcome to make any reply. Her breath came fast, her heart beat furiously, and she was evidently on the verge of an hysterical attack. Jack drew her to his side and soothed her, as only a devoted lover could. Then, as she grew calmer, she poured forth her thanks in such broken and grateful language that he felt himself a disgraceful brute for having caused her so much distress.

Ted's exploit was now put altogether in the shade, and he was highly writh in consequence. Miss Ethel's lady friends all agreed that the encounter with the six ruffians and their defeat single-handed was a far more heroic performance than the stopping of a runaway horse. Jack was set up on the pedestal lately occupied by Ted, and Miss Ethel's favors veered round in the direction of her late deliverer.

But Ted was not going to let matters rest here. His fertile imagination speedily evolved another exploit to recover his lost glory. During the next few weeks Miss Ethel led a most exciting and precarious existence. She seemed to be under a perpetual sword of Damocles. Hardly a day passed but she was in some perilous situation, from which she was only rescued in the nick of time by the prowess of one or other of her lovers. A burglarious entry into her father's house was discovered and checked by Eccles. A midnight fire, whose origin was a mystery, gave Bowles the opportunity of mounting to her bedroom and carrying her off, amid clouds of smoke and shouts of applause. Eccles dragged her from under the feet of a cab horse, whose reckless driver was certainly not above the suspicion of having tracked her along the streets for several days. Bowles was just in time to prevent her from being gored by an infuriated bull while crossing the fields. And so, turn by turn, each rival constituted himself her guardian angel at some critical juncture. And each adventure became more alarming than the last. Miss Ethel's latest escape was the general topic of conversation. People wondered at her extraordinary career. Insurance agents looked askance on her father's prudent efforts to take out a policy on her life. She herself began to find life a very uncertain quantity and far too exciting to be enjoyable.

Matters came to a crisis at last. The competition could not possibly go on forever, and Ted Eccles determined to make one decisive stroke which should settle the hash of that ass, Bowles, once and for all.

There was to be a picnic on the river in a few days. Ted's ready invention gave birth to the idea of a thrilling rescue of Ethel from a watery grave. He thought the matter carefully over, and laid down a scheme as feasible as possible. He then strolled down to see Jim, the boatman.

Jim was the owner of some light river craft, and he had undertaken the duties of pilot and oarsman in the forthcoming excursion.

Very cautiously Ted explained to him the object of his mission. Nevertheless, Jim was considerably astounded at the audacity of a proposal

to upset a whole boatload of people into the water. It took him several minutes to grasp the fact of Ted's sanity. He shook his head very determinedly.

"Nay, nay, sir, thee's not going to get me hung for murder."

Ted pleaded and persisted. He offered bribe after bribe on an increasing scale. Jim was obdurate. Still Ted waxed more importunate. With the offer of a £10 note Jim wavered. It was a sum not lightly to be rejected. He reflected a minute or two and then remarked tentatively:

"It's only Miss Ethel as you wants to rescue?"

"That's all, Jim."

"Well, what about th' others?"

This was a poser. Ted had not troubled himself about the fate of the remainder of the party.

"Oh, they'll manage to scramble out some way or other," he said, offhand.

"Look here, sir," said Jim, thoughtfully; "seeing as it's only Miss Ethel who wants to rescue, it's no use upsetting the whole boatload. Besides, that'd be too big a job. How'd it be if Miss Ethel was persuaded to go for a bit of a row after the others had got out; and then, seeing you wish it particularly, I might manage to tip her in, and quiet like, close agen the side, so there'd be no danger?"

"The very thing!" exclaimed Ted, grasping Jim's horny hand in his enthusiasm.

It was arranged then for the sum of £10 (5s down and £5 on the competition of contract), that Jim was to offer to indulge Miss Fontaine's well-known penchant for rowing, and by this means take her further up the river than the rest of the party; and then, having reached the selected spot, to sink or overturn the boat, so that Mr. Eccles, who would be at hand, might plunge in and obtain all the credit of her rescue.

Ted took his leave. Scarcely an hour elapsed before Jack Bowles popped into Jim's workshop.

He also had a communication to make to the astonished boatman. It was none other than the identical scheme of his previous visitor. Jim stared at first. He wondered if everybody was going crazy. Then he decided to keep his own counsel. He listened attentively to Jack's exposition of the plot, raised various objections, and finally allowed himself to be persuaded into an arrangement with him on the same terms as with Ted Eccles.

As Jack closed the door behind him, Jim remarked sententiously:

"The work's well paid as is twice paid. Well, I've no objection to twenty quid. As for them, they can fight it out who has her—it's none of my business."

The day of the picnic was a glorious one, as all days should be. The river flowed clear and limpid, dreamily reflecting the panorama of foliage extending along its banks. The party set out in the best of spirits for the day's enjoyment.

Ted Eccles took his station behind a tree, close to the river's brink. He was not aware that Jack Bowles had ensconced himself behind a similar tree on the opposite bank. Neither was Jack conscious of the proximity of his rival.

At length the boat drew abreast of the chosen spot. Ted and Jack scarcely breathed as they saw Jim, unnoticed by Ethel, skilfully withdraw plug from the bottom of the boat. There was a moment's intense silence. Jim had resumed his oars. Then the dreamy look suddenly vanished from Ethel's face, and she started to her feet.

"O, Jim! quick! the boat's sprung a leak."

Jim leaped up, too, and, in doing so, caused the boat to lose its equilibrium. It overturned both its occupants into the water.

Now was the moment. Both riva

lous plunged into the water with one impulse. Both were excellent swimmers, and reached the overturned boat in a few vigorous strokes. Then, for the first time, they became aware of each other's presence.

Ted, with his arm round Ethel's waist, glared with astonishment and anger at Jack. The latter recprocated with interest. Ted felt that he was being frustrated by the malignity of his foe. Angry blood surged through his veins.

Ted was for bearing the clinging Ethel to his side of the river; Jack had the intention no less of taking her to his side, in spite of Ted Eccles or any other mortal. He caught her by the arm.

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The duel must have continued until one or the other of them was hors de combat, had not Jim, in a moment of inspiration, procured a boathook from an adjoining cottage, with which he hooked the combatant who first floundered within reach. This happened to be Ted, and he was fished out of the water by main force, amid the cheers and laughter of the onlookers. Jack had no alternative but to follow sheepishly.

The curtain must now in charity be drawn upon the crestfallen rivals.

They both lost Ethel. She, to put an end to her perilous adventures, married another fellow.

A motorman will allow his car to run over a dog without any compunctions, but when it comes to a cat on the track it brings out what little superstition there

## CURED BY CAT HIDES.

### REMARKABLE RESCUE FROM DEATH BY PNEUMONIA.

#### Thirty-two Cat Skins Applied Warm and Bloody. Several Doctors Had Abandoned All Hope.

Thirty-two cats died recently in order that a Cleveland man, sick with pneumonia, might live. At least the wife and friends of Robert H. Bonnallie, insist that the cats, through their warm skins fresh from pulsating, living bodies, brought Mr. Bonnallie back from death's door to life after all hope of his recovery had been abandoned by the physicians in charge of the case.

James Bell, a friend of the sick man, is responsible for the cat experiment. Bell was a watcher in the sick room, and when he heard the doctors agree that death was a matter of only a few hours, he timidly suggested a remedy that he had heard of years before, and one that he had always regarded merely as an old woman's superstition. This was that if the skin of a cat be placed while warm on the breast of a person ill with pneumonia, the inflammation will be drawn out immediately. When Bell suggested the remedy to Dr. Reeves, who had received it, "well, it can certainly do no harm."

Emboldened by this tacit approval, Bell went out and hustled for a cat. There was, strange to say, no cat in the Bonnallie household, so a kindly disposed neighbor furnished a pet tabby for the experiment. Bell killed the cat, took off the skin and applied it warm and bloody to the sick man's chest. Though the man was to all appearances dead—he had been unconscious for hours—the result came quickly. "Thirty seconds after the application of the warm cat's skin," says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, "the patient's facial expression changed; from a drawn, suffering appearance it relaxed until a peaceful smile played around the lips."

"What in the dickens have they done that makes me feel so good?" he exclaimed. The patient's condition became much easier as the minutes passed. In the natural course of events the heat passed from the cat's skin and the twitching of the patient's face gave evidence of returning pain."

By that time another cat had been obtained and its skin took the place of the first one. The warmth remained in the skins for about an hour and the cat-skin applications were kept up until thirty-two cats had been sacrificed. The patient was then declared out of danger, and since then he has improved steadily and rapidly until now he is convalescent. The skins were applied with the raw hide to the body. It was noticed that the best results came from those skins that were removed from the cat's bodies before life was extint.

An interesting feature of this cat killing is that nearly thirty Cleveland homes were desolated of their pets, for the city is not like New York and Brooklyn, overrun with homeless creatures that cry out for extinction. When the search for a cat was begun an appeal was made to several of the neighbors, but in nearly every case the cat was a family pet and the solicitors met with no encouragement during a hunt that lasted more than an hour. It was late at night and a request of the kind at that hour was received in various ways. Some thought it a huge joke, others an excuse by burglars to secure an entrance to the house. Some of the persons thought the request to be an insane freak and turned the visitor away from the door with scant ceremony. Where there was a child in the family was heard a child's scream of horror, says the Plain Dealer, as the youngster gathered her pet kitty in her arms and ran away and hid with the precious creature. Finally at the home of David Roe on Eaton street was found an animal for the sacrifice. The Roe's hated to give up their house cat, a beautiful maltese, but with caution, howver, knew how to treat it by sifting, burning and boiling in nitric acid, so that out of this black mass is brought a fine snow-white powder, mixed with minute fragments of diamond, used for stamping. An extensive trade is done in these different kinds of waste, and it is exported from Holland to various parts of Europe and America for technical purposes. Over 200 persons in Amsterdam gain their living as dealers in diamond waste and sweepings.

Eaten by an Alligator.

A young Jamaican met a horrible death in Port Limon, Costa Rica, on Sunday, in the River Banana, having been caught and eaten by an alligator. The boy was released when Mr. Bonnallie, with several other companions, had gone to bathe in the river and while in the water the alligator appeared,