



## CHAPTER XII.

The summer day was drawing to a delightful close when Willie with reluctant feet made his way to the spot where he and Vanitie had often met. He bounded forward, a look of delight crossed her face like one of those sudden sweeps of sunlight you see floating over a landscape when clouds fly fast in a bright sky.

Willie drew coldly back. Vanitie, whose whole nature was quickened into the most sensitiveness, turned as pale as death.

"Something has happened," she gasped, "something wrong—something dreadful! Tell me what it is!"

In her pallor and overpowering agitation Willie discerned that momentary warmth of feeling which her sweetness and surpassing beauty had aroused in his heart died out like ineffectual fire.

"You are not far astray," he said, in a caustic way; "something wrong has happened. By the way,"—this was said with marked significance—"I am to address you as Miss Hardware or not?"

Vanitie responded to the sting of the question as sharply as her accuser could have hoped; she shot a look of undisguised alarm at him, and grew paler than before.

"I see," continued Willie, "Hardware is not your name. What it is I know is now no particular concern of mine. You must have known that under your circumstances, whatever the particulars may be, the very notion of marriage with me was wicked."

"Love me still, Willie," she said, sobbing. "Don't give me up. It will be death to me if you give me up."

"Let us now part," he said, wishing to end the scene.

"Part!" exclaimed Vanitie. She uttered the word in a half scream.

"I cannot marry a woman with a secret which she will not or cannot explain," Willie spoke this with perfect dignity.

"Is this generous?" cried Vanitie; "is it just? Did you not press me to marry you—did you not press me again and again in the face of my own warnings on this very matter? Did I not tell you of my shame and disgrace—of my father's persistent in your course until you won my love. Now you cast me off for the misfortune you knew before—casting me off to die broken-hearted—for I shall die if you leave me."

"What you say is true," he answered; "but I am in love with you in spite of your warning. But I had no idea then of the obstacle that lies in your way. I believed it to be something embarrassing, not dishonorable; at least I—I meant not—not so dishonorable as—as—"

"As what?" Vanitie asked, "what have you discovered?"

"You know your own secret; don't ask me to describe it," cried Vanitie.

"What can you know?" cried Vanitie, with symptoms of alarmed curiosity. "My secret—my real secret—you cannot possibly know."

"The words were ill-chosen. Willie detected defiance or audacity in what she said, and grew irritated.

"Your secret is in the direction of the farm," he spoke in the direction of the farm, "that your father is not your only companion in that house. A man comes there by night. You sit alone with him. You sing together. You kiss him. And you promised your love to me! Who is that man? He is your secret—your disgrace—your tormentor. I demand; and you were going to escape from him and bestow the treasure of your love on me, and we were to fly to a foreign country where we might not be pursued by this man."

Vanitie stood like a statue listening to him, but as he proceeded surprise, not unmixed with relief, took the place of grief and fear in her face.

"You have discovered my secret, Willie," she said. "But you don't understand it. I know how all this reached your ears. That wretched tipsy fellow who watched us through the window told you. But I assure you solemnly that all the suspicions you have founded on are imaginary. Remember the promise I asked you to give me—that in spite of all appearances of evil you would trust me. Trust me as you promised to trust me. Your reward shall be the devotion of my life. But don't cast me off because you suspect me of deceit and selfishness."

"Then explain who your friend is. Tell me his name—tell me his relations with yourself—say how he can be so intimate with you, if you are free—and blameless."

"All that," replied Vanitie slowly, "is my secret."

"And you will not disclose it?"

"I cannot; I am bound."

"Then we part; we part forever."

Vanitie looked at him as a wounded deer might look at a huntsman, her eyes big with an agony she had no speech to explain.

"You will not trust me?" she said.

"I will not!" cried Willie furiously. "I shall never speak to you again, I will see your face no more."

Without another word he turned away and left her, but she cast a backward glance just as he was leaving the field. She put out her arms imploringly, beseeching him in this silent way to return to her. He answered by a cold shake of the head, and then vanished out of her sight.

## CHAPTER XIII.

The morning but one after his interview with Vanitie he received the following letter:

"Dearest Willie: I am grieved—cut to the heart—by what you said to me yesterday, but not angry with you. I know you have reason on your side. What was told you might very well make me seem black in your eyes, and the difficulty even now is that I cannot explain anything. I am bound by the most solemn promise to keep the explanation of the scene which appeared so wicked to you a secret—even from you. The day will come when I shall indeed fall off—when you shall know all. In the meantime, will you not accept my solemn assurance that the evil you saw in it is not really there? Meet me this evening at the old place. I can say what I cannot write. When we have talked things over calmly you will see all in a different light. Dearest Willie, I know how I love you, and I believe your heart is as there as mine. Ever your loving,

"S. H."

There is no need to spin a little incident into a long story. Willie did not go; he spent that evening with Nancy Steele. Three days later he received a second letter, beseeching him to grant another meeting. He made no reply of any sort,

and after that nothing more came from Miss Vanitie Hardware.

Everybody knew that Willie and Nancy were engaged; the ceremony took place in a month's time. The wedding was about as cheerful as a well-conducted funeral.

The morning was drizzly; the church struck one with damp clouds; Willie was depressed. He glanced nervously over his shoulder two or three times, as if fearing an unwelcome hand laid there. The bride alone bore herself spiritedly.

The happy couple took a full measure honeymoon of four weeks. During their absence at Burnham, the reports bruited in the village about the Hardwares. One story said that on a particular evening a stranger passing by was startled by loud cries coming from the farm house. When he went to the door to listen he heard a man shouting and swearing furiously, and a woman sobbing and crying out as if she were struck. Concluding that it was only an ordinary case of wife-beating, the stranger pursued his way. Another report declared that old Hardware found the climate of the village disagree with his asthma, and that he had bought a house at Burnham. It was soon ascertained to be a fact that he was soon at Hampton, and, indeed, I learned the very day of their intended departure. By an odd coincidence the same day was fixed for Willie's return.

The day before Willie returned from his wedding trip, a strange man walked into my shop. This personage was tall and stout, shabbily dressed, and, indeed, he looked the picture of a beggarman. He looked sixpennyworth of black currant lozenges, and putting half a dozen in his mouth at once, seated himself before me.

"You don't mind my resting awhile," he said, "while I take this little refreshment?"

"Certainly not," I replied. "As long as you please."

He was an agreeable man, with plenty of well-learned talk. At last—how I do not now remember—he got to Tumble-down Farm, when, turning to me with a smile, said:

"I have been told that an old oddity named Hardware lives there."

"That is the name," I replied.

"And a young woman, I believe, with him—handsome sort of girl?"

"So people call her."

"Let me tell you," continued the stranger, in an idle kind of tone, "I hear a third party lives in that house—a middle-aged man, rather good looking, tall, with black hair and dark eyes, very piercing. He has a scar, too—a small one—over the left eye."

"I describe him as if he was your twin brother," I answered.

The stranger laughed, and soon rose and wished me good morning.

That night, while Gracious Me was sitting with a couple of companions over his gin at the Lion, this same stranger stepped in with a friend, and called for two glasses of whisky-and-water. He joined the conversation, and contrived in five minutes' time to mention Tumble-down Farm.

"Any of you know that house?" he inquired.

Gracious, who was pretty far gone, gurgled out a drunken laugh, and encouraged the stranger, who was too quick and instead gazed out the eyes of the great brute, which belled with pain.

The elephant then rushed round the inclosure seeking in vain for his enemy and not finding it dashed against the bamboo railing, demolishing it and incidentally killing two persons and injuring others. Then the maddened animal escaped, but was pursued and killed. The tiger, too, escaped to the jungle.

Notwithstanding its tragic finale the combat was loudly extolled by the natives, who declared it one of the best they had ever enjoyed.

stealing up unseen, came between the two.

"Miss," said he, "you have got some one hid in your house who is wanted."

"Wanted? For what?"

Erect, haughty, brushing her tears off, but no more afraid than if he had been a beggar asking for a penny.

"Burglary, miss."

Not the quiver of an eyelash, not a change of color from red to white or from white to red, not the slightest tremor in her voice; only a kind of interest, as if the man, in doing his duty, had made an amusing mistake.

"Anything besides burglary, sir?"

"Murder."

Miss Hardware became serious in a moment, but not the least sign of agitation appeared.

"You are making a great mistake," she said; "but you had better come in and see for yourself. I am sorry you have been misinformed. This way."

"Thank you, Miss Barnitt."

"I see," she said, with the most easy air, "are altogether mistaken. My name is Hardware."

"It was Barnitt, however," retorted the detective coolly, "and is so entered in the books of Mrs. Luck, dressmaker, Carlisle, Silk frocks and trimmings, ten pounds ten; discount for cash. No, Miss Barnitt; this won't do. UP is the word, I tell you. All UP!"

"Come, come," Vanitie said haughtily, "you must do what you consider your duty. This way."

And actually, with an air at once composed and indignant, and with rapid steps, she led the way to the old farm.

(To be continued.)

## TIGER AND ELEPHANT.

Horribly Cruel Sport Practiced in a Region in India.

At Tzabhad, India, the Mohammedan natives enjoy combats between wild beasts somewhat after the manner of the ancient Romans. A returned American traveler thus writes of a combat he witnessed between a tiger and an elephant: Trumpets sounded, he says, as a sign that everything was in readiness, and a cage containing a tiger was brought into the arena, which was an inclosure guarded on the outer side by bamboo railings. Eye never rested upon a more splendid animal.

He leaped to the ground with a supple grace quite indescribable, and reviewed the assemblage with admiring eyes, himself the most admirable object in sight.

An immense elephant, more than ten feet high at the shoulders and of unusual length of body, was then goaded by spears and clubs to enter the place.

He made directly for the tiger, and attempted to kneel upon him, but the subtle beast moved away quickly and stood at bay. A large rocket to which a barb was attached was fired at the elephant, and struck him in the neck, causing him to bound forward with a lurch, and it seemed he would fall upon the tiger, but there was a flash of something in the air and the tiger had fallen upon him, striking the huge beast in the face with two cruelly pronged claws, sharper than poniards. The elephant bellowed with pain as the tiger released his hold and retreated to a distant corner, and the spectators yelled with delight. It gave promise of a brilliant combat.

Simultaneously rockets were fired into the two beasts which set them in terrible commotion, and they ran around the inclosure roaring and bellowing with fright. The elephant was turned squarely around by a second rocket, and was brought face to face with his adversary. He seized the hind legs of the tiger with his trunk and hurled the cat high into the air.

Again he tried to trample upon the tiger, but the latter was too quick and instead gouged out the eyes of the great brute, which bellowed with pain.

The elephant then rushed round the inclosure seeking in vain for his enemy and not finding it dashed against the bamboo railing, demolishing it and incidentally killing two persons and injuring others. Then the maddened animal escaped, but was pursued and killed. The tiger, too, escaped to the jungle.

Notwithstanding its tragic finale the combat was loudly extolled by the natives, who declared it one of the best they had ever enjoyed.

Charlotte Corday.

A memorable woman stands upon the scaffold, not this time in white, but in the red smock of the murderers. It is Charlotte Corday, born d'Armaing; and she has killed Marat. If ever murder were justifiable, it was this assassination. The sternest moralist cannot refrain from admiring this high-souled, undaunted girl, for the man that she committed is elevated far above an ordinary crime. She was impelled neither by lust of gain, nor by jealousy, nor by ordinary hate; and she only saw a monster in order to save unhappy France from wholesale slaughter. Shortly before his end, Marat had screamed a demand for 2,500 victims at Lyons, for 3,000 at Marseilles, for 28,000 at Paris, and for even 300,000 in Brittany and in Calvados.

No wonder that Danton, Camille Desmoulins, and Robespierre went to see this extraordinary and most resolute young woman, whose motive had dragged her conscience, and who neither denied her act nor sought to escape its consequences. She was beheaded at 7:30 in the July summer evening. Calm-eyed and composed she went to death, but she turned pale for a moment when first she caught sight of the guillotine.

"I killed one man to save a hundred thousand, a villain to save innocent a savage wild beast to give repose to my country." Never has murder found so noble an excuse; and she was only 25. After the execution, the manhood of the Jacobin tyrants caused the headsman and his valets "de rechercher sur les restes encore chauds de Charlotte les traces de vice, dont les calomnieux voulaient la flétrir. On ne constata que la pureté de son corps dans cette profanation de la beauté et de la mort." The Quarterly Review.

A Georgian Dies, Aged 128:

Hiram Lester, one of the oldest men in the world, died at McDonough, Ga., the other day, in his 129th year. He was born in North Carolina in 1768. Lester's one claim to fame came when he went to Piedmont Exposition at Atlanta and there on the exposition grounds divided attention with President Cleveland. A public ceremony united Lester and a bride over 70 years of age. Lester's daughter lives in Heard County, and is 95 years old. His youngest son is in the county poorhouse and is 92 years old.

## YOUTH AND LIFE.

What would the world be if by chance Youth held it futile to advance, Futile to dream of loftier days Than those it sees, of sweeter ways Beyond its common paths, of flights Beyond the measure of its nights?

Ab, then the heart of youth would beat With little of its passionate heat, And hope would move in weary wise, With listless soul and unlit eyes.

But youth is mighty with desire, Untrifling in its faith and fire, And enters where the seasoned mind Falters and darkly looks behind; Where tottering age bends low and weeps.

Finding no profit where it reaps, If youth were not as youth must be— Strong with the strength of earth and sea,

Strong with the glory of the stars, Defiant of any will that bars The long road winding to its goal— Then life would be a cruel whole.

But look—there's promise in the bow That arches with prismatic glow The heaven of youth, that heaven which lies Wide as the world-betinting skies.

There's promise in the spring-time flood Of youth's tumultuous, thrilling blood; And there's burning, brightening life Amid the clashing steel of strife.

Ah, days of youth, they speed too fast— But they are matchless while they last. —GEORGE MONTGOMERY, in Harper's Weekly.

"MIJI-BR-R-ICK."

MIJI-br-r-ick! Miji-br-r-ick! You fat rascal! What right have you to lay before the fire on that Persian rug, dozing and purring as happy and cosy as a cat can be, while your master is out in the storm? Oh, you needn't come rubbing against my leg and singing any songs of peace to me! I'm tired of such laziness and contentment. There you are, sleek, dignified, fat and lazy, while I'm almost the exact opposite. Burr-r-r, what a cold night it is. There, now, wait until I take off my coat and shake the snow off it. Then I will hang it up—so, take off my shoes—put on my slippers and jacket—draw my chair up to the fire, and light my pipe. Now, now, I didn't say anything about petting you, did I? Well, if you must be petted, I suppose I will have to do it. There is no one else, is there? Miji-br-r-ick—old fellow—I am as happy as a lord to-night. I don't know just exactly how happy a lord can be, if he tries, but he couldn't be any happier than I am. You ought to have seen her to-night. But you don't know her, do you, old fellow? Never mind, you shall know her, and I shall paint such a picture it will surely make any fortune. My fortune? Nay, our fortune—hers, yours and mine.

"Mummmmm, mummm, mmm."

Now, what are you saying? How did I meet her? Well, you see a poor artist like me doesn't often have such rare fortune, but it seemed as though an angel dropped from heaven a moment to pluck from danger a wee doggie. There! there! don't arch your back merely because I mentioned your bitterest foe. It was a wee doggie and you abused it. Oh! You villain! You recognize me now, do you? You haven't forgotten the other day when I let you out in the hall for a run about, hoping you might catch a fat mouse and save me the price of a steak for you, and how you and a light with a mite of terrier one-third your size? Um, hum, I see you remember it very well. Where are you going? Don't run away from me as if I were chiding you. I am not, though you richly deserve it. For it was through your fight with the little pup that I made an acquaintance with her. Who is she? Now you won't know until she comes here to live.

You remember, Miji-br-r-ick, how you proudly walked through the hall like a caged tiger that day; how you soon saw that your domain was invaded by the tiniest dog you ever saw. It was then that your sleek fur stood on end; that your gentle eyes shone fire, and you spit as though you were trying to get the taste of a bad word out of your mouth. But the little rascal was not afraid of you. He came bravely to the attack and you had to fight, or fight hard, at that. Mummmmm. You came off victor, why, of course you did. You great, big bully. He wasn't half your size. You made him run? Yes, and he ran right under the skirts of the prettiest lady you ever saw, just as she was coming by the door. I heard the racket, the whole house did, for that matter, and I looked to see what it was, when in you bounded. The little doggie, seeing your flight, took up the pursuit and darted between my legs. In an instant I saw that you had been in the wrong and took off my cap to apologize for you. Who did it? Tell her how it was! It was all the fault of Gyp. Gyp—indeed! As if I didn't know better. How could anything belonging to her, living about her, do anything wrong?

But any way, we made an acquaintance with each other, she with Gyp in her arms, and I with you safe behind me. I learned that she sometimes came here to give music lessons to a friend of hers, an artist on the floor above. I didn't know until then that there were any floors above. I thought when I came up this far that I was surely directly beneath the vault of heaven, and when the portress asked me, "Did I wish to look further?" I gaped and said, "No, indeed! My clothes are not fit!" for I thought she wanted to introduce me to St. Peter.

You don't know it, for I have kept it hidden from you, but I have been seeing her every day since. I suppose her friend must be making great progress in music, for she gets a lesson every day. And I have seen her every day. For just as she would be coming in she would be going out, and I would meet her on the way to the ground. Or she would have finished her lesson and be starting home when I would be just coming up the stairs. How did I know the time so exactly when to be there? In the morning I look out the window and you will see the corner of the street. Well, she passes that corner every day she comes. Now you see why I moved my easel, even though the light is not so good where it is? And some days I would walk a few blocks with her. "Her father didn't like the

idea of her going to see her friend," she said, "so it was better that I did not call until I met her some other way." But every time I walked with her and every time I spoke to her the blood surged madly through my veins until I could hardly keep from telling her how much I adored her.

What right has a poor artist like me to tell a girl as poor as himself that he wants to marry her? Why, I can hardly find a decent living for you and myself, let alone a woman. She is a music teacher and plays the piano divinely, for I have heard her of an afternoon. Perhaps that is the reason I haven't painted much of late. Listening to her. Well, I begin tomorrow in earnest, for she is coming here to let me paint her. Oh, what joy! Is it any wonder that I'm half wild with delight? For such a picture as I shall paint will make my name and fortune and then—Then what? Never mind, old boy, you shall see what you shall see.

Mrow-ow-ow. Mrr-r-ow. Mrow-ow-mummm. I wonder when that foolish fellow will come back? Here he has been out for an hour or two, when he should have been hard at work. And what a bustle he was in this morning. The place was all upside down. After such a hint as he gave me last night about the fat mouse, I think he might have let me had a little quiet here by myself this morning, so that I might have hunted up something good to eat. As if I would touch half of that paltry lot he had for breakfast! I should say not. I turned my back on it in disgust when he placed it before me and said it was all we could have to-day. He saw I wasn't going to eat it, and took it for himself, with a shrug of his shoulders and muttered, "ungrateful beast." As if I didn't know he was dying for it, but was too generous to leave me without anything.

Heigh-ho! Men never understand cats. We are too sensitive for them. That is the reason we get along better with women. Their natures are so much like our own. Well, he cleaned up all the place this morning. Everything was dusty and dirty before. Now it is clean and bright. There is not much of it, to be sure, but still it makes rather an attractive picture, even for a well-bred creature like myself. I do hope she is a thoroughbred. I hate these models with their loud talk and boisterous laughter. They all like him, and that is why they used to come here so much. They don't any more. Guess they made so much noise he couldn't hear her play.

Well, well, there is his step on the stair and his whistle. Here he is with his arms full of bundles. Why, where did he get the money? I heard him complaining all day that he was broke, and muttering bad words under his breath. Words which shocked my sensibilities. Why, he has lost his ring, that beautiful ring that I admired so much. And I know he thought so much of it. I am so sorry he lost it. Mummm. How he bustles around. He don't take any notice of me. She is coming. Well, let her come. I'll show him that he can't slight me when he wants to, and then make up again when he pleases.

Unummmmm. Meow! Meow! Mummmmm. He's looking out the window. There he runs to the door. She is coming. Meow! She is here.

Oh, what a darling girl! Her fluffy brown hair, falling over her frosted, rosy cheeks; her dimples, and her long lashes. Her dark eyes, and that beautiful blue suit, which clings to her figure so closely! My! My! Wow! What! Miji-br-r-ick! You're getting excited. What is that curious creature hanging about her neck, Miji-br-r-ick? It is de- testable.

Well, I shall soon see, for she is taking it off and putting it on a chair. How he watches her every action! How curiously he speaks to her! And she seems to avoid looking at him. Will she have a cup of tea after her cold walk? Tea? Tea? Are my ears deceiving me? Why, I haven't smelt tea since I came to this place; that is, except some evil-smelling stuff the portress sent up one day when he was sick. He must have fallen here to some grocery store! Of course she will have a cup of tea! What does he do but swing a couple of pokers across the fireplace.

Now I know why he had no fire this morning. He was making a niche to hold these pokers. From them he suspends a kettle, a little, but a good one, well polished, oh, yes, he is saying, "although some prefer an electric lamp." The sly dog. "It is so nice," she murmurs, "here in this warm, bright room." And then they talk of other things—the weather, music, art and all the rubbish that mortals in love usually talk about. Mortals in love, did I say? Well, don't correct me. He confessed as much to me, and my eyes tell me the same about her. Of course, he doesn't see that she loves him. Trust a man for that. Why, he wouldn't believe it if I told him myself.

How he looks at her when he talks to her, and how she doesn't look at him when she talks to him. But when he grows enthusiastic and tells her how he fought his way through Europe; how he was half dead, badly clothed, ill-treated; every man's hand against him because he had no money. But still he fought on, until he had seen the famous works of art, and had studied under the masters of to-day, had examined the schools of painting, had worked early and late to perfect himself, and had now come to this country, his native land, here to carve himself a niche in the temple of fame, and incidentally to bring to the surface a few tons of gold-bearing quartz. In all this time how she looked at him from under her eyelids, smiled at his story of his student pranks, and flushed at his resolute determination to succeed. And how those limpid, liquid eyes filled with tears when he told of the struggles he had been through.

Did he see it? Of course he didn't see it. If he had, he would have known what to do. As it was he stumbled along like a blundering idiot until he came to the place where he should have told her what he thought of her, and he sighed and turned toward the window, looking out into the street where the shadows were beginning to fall. Oh, he missed the sweetest sound ever heard in those rooms, the sob that came from swallowing the lump which gathers in the throat when the sorrow afflicts those whom we love.

But he did see that it was getting late and that he could not paint her this afternoon. So he brought himself back to this world, and with a bad grace told her that time had flown so

that he could not see to paint her this afternoon. Would she come again? Yes. She would come again to-morrow afternoon, and every afternoon until the picture was finished. Foolish maiden. Under such conditions the picture would never be finished! Now she is about to go. She picks up that creature she had about her neck when she came in. How its vicious little eyes glisten in the fire light. Why the impudent thing! I believe it is defying me. You will, will you? Mrowow Mrr-rw! Flist. Br-r-r-r. "Miji-br-r-ick."

It is all past now. I shall never do it again, but when I saw those beady little eyes blinking at me I sprang for it and tore the creature from her hand. I panted and shook it. I slapped it and she tried to take it away from me. What! Take first my master, then my prey? The only thing I had seen all that day that looked as though it might be eaten? I guess not. I carry in my paw four sharp claws, and she found it out, for with one movement I sent them down on her hand so hard that they made great ugly scratches in her soft white flesh. And the blood came. And there was a terrible clamor. For when she saw the blood she screamed gently, and quietly sunk downward. If it hadn't been for him she would have struck the floor. But his arms were around her and he was crying. "Oh, my darling girl. How did it happen? Sweetheart, it will soon be all right. My dearest!" and other idiotic expressions. Pretty soon she opened her eyes. She may not have heard his last words, but I think she did. Any way, she saw she was in his arms, and instead of struggling to get away she simply twisted herself around a little, threw one hand over his shoulder, rested her head quietly on his breast and fainted away. This spell was longer than the other. When she came to this time he was kissing her furiously, and she was blushing, oh, so red.

Well, I haven't heard how it came out yet. You see, when he got through kissing her, she explained how it happened. Then I went out. I took a pane of glass with me, I was in such a hurry to go. Of course I didn't jump to the ground. It was eight stories down. But I knew the window opened on a veranda a little below, and I lit there.

He came down and picked me up about an hour later. He was trembling all over with joy, and said he would forgive me. That it was through me he was the happiest man on earth. That she loved him, and, oh, such nonsense. But when it was all over and I had eaten my supper, he sat in front of the fire and gazed in the dancing flames. Then he looked sad, then sadder, and finally two big tears rolled down his cheeks as he softly said, "Miji-br-r-ick." I wonder why.—Washington Post.

The Mind in Disease.

The story is going the rounds of the papers of a young woman who fancied she had swallowed a frog in water that she had been drinking, and was rapidly sinking, all efforts of physicians and others having failed to afford her any relief. Finally it occurred to some one that at least she might be deluded into health, and a tiny frog was caught and put into a tube with which they were attempting lavation of the stomach. When the frog was thrown out of the tube the girl expressed the greatest relief, and said she hoped they were satisfied that all of her complaints had a reasonable foundation. From that moment she began to improve, and was in a short time completely restored to health.

This may seem like an extremely foolish affair, but it is only one instance in many in which the mind has had a most marvelous effect on the physical condition. Strong men have died from the results of imagined injuries. No one doubts that persons have been frightened to death, and it is time that ridicule and unbelief in statements of this sort came to an end. The influence of mind upon matter is a subject that is for the closest investigation and the profoundest study. There is no question whether that mental agitation and irritation aggravate, if they do not actually cause disease. Delicate people and invalids should be carefully watched if they are to recover and retain their health. Many a child droops and dies because it feels that it is unappreciated or neglected. Many who survive merely drag out a miserable existence, instead of being full of joy, hope, energy, promise and pleasure, and making of themselves bright and shining lights in the world.

Where Food Costs Least.

The cheapest food in Europe, considering that it is of good quality, is probably to be had in the restaurants attached to the homes for the aged pensioners of the city of Vienna.

The Poor Law Department of that city allows all citizens who are entitled to it about 12 cents a day, and these are the prices and the articles they will purchase: Half pint of various soups for 1½ cents; beef cooked and without bones, three and two-third ounces for 3½ cents; corn beef with sauce, four and one-half ounces for 2½ cents; roast veal, lamb, or pork, five and one-half ounces for 8 cents; smoked beef, two ounces for 3 cents; potatoes, cabbage, turnips, etc., half pint for 1 cent; milk pudding, half pint for 2 cents; boiled puddings, four and one-half ounces for 1 cent; old white wine, half pint, 4 cents; red wine, half pint, 6 cents; beer, one and three-quarter pints, 3 cents; milk, half pint, ½ cents; and coffee, half pint, 2½ cents.

All of these articles are carefully inspected by officials both before and after they are prepared.

Twelve Fat Boys.

Following is a list of boys in this country who have extreme weights: Harry Guterman, of Boston, age 12, weight 178; Michael Corrigan, Waltham, Mass., 13, 193; Howard Tibbets, Malden, Mass., 13, 210; Anton Mochty, St. Louis, 10, 150; Fay Houser, Groton, N. Y., 12, 212; Joseph Young, New York City, 13, 204; Theodore Tierman, Cincinnati, O., 14, 244; James Angul, Natick, Mass., 15, 315; Charles Schwartz, New York City, 15, 220; Howard Grosner, Philadelphia, 11, 200; Martin Buxman, Coopersville, Mich., 11, 265; Elmore Shepherd, Pocahontas, Va., 10, 304.

Football has been played in England for more than five hundred years.

## DOGS TRANSMIT DISEASE.

Many Cases of Mysterious Illness Are Solely Due to Canine Pets.

A French doctor of repute advances the theory that disease can be transmitted from a dog to a human being. He claims that many diseases which are attributed to other causes are really contracted in this manner. Consumption is cited as an ailment to which this theory is particularly applicable, as well as diphtheria, typhus fever and cancer.

Dr. Glover, the veterinarian of the Westminster Kennel Club, said