

+ THE * OTHER * MAN. +

·····

As he neared the summit he ner-

It was a foolhardy thing to do, and

A little nearer, and he stopped short

All his love and hate surged up with-

in him. Everett, the man who had

waste. A thousand devils seemed let

stooping figure was to death-so near

of the foot-and he would lose his bal-

ance and go speeding, speeding down

Suppose it had happened accidental-

ly? Even as he thought he knew he

was a coward. Even then he was

sudden noise made the man start? Al-

Everett's nerves were steel. He

"Hallo, old man!" he responded amia-

Fraser came and stood dumbly beside

He watched him furtively leaning

impossible he could retain his balance:

back again with a murmuring thunder

A little further. Fraser caught his

"You'll be over in a minute," he said

"Not I!" he said confidently. "But,

say, old chap, you might just hang on

to my legs for a minute, will you?

want to reach that great bit just there,

The waving pink bloom nodded im

pudently up at them just out of reach.

"D'you mind, old man?" he said.

And mechanically the other stretched

Now-now! one movement of his fin-

Everett leaned still farther. He half

"They're for Dolly, you know," he

The fingers opened as if by some sud-

denly pressed spring. There was a sud-

den cry, and then-then something

went rolling, rolling, striking and

bounding sickeningly down that steep

For an instant the white face was up-

Murderer!

inanimate world flung the awful word

He stood paralyzed. Had he done it

"I say, old fellow, do wake up and

stop having the horrors! You don't

Fraser opened his eyes slowly and

stared in blank terror at the handsome

tanned face looking down at him. He

wondered vaguely whether he was

dreaming now or had just awoke from

a red nightmare. The voice went on:

"I only looked in to say ta-ta. I've

had a telegram calling me back to Ire-

land immediately. Old Chris Murdoch

has relented and consented to our be-

ing publicly engaged. And all through

she's been moving beaven and earth

to soften the old chap's heart." He

waived an siry good-by. "Ta-ta!" he

Fraser gazed speechlessly at him, the

tears still standing thick on his white

Everett turned back, half-laughing.

though I were a ghost!" he protested

Archbishop's Apt Retort.

The archbishop of Dublin recently

performed a marriage in the family of

wealthy Irish distiller. After the

archbishop effusively for his share of

the proceedings and said to him as he

took his leave, "The Lord be with

you." "And with thy spirit," is report-

ed to have been the rejoinder.

"I wish you wouldn't look at me as

said merrily.

"So long!"

know how beastly awful you look!"

gers-just the opening of his hand-

Everett laughed easily.

and it's just beyond me."

Everett looked around

out his hand and obeyed.

said, "to wear this evening."

had forgotten Everett was a sailor.

turned his sunny face and smiled over

his shoulder.

breath.

gruffly.

dry lips.

turned.

had disappeared.

Murderer!

pieces on those cruel rocks beneath!

His breath came quickly.

some plant from the cliff below.

TE stood on the brink of the preci- ceived that there was a man's figure pice and looked over. Three hun- before him, stooping perilously over the dred feet below him the sea broke dangerous edge, evidently gathering

on the somber rocks. The man's muscles tensioned and he drew a deep breath. What an easy evidently bespoke a strong brain. way to end it all! Just one little stepthose rocks below were no bunglers; abruptly. The stooping figure was they would make no mistake over their | Everett. work, and the sea would tell no talesand then-then he would be away from it all, and would never have to bear the stolen his love from him—the man who agony of hearing that she was married and made his life a blank and barren to Everett.

Married to Everett-married to Everett! The words clanged in his ears. He groaned aloud and bent hastily that one touch-just one little motion

A mist came before his eyes and his breath rose in a choking heave to his those smiling cliffs and be hurled to throat; the ground rocked sickeningly beneath him, and for one dizzy second he thought he was falling-falling down that interminable space.

Then the mis passed, the ground thinking of his own skin. Suppose a stopped rocking and he gasped with relief to find himself still standing safe and sound on firm earth. most unconsciously he opened his lips, and a harsh "Hallo!" broke from him.

He turned away with a scornful laugh at his own weakness.

Home again, he flung himself into an easy-chair and lit his pipe, resolved to give way no longer to morbid imag-

He picked up a magazine, but his thoughts flew off at a tangent to the dance which was to take place that behind him to hide their shaking. He who was taking a long look into it; very evening, to which he had been

He had vowed not to see her again till be could settle once for all the demon of unrest within him, and a crowded and the waves below reached up hunballroom was the last place for impasgry white arms to catch him, and fell sioned avowals

He thought how cool and beautiful of anger at their failure, she would look in her white muslin, with her fluffy golden hair framing her sweet little flower-like face. Perhaps he would go, after all. Then a second figure rose up to spoil the picturehandsome, happy-go-lucky Everett, with a merry word for everyone, dancing untiring attendance on the fascinating hostess and never leaving her side for a moment.

How dared be take possession of her in that way! And how could she put up with it, unless-

His pipe-mankind's universal babybottle-for once falled utterly in its mission of soothing. He tossed it angrily across the table and buried his face in his hands, lost in a whirl of miserable conjectures.

His thoughts flew back to that dance one week ago-one week so crowded. He fought the thought back, gasping

He remembered those two dances the music, the scent of flowers in the conservatory, and, more distinctly than all, the laughing face of Dolly. Then those few overheard words

rushed through his brain. He clinched his fists and his face flushed at the recollection. He had drifted from the ballroom to the conservatory. Would she consent? That was the ques ion that throbbed in his brain. Should he say the words that would decide his future life and hers? He had puffed at a cigarette, and stared at the thin wisps of blue smoke. Would his hopes fade into nothingness as that fragrant ognizable prey and drew it under. And smoke faded and vanished into air? the swooping seaguils shricked wildly And then he heard people talking. He and circled upward. recognized the voice of Everett, and then Dolly's. They were seated on the gazing with distended eyebalis at the opposite side of the conservatory, and had not seen him as he sat almost concealed behind a tangle of palm leaves.

"Dolly," Everett was saying, "you The waves lashed it at him, the senmust say 'Yes.' My whole life depends upon it. We have been chums so long. Bay you will and make me the happlest at him. man in England not to speak of Scotland, Ireland and Wales, Say 'Yes!' I know what you want to say-that we hands vaguely and piteously out before ought to be getting back again. And him, asking them mutely. Murderer: there are all those loathsome people Murderer! Murderer! Yes, it was true who want dances. Confound 'em. You will? I knew you would-"

Fraser had sat there, almost unable to move. He did not know how long. The music from the ballroom floated out into the conservatory, mingling with the laughter and chatter of the guests. All hope, all interest in life was gone snatched from him by those few overheard words. People were asking for him. What did it matter: nothing mattered now. A voice aroused him. He looked up, and saw Everett before him-Everett, who was his who was now his rival-his

"Hallo, Fraser, old man, you seem to be ten fathoms deep in the blue dumps! What's the matter now? Come and have a smoke with me. I've been looking for you half the evening."

And that all happened a week ago! A week-the most miserable in his life. Dolly, too-bless her little heart! She's And now he was trying to forget her. Meg's dearest friend, you know, and What a fool he was!

II.

The thought of that steep drop down to the sea kept recurring to his mind again and again with a fatal fascination put it away from his as he would. Through all his broodings its somber invitation stood out clear and distinct He could see even now the jagged rocks lurking below, dripping with spray, looking for their prey.

At last he got up. It was no good staying in. Inaction was torture to him in his present frame of mind. He

would try and walk it off. He started off rapidly, without any definite alm or intention, but unconclously his steps turned toward the coast, and presently he found himself ce more ascending the steep little ath he had traversed that morning.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phase of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Jwn Day-A Budget of Fun.

Mr. Cripps-Can you induce the cook to have one of her friends come and take dinner with her to-night?

Mrs. Cripps-The idea! What for? Mr. Cripps-I expect to bring Jones and Smith home with me, and I'd like to have a nice dinner for them -Philadelphia Record

In Theatric Parlance. Amateur-What does it mean in theatric circles when they say the 'ghost walks "

Veteran Actor-It means that the rest of us don't have to .- Detroit Free dancing. Press.

Inherent Talent. loose within him. How very near that

> Deacon Shanghal-Dat boy certainly is full ob music, Mrs. Jackson. Mrs. Jackson-Yes, Deacon; comes nachel toe dat chile; his pap war run ovah by one o' dem street plan-

> ners. Taking the Sting Out of It. "Have I got a bright future?" auxlously inquired the sweet young graduate, who was chock-full of ambition.

"Well, it isn't as bright as it might him, holding his hands tightly together be," answered the antique clairvoyant, "but," she added with a girlish titter, "perhaps the gas is turned down."down further and further, till it seemed | Puck.

Proved His Point. "Opportunity comes once to every

"That's right; and any man is bound to become famous if he only lives long enough.

"Oh; I don't quite believe that." "You don't? Suppose a man lives to be 150 years old; wouldn't that make him famous?"-Philadelphia Record.

Trying to Follow the Injunction. "And now," continued his angry spouse, thoroughly aroused. "I am going to give you another plece of my mind-what are you doing?"

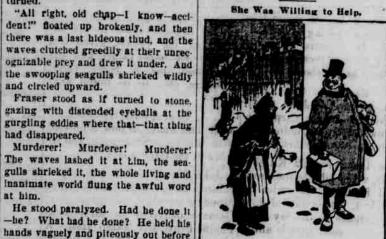
"I am turning the other ear," patiently responded Mr. Meeker.-Chicago Fraser stood motionless, moistening his

> The Mystery of Motive. "Why," asked the young wife, nalvely, "do you always whistle when you get my millinery bills?" "To raise the wind!" replied the man. -Detroit Journal.

In tisputable. Mamma-Oh, Ethel, you never saw me behave like that. Ethel (aged 4)-Well, I haven't know ed you so very long _Tit.Rits

Compulsory Proportions. "You're not half so stout as you were, Billy.

"No; we've moved into a flat, and I just had to get thin."-Indianapolis Journal.



Beggar-Plase, yer honor, do help a

-true! His hands told him-his hands that he had opened. God! They were poor old body. blood-red-stained with blood! The Irritable Old Chap-Don't bother me, grass was red-the sky-the very sea woman. Can't you see that I couldn't possibly get a hand into my pockets? was blood! He flung up his hands with an awful Beggar-Ah, but perhaps I could, yer cry and sprang blindly over that fatal honor.

His Grasping Disposition. "They say," remarked the mother thoughtfully, referring to the young man who had called the previous evening, "that he is of a grasping disposi-

"Well, I should say be was!" exclaimed the small boy. "Willie!" cautioned his sister, but it was too late.

"You just ought to have seen the way he grasped Lou when she said she'd marry him," persisted the youngster .-Chicago Evening Post.

Crowded Out. "Have you called on Penelope since she got back?" "Yes, but I'll have to go again." "Why?"

"She got started first in telling her summer experiences and I didn't get a word in edgewise about what I'd been doing all summer."-Chicago Record.

Discouraging. "You are the first girl I ever loved," said Mr. Simper to Miss Kittish. "In that case you may cease loving me. I do not care to be practiced on.

"Johnny," queried the teacher of the new pupil, "do you know your alphabreakfast the distiller thanked the bet?"

"Yes'm," answered Johnny. "Well, then," continued the teacher, "what letter comes after A?" "All the rest of them!" was the triumphant reply.

"Here's a girl," remarked the Query Editor, "who writes to know what is the popular spoonholder of this sea

"Evidently," replied the Snake Editor, "she's never had any beaux."

"Why ?" "Because if she had she'd know that the most popular one is the parlor sofa."-Philadelphia Press.

Heavy Incidentals. She-Is the writing of poetry very lucrative?

week on paper and stamps!-Puck.

He-Well, it would be if one didn't have to lay out 50 cents or so every

Memory. Husband (angrily) - Don't forget, madame, that you are my wife. Wife-Ob, never fear. There are some things one can't forget.-Detroit Free Press.

Affor led Her Ple soure. He-I am afraid you don't like my

She-On the contrary, I think it is very amusing. Nominated.

"What does Mildred mean when she says that she is writing her letter of acceptance to Theodore." - Denver

Highly Enterable. Buggins-I hear Smitkins is learning golf. Does he enjoy it?

Muggins-Says it's great. He has already put three caddles in the hospital.-Philadelphia Record. Terrible.

Scene: A railway car. First Artist -Children don't seem to me to sell now as they used. Second Artist (in a hoarse whisper)-

Well, I was at Stodge's yesterday; he had just knocked off three little girls' heads, horrid raw things, when a dealer came in, sir; he bought 'em directly, took 'em away, wet as they were, on a stretcher, and wanted Stodge to let him have some more next week.

Old Lady (putting her head out of window and shricking)-Conductor, stop the train and let me out, or I'll be murdered!

Intervals in Facitement. "Ma, when I get big I'm goin' 'way off to be a pirate."

"Are you, Bobby?" "Yes, but don't you be scared: I'll come home at night to sleep,"-Chicage most expert writing master, and, in-



She-I came to study art. Artist-I knew you could paint the noment I looked into your face.

They All Came Back. "Half a dozen of us fellows," said the struggling young author, "held a com petition in short story writing. My story won the prize."

"Conceded to be the best, eh?" "Well, we sent them all to the sam magazine, and the editor kept minlonger than any of the others."-Phila delphia Press.

Most Unfashion ible. "My gracious!" suddenly exclaimed little Mabel Blugore, who had been day-dreaming, "I suppose there's no belp for it."

"What are you thinking of, dear?" asked her mamma. "Why, I was just thinking when we

dle we'll have to wear ready-made heavenly robes for a few days till we can be fitted."-Philadelphia Press.

The Only Tossibility He-Nothing could ever come between us, could it, dear?

She-I can't think of a single thing, unless I should happen to become engaged to some other man.-Harper's Bazar.

Used to It. Mr. Lurker-Excuse me. Miss Snap per, but I have long sought this opportunity-Miss Snapper-Never mind the pre-

amble, Mr. Lurker. Run along in and ask pa. He's been expecting this would come for the last two years.-Tit-Bits.

"Couldn't I be squeezed in there somehow?" asked the pretty girl, as she vainly sought entrance to the crowded

"If you can get in, I have one arm free," exclaimed a young man in the center of the car.—Baltimore American.

No Birds. "I am told that Miss Frocks is a vegetarian," said Mrs. Fosdick. "She is," replied Mrs. Keedick, "even

in her millinery."

Dr. Adolph Miller, of Philadelphia, President of the Pennsylvania Mycological Club, in a dissertation on the pepper plant, says that during the Middle Ages in Europe pepper was the most esteemed and most important of

all the spices. Genoa, Venice and other commercial cities of central Europe were indebted to their traffic in pepper for a large part of their wealth. Its importance as a means of promoting commercial activity and civilization bonds from us. As we walk in the during the Middle Ages can hardly be silent streets and look upon the smokeoverrated. Tribute was levied in less sky, where thousands of serial pepper, and donations were made in carts, cabs and carriages hurry hither this spice, which was frequently also and thither, we wonder how man can used as a medium of exchange in place have lived without flying. Even yet we of money. When the imperial city of are surrounded by a decaying past. Rome was besieged by Alaric, the Underground London is said to be King of the Goths, in 408 A. D., the honeycombed with tunnels in which ransom demanded included 5,000 trains ran up to fifty years ago! In pounds of gold, 30,000 pounds of silver many parts of the country telegraph and 3,000 pounds of pepper, illustrating the importance of this spice at that

Fifty miles from the town where a

time.

ARMLESS PEOPLE HAVE ACCOM-PLISHED DIFFICULT FEATS.

Individuale Minus Upper Limbs Have Become Famous Artists, Destrous Penmen, Exp.rt Musicians and Ar-

That success in art is not the monopoly of such as are dowered with the normal number of limbs is conclusively proved by the skill of Mile. Rapin, a Swiss artist, who, though without arms, has made a name for herself with her portraits and bas-reliefs, and of the Belgian painter, recently deceased, whom many of us have doubtiess seen at work in the Antwerp picture gallery copying the works of the old masters there on view.

Other armiess artists, too, have acquired fame, among whom may be mentioned the celebrated Miss Biffen, who earned a living as a miniature painter. Originally on exhibition at Bartholomew fair, she was seen by the Earl of Morton, who took her under his patronage and paid for her artistic education. She was a favorite of George IV. and William IV., the latter of whom allowed her a small pension,

Turning to earlier armless celebrities mention must be made of John Valerius, born in Germany in 1667, who was capable of performing many surprising feats. He could shave himself, play on the drum, fence with much skill, and, in short, use his toes with as much adroitness as most men can. their hands. He possessed, however, really, what place would you advise me a modern rival in the person of Herr Unthan, whom many will remember as exhibiting himself a few years ago in London, where he surprised large audiences with his marvelous feats.

Matthew Buckinger, who was born at Nuremberg seven years later than disadvantage, he carried a large card in Valerius, was but a mere trunk, possessing neither arms nor legs. Despite his natural disadvantages, however, he is said to have been an excellent performer on the flute, bagpipe and trumpet, while his sketches-landscape, figares and coats of arms-which were executed with a pen, were equal to the most finished engravings. His callgraphy, of which examples are still extant, would have done credit to the deed, he was able to make no inconsiderable income by the sale of these specimens of his skill.

He figured likewise in the not very invidious role of wife beater, for on one occasion when one of his wiveshe was married four times-insulted him, he sprang upon her, got her down. | nt. "Please pay thirty cents next time, and buffeted her so severely with his stumps that she was glad to escape further chastisement by promising amendment in the future-a promise hat she falthfully kept.

Equally marvelous were the feats of William Kingston, who at the commencement of the present century resided at Ditcheat, near Bristol, where be cultivated a small farm. He could, without other ald than that of his toes, saddle and bridle his horse, milk his own cows, cut his own hay, bind it up in bundles, and carry it about the field for his cattle. He was an excellent carpenter, too, and had acquired no little renown as a hammer thrower. being able with his feet to cast a heavy sledge hammer as far as most men could with their hands,

Very expert, too, is Caleb Orton, an American, though in his case his skill has brought him within the clutches of the law, for though without hands he contrived to forge a postal money order. For that nefarious purpose he employed his mouth, and although the authorities were at first incredulous and doubted the truth of his confes slon, he soon put the matter beyond doubt by ocular demonstration.

Gripping the pen between his teeth, he, by means of a series of rapid movements of his head, executed one of those elaborate designs of birds, beasts and scroll work in which writing experts delight, and proved to the satisfaction of everybody present his undoubted culpability.

AT THE END OF 2000 A. D.

What One Writer Predicts Will Hap pen a Century Hence, The twentieth century is to be the century of change; science, which is going at the trot, will then go at the gallop, says a writer in London Truth. We think we know much; those who will live 100 years hence will wonder we knew so little.

The following is prematurely quoted from the Daily Cinematograph of Dec. 31. 2000:

"On the eve of the twenty-first century it will be in the minds of many to contrast the present with the past. All are aware that gigantic strides have been made recently in the direction of progress, but few realize that only a hundred years ago men traveled in trains over the land and in ships over the water; that they communicated with each other by telegraph; that their streets and houses were lit with gas or with an early adaptation of electricity; that coal was used in almost every household; that hundred of millions were spent in taking instead of in saving life; that the soldier was more honored than the surgeon; that welldressed women wore furs in the day while the sun was shining and balfstripped themselves in the evening and that it was not generally acknowledged that one of the most important of duties is to enjoy the legitimate pleasures of this exquisitely designed world!

"Only a century ago selfishness and superstition still bound our predecessors, but science has removed these and telephone poles still stand with dangling wires, though wireless telephony has long since superseded those older methods of communication. man dies, the papers, if they mention Builders occasionally come upon leaden his death at all, tell the truth about piping through which gas was conduction.

Piping through which gas was conductived when gas was an illuminant. At life.

HANDLESS BUT HANDY | Plymouth the government retains from sentimental motive a fleet of ironclads, though electricity long ago made warfare on the water impossible.

"Perhaps the most striking feature of modern civilization is that there are so ugly women. The improved conditions of life, the place which legitimate enjoyment has in the modern scheme of existence, the extirpation of many forms of disease, and the rational attihave worked wonders. No modern a devil. In order to rid him of the playwriter would think of elaborating plot in which married life was presented as having a dark side, for the woman of to-day is a joy in her own house, and not only in the houses of was the case a hundred years ago. Everywhere we see peace, prosperity, progress, and it is therefore with feelings of the utmost gratitude that we watch the departing hours of the twentieth century."



Dr. Stubbs, the Bishop of Oxford, was once importuned by a woman who, knowing his experience of the Holy Land, kept on asking him what places she ought to visit, as she was starting on a trip to Palestine. After answering topographical questions without number, he was again asked: "But, to go to?" "To Jericho, madam," said the bishop, sweetly.

A London newsboy, who is accustomed to shout "Extras" every evening, recently had a very bad cold and became hoarse. Feeling himself at a front of him, on which he had roughly written: "Hush! Noise is a nuisance! I can't shout my extras, but I have them all the same?" It idid not take the boy long to sell out his stock of papers to the grateful passers by.

In her book on "Some Players," Amy Leslie says that Edwin Booth's detestation of "Richard III." was frank and incurable. One night, when in the most magnificent instant of Richard, a super fell in a writhing, squirming attack, which set the country audience fall of the curtain, amid shouts of mis." guided laughs, "What was the matter, captain?" The trembling captain owned reluctantly that one of his twenty-five-cent men had been seized in a

and employ one whose fits may not in-

terfere with Richard. Richard is unendurable enough without the addition of rented fits." The desire of the inhabitants of Sing the part of the inhabitants of the town sick man. of Rugeley, England, to a corresponplied that they had not decided. "What drink the toddy prepared for them, do you say," said he, "to taking my and make a night of it.—New York fied delight, and obtained the home secretary's consent to this method of obliterating the memory of the obnoxious Palmer. The home secretary in ques-

still known as Rugeley. When George Sand, the famous French novelist, was living at Nahant, near the close of her life, she was fairly caught on her own grounds by a determined British journalist, of her own sex, who opened a formidable notebook and demanded: "At what hour do you work, madame?" "I never Passes." work," replied George Sand, gayly, "Ho! But your books? When do you make them?" "They make themselves, morning, evening, and night." This was builling, but the British lady, although deficient in grace, did not lack do not know that one." Perhaps-I book with a suggestive title, "Books have not yet written it!" and the vic- That Nourish Us," published by T. J. timized author beat a hasty retreat, Crowell & Co. It is certain that yearmuch amused as she looked back and ly come from the press books that give saw that her nonsense was being duly us neither temporary nor lasting nour-

Dr. Johnson's Regard for Truth It was said of Dr. Johnson that he always talked as though he were taking an oath. He detested the habit of was. "A servant's strict regard for answered George Ellot. the truth," said he, "must be weakened my servant to tell a lie for me have Millicent W. Shinn. Miss Shinn is a I not reason to apprehend that he will Californian and still lives there. She tell them for himself?" A strict adher has always been interested in bables. ence to the truth the doctor considered and has made a careful study of them as a sacred obligation, and in relating both as teacher and friend. Published the smallest anecdote he would not al. by the Century Company. low himself the minutest addition to embellish his story.

Mistaken Identity. Attorney-You say you had called to see Miss Billings and was at the house at the time the burglary was commit-

Witness-Yes, sir.

"Then how did it happen that when the prisoner dashed into the room and assaulted you you leaped through the window and went home, making no attempt to defend the lady or give the alarm?"

"I thought it was ber father."-Hartford Times.

Bootblacks in Berlin.

Bootblacks are seldom seen on the streets of Berlin, owing to the fact other chap would have got if he had that it is one of the duties of German written the book, in addition to a few servant girls to shine shoes in the whacks on your own merits." household, and of porters to attend to it in hotels. There are bootblacks at the principal railway depots, but they find more patrons among women than among men.

What a failure most of us make of

DEVIL DANCERS OF CEYLON. Earn a Good Living by Exordising De

meas from the Flek. The real Singhalese devil dancers in Ceylon are most feroclous and savage fellows. Their dances are revolting and horrible. But their profession is popular and affords a royal living for

be men who go tuto it. There is a superstition among the Singhalese that when a man falls sick tude of mind of the average woman he is supposed to be afflicted with

disease the devil dancers are called in

to propitlate the demon.

Two or more of them go by night to the sick man's house, in front of which a small, square inclosure, about alx others, as there is reason to believe feet high, has been made of grasses and palm leaves. This answers the purpose of the green room at a theater. The men appear at first without masks and with long yellow grass streamers hanging from their heads and walsts. The only light cast on the scene is by torches made of sticks. around which pieces of cloth are wrapped, dipped in oil. To the music of a tom-tom, kept up on one note, the dancers sing a peculiar, wild, funeral

dirge, in which the spectators often

The dancers begin by slowly moving about, stretching the right foot and bringing the left up to it, and appear as if they were searching for something, during which the singing sounds like crying. They are then asking the devil to appear. There are twenty-four different sorts of devils, and after the first part, the dancers are constantly changing their clothes to represent the entire species; some wear masks, some don laws and terrible teeth reaching to the ears; the jaws open and close in a very realistic manner.

A dance lasts over two nights, as they whole twenty-four devils have all to be personated before the particular denon who is afflicting the sick man is pitched on. When he gives signs of his presence the dancers go into a sort of frenzy, which increases as he takes possession of them; the tom-tom beats faster and faster, the chanting grows into yells, the men whirl and stamp, the bells fastened by bracelets on to their ankles jingle and clash.

At this stage the dancers appear to be looking for some object to give the devil in sacrifice, and into which he may pass. A chicken is usually offered by the friend of the sick man, and this unfortunate bird is seized upon, twistlaughing. Booth said, quietly, after the the false teeth, until the dancers, worn ed and tormented and bitten between out, move slower and slower, and the chicken sinks into a sort of trance, which is a sign that the devil has accepted the sacrifice, and is willing to pass from the man into the bird. Now and then the bird is revived by some charmed water being thrown on its head, and then the torture of it begins again. After this the men don sheepskin petticoats and capes, and in the torchlight look more and more diabot-Sing to change the name of the town ical and frenzied in their thanks to recalls a somewhat similar desire on the devil for consenting to leave the

dent of the New York Times. A man the devil has left the man, and he will named Palmer had made Rugeley no- be cured. The bird is then thrown into torious by an atroclous murder, and a the river, to be carried to the sea. It is deputation of the inhabitants waited on never killed, and never eaten after dythe home secretary with a petition for ing. About an hour of this sort of leave to change the name. The min-thing is quite enough; it is really horister hesitated, and asked what name rible and revolting, and one is thankthey proposed to substitute. They reful when the men leave off to go to



"April's Sowing" is Miss Gertrude Hall's first long story. The title is taken from Browning's "Pippa

Two weeks after its publication, 40,-000 copies of "Alice in Old Vincennes" were sold. It is a story of American life by Maurice Thompson. Wm. Dean Howells, the foremost fig-

grit, and said: "What is your own fa- ure in American letters to-day, is to vorite, may I ask, among your novels?" be one of the literary advisers to the 'Olympia,'" returned George Sand, reorganized house of Harper & Bros. with a beaming smile. "'Olympia?' I Annie Russell Marble has written a

jotted down in the formidable note- ishment, and the necessity arises for a wise choice. Here is a story told in "Notes and Queries": A lady asked the novelist

what her duty was in certain difficult circumstances, and received a clear relying or prevaricating in the slightest ply, "But," she objected, "if I did that degree, and would not allow his ser. I should die." "Surely that has nothvants to say he was not at home if he ing to do with you doing your duty," "The Biography of a Baby" is the by such a practice. If I accustomed title of an unusual volume by Miss,

> Apropos of prefaces-something that few care to praise-Mr. Kipling gives the following good advice, given when he was asked to write a preface: "Some rather interesting experiences have taught me that the best way of making a man hate me for life is to meddle in any way with his work. · · If the book is good, it will go, and if not nothing will make it stir. · · All the men who want to stick a knife into me would stick it into you as soon as they saw my name pre-

facing your book. Bitter experience has taught that that kind of thing doesn't pay. If a book stands by Itself, It will stand by itself; but if you use another chap's name to help it to a start. you will get all the whacks that the

It is folly to attempt to please everybody. It matters not in which direction a man faces he must of necessity turn his back on half the world.

Women either love or hate; there is no happy medium in their affections.