THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE

By Mary Wingrove Bathon.

"ARE you very busy, Wilson?" The question came from the editor of the Daily Courier, and as he spoke he turned to his assistant, seated at another desk in the same private office.

"I am nearly through now," was the reply. And a moment after George Wilson lazily arose with the question:

"What can I do for you, old man?"

"I want you to look over this story. I think it might be used, with a little touching up. It's from a woman. The letter which accompanies it will impress you at least. She states that she and her child are in great need, and begs for an immediate decision. Evidently she has confidence in human nature." He smiled sarcastically.

With a laugh at his chief's dig at his well known weakness and sympathy for those in distress, Wilson took the story and proceeded to read it. In a few moments he was ready with his decision.

"Yes, we can use it if"—but as he turned to his friend, he hesitated. Then he went to his side.

"What is it, Morton? Can I do anything?" he asked, with a friendly pressure of his big hand on the drooping shoulder black beside him.

"Nothing, George. It is only the old wound. I saw her yesterday, and it has upset me again, that is all."

"Saw her," repeated Wilson, in wondering astonishment.

"Yes, dressed in mourning and holding a little boy's hand. They were looking in a shop window filled with toys, so that I had time to observe her closely, without being noticed myself. She looked very pale and thin, but the boy was a beauty. His child, I suppose," he added. His face went white as he spoke.

"Don't Ernest! Don't think of her! She is not worth one throb of your heart. And again George Wilson's hand went to his friend's shoulder with a close grip.

"I know. But she may be in need, Wilson. You know, I told you that she has never touched the provision I made for her. Somehow, I thought she looked very poor, although the child was well cared for."

"Even so, you have done all that is possible for you to do under the circumstances. Do not dwell upon the matter or you will be unfitted for your work."

"True." And with a sigh Ernest Morton turned again to his desk. In a few moments in a matter-of-fact tone, obtained after much effort, Wilson made his previously attempted announcement concerning the story under consideration.

"Send in a line, then to the lady's address in Brooklyn, will you, asking her to call here? I shall be out of the way about 2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon."

"All right, old man," and Wilson, in order to help his friend avoid contact with a woman, accepted, with his usual good nature, a task which had more than once proved disagreeable. He wrote to the address given, making an appointment for the hour suggested, and turned to the mass of other work which in a newspaper office, is always pressing.

Absorbed in an important matter the next day he failed to hear the first timid rap which sounded on the inner office door, and not until a second and more emphatic one came, followed by the turning of the knob, was he sufficiently aroused to look up. He hastily sprang to his feet, as he saw a frail, modest looking woman, holding a little boy's hand, and in her other hand the letter of appointment which had gotten her past the door guard.

"Mrs. Thorne?" he inquired, tendering a chair.

"Yes. I am here in answer to your note concerning my story," she replied.

"Well, we will use the story if you will consent to cut it in places."

"Oh, thank you! I will do anything you think necessary to it. I need the money so badly." She gave a pathetic glance at the little fellow leaning against her.

There was silence for a moment. Mrs. Thorne looked up to discover that Wilson was closely scanning her features. She flushed under his persistent gaze.

"Pardon me," he said. "Your face is strangely familiar to me. Do you know my name, George Wilson?"

She flushed again, hesitated, and was about to reply, when an exclamation from the child startled both of them.

"Oh, mamma, see! There's papa's picture!" And the little boy pointed to a photograph which hung on the wall over Wilson's desk.

He looked from the picture to the child, then to the mother in puzzled amazement. She seemed about to faint, and he brought her a glass of water, which she drank, recovering her composure.

Seeing that he looked at her inquiringly, Mrs. Thorne remarked:

"That picture is strangely like the one I have of little Ernest's father," indicating little Ernest by a gesture.

"You are a widow, then?" Wilson asked.

"I lost my husband before the birth of my little boy. He has therefore never known a father's love, and so I taught him to know and love his father's picture."

Wilson noticed her embarrassment. He walked across the room, pretending to look for something on his desk. With bent brows he pondered some question, muttering to himself the while: "Never saw his father—name Ernest—queer to say the least. But wait, I'll solve it yet!"

"Still you have not answered my question as to whether you recognized my name," he said with a smile.

"True," she said in a relieved tone, and then she added: "Well, I once had a cousin of that name, but I never met him but once, and that in childhood. Can it be possible that you are he?"

"Yes," he gravely replied. "That is, if you are Stella Wilson. I was attracted by your remarkable resemblance to my sister Nellie."

She took the hand held out to her in cousinly greeting, her eyes filling with tears as she exclaimed:

"Oh, George! It is so good to meet a friend once more."

"I am sorry that you should ever have known the want of one my dear. But, Stella, did you not first marry a man by the name of Travers?"

"Yes. But do tell me of Nellie. Where is she?"

"Married and living in the west. She wrote to you repeatedly after leaving your home. Why did you not answer her letters?"

"I never received one of them. George, I see I shall have to tell you my story, much as I shrink from doing so. I feel, however, that you have the right to know it. It is a long and painful one," she said sadly.

"Never mind the length, Stella. Please tell me all of it—everything."

"I will. You remember, perhaps that when Nellie came out to spend Christmas with me seven years ago, she and my husband had never met. Well, when she arrived, he was away on a business trip, but we were hourly expecting his return, as he had declared that nothing should keep him from home at Christmas time. In the midst of our preparations, however, came your telegram to Nellie, telling her that you had been hastily called home and that she must go with you. Knowing that your mother must be very ill, I turned my attention toward helping Nellie get off in time, and, being far from well myself, so much exertion, coupled with anxiety for Auntie and sympathy for poor Nellie, brought on one of my old nervous sick headaches. At the last moment I was unable to go over to the depot with her, much as I wished to meet you."

"I remember. Nellie explained it to me at the time."

"Well, after seeing Nellie off I went to bed, hoping that rest in a darkened room would enable me to recover my strength before my husband's return. But I was not very successful, and the next morning set about making little preparations for his comfort, with my head still throbbing with pain and an energy which would have flagged most wearily but for the joy of anticipation. Judge of my surprise and anguish of mind then when a messenger came with a letter from Ernest in which he said—but wait, I have it here. It has never left my possession."

She took from her card case a letter, worn from much handling, and after saying "Listen," read it aloud:

"Madam: All night I have been here in my office, settling my affairs, and now at this hour—almost noon—everything is complete.

"I have made careful but not extravagant provision for your support. I do this so that if the scoundrel should desert you there will be something for you to rely upon. To avoid public scandal, I shall take no steps, more for your sake than my own, although you do not deserve it. But I wish to never again see your face. Thank God that there are no children!

"To prove to you how justly I have acted in this matter, and how useless it would be for you to attempt to deny anything, I will explain that I got off the train just behind you and your companion. I saw your face distinctly, but I am glad to say that I did not see his at all. It was enough for me to hear him call you 'darling.' Then, before I could recover from the numbness which overtook my senses, he had hurried you into the train and you were off. I do not doubt that you will be at home in time to receive me today, so to spare you trouble in the arrangement of so delicate an affair I leave the city finally this afternoon.

ERNEST."

As she concluded she broke down and sobbed bitterly.

"There, George, what do you think of that letter for a man to write to a loving wife, who, racked with physical pain and distressed in mind, was still happily preparing to make his homecoming a joyous one?"

"Try to calm yourself, my child, and answer my questions," said Wilson soothingly. Then after a moment he gravely asked:

"Have you ever attempted to set yourself right in your husband's eyes, Stella?"

"Attempted to set myself right, innocent as I was? Never, George! How dared he accuse me unheard?"

"But how is it that you are here in New York, without money, when he took care to provide for you?"

"Oh, George, you are a man, too, and you are looking at it from his point of view." Then, growing heated in her argument, she hotly asked:

"Do you think any self-respecting woman would touch money offered under such conditions? No! It was easier to sew for a living. And would you have had me remain in my old home, where, sooner or later, my friends would have discovered that I was a deserted wife? Besides——" she hesitated, and finally added: "I did not want him to discover that there was a child." Her eyes dwelt fondly upon the little fellow, as he sat in the far corner of the room, immersed in the pictures in some magazines which Wilson had given him when his mother first began her narrative.

"I thought so!" exclaimed Wilson, springing to his feet. He walked the floor excitedly for a few minutes.

"But you are wrong Stella; all wrong. You should not have kept the knowledge of the child's birth from the father."

"Well, I did it. And what is more, he never shall know it," she said in a bitter and relentless tone.

"Oh yes he shall, my dear. I mean to tell him myself."

"You tell him! How?"

"Yes, I. Listen to me a moment, Stella. For five years your husband has been my dearest friend, although until now, I did not know that he is my cousin's husband or that his name is other than as he signs it, Ernest Morton. The lad is right. That is his father's photograph there."

"I see. My husband's name is Ernest Morton Travers. But, George——"

"Wait a moment, my dear. You have made everything quite plain, now, and I am going to try to undo the wrong I all unconsciously did to your husband. Remember he is my friend, Stella. I do not deny that he did you a great injustice, a grievous one. But, my child, you, too, are somewhat to blame. You wronged him in keeping from him the knowledge that he is a father, you wronged the child in depriving him of a father's love and care, and you wronged yourself in letting the world believe you a guilty wife."

"Oh, but I did not do that, George, I feel sure that no one even suggested that Ernest thought so. Although he so cruelly judged and deserted me, he was careful to cast no shadow upon my good name," she sadly explained.

From his great height George Wilson looked down upon his cousin, curiously at first, then somewhat quizzically.

"Well," he remarked, "it strikes me that you have a very high opinion of your husband in spite of his cruelty, Stella."

She colored under his glance and tone, but answered gravely:

"True, George, but I wish to be just. In the two years of our married life he was ever kind and gentle. And although I can never forget or forgive the wrong he did me afterward, I must always remember what went before, and appreciate it."

"It seems to me that, feeling as you do toward him you might make an effort toward forgiveness, if only for the sake of the child. Come, my dear, listen to your own heart and give the little lad a present—the only present worth having—his father."

Back of the little group there was the sound of a footstep.

"By the memory of those two happy years, Stella, your husband pleads for that gift for the child and for a chance of atonement."

They turned at the sound of the strange voice. Standing in the doorway leading to an inner office, stood Ernest Travers. He held out a pleading hand to his wife, but she turned coldly away. The little boy slowly arose to his feet, looked wonderingly from one face to another for an explanation. But no one spoke, and he went timidly to the side of the stranger, holding out a tiny hand which the father tenderly grasped in his own. Then he spoke again, addressing Wilson.

"I have been at this alcove desk for some time, George, and have heard all that passed since the child recognized my picture. It is all true, as Stella has said. There were two years of unequalled joy, but through my beastly jealousy I became a brute and wronged her beyond reparation."

"I deserve my punishment, but it is hard," he sadly added, as he looked down upon the little face raised to him.

"Are you my papa?" the baby asked.

"Yes, my boy," and the father stooped to the child, feeling for the first time the clasp of his child's arms about his neck. The pressure seemed to renew his courage. He rose, still holding the little one's hand, and once more pleadingly turned to his wife.

"It is the anniversary of the very day upon which I so wronged you seven years ago, Stella. The day upon which, by your own admission, you were lovingly preparing to receive me with tender welcome. But it was a day upon which we had no boy, and now that we have one, cannot you forgive his father and let that father share the child with the mother? Have you no love left for that father, my wife?"

For a moment she faltered, then turned coldly aside, still without a glance in his direction. She held out her hand to the little boy, saying:

"Come, Ernest."

"Which Ernest?" asked her husband, quickly possessing himself of the outstretched hand. He flashed a look at his friend in the same moment, releasing the hand of the child as he did so.

Wilson smiled a reply to Ernest's unspoken request, and hoisted the lad to his shoulder, saying blithely:

"Come, my boy, tell mamma that we are going to buy a drum, and a train of cars, and, oh, lots of things. Anything you want, my man."

"Oh, wait, please. May I go, mamma?" pleadingly.

Sadly, lovingly, Stella's eyes dwelt upon her boy. Then for the first time she raised them to meet those of her husband, who still held her hand in a gentle but firm clasp, which she tried in vain to escape. Suddenly, she ceased to struggle, her agitation growing deeper each moment.

The little voice once more pleaded:

"May I go, mamma?"

"Ask your papa, darling," was the reply, but it came from her in the depths of the father's arms, and was hardly understood by little Ernest, who was by this time half way down the stairs on his way to the shops.

A few hours later, after a discreet tap at the office door, Wilson put in his head with a question, laughingly put:

"What am I to do with that story of Mrs. Thorne's?"

His reply was a book thrown at his head.

"Oh, Mamma, See! There's Papa's Picture;"

HERE IS ENGLAND'S PRETTIEST WOMAN
What's Her Name? Read the Story and You Will Learn

IN THE now famous search for the most beautiful woman in the whole world, the judges of England have rendered their decision in favor of Miss Ivy Lillian Close, whose photograph appears herewith.

During the beauty quest in America, which was inaugurated by the Chicago Tribune, and carried on with the assistance of other great newspapers, including The Journal, our Anglo-Saxon cousins were intensely interested. When The Tribune challenged the world to produce a woman as beautiful as Miss Marguerite Frey of Denver, the London Daily Mirror, as the leading illustrated daily newspaper in the British isle, accepted the challenge on behalf of England.

The quest for the most beautiful woman in England began at once and nothing that has happened since the Boer war produced as much interest in that country as the beauty quest.

15,000 Beautiful Rivals.

During the quest in England over 15,000 photographs were received of women who were thought beautiful enough to have their claims considered by the committee of awards. It took time to pass upon all these beauties, as the matter was too important to be treated lightly. After the contest had narrowed down to the dozen or so leading beauties of England, including two or three women of title, the judges finally decided upon Miss Ivy Lillian Close, an English girl of the purest Anglo-Saxon type.

All the artists who formed the judging committee are famous experts in feminine loveliness. East one has painted many beautiful women, and the approval of any one of these nine artists would stamp a face as lovely beyond the high average of British feminine beauty. Their names are:

Sir James Linton, R. I.; Miss Maud Porter, A. Caruthers Gould, R. B. A.; Arthur Hacker, A. R. A.; John Hassal, R. I.; Richard Jack, R. P.; Jacomb-Hood, R. I.; John Lavery, R. S. A.; Charles Lewis.

The young woman whom the judging committee has decided the most beautiful in England will be 18 years old next June.

She lives at home with her parents, and is the eldest of four surviving children. "She was always a lovely child," said her mother to the Daily Mirror, and numerous photographs scattered about the home testify to this assurance.

Young English Beauty.

With laughing eyes and lips the young woman herself spoke of her pastimes and preferences. She is thoroughly domesticated and enjoys cooking, sewing and other household work.

"I love swimming," she said, "and I do not know of anything more delightful than to plunge down the chute of a first-rate swimming bath. I like golf, but my father has only given me a few lessons.

"Cycling is one of my favorite pastimes, and I like walking in the country, climbing hills, and riding in a trailer. Not long ago I had a fine spill, being thrown right out from the motor car, but I wasn't a bit the worse.

"I like Conan Doyle's books, especially the Sherlock Holmes stories. My favorite play is 'Monsieur Beucaire,' though I haven't seen many. I like playing and singing and am taking lessons in both. It is not long since I left the convent school in Somersetshire, to which I was sent for a year. Father and mother think they are the best finishing schools for girls, though we are Protestants.

"I was born in Yorkshire and have lived in Lancashire and Scotland, so I know just a little about the world. Father does not like me to go to dances much, but I enjoy dancing.

Uses No Aids to Beauty.

"I have never worried a bit about making myself look pretty. Mother is prettier than I am, in some ways, and she never thinks about it either. We use any nice soap that is handy, and are never use anything for our faces.

"And we don't trouble much about what we eat and drink. I like tea, coffee, cocoa, and sometimes drink a little claret. I eat lobster and cucumber and anything else I fancy, but I don't particularly like sweet things."

Sound, common sense appears to have been the keynote of this young woman's upbringing. Plenty of fresh air has been a potent factor in preserving and developing her wonderful beauty.

Besides many "spills" from her cycle and the family car, she has had one perilous adventure. The summer before last in the course of a family picnic on the banks of the Thames, she was nearly drowned.

Stepping from a grassy slope into a light skiff with her little sister, then about 7 years old, in her arms, she overbalanced and fell forward into the stream on the farther side of the boat.

Her father plunged in at once to the rescue, but had she not bravely supported the child and helped him to lift the little one into the boat, the younger girl would almost certainly have been swept away. She herself was separated some distance from the skiff, but her excellent swimming enabled her easily to keep afloat, in spite of her clothes.

When the announcement was made and the picture of Miss Close was published in the London Daily Mirror she at once became the most famous young woman in England. Every Englishman, of course, believes that Miss Close has the international award as good as won, and that when the judges come to consider the beauties of all the leading nations of the world they will be compelled to give the highest prize to this English girl.

Thinks Own Beauty Will Win.

But it may be that the English beauty experts are blinded by their patriotism. It must be remembered that each of the other nations is just as firmly convinced that its own representative woman will prove to be the most beautiful woman in the world. Notwithstanding the worldwide quest, The Tribune still believes that when the final award is made the great honor will come to our own country, and that Miss Frey will be declared the world's queen of beauty.

The representative national beauties already selected to take part in the modern quest for the most beautiful woman in the world are as follows:

United States—Miss Marguerite Frey.
Canada—Miss Violet Hood.
Sweden—Miss Jane Lundstrom.
Spain—Senorita Dona Petra Herce.
England—Miss Ivy Lillian Close.

Russian Scenery

Next to a glance around the horizon from the deck of a ship in midocean, I know no sight so awe inspiring as that of Russia's winter scenery. We tramped boldly down the long avenues of the park, skirted the wood beyond and came out upon the fields. There was no moon and very few stars visible; yet it was not dark; the path underfoot could be clearly read by bending down, writes Victor E. Marsden in the London Evening Standard, but we knew better than to venture far into the illimitable unknown.

Looking forward into the white expanse with never a landmark visible as far as the eye could reach even in daytime, one could compare his position only to that of being adrift in a cockboat in midocean. There is a fascination of horror about the great stillness, and it inspired the prince to suggest a troyka drive into the invisible wastes around. On foot one risked spending the night in aimless wanderings to and fro; with horses there was always the instinct of the brute creation to depend upon and sufficient force in reserve to conquer something of the powers of mere space if we really got lost in the trackless expanse of white.

So, on the word, back we hurried home, an order was given, and out came in a very brief time the troykas harnessed and ready. The whole party ensconced themselves three and four each in the great sledges, country built, and nearly all wood, with outrigger runners that defy an upset, and off we plunged right across country.

Russian fields are not enclosed, only here and there tall stalks of weed are left to mark the divisions between one man's strip of plow land and his neighbor's; even these were half buried under the snow. For an hour or more we drove to the merry music of the little bell that hangs on the wooden arch, the "bow" above the head of the mid horse of the team—a very companionable sound in the solemn stillness around. One or two turns, now this way, now that, put the visitors beyond all possibility of computing distances and directions. Whether we were really lost at length or it was all an admirable contrivance to give a new sensation to the uninitiated still remains a matter of doubt.

A bitter wind was blowing and the prospect of doing the best driving at full speed straight ahead until we struck a village and could either ask our way or put up there for the night did not seem promising. The drivers held heated debates about the present whereabouts, and a lonely peasant woman returning from town 40 miles away gave the usual polite assent to the question incautiously put to her by one of the party. The Russian common people always agree with any proposition put to them by their betters; it is their simple idea of politeness to the gentlefolk.

This took us another five miles in the wrong direction, and the whole party was gradually coming to the conclusion to give the horses their heads and let them take us home, with doubts whether three horses harnessed abreast would solve the problem, when we described a light, and made for it, fully believing we were at least 20 miles from home, instead of the half mile so quickly covered, to find the whole adventure most happily ended over tea and cigarettes and wonderful stories of past experiences, politics and scandal in high places.

It was here that Konstantin Mikhailovich told us of a favorite evening amusement in the great woods where the wolves abound. Two or three men go out by night into the woods, settle themselves as comfortably as may be and proceed to imitate the wolf call. Little by little answers come from all directions until scores of wolves are prowling about, giving sometimes a chance of a shot if one is disposed that way.

Generally, however, the thing is mere fun, with a few thrills thrown in; the danger is not great, for the wolves do not attack man until driven frenzied with hunger. None the less, when guns are not taken, it is usual to carry a revolver in case of need. There is a kindliness about this form of amusement which combines the necessary excitement of sport with a love of nature and nature's ways without any of the bloodthirsty element of the average game destroyer; it certainly seems to promise well as a new sensation.

Nutmeg Poisoning.

From the Medical Record.

Cases of nutmeg poisoning, though rare, are known to have occurred. The death of a boy who had eaten two nutmegs is recorded. The poison is in the oil and the symptoms are giddiness, drowsiness and delirium.

"MY SENSATIONS AS I WENT CRAZY"--Continued From the First Page of This Section

and ceiling of my room punctuated unintelligible mumblings of invisible persecutors."

Four or five days later the doctors were able to reset the broken bones. Shortly before the adjustment of the plaster casts the calves of his legs were shaved; this operation he regarded as a sign of humiliation. Strips of court plaster placed on his brow over scratches were felt as signs of unspeakable degradation.

His day of most exquisite torture, Beers declares, was June 26, 1900. This is the day when the class reunions are held at Yale; when, preceded by brass bands, the classes, yelling enthusiastically, pass through West Chapel street—and by the hospital—from the campus to the field to witness the Harvard baseball game. Although insane, Mr. Beers knew the day.

"My state of mind at this time might be pictured thus," he writes: "The criminal charge of attempted suicide stood against me on June 23. By the 26th many other and worse charges had accumulated.

"The public believed me the most despicable member of my race. The papers were filled with accounts of my misdeeds. The thousands of collegians gathered in the city, many of whom I knew personally, loathed the very thought that a Yale man should so disgrace his alma mater.

"When they approached the hospital on their way to the athletic field, I concluded that it was their intention to take me from my bed, drag me to the lawn, and there tear my limb from limb."

Three weeks later the patient could sit up, and, although he recognized his relatives, his delusions, particularly during the night, increased.

"The world was fast becoming a stage on which every human being within the range of my senses seemed to be playing a part which would lead not only to my destruction (for which I cared little), but also to ruin all with whom I had ever come in contact.

"In July, several thunderstorms occurred. To me the thunder was 'stage thunder,' the lightning man-made, and the accompanying rain due to some clever contrivance of my persecutors. There was a chapel connected with the hospital—or at least a room where religious services were held every Sunday. To me the hymns were funeral dirges; and the prayers, faintly audible, were in behalf of every sufferer in the world but one."

Having recovered sufficiently, Mr. Beers was taken to his home, where he remained a month. During his stay at home his delusions repeated and intensified. A promise made Beers that none of the hospital attendants be engaged to care for him at home could not be kept, and a hospital nurse came and spent an hour with him.

This evoked in the crazed mind a feeling of distrust of every one, and the conclusion that his brother was not a brother, but a detective. Thereafter, for two years, he was "a man without friends, without a world, except that one created by my own mind from the chaos that reigned within it."

After his return home from the hospital there was a perversion of all his senses; to his taste salt, sugar and alum tasted the same; the linen bed sheets to his touch were silk; he continually felt strange breezes on his face, which he imagined were a sort of Chinese method of torture, like that by which water is dropped on to the victim's forehead until he dies of anguish; foul and decaying odors, like that of putrefaction or burning flesh, filled his nostrils.

His imagination created an inferno. One can imagine no more awful things than those which he recites: "Phantasmagoric visions made their visitations throughout the night; for a time with such regularity that I used to await their coming with a certain restrained curiosity.

"Although I was not entirely unaware that something was ailing with my mind, I did not accept these visions, or any other abnormal effects of sense, as symptoms of insanity. All these horrors I took for the work of detectives, who sat up nights racking their brains in order to rack and utterly wreck my own with a cruel and unfair 'third degree.'

"Hand-writing on the wall has ever struck terror to the hearts of sane men. I remembered as one of the most unpleasant experiences, that I began to see hand-writing on the sheets of my bed staring me in the face.

"On each fresh sheet placed over me I would soon begin to see words, sentences and signatures, all in my own handwriting. Yet I could not decipher any of the words; and this fact dismayed me, for I firmly believed that those who stood about could read them all, and found them to be incriminating evidence.

"I imagined that these vision-like effects, with few exceptions, were produced by a magic lantern, controlled by some of my myriad persecutors. The lantern was rather a cinematographic contrivance.

"Moving pictures, often brilliantly colored, were thrown on the ceiling of my room and sometimes on the sheets of my bed. Human bodies, dismembered and gory, were one of the most common of these."

These visions are ascribed to the reading, when a boy, of sensational news. Strangely, the insane man's mind connected himself in some way with every crime of importance of which he had ever heard.

"Dismembered human bodies were not alone my bed-fellows at this time. I remember one vision of vivid beauty. Swarms of butterflies and large and gorgeous moths appeared on the sheets.

"In my chamber of intermittent horrors and momentary delights uncanny occurrences were frequent. I believed there was some one who, at fall of night, secreted himself under my bed. My bed-fellow was a detective, and he spent most of his time during the night pressing pieces of ice against my injured heels so as to precipitate, as I thought, my overdue confession."

Beers was taken to a private sanitarium, and later was removed by his family for three months cared for by an attendant of the institution at the home of the attendant's grandmother, in a small town not far from New Haven. The insane man was unable to free himself from the idea that he would be tried, and the attendant he regarded as an enemy. He was committed to a private insane asylum June 11, 1901.

To the routine of life there Beers accustomed himself; but for his delusions he was comparatively contented. This he ascribes to an environment in tune with his disordered mind. When surrounded by sane persons he felt a sense of inferiority; here, among the insane, a feeling of superiority asserted itself.

He still believed the "third degree" was being conducted. Letters he regarded with suspicion, reading them furtively only a week or month after receiving them. Beers remained in the institution 6 months. While there beneficial results were experienced by attending divine service, which was held almost every afternoon in a chapel.

Dr. Theodore B. Hyslop, superintendent of the Bethleham Royal hospital, London, England, is quoted by Mr. Beers as follows: "Of all hygienic measures to counteract disturbed sleep, depressed spirits and all miserable sequels of a distressed mind, I would undoubtedly give the first place to the simple habit of prayer." Preachers, declares Beers, should realize this and go more often among the insane.

While at this hospital Beers' mental adjustment began. This was by convincing himself of the identity of his brother. A letter written by the insane man to his brother, according to the patient's directions, was brought and presented by the brother to Beers, and almost instantly the insane man's mind began to clear. He recognized his own letter, and by this cue the brother.

During his convalescence he experienced many of the atrocities he relates in his book. From the privately endowed institution the patient went to a state hospital, and the indignities perpetrated upon the helpless, which he recorded, are almost beyond belief.

Intentionally Beers transgressed rules to discover the extent of the cruel treatment of the insane. The results are embodied in the book which he began to prepare a month after he left the hospital. He was discharged from the state hospital on September 10, 1903, and entered the employ of a New York firm of contractors.

Mr. Beer's account of the clearing of his brain after the recognition of his brother in August, 1902, is most vivid:

"After my long journey of exploration in the jungle of tangled imagination, a journey which finally ended in my finding the person for whom I had long searched, my behavior differed very little from that of a great explorer who, after a perilous trip through real jungles, found the man he sought and, coolly grasping his hand, greeted him with a now historic remark.

"This was the culminating moment of my gradual readjustment. * * * The dividing line between sanity and insanity has ever been a topic of discussion. In my own case I believe that I can safely state that the elapsed time between a condition of absolute sanity and insanity and comparative sanity was scarcely appreciable.

This statement squares with the psychological fact that it takes about one tenth of a second for the mind to form a perception. The very instant I caught sight of my letter in the hands of my brother all was changed.

The thousands of false impressions recorded during the 798 days of my depressed state seemed at once to correct themselves. Untruth became truth. My old world was mine again. That gigantic web woven by an indefatigable and fired imagination, I immediately recognized as a snare of delusions, in which I had all but hopelessly entangled myself.

"That the Gordian knot of mental torture should be cut and swept away by the mere glance of a willing eye is like a miracle. But not a few insane persons recover their reason—or, more scientifically expressed, reach the culmination of their hitherto invisible process of readjustment—in what might be termed a flash of divine enlightenment, though very few have documentary evidence to prove their instantaneous return to life."

Mr. Beers declares that had he not recognized his brother by his own note, he is certain he would have killed himself within 10 days. He had been brooding upon suicide. For two years he had scarcely talked. Conversation with the newly recognized relative was difficult. The change in his mental condition was accompanied by visions of grandeur; his long period of depression was followed by a tremendous exaltation. The pendulum swung the other way.

When he lost his reason Mr. Beers says his brain felt as though is were pricked with countless needles at a white heat. "On this August 30, 1902, shortly after regaining my reason, I had another distinct sensation in the brain. "It started under my brow and gradually spread until the entire surface was affected. The throes of a dying reason had been torture. The sensation felt as my reason was reborn were delightful. It seemed as though the refreshing breath of some kind goddess of wisdom were being gently blown against the surface of my brain. It was a sensation not unlike that produced by a menthol pencil rubbed ever so gently over a fevered brow.

"So delicate, so crisp and exhilarating was it that words fail me in my attempt to describe it. If the exaltation produced by some drugs is anything like it, I can easily understand how and why certain pernicious habits enslave those who contract them. For me, however, this experience was liberation, not enslavement."

And so his mind found itself.

Wild Horses Escape Capture.

From the Denver Republican.

Several effors have been made to capture three bands of wild horses feeding in the neighborhood of Kit Carson.

Among the group that runs wild about 20 miles north of the town are said to be a powerful horse and an equally handsome mare that would make a team worth about $1400. A huge sorrel stallion with a blaze face, a tail that reaches to the ground and a heavy, flowing mane is the leader of the band and is isaid to be so wary that up to date all attempts to run down any member of the group has resulted in failure.

Whenever a man appears on the horizon the stallion sounds the alarm and starts the band off in the other direction, led by a small roan bronco. The stallion himself brings up the rear, snapping at the mares to make them run faster, and if too hard pushed he will stride off by himself.

The country where this band roams is known as the Little and Big Springs section, and the farmers in that vicinity are watching their own horses closely to keep them from joining the wild herd. A domesticated horse is often coaxed away by a band of wild ones and in a few days is as wild as the rest.

There is said to be another band, led by a big brown stallion, about 20 miles south of Kit Carson, and a third, led by a bay, not quite so far off. Some of the horses have brands, while others have not.

Turn About.

From the Somerville Journal.

Mrs. Wicks—Mrs. Ringtoss says that her husband makes her a monthly allowance.

Mrs. Hicks—Well, he ought to. She has to make daily allowances for him.