

THE TURNPIKE ROAD.

No strange it seems, so strange and sweet. That here life's busy tide once flowed. That bravely trod our granddaddy's feet. With light heart, or with heavy load. Through this forsaken turnpike road.

TOLD BY A DEAD MAN.

One evening, not many months ago three persons were seated in a snug corner of the lounging room of the Electricians' club of Vienna. From the intense and eager expression on the faces of two of them it was evident that the subject of the conversation was more than ordinarily interesting.

The leader of the conversation was a man apparently on the turn of thirty-five, with a face strongly marked by the unsparring brush of late hours and unrestrained passions. He had reached the pitch of the tale, and was enjoying the impatience of his listeners with a keen relish.

On the following morning the frequenters of the club stood about in little knots discussing the episode of the night before. There was a universal sympathy with the gentleman who had received the blow, and many strong expressions of anger were indulged in by the members, who were justly enraged at the publicity that would inevitably follow such a disgraceful affair.

Such an unwarranted imputation against a lady's character should not pass unpunished, and if Herr Waldemer does not challenge that brute, why, I'll do it myself, if only on general principles.

As the choleric old man finished, a commotion at the door showed the entrance of some one with fresh news on the engrossing topic.

Waldemer has challenged him, and the challenge is accepted of course. I have just come from the house of Rukert, who, you know, conducts all such affairs. He wouldn't tell me when it was to take place, or indeed anything at all about it. But there are going to be some extraordinary arrangements, I could tell that by his air of mystery—the pompous old idiot!

The welcome intelligence created a feeling of general relief among the members, and it was hailed with great satisfaction. They dispersed to their various homes, knowing that their code of honor was still intact.

For several days the curious made every effort to discover any details concerning the impending duel, but without avail. There was only a certainty that it would take place, but where and how was only known to the principals and the indefatigable Rukert.

On the morning of the sixth day after the quarrel at the club the community was thrown into a state of horror at the following article published in the Neue Freie Presse:

At half-past 8 last night, as a party of young men were passing the house of Herr Waldemer, in Strasse Wallfischgasse, they were startled by the loud report of a revolver coming from the direction of that gentleman's residence, followed immediately by an agonizing scream. They hastily forced the front door, and after a vain search in several rooms, all unattended, they reached the study. There, prostrate on the floor, was the form of our well-known citizen—dead. A hideous wound in his left temple and a revolver lying near at hand showed the cause of death. Stretched across his body, her hair dabbling in a pool of blood, was his beautiful wife. It was at first thought that she also was

dead, but a hasty examination showed that she had only fainted. One of the horrified gentlemen ran for the nearest doctor and also to report the melancholy news to the proper authorities. The others set to work to revive Mrs. Waldemer, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her recover consciousness.

By a fortunate coincidence Dr. Breslon happened to be in the neighborhood, and he was soon in attendance. He pronounced Waldemer past all medical aid, but said that the lady was only suffering from a severe nervous shock, natural under the circumstances.

Despite her protestations Mrs. Waldemer was taken into custody and removed to the house of detention, where she remained during the night, all offers of bail being resolutely refused. Owing to a most extraordinary and fortunate circumstance we are enabled to clear the unhappy lady from all suspicion, and also to give our readers the details of a very singular duel that took place in this city but a few days ago and which undoubtedly caused the suicide just mentioned.

Last night at half-past 10 o'clock a messenger left a package in the ante-room with instructions that it be sent up to the managing editor. Upon the removal of the outer wrapper was found a sealed envelope with the following note:

June 13, 1889. To the Managing Editor: You will find inclosed an important item of news, which you are at liberty to use only on condition that this envelope be not received before 10 o'clock this night. I trust to your well known honor to see that this stipulation is faithfully carried out.

RUDOLPH WALDEMER. Long before the receipt of the mysterious package Waldemer's suicide had been discovered, and so the seal was immediately broken. Inside was the following remarkable confession: "These, my last words, are written on the threshold of the unknown. Though in the prime of life, the mere thought of living has become a dread more terrifying than that of death.

"It is still fresh in the mind of the public how I overheard in my club the name of my wife bandied about by a lecherous scoundrel, who has already gone the road I shall travel tonight.

"I challenged him. The challenge was accepted. All the details were left to a mutual friend—a man learned in electrical science—who enthusiastically proposed the adoption of electricity as a weapon. I assented with indifference, not heeding the agent who had my revenge. My antagonist agreed, prompted by a professional curiosity. For several days the mysterious preparations went on, and at last there came a note stating that I was to call at a certain house on the outskirts of the city at midnight.

"On arriving at the place indicated the scientist met me at the door and led the way to a little anteroom on the second floor. There I found my antagonist, and it was only the knowledge that but a few minutes could elapse before we would be engaged in mortal combat that restrained me from throttling him where he stood.

"We were taken into an adjoining room, and what I saw there filled my soul with a grim joy—the lust for murder. Returning again to the outer room, we were requested to submit without demur to any preparations necessary. I complied with alacrity, but he evidently hesitated before answering, and I noticed with pleasure that his voice trembled and his face paled with a cowardly dread.

"The old electrician produced two long, close fitting robes that enveloped us from neck to heels, and with skillful fingers he speedily buttoned them around us, making the shroudlike garments more secure by passing a stout cord about the outside in innumerable turns. Fettered in this way we lay upon the floor unable to move hand or foot. Satisfied at last that the fastenings were secure, he dragged us with infinite care into the chamber of death.

"It was a small, square room, devoid of furniture, and but dimly lighted by a common oil lamp suspended from the ceiling. The floor had been waxed and polished until it was as smooth as glass. In two corners of the room, diagonally opposite each other, were a couple of peculiar looking metal disks placed horizontally on the floor, and having a round, flat knob in the center. Leading from each were two lines of insulated wire about six or seven yards long, ending in shallow cups containing dampened felt.

"Placing us side by side, midway between the corners, the cups were fastened to our bodies, one being placed on the neck at the base of the brain and the other at the extremity of the spinal column. Thus attached to our respective disks we were told that he who first reached his opponent's corner could, by merely placing his head on the elevated spot, send the annihilating current on its deadly way.

"The old scientist, after a few hurried directions, given in a voice agitated with strong emotion, retired to a corner, where I could see him standing in an attitude of rapt attention, his head bent forward, his eyes protruding and glowering with a fixity of expression almost maniacal in its intensity.

"The room was filled with a solemn quiet, unbroken save by the low murmur of heavy respiration or the regular tick of a clock, whose monotonous rhythm sounded like the beat of a drum to my overstrained nerves. Thus we lay for nearly half a minute, each waiting for the other to make the move.

"A short reflection had shown me that victory would come to him who showed the greatest cunning, as the manner in which we were tied precluded the display of brute force, and the slippery floor offered no fulcrum wherewith to propel one's self along.

"Slyly I turned my head and saw close by, the livid face of my antagonist his deep set eyes watchful and alert. As a faint I turned slowly over. He did the same. Then with a sudden effort I swung around so that my feet struck him a sharp blow in the face. It aroused all the devil in his nature, and

he quickly retaliated by making a desperate lunge at my head. His heels flew past within an inch, and the force of the movement placed him almost between me and my corner. He was quick to see the advantage, and started to roll with increasing force in that direction. Then ensued a terrible race for the disk.

"Over the glassy floor, slipping and sliding, with head advanced in futile endeavor to gain a greater momentum, we writhed and squirmed, vainly grasping at the polished surface.

"The room revolved in a dizzy whirl, and soon my eyes were blinded by aching tears called forth by a raging terror at the heart—a fear that he might gain the victory and live. With one last superhuman effort I threw myself across the widening gap between us and stopped his progress. There we lay panting for breath on the very edge of the metal plate, but I was nearest.

"After what seemed an eternity of time the strange combat recommenced. I was posted in the angle, my feet pressed firmly against one wall and my head against the other. It was a living barrier of resistless strength.

"Suddenly I felt his form against mine, creeping cunningly closer. With a hasty jerk I drew my body in, and with shoulders pressed firmly against the plastered sides gave one powerful kick and sent him sliding to the center of the room. Before he had stopped I was rolling in the direction of his corner. With elbow and heel, invoking the aid of every nerve and muscle, I rapidly covered the intervening space, and then found my passage barred and the goal snatched from my eager grasp on the threshold of victory. Wild with baffled rage I threw myself upon him, and with hellish fury tried to tear his throat with my teeth.

"As we struggled the room resounded with an infernal din of gasping moans and oaths strangled in their utterance. For a time I lost all sense of direction, and was only intent on crushing out his viperous life.

"We had neared the middle when, by what crafty trick I know not, he broke away, and with miraculous speed, now leaping half erect and now writhing like a serpent, he again approached the disk. I watched him with fascinated eyes as he drew nearer and nearer. My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, every drop of blood turned to ice, and I felt the bony hand of death clutching that heart which in a second would shrivel at the lightning's touch.

"He reached it; up went his head, higher and higher: My God! why does he prolong this living death? A thud as it touched the iron plate; a horrible gurgling noise cut off in its infancy; one long, convulsive shudder of the body, and he lay dead before me, killed by his own wire. He had mistaken the plate! "Hours afterward I was carried from the house, my reason almost gone and the dread terror of the scene still before me. How his body was disposed of I do not know. Probably it was buried under a false name. His death was not at my hands, but the horror of it rests upon me and it is more than I can bear."—Enrique H. Lewis in Romance.

Why Women Have Dyspepsia. A medical journal, in a learned discussion of the alleged causes of dyspepsia in women, declares that they are mainly lack of exercise and eating indigestible food at unholy hours. To this a celebrated woman physician takes exception, and asserts that laziness and self-indulgence are not the main causes of dyspepsia in women.

"I have found," she says, "that women are usually victims of the atonic variety of dyspepsia—that variety which comes from a lack of tone in the stomach rather than from any disarrangement of its functions. It is sometimes caused by a generally enfeebled condition of the system, but is oftener the result of their getting overtired and then attempting to rest themselves by eating a hearty meal.

"Women are so reckless in the expenditure of their strength—they go shopping for a whole afternoon, or they call, or entertain, or are entertained, without a thought of their bodies, until suddenly they find themselves utterly wearied out. When this exhaustion occurs, instead of lying down for an hour's complete rest before eating anything at all, they will sit down to a hearty meal in order to rest themselves, as they think; and the tired stomach is too weak to care for the load of food that is thrust upon it. By and by a dyspeptic condition is induced, and the poor souls wonder what they have eaten that has brought on dyspepsia."—Detroit Free Press.

English and American Homes. Much is said of the luxury of the Old World, but people who have had opportunities for comparison testify that the average of comfort in living is much higher in the United States than in England and Europe. Even the homes of the wealthiest are entirely lacking in comforts and conveniences that are regarded as indispensable among the middle class and even the poorer homes of the United States. Many English houses occupied by families of means are not supplied with steam or water, and the general method of heating is by open fireplaces fed with smoky soft coal.

Hot air furnaces are almost unknown. Set bowls, with hot and cold water faucets, are regarded as non-permissible extravagance even by the wealthiest, and only the very wealthiest sometimes indulge in the luxury of a bathroom. A hotel having one advertises it as a special and unusual attraction. Candles are still much relied on for illumination. A hundred other conveniences regarded as necessities in American homes are unknown in English households.—Good Housekeeping.

Interested in the Skeleton. "Little Albert had been allowed to amuse himself by turning over the leaves of the big illustrated dictionary. The picture of the skeleton impressed him particularly, and at the breakfast table the next morning he surprised his father by asking suddenly, "Papa, can't that bony fellow in the dictionary wiggle his fingers?"—Youth's Companion.

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will be to advertise the resources of the city, and adjacent country, to assist in developing our industries, in extending and opening up new channels for our trade, in securing an open river, and in helping THE DALLES to take her proper position as the

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