A Strange Father.

Several years ago there appeared in this paper a story entitled, "A Strange Man," which will be remembered by our readers. The story was that of a man who was brought home, and who, for some strange reason, had been in the habit of killing over his last supper. The account was told by a woman who had been a passenger on the same train with him, and had watched him as he waited for the train to leave. The woman was startled by the man's odd behavior, and as she watched him, she realized that he was the sort of man who was likely to do something terrible. She had been struck with his strange face, and as she watched him, she realized that he was the sort of man who was likely to do something terrible. She had been struck with his strange face, and as she watched him, she realized that he was the sort of man who was likely to do something terrible. She had been struck with his strange face, and as she watched him, she realized that he was the sort of man who was likely to do something terrible. She had been struck with his strange face, and as she watched him, she realized that he was the sort of man who was likely to do something terrible. She had been struck with his strange face, and as she watched him, she realized that he was the sort of man who was likely to do something terrible. She had been struck with his strange face, and as she watched him, she realized that he was the sort of man who was likely to do something terrible. She had been struck with his strange face, and as she watched him, she realized that he was the sort of man who was likely to do something terrible. She had been struck with his strange face, and as she watched him, she realized that he was the sort of man who was likely to do something terrible. She had been struck with his strange face, and as she watched him, she realized that he was the sort of man who was likely to do something terrible. She had been strike