

THE RUSSIAN DOCTOR.

A Tragical and Romantic Story from Real Life.

(ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN OF MRS. ELISE FORSTER.)

BY MRS. FRANCES A. SHAW. Translation Copyrighted, 1887, by A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Company.

may help," she cried, reaching him the basket. "I fear you will not show much skill. Do you really know how to tell the ripe berries from the green ones?"

He laughed and took the basket. Desiree began to pick hastily. For a few moments he tried to help; then he set the basket on the ground near her, and sprang over the bed to the bench beneath the window.

"Please excuse me from berry-picking. Let me atone for my awkwardness by reading to you. I have Lamartine in my pocket."

"That would be beautiful, but I fear I can do nothing but listen."

"Hilmar, where are you? Have you forgotten our engagement?" called the doctor's voice from the terrace, and directly after his quick, firm step was heard approaching. "I am waiting for you," he said, impatiently, with an uneasy side-glance at Desiree.

Hilmar sprang up. "I beg your pardon," he answered, with some bewilderment, slipping the book into his pocket. "I was going to lighten Desiree's task by reading from Lamartine's poems. May I have that pleasure at some future hour, mademoiselle?"

Desiree smiled and nodded, waved her hand to Arnim, and the two gentlemen went away.

The young girl's eyes followed them on the long path leading to the forest. But it was not the tall figure of her guardian that fixed her thoughtful glance.

A week later at the close of a lesson, Arnim detained his pupil for a moment.

"I am delighted to hear from Marianne," he said, "that you have become a great help to her in every way. Perhaps you may soon be called upon to take her place."

"Is Marianne going to her brother?" asked Desiree. "She once told me that she might."

"No, she will perhaps marry. I know some one who is tired of his bachelor life, and wants a sensible wife. Who knows how soon he may take her for us?"

The young girl turned deadly pale. "You do not believe," she began, then stopped suddenly.

"I believe that a betrothal will take place before our eyes, and I regard the marriage as a very suitable one. 'Hilmar,' as he wrote me, 'is done with love.' He wants a sensible woman and a good housewife."

Desiree did not answer, but the hand which rested on the table, trembled. Arnim saw this with mingled terror and anger.

"I must really interfere in Marianne's behalf," he cried, excitedly. "To marry a man like Hilmar is a prodigious venture. Fascinating men who have been much worshipped by women are not to be reckoned upon. If accident throws in their way another woman brilliant or gifted enough to interest them, woe to the poor wife bound to them in marriage fetters! Happily Marianne's is an energetic, unselfish nature. She will in any event remain mistress of the situation."

"Does she love him?" asked Desiree, softly.

"I do not know. She is very reticent. But I am sure she would not refuse him."

"Has he not yet asked her?"

"No, but he is likely to do so very soon. His visit has nearly expired."

"And Marianne suspects nothing of this?"

"I think she must have understood the special attentions Ussikow has paid her."

"Then they will soon marry?"

"Doubtless—for Ussikow must pass the winter in the South, and needs a sensible companion. You may speedily realize your wish to conduct your uncle's household. But I would not chain you here, my child. We would travel and see the world. Where would you like first to go?"

"To my mother's grave," she whispered, hid her face in her hands and sobbed, left the room.

They would all meet at supper in the "garden room." Hilmar came home late from his walk; the doctor lingered in his study. Desiree was perfectly possessed to help, although assured by Marianne that there was nothing for her to do—that in her present nervous state she would only hinder. She dropped a glass and broke it. It seemed as if her hands could hold nothing firmly.

At last every thing was ready, and the young girl seated herself at the window opening on the veranda. Marianne was in the kitchen, delivering to the servants one of those lectures that was apt to precede every meal. Papillon's hands lay idle in her lap; she gazed out into the star-lit darkness of the summer night. Light murmurs broke the silence, heavy perfumes came borne upon the air. Her thoughts, as if wafted by the breeze, fluttered here and there. Again she heard the voice which had said: "Are you not now sheltered as in a father's house?" Yes, Ussikow was right. What could she expect more? And yet she could but reflect that this very man was about founding himself a home—a home with Marianne! Was she really the wife for him? Would he sing his

beautiful songs to her evenings, and would she sit by with that everlasting crocheting, unmoved and indifferent as now? Would she not interrupt him with all sorts of irrelevant questions as she now interrupted her cousin when he read? How deathly silent and solitary it would be when those two had left the house!

Then she recalled the words and melody of that song so inexpressibly sad. There were tears in her voice as she hummed it softly to herself:

"Comme le jour me dure Passer loin de toi!"

Life for her seemed to have no joyous days in store. A longing, such as she had never before experienced, came over her. She stretched out her hands into the empty air and cried: "O mother, if I were but with you!"

A light footstep started her; a shadow flitted past the open door. She rose slowly and stepped out upon the terrace. No one was in sight, but a light in the chamber opposite showed that the guest of the house had returned.

At table, Marianne bore the burden of the entertainment; the others seemed constrained. After supper Arnim announced that a virulent typhus had broken out in the suburbs, and that he had been summoned to a consultation of physicians, which would take place the next morning. Desiree was silent under plea of headache. The gentlemen withdrew early. As they left, the doctor said, excitedly:

"Go to bed, Papillon, and sleep away your headache. We must not miss our joyous sunbeam from the breakfast table. Who knows how much I may soon need its cheer?"

Hilmar accompanied the doctor to his study. Scarce had the door closed behind them, when he said, nervously, but in a strangely repressed voice:

"Forgive me, old fellow, but this must go on no longer! I must leave you. Send me wherever you will, only away from here—the further the better. Let me be perfectly frank with you. I have deceived myself. Marianne is the most excellent of women, but we are not suited to each other. And then I will confess to you that my heart has been stolen for all time. Arnim, I love the sweet creature who calls you uncle. Give me permission to win her."

The doctor started. Gazing at his friend with dilated eyes, he stammered:

"The child—you dream?"

"She is no child, but the most enchanting woman God ever created for the happiness of man."

"And do you believe that Desiree?"

"I believe nothing as yet, but I hope," interposed Hilmar, with impassioned accents. "Allow me to speak with her."

"For God's sake, not now! Leave me time to accustom myself to the thought that her youth and loveliness may no more brighten my home. Tomorrow I shall be calm."

"And you do not despise me for giving up Marianne?"

"No, no!" said the doctor, with a shrill laugh. "You two could never be happy in marriage. Fortunately she suspects nothing of this absurd plan between us. Now leave me. To-morrow we will talk things over. I will speak with Desiree myself. Until this happens, promise that you will not exchange a word with her. Your hand upon it!"

Hilmar pressed the doctor's hand. Upon leaving, he said:

"Early to-morrow morning I will start out for a day among the mountains. I will remain longer if I can endure the absence from Desiree. Good-night, Arnim."

He had scarce vanished when the doctor uttered a hollow groan. Sudden and vivid as the lightning's flash, flamed up in his soul the consciousness that he loved Hortense's child. The strong man fell upon his knees, and buried his head in the cushions of his arm-chair. "Lost as soon as found!" he sobbed.

This night sleep was a stranger to his eyes. He paced restlessly through his chamber until the morning gray—in wild conflict with an overmastering passion.

Marianne had been right—his hour had indeed come! Love so long delayed had invaded his life not like a mild spring rain, but rather like a wild tempest overthrowing all in its path. His heart was rent with anguish. Why had he lived, why did he still live? What should he do without the sunshine diffusing warmth through his house and through his whole existence? A faint spark of hope still remained. The thought that if the choice lay between him and Hilmar, Desiree might decide for him. He recalled her grateful affection, her loving glances, her ardent greetings, the confidences she intrusted to him, the tone of voice in which she said: "I shall remain always with you."

Could she forget all this? Could her

heart turn to this casual acquaintance, this man of whom she knew so little good ever from his own lips, who had done nothing to win the treasure of her love, who confessed that he had been about to woo another? Poor wrestler! How little he knew the heart of woman! as if it ever required time or noble deed to call forth its love! It comes and it is there! She loves—this is the miracle. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred she scarce knows why.

With passionate ardor, Arnim sought to recall from his reading, from his own experience, examples of the devotion of a young girl to an elderly man—of love that had sprung from gratitude.

Ah, could she but belong to him for the rest of his life! Never to leave him more! How he would bear the beloved one on his hands! She should live where she wished. He would not bury her youth and loveliness within these four narrow walls. When in the morning twilight, he at last flung himself exhausted upon his bed and slumbered, in dreams he clasped his beautiful darling to his breast, and her sweet lips whispered: "I remain always with you!"

CHAPTER VI.

It was a relief to Arnim not to find his guest in the breakfast room, to feel sure that they would not meet for the whole day.

Hilmar has gone out into the country with his portfolio," he said, taking his place at the table. "He will probably return to-morrow or the day after."

"I am glad he is away," said Marianne. "I will have his chamber thoroughly cleaned."

Desiree turned pale.

"He must have gone in the night," she said. "I was awake very early, but did not hear the slightest sound in the house."

"We need not trouble ourselves if he stays away a week," remarked Marianne, coolly.

"Uncle, you are ill!" cried Desiree, suddenly, and bending over him, she grasped his hand. "You look as if you had had a bad night."

"I have not slept," he answered, with a faint smile. "I have been kept awake by many anxieties. I shall leave directly for the consultation."

"You will not renew your practice at a time like this?" asked Marianne, in terror. "Think of yourself and of us. I am mortally afraid of typhus."

"It would be an unworthy physician who thought of himself in such a crisis. Are you afraid, Papillon?"

"Yes, very much so," she said, blushing, as if in shame at her weakness. "But if one I loved needed my help as nurse I should not hesitate to give it."

The doctor, on his return at noon from the consultation, looked grave and anxious.

"We hope that in town the disease will be confined to isolated cases," he said; "but in the outlying villages it has become epidemic. You will see but little of me. I must do all I can, and I would like my meals at as early an hour as possible."

All at once Desiree laid her hand upon his arm, and gazing intently into his face, said, with tremulous voice:

"Uncle, do you think our guest has taken the route to the villages?"

A sudden pain as from some sharp instrument shot through the doctor's heart, but he answered, calmly:

"That is scarce imaginable. The picturesque region Ussikow frequents for sketching lies eastward from here. The epidemic rages in the villages to the west. He may return this evening."

He did not come this night or the day following. Arnim was sure that if any thing had happened some word would have been sent. Marianne did not suffer a moment's anxiety, but Desiree wandered restlessly about the garden and terrace, gazing often down the forest path for some glimpse of the absent one.

"Comme le jour me dure Passer loin de toi!"

echoed a constant refrain in her heart though the lips were silent. It seemed already months since he went away.

The doctor plunged into his practice with feverish ardor. It came as a God-send to divert his thoughts. The virulent cases in the town increased rapidly. For the first time the destroying angel of pestilence had invaded this peaceful valley. The little hospital soon overflowed. There was urgent need of nurses. Solitary cases of self-sacrifice, displayed by contrast the egotism of human nature in its appalling nakedness. The general motto was "Let him save himself who can!" Abroad, the doctor's energies were taxed to the utmost, his heart wrung by the spectacle of human misery; at home he met only anxious faces. Marianne made no concealment of her terror; Desiree flitted around pale and silent but with a look of strange foreboding in her eyes. Ivan in his bewilderment broke almost every dish he touched, and turned things upside down. His grand preservative against disease was a draught of whisky. Kathie, the cook, believed every half hour that she had an attack of the murderous fever, and ran howling to her mistress. She wanted the doctor constantly on hand, and did not see why he could not pass his whole time in the vicinity of her kitchen. Why should he run after strangers and leave his own household in the lurch? Arnim, at the incessant outcry of his cousin, had prescribed troops as a preventive. She scarce allowed the vial out of her hand. Sacrificial clouds of smoke arose from everywhere in the house but the doctor's study. Here, at his express command,

EMPRESS OF GERMANY.

TRAINING WHICH HER MOTHERS THE BRITISH QUEEN, GAVE.

Not a Favorite with Her Majesty the Queen Victoria—Her Late Majesty's Childhood—Influence of English Customs in the House of Hohenzollern.

That the English princess who now occupies the exalted position of empress of Germany, though adored by her husband and the object of the affectionate respect of her late father-in-law, has never been a favorite with her mother-in-law with the great chancellor, the unprogressive aristocracy of the German court and government and of the German public—who have judged of her mainly by the opinions they have known to be entertained in regard to her in those exalted circles—has long been no secret to those who have been in a position to see themselves the relative positions of the imperial family of Germany, and to judge by the way in which public opinion is influenced in and by the capital in this country as in all others. But the reason of the state of sentiment alluded to is not far to seek.

Queen Victoria, sufficiently sure of the solidity of her granular and of that of her family, made it a point in the bringing up of the latter to encourage them to find healthful amusement in "homely" interests and occupations. The royal children had at Windsor their gardens, dairy and kitchen, in all of which they amused themselves at their pleasure, working in their favorite domain as hard as any other children would have done, deeply interested in digging and planting, sowing and gathering in making cakes, tarts, custards, etc., preparing everything and keeping everything in order with their own hands doing everything themselves, even to the making of the fire in their kitchen and the "cleaning up" and putting away of everything brought into use in their domain.

One of their greatest delights was to get the queen and Prince Albert to come to their quarters to lunch, when everything composing the repast was of their own providing. The first gathering of the green peas of their gardens was always made a pretext for engaging their royal parents to come to one of these repasts, every dish of which was always made by the young princess and princesses, who were very proud of their success on these pleasant occasions, when their flower beds furnished a handsome bouquet for their royal mother and a favorite flower for the paternal buttonhole.

THE FIRST LETTERS HOME.

The first letters from "Vic" to her family after her marriage all contained inquiries about her garden and its various plants and flowers, among which, was a beautiful rose bush of her own planting and training, and in which she took especial interest, and news concerning the opening of its buds was constantly asked for by the future queen of Prussia.

The latter, soon after her establishment in Berlin, was found by some of the stiffest of the court ladies one day when they came to pay their respects to the crown princess, perched on a ladder hammer in hand, busily engaged in putting up some window draperies in one of her drawing rooms. The horror excited in the minds of the visitors by such an abatement of the royal dignity on the part of their future queen may be more readily imagined than described, as also the indignation of their royal mistress on learning from her ladies the unprecedented demerit of her son's bride.

To all the remonstrances addressed to her from time to time, on the score of her lapse in the department of royal dignity—from what everything like the ordinary uses of feet and fingers was banished as derogatory from the rules of divine order—the crown princess always replied "Mamma does so," or "Mamma approves of it," and this justification was invariably regarded by German prejudice and jealousy as an aggravation of the offense. Thus the young crown princess caused a vast amount of local anger by insisting on the wearing of caps by the maid servants employed in her palace. German maids have generally the "heads of hair" around of them, and consider caps, as worn by servants in England, to be an outrage and an abomination and the women in the princess establishment unanimously refused to obey the order. But the princess, on learning this refusal, informed the household that she was quite determined on caps being worn.

All the maid servants in mamma's service wear caps," said the princess, "and all those who wish to remain in mine must wear them. Now who will not submit to this rule and my service. Those who desire to remain must put on caps at once." When it was found that the princess' mind was made up on the subject little white caps, like those worn by servants in England, were at once adopted, but the general public regarded the imposing of these caps as a piece of odious English tyranny.

The princess, after her marriage, not only continued to take oatmeal porridge as a part of her own morning meal, but always had it served at her family breakfast table, as a regular item of that repast. A small portion of the Scotch dairy, perfectly small, served in little wooden bowls most carefully carved and flanked with tiny jugs of cream, was placed beside each plate, and it used to be confidentially and smilingly remarked by guests honored by admission to the intimacy of this family repast, that the royal hostess was always especially gracious to those who had disposed of the porridge with the most apparent manifestations of approval.

That the practical familiarity with the interests of ordinary life, so widely cultivated by Queen Victoria in the training of her children, has effectively preserved the German empress from the special danger of royal isolation, is abundantly evidenced by her active patronage of enterprises of public benevolence, that it has proved equally effective within the privacy of her own home. Well known to all who have had an opportunity of looking more nearly behind the scenes—Berlin Cor. New York Graphic.

Hunting for Noah's Ark.

A Russian official now in this country says that another attempt to find Noah's ark is about to be made by a company of Russian explorers. After the deluge recorded in Genesis the ark in which the human race was saved rested upon the mountains of Ararat one of the two peaks of which is in Russian territory, and is the great landmark between Russia, Turkey and Persia. No far from the eastern end of the Black sea. The summit is more than 17,000 feet above the sea level, and is constantly covered with snow and ice.—Boston Traveler.

Making a Pleasant Home.

A mother once said she wanted to make her boys feel that home was the pleasant place on earth, and she took care to interest her sons early in fruits and flowers, and instructed them in the growth and development of all forms of plant life. Next to the warm, parental affection she deems the influence of flowers and fruits as the most potent agencies in making a pleasant home.—St. Louis Republican.

THE LANDLORD OF PARIS.

According to Americans Who Visit the French Capital—An Incident.

There are many things that Americans should be cautious about in taking apartments in this city—one thing in particular, that of demanding a duplicate inventory of all the articles in the room, and to be certain of carefully noting every crack, stain or scratch in porcelain, on carpet or furniture, otherwise, when giving up the apartment, there is sure to be some trouble with the landlord.

To prove how we Americans are in the power of French landlords after signing a lease and inventory, I will tell the experience of a friend of ours who just returned to his native land thoroughly disgusted with France and the inhabitants Mr. F. signed a lease for an apartment on the Champs Elysees for two years, went carefully over the inventory with the landlord, and when they came to the dining room he told the proprietor that he did not wish any of the glasses or tableware in it, as he had plenty of his own that he had just purchased and was anxious to use so as to pass it free of duty when he returned to America. The landlord asked the privilege of placing the dinner and breakfast sets, with the two or three dozen glasses, in a closet that was not to be used. Of course our friend agreed to this arrangement, and did not even look at the abandoned porcelain. At the end of the two years the inventory was again taken, and on arriving at the dining room the long closet was opened and all the china and glass taken down from the shelves where it lay covered with the dust of months. Mr. F. asked in astonishment what use there was in even looking at it all. "Why, to see if it has been broken," the landlord replied with a gracious bow. "But I have not used it, and most certainly would not be responsible for any breakage," "But, monsieur, the inventory calls for it, and we must look at it," and down came piece after piece. The result was a charge of 500 francs against Mr. F. for a badly used dinner and breakfast set and a dozen and a half cracked glasses.

Naturally there was a tremendous row, a rush to a lawyer's office for retribution, but all in vain, for Mr. F. was actually obliged to pay this exorbitant demand of 500 francs. But before signing a check for the required amount he asked in a meek voice if the two sets and glasses would be his if he paid this sum, for the landlord had said they would be of no service to him, being so badly damaged. "Certainly, if monsieur so desires it," said the landlord, "but of course monsieur would not think of asking it to America, would he?" "No, no matter what I would do with it," Mr. F. replied, and wrote out the check without further words. After the door had closed on the satisfied and smiling landlord our friend ordered his servants to lay all the china and glass on the floor in the ante-chamber and to wait for his return, after which he rushed to a hardware store close by, purchased four stout hatchets and returned to the apartment with a beaming countenance. And now to work. He called to his servants, and setting the example he began to chop the array of china and glass into a thousand pieces—in a very few moments nothing but a heap of crushed porcelain and glass remained as evidence of the destruction of the weather. Mr. F. smiled and wrote out a check of satisfaction as he surveyed his work.—Paris Cor Argonaut.

Dress According to the Weather.

The great trouble with most men and one of the reasons why you hear them complain so frequently of sickness is that they do not know how to dress to meet the requirements of the weather. Men wear the same weight of underclothing all through a season, without any reference whatever to the daily changes of weather. I know lots of men who carry their heavy flannels on their backs from September to July and never think of putting on light underclothing until the extreme heat of summer is upon them. Now this is all wrong. I believe in changes of clothing for changes of weather. Thick lamb's wool is the proper thing for the depth of winter, but when the spring changes come a man should have light underclothing for the warm days and a heavier quality for the cold days.

I always take advantage of the first break in the winter weather to don garments suitable to the shifting temperature. At times when other people are sweltering in flannels I am comfortable in the gauziest of linens. I am comfortable in the gauziest of linens. I lift the lid of my clothes chest and make use of material that will give me comfort and protection through that day. To do this successfully one need not be a weather prophet exactly, but he must examine his barometer on arising and study the probabilities of the day. I have followed my present custom for years and never found a cold to result even when the changes of garments would be regarded by another person with the greatest apprehension.—Dr. W. F. Kier in Globe-Democrat.

The Children of the Poor.

In the homes of the very poor there are no hired servants to keep the household machinery running smoothly while the mistress is away. The wife of the laboring man is frequently cook, nurse, housemaid, laundress, all in one, and if she must go out as a bread winner besides, what is to prevent the domestic engine from running off the track and getting itself hopelessly derailed? Of the two evils, if both are evils, I am persuaded that it is better that the child should go out to labor than the mother. Liberty, incurred by more than doubtful blessing, for the loss of which the child that takes its mother's place in the shop or the mill is more than compensated by the advantage of having her care at home. It is of far greater importance to the physical and moral well being of the child that it should have a clean, well ordered home to receive it out of working hours, than that its working hours should be abolished. The real hardship to the children of the poor lies not in setting them early to learn the wholesome lesson of labor, but in leaving them to grow up amid the discomforts and dangers of a neglected home, while the mother is bestowing upon them and spending the care that is the natural prerogative of her title one.—Eliza F. Andrews in Popular Science Monthly.

No Cause for Alarm.

A man living in a Hoboken flat was greatly disturbed and not a little alarmed by a terrible commotion in the flat above. There was the sound of fierce scuffling and falling bodies with now and then a half subdued howl or groan.

"That big 300 pound lubber up there must be whipping his delicate little wife," said the indignant listener, as he ran up the stairs and knocked at the door of the upper flat.

The delicate little wife came to the door, flushed and excited with victory, and carrying a broken broomstick in her hand.

"Oh, nothing—nothing worth mentioning at all—only Higgins swore as how he wouldn't dress the baby, an' I ben lettin' 'im know as how he would. Her dressin' of 'er now, ar, that's all. Beg pard'n for disturbin' you."—Detroit Free Press.

Don't be affected. It's a deformity.

A CURIOUS BELIEF.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE TOTOAC INDIANS OF VERA CRUZ.

Stories of the "Nahual," or Double-guarding Children Against Evil Influences—A Few Tales of the Marvelous. The World be Hitter Hitten.

Meanwhile the friends and kindred gathered up the ashes which for weeks past have been collected from the household fireplace for the purpose, and at a little distance from the house they distribute these ashes in a circle inclosing the cabin, the ring being perhaps a foot wide and several inches thick. This ring remains during the night of the child's birth, and the next morning it is carefully inspected, with the view to discovering the tracks of any animal which may have crossed it during the night. Whatever it may be that has left its imprint in the circle, that animal is the nahual of the new born infant. It is not quite easy to explain the meaning of the word nahual. Other self-guardian spirit, wrath, token, all these have somewhat of its force, yet none is exactly the definition. If the nahual be a deer, for instance, the babe, become a man, has under exceptional conditions the power of exchanging his corporal being at will from that of a man to that of a deer. Thus it goes without saying that the child, as he arrives at the period of intelligence, is carefully taught what animal is his nahual, and it is held sacred accordingly.

An Indian mother must guard her child against evil influences, and plucks a tuft of the hair-like scarlet feathers that grow at the root of the "canebe teeth" (the tocani), and fastens them on the crown of the infant's head with cera de canchea, a very tenacious wax gathered by insects. If she meet a "white one," that is to say, a Caucasian, she hastily covers the face and head of her baby to avert the ill which may befall it, for if the stranger gaze upon the child the look means mal de ojo the evil eye.

With increasing years the tie between the man and the individual animal into which he transforms himself becomes stronger and stronger, until at last the death of the one snaps the cord of life of the other. Take, for instance, the story of a death which occurred on the night of the birth of a woman of the Totonac race, who in her advanced years was a prodigy of knowledge and a very notable person. It may be said, en passant, that the telling of this story in detail develops many features of interest in the daily life of the Indians. It was the night of birth of the daughter, and some hours after that event, indeed about daylight, when Francisco S— and his wife awoke to the fact that the stranger was crying lustily from some physical discomfort. The husband arose to star the fire into a blaze, for fifty years ago match and candles were not in use in Vera Cruz and the thought served for all purposes of illumination. But the Indian stranger woman had crept away to the straw mat that was her only bed and the fire had died down past rekindling, so that the man had to seek for a torch at the hut of a neighbor, who was already astir and eating his simple breakfast of tortillas, a thin, unleavened corncake, dipped in a sop of red Chile peppers, ground up with water in preparation for beginning his work at daylight. Returning home with the brand, Francisco was relating to his wife that his envy and admiration had been moved by the gusto and hearty appetite of the neighbor, when that neighbor's wife came running to the door crying and calling "Chico! Chico! Come quick to help me! Mariano is dying!" And, truly enough, when Francisco reached the spot the man he had so lately left eating with zest and vigor was past the last agony, whether from apoplexy, heart disease or what not, these simple feeling people had no means of verifying. But the explanation was for them simple enough when, a few days later, word came in from Yucatan that at the very hour of the sudden death a party of hunters at that place had killed a lion mountain lion, which animal was the nahual of the dead man.

The bad Indians are rather inclined to make capital with the superstitions of their occult powers, but it sometimes results, in this matter, as in others, that the world be better is better, as witness the following episode. There was an idle fellow, Jose, who hung about Misantia, living on the earnings of his wife, who ground corn and made tortillas for her neighbors. The wife died and Jose turned his wits to stealing chickens and making himself a nuisance generally in the community. One day he went to a changarro stand for a poor wood. A changarro is a stand for the sale of aguardiente and tapanche, a sort of beer or cider made from fermented corn and pineapples. Jose demanded liquor, and the keeper declined to give it to him gratis. Then says Master Jose, indicating a miserable bag of bones of a horse belonging to the widow, which was tied to an orange tree in the courtyard: "You had better give me the liquor or I will throw mal de ojo the evil eye on your horse and kill him." The vendor of liquors persisted in her refusal, and, by a curious coincidence, a little later the wretched animal fell down and died. It had probably been on its last legs, but the Indians did not view the matter from so philosophical a standpoint. They seized Master Jose, the sorcerer, and administered to him on the spot a sound beating that he shortly died from the effects of it.

And there was another, a notorious drunkard, who lived in the monte, the chaparral, the jungle, his family deserted him from going to the town, for he always returned in a woefully state of intoxication when he went down to Misantia. He heard one day that a neighbor, a man who lived two or three leagues away at the edge of the mountains, had a stock of aguardiente, and he bent his steps to the choza—a hut of cane and palm—to buy a share of it. The other man strenuously denied the possession of liquor, and the toper grew furiously angry at what he considered a falsehood and selfish unneighborly refusal. "Very well," he said, "you refuse to give or sell me aguardiente. You will rue it. The first day you go out hunting—for the other lived by the spoils of the chase—I will become a tiger and kill all your dogs." In spite of this formidable menace, the hunter, who really had no liquor, could but persist in his assertions. Lo and behold! The first time thereafter that he went hunting a big tiger set upon his dog and killed the whole pack, one after another. The poor fellow, bereft of his means of subsistence in the loss of his dogs, went down to Misantia and took out a demanda—a writ of complaint—against his neighbor on a charge of witchcraft and dog stealing. And the judges of that day—the toper place only some ten years since—actually took the charge formally, seriously, and the offender was committed to jail on the grounds of witchcraft with what result present documents do not say.—Y. H. Addis in San Francisco Chronicle.

Adulterated Cod Liver Oil.

Professor Post, of St. Petersburg, has found 50 per cent. of petroleum in the cod liver oil sold by one druggist, the adulterated article having the taste, smell and appearance of the genuine. Mineral oil is also frequently found in olive oil.—Boston Herald.