

When Like Cures Like

By TROY ALLISON.

Minna Reed almost ran down the steps from the house bearing the sign "Mme. Voirsi, Clairvoyant." The lady's communications had upset all her preconceived plans and ideas. Her mother had always opposed her trying anything of the kind, but when she saw the sign an overwhelming desire to inquire into things unknown had beset her. The rest of the party had gone down to the beach, and after staying in her room at the summer hotel for an hour with a headache she had slipped out to buy a fascinating kimono she had seen in a Japanese store the day before. The clairvoyant's sign had caught her eye, and for a whole hour she had sat in the darkened, stuffy little room with her nerves all at strained attention.

She went back to her room and, walking straight to the dresser, looked regretfully at the picture of a frank boyish face surrounded by a little plain gold frame.

"I never would have thought it," she whispered. "I thought you were the truest, noblest thing on earth. And she said the man with black eyes, now one of my circle of acquaintances, was deceitful to the core and that if I did not separate his path from mine he would prove the blighting sorrow of my life. Jimmy, dear, it seems impossible to believe you could bring sorrow into any one's life, but it must have been you she meant, for you are the only man of my acquaintance who has black eyes." And, being only nineteen and believing she had come face to face with the big sorrow of her life, she threw herself across the bed and sobbed because she felt that she must immediately take steps to separate Jimmy Kent's path from hers—Jimmy, who had lent her his red ball to play with the very first day she went to kindergarten.

James Kent, unconscious of the heavy cloud of suspicion hovering over him, came from his ocean swim and lay idly on the sand, hoping Minna would get over her headache and walk down to the beach. Finally, sunburned and glowing, he went back to the hotel and found her on the veranda, gazing listlessly at the sea.

"Is it as bad as all that, little girl? You are the most forlorn looking specimen I ever saw," he said as he sat on the porch rail and eyed her commiseratingly.

Minna, seeing the sympathy in his eyes, wished fervently that they were any other color than black.

"What on earth made you have black eyes, Jimmy? I dislike them so!" she said petulantly.

Jimmy opened the offending orbs very wide in his surprise.

"By Jove, you are a queer one, Minna! You told me yesterday down on the beach that I had the most beautiful eyes you ever saw. Positively made me blush to know I was so beautiful. 'Fraid to sleep in them last night lest I should spoil 'em. And now—Minna, you haven't met any fellow with gray eyes, have you?" he asked suspiciously.

"No, I haven't," indignantly, "but black eyes are treacherous—and I never could trust them."

Whether they were treacherous or not was left an open question, but they certainly proved persuasive, and finally Jimmy was in possession of the whole story.

"Minna Reed, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! Do I look like a blighting sorrow?" mimicking her forlorn tone. "I might be mistaken for a prizefighter," exhibiting his muscular arm with pride, "but I'm blamed if I'd know how to start out in the blighting sorrow business."

Minna, anxious to believe, still looked dubious.

"If your eyes only weren't black!" she sighed.

"Now, look here, my child. I'd get a special act of congress to change them to suit you if I could. You know I've done everything to please you all my life. Why will you believe that utter rot? Did she tell you anything tangible that you absolutely knew was true?" Jimmy was in training for a lawyer and

wanted to contest an evidence in the case.

"She told me my name and age," triumphantly.

"Didn't you have to write it on a piece of paper first?" suspiciously.

"Y-yes, but she didn't see it—honestly she didn't. I folded it tightly and put it on the table, and she sat and toyed with it while she talked."

"The mischief she didn't see it!" growled Jimmy. "Anything else?"

"She said I had an Aunt Mary in the spirit land that was trying to guide me," hesitatingly.

"See there! You never had an Aunt Mary in your life! It's all plain humbug," Jimmy spoke with the satisfaction of one willing to leave his case in the hands of an intelligent jury.

"No, I never had, but mamma had, and the clairvoyant said aunts and great-aunts were all the same in the spirit world."

Jimmy positively groaned with disgust.

"She might safely hit on an Aunt Mary. Nearly everybody living has an aunt or great-aunt or great-great-great-aunt Mary. But she had no business fooling with my eyes."

He sat sulkily silent, then grinned with a thought that made him wonder if he would not some day bear to the realm of the metaphysical the same relation that Edison bears to things physical.

"Young woman, I would not take a hopeless verdict upon my eyes from any one oculist. Neither will I have them condemned by any one clairvoyant. I demand a consultation. If I get the party together, will you go to another clairvoyant this evening?" he demanded.

"I would be so glad to find that the first one was mistaken," she said fervently.

It was a very busy evening for Mr. Kent. Finally he found a seeress sufficiently good natured and pliable to fill his requirements.

"Remember, you are to entirely free her mind from the idea. I'll send her in third. You couldn't fail to know her anyway. She's the prettiest one in the bunch. It's cheap at \$10, and if she gets over her fear of black eyes, by Jove, I'll send you another tenner tomorrow." And Mme. Ardetta, enthusiastic under the powerful stimulus, promised to do her best.

That night when the moon cast a long path of light over the waves a couple sat far down the beach in a spot removed from the crowd.

"She told me my name without my writing it!" Minna said in awed tones. "She is simply wonderful! Said for me never to have any confidence in fakes that made me write questions and fold them on a table; that they had blank papers folded just like them, and when they were toying with the ones I wrote that they would substitute the blank one and leave it on the table and take mine in their hand under the edge of the table and read it. That's exactly what that first woman must have done. I've lost faith in her entirely, and, Jimmy, boy, she said that the only person I need avoid and be suspicious of was a blond man with a Vandyke beard."

Young Mr. Kent stroked his beardless chin. "Thank heaven I haven't a blond Vandyke," he said piously. "Did she tell you anything about—er—me?" he asked cautiously.

"Not exactly, but she said that my real affinity was—was a man I had known since childhood."

"Now, that," said Mr. Kent, with great gratification, "suits me exactly. I'd rather be called an affinity any day than a blighting sorrow." He joyfully possessed himself of the girl's hands, and she had evidently lost all fear of treachery.

Afterward, with her head resting comfortably against his tweed shoulder, she spoke musingly. "She said that the greatest trial of her life was that there were so many fakes that brought discredit upon her glorious profession."

"Never you mind, little girl; I'm not so easily imposed upon, and you'll have me with you all through life to help pick out the real article," and the treacherous Mr. Kent lifted her face until he could look adoringly into it.

The moon, as if by special contract, came from under a cloud at just the right moment, and she saw his expression.

"Jimmy, I don't believe any one else ever had such wonderfully honest eyes," she said happily.

How to Bankrupt the Doctors

A prominent New York physician says, "If it were not for the thin stockings and thin soled shoes worn by women the doctors would probably be bankrupt." When you contract a cold do not wait for it to develop into pneumonia but treat it at once. Chamberlain's cough remedy is intended especially for coughs and colds, and has won a wide reputation by its cures of these diseases. It is most effectual and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by all dealers.

Edison's newest Amberola, the machine that talks. Step in at the drug store and hear it.

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THE HUMAN NOSE.

Its Shape is by No Means Always an Index to Character.

Some cocksure classifiers of humanity have turned their attention lately to the shape of people's noses. It is the nose, we are told now, that makes, or at least reveals, the man.

A Roman nose means aggressiveness, courage, executive ability. It belongs to great warriors and captains of industry. The Grecian nose indicates refinement, often accompanied by timidity. The snub nose denotes a childlike, undeveloped type of mind, and so on, as long as white paper and printer's ink can endure the strain of chronicling such imbecilities.

Perhaps there is an element of truth in these conjectures, but it is terribly small. Alexander the Great was a warrior of some repute, whom no one has accused of timidity and few have charged with refinement. His nose, like his blood, was pure Greek. Socrates had a snub nose of pronounced type, but his heroic life of seventy years shows no childish quality unless it be bluntness of speech. The nose and the ambitions of Louis XIV. were Roman, but he was physically a coward, and his executive ability consisted in cementing a despotism that had to be wrecked before his country could resume its progress.

These be individuals. Masses show the same disregard for ready made rules. Considering their numbers, the Scandinavians of the middle ages were the greatest conquerors the world has known, and Roman noses are as scarce in Scandinavia as black hair. The Japanese are predominantly snub nosed, but he who takes them for children has queer notions of a nursery. The Spartans were Greeks and presumably Greek nosed, but their name is a synonym for dauntless courage, and their refinement was a minus quantity.

There is a deal of human nature in any man, no matter what the shape of his nose, and the most unalterable thing about human nature is its variability. The effort to make fixed and certain rules for the judging of mankind is the pastime of fools.—Chicago Journal.

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