FRENZY

By Thomas W. Lawson

Copyright, 1905 by Thomas Lawson. All Rights Reserved.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"Jim, you gave me an awful scare," he said brokenly. "Don't ever do it again. I have little left to live for. To be sure I have some feeling for mother, Fred, and sisters. But for you I have a love second only to that I should have felt for Beulah had I been allowed to have her. The thought, Jim, that I had wrecked your life, with all you have to live for, would have been the last straw. My life is purgatory. Beulah is only an ever-present curse to me—a ghost that rends my heart and soul, one minute with a blind frenzy to revenge her wrongs, the next with an icy remorse that I have not already done so. If I did not have her, perhaps in time I could forget; perhaps I might lay out some scheme to help poor devils whose poverty makes life unendurable, and with the millions I have taken from the main shaft of hell I might do things that would at least bring quiet to my soul; but it is impossible with the living corpse of Beulah Sands before me every minute and that devil machinery whirling in my brain all the time the song, 'Revenge her and her father, revenge yourself.' It is impossible to give it up, Jim. I must have revenge. I must stop this machinery that is smashing up more American hearts and souls each year than all the rest of earth's grinders combined. Every day I delay I become more fiendish in my desires. Jim, don't think I do not know that I have literally turned into a fiend. Whenever of late I see myself in the mirror, I shudder. When I think of what I was when your father stood us up in his office and started us in this heart-shrivelling, soul-callousing business, and what I am now, I cannot keep the madness down except with rum. You know what it means for me to say this, me who started with all the pride of a Brownley; but it is so, Jim. The other night I went home with my soul frozen with thoughts of the past and with my brain ablaze with rum, intending to end it all. I got out my revolver, and woke Beulah, but as I said, 'Bob is going to kill Beulah and himself,' she laughed that sweet child's laugh and clapping her hands said, 'Bob is so good to play with Beulah,' and then I thought of that devil Reinhart and the other fiends of the 'System' being left to continue their work unhindered and I could not do it. I must have revenge; I must smash that heart-crushing machinery. Then I can go, and take Beulah with me. Now, Jim, let us have it clearly understood once and for all."

Remorse and softness were past; he was the Indian again. "I am going to wreck that hell-annex some day, and that some day will be the next time I start in. Don't argue with me, don't misunderstand me. To-day you stopped me. I don't know whether you meant what you threatened; I don't care now. It is just as well that I stopped, for the 'System's' machine will be there whenever I start in again. It loses nothing of its heartlessness, none of its destructive powers by grinding, but on the contrary, as you know, it increases its speed every day it runs. Now, Jim Randolph, I want to tell you that you must get yours and the house's affairs in such shape that you won't be hurt when I go into that human rat-pit the next time, for when I come from it the New York Stock Exchange and the 'System' will have had their spines unjointed. Yes, and I'll have their hearts out, too. Neither will ever be able to take from the American people their savings and their manhood and womanhood and give them in exchange unadulterated torment. I am going to be fair with you, Jim; this is the last time I will discuss the subject. After this you must take your chance with the rest of those who have to do with the cursed business. When I strike again, none will be spared. I will wreck 'the Street,' and the innocent will go down with the guilty, if they have any stocks on hand at that time."

"My power, Jim, is unlimited; nothing can stay it. I am not going to explain any further. You have seen me work. You must know that my power is greater than the 'System's,' and you and I and 'the Street' have always known that the 'System' is more powerful than the government, more powerful than are the courts, legislatures, congress, and the president of the United States combined, that it absolutely controls the foundation on which they rest—the money of the nation. But my power is greater, a thousand, yes, a million times greater than theirs. Jim, they say that I have made more money than any man in the world. They say that I have five hundred millions of dollars, but the fools don't keep track of my movements. They only know that I have pulled five hundred millions from my open whirls, the ones they have had an opportunity to keep tab on. But I tell you that I have made even more in my secret deals than the amount they have seen me take. I have had my agents with my capital in every deal, every steal the 'System' has rigged up. The world has been throwing up its hands in horror because Carnegie, the blacksmith of Pittsburg, pulled off three hundred millions of swag in the Steel hold-up—yes, swag, Jim. Don't scowl as though you wanted to read me a lecture on the coarseness of my language. I have learned to call this game of ours by its right name. It is not business enterprise with earned profits as results, but pulled-off tricks with bags of loot—black-jack swag—for their end.

"I got away with three hundred millions when Steel slumped from 105 to 50 and from 50 to 8, and no one knew I'd made a dollar. You and 'the Street' read every morning last year the 'guesses' as to who could be rounding up hundreds of millions in the slump. The papers and the market letters one morning said it was Standard Oil; the next, that it was Morgan; then it was Frick, Schwab, Gates, and so on down through the list. Of course, none of them denied; it is capital to all these knights of the road to be making millions in the minds of the world, even though they never get any of the money. Dick Turpin and Jonathan Wild never were fonder of having the daring hold-ups that other highwaymen perpetrated laid to their doors, than are these modern bandits of being credited with ruthless deeds, that they did not commit. But Jim, 'twas I who sold Pennsylvania every morning for a year, while the selling was explained by the press as 'Cassatt cutting down Gould's telegraph poles. Gould, and old man Rockefeller selling Pennsylvania to get even.' Jim Randolph, I have to-day a billion dollars, not mere Rockefeller or Carnegie kind, but a real billion. If I had no other power but the power to call to-morrow for that billion in cash, it would be sufficient to lay in waste the financial world before to-morrow night. You are welcome, Jim, to any part of that billion, and the more you take the happier you will make me, but when I strike in again, don't attempt to stay me, for it will do no good."

"When I Strike in Again, Don't Attempt to Stay Me, for It Will Do No Good."

Shortly after this talk Bob left for Europe with Beulah. A great German expert on brain disorders had held out hope that a six month's treatment at his sanitarium in Berlin might aid in restoring her mind. They returned the following August. The trip had been fruitless. It was plain to me that Bob was the same hopelessly desperate man as when he left, more hopeless, more desperate if anything than when he warned me of his determination.

When he left for Europe "the Street" breathed more freely, and as time went by and there was no sign of his confidence-disturbing influence in the market, the "System" began to bring out its deferred deals. Times were ripe for setting up the most wildly inflated stock lamb-shearing traps. It had been advertised throughout the world that Tom Reinhart, now a two-hundred-time millionaire, was to consolidate his and many other enterprises into one gigantic trust with twelve billions of capital. His Union and Southern Pacific railroads, his Southern lines, together with his steamship company and lead, iron, and copper mines, were to be merged with the steel, traction, gas, and other enterprises he owned jointly with "Standard Oil." Some of the railroads owned by Rockefeller and his gals, in which Reinhart had no part, were to go in too, and with these was to unite that mother hog of them all, "Standard Oil" itself. The trust was to be an enormous company, the like of which had never been even been dreamed of by the most daring stock manipulators. The "System's" banks, as well as trust and insurance companies throughout the country, had for a long time been getting into shape by concentrating the money of the country into this monster trust. It was newspaper and news bureau gossip that Reinhart and his crowd had bought millions of shares of the different stocks involved in the deal, and it was common knowledge that upon its successful completion Reinhart's fortune would be in the neighborhood of a billion. On October 1st the certificate of the Anti-People's Trust, $12,000,000,000 capital, 120,000,000 shares, were listed upon the New York, London, and Boston Stock Exchanges, and the German and French Bourses, and trading in them started off fast and furious at 106. The claim that one billion of the twelve billions capital had been set aside to be used in protecting and manipulating the stock in the market, had been so widely advertised that even the most daring plunger did not think of selling it short.

It was evident to all in the stock-gambling world that this was to be the "System's" grand coup, that at its completion the masses would be rudely awakened to a realization that their savings were invested in the combined American industries at vastly inflated values, that the few had all the real money, and that any attempt upon the people's part to regulate and control the new system of robbery, would be fraught with unparalleled disaster—not to the "System," but to the people.

Since Bob's return from Europe I had seen him but a few times. Up to October 1st he had not been near the Stock Exchange or "the Street." Shortly after the listing of the "People Be Damned," as "the Street" had dubbed the new trust, he began to show up at his office regularly. This was the condition of affairs when Fred Brownley called me up on the telephone, as I related at the beginning of my story which I did not realize I had been so long in telling.

My thoughts had been chasing each other with lightning-like rapidity back over the last five years and the 15 before them, and each thought deepened the black mist over my present mental vision. In the midst of my reflections my telephone rang again.

"Mr. Randolph, for Heaven's sake have you done nothing yet?" It was Fred Brownley's voice. "Things are frightful here. Bob's brokers are selling stocks at five and ten thousand lot clips. Barry Conant is leading Reinhart's forces. It is said he has the pool's protection order in Anti-People's and that it is unlimited, but Bob has the Reinhart crowd pretty badly scared. Swan has just finished giving Conant a hundred thousand off the reel in 10,000 lots, and he told me a moment ago he was going to get Bob himself to face Barry Conant. They're down 20 points on the average, although they haven't let Anti-People's break an eighth yet. They have it pegged at 106, but there is an ugly rumor just in that Bob, under cover of a general attack, is unloading Anti-People's on to the Reinhart wing for Rogers and Rockefeller, and the rumor is getting in its work. Even Barry Conant is growing a bit anxious. The latest talk is that Reinhart is borrowing hundreds of millions on Anti-People's, and that his loans are being called in all directions. Do you know Reinhart is at his place in Virginia and cannot get here before to-morrow night? If Bob breaks through Anti-People's peg, it will be the worst crash yet."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EXTRAVAGANCE IN DRESS.

Very few persons outside of the glittering circle of our enormously rich families, who constitute what is referred to as "the best society," can understand how any young woman in this or any other country can spend upon her wardrobe such vast amounts of money as are expended by the daughters of some of these families. The history of the world does not show such reckless extravagance in the way of dress. Nor, for the matter of that, does the history of the world show so riotous a use of money as that practiced by our very rich in their strictly social divertisements. Happy is the lot of the man or woman who is not tempted to such foolish indulgence, which take the edge from life's real joy!

'Twas Ever Thus.

"I thought you called up information for the number," said he. "Why did you quit and ring off?" "Information had either dropped dead suddenly or gone off to dinner with a friend," she replied. "I waited and waited, and all I could hear was some blooming phonograph playing away."

WOMAN'S INTERESTS

THINGS OF BEAUTY

EFFECTIVE DRAPERIES FOR THE DINING ROOM.

No Feature Is of More Importance as a Means of Beautifying Apartments with Minimum of Expense.

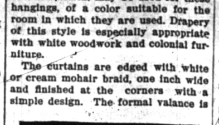
Perhaps no one feature in the furnishing of a room is so important as the draperies. These more than anything else give character to their surroundings, and make an otherwise commonplace room look individual and comfortable. The success of draperies depends largely on the way in which they are hung, but this is a matter of which the average housewife thinks but little.

Often expensive lace curtains are seen hung with rings on a heavy brass rod, and placed outside from the window casing, taking the place of the heavy over-draperies. These thin lace curtains should be used as sash curtains only, and should be hung within the casing close to the sashes. The heavy poles and rings are suitable only for over-draperies.

These over-draperies are a very desirable addition to a room, and they should be of some heavy material to fit into the color scheme of the room. Usually they are hung outside the casing, though sometimes, if the woodwork is particularly good, they are hung within. If the window reaches to the floor, the draperies should do the same.

The illustration shows a simple treatment especially suitable for a dining room. Either linen, wool or cotton material may be used for these hangings, of a color suitable for the room in which they are used. Drapery of this style is especially appropriate with white woodwork and colonial furniture.

The curtains are edged with white or cream mohair braid, one inch wide and finished at the corners with a simple design. The formal valance is stretched on a valance board or cornice lath along the top of the window casing, and braided in the same way as the hangings.



New Window Draperies.

Buckram or butcher's linen should be used to interline the valance, in order to get the stiff effect. Unbleached muslin sash curtains are appropriate when cotton or linen over-draperies are used. If the furnishing of the room is elaborate, the curtains may be of silk or pongee. A two-inch hem couched down with heavy silk floss serves to give them a finish.

FOR WEAR AT HOME.

Simple and Popular Designs in the Negligees Worn.

Comparatively simple negligees of crepe or silk, hanging loose from the shoulders and cut with kimono sleeves or left sleeveless, are made effective by a gulmpe or tuck and loose sleeves of lace and by a band of trimming which borders the round, low-cut neck, runs down one side of the front to the hem and finishes the armholes or the kimono sleeves. This model is made, too, in fine cashmere and in chiffon broadcloth, the latter proving a most desirable material for the purpose, if one cares for a little warmth in such a robe.

Genuine kimono models, with sash and all, are popular and are shown in colorings and designs calculated to attract any woman. Crepe is usually the material and some beautifully embroidered kimonos are all in one tone, but more often lining and embroidery contrast in subtle harmony with the color of the robe.

One of the loveliest kimonos we have ever seen was in a shop noted for the variety and beauty of its negligee models, and was in soft gray crepe, light of tone, yet nearer dove than pearl. The crepe was of beautiful quality and on it were embroidered faintly purple iris and creamy yellow butterflies. The lining of the robe was a delicate creamy yellow.

FOR THE WARM WEATHER.

Pretty Bodice Effective in Any of the Thin Materials.

This is a pretty bodice of voile, eolienne, or any thin woolen material; it is made on a fitting lining, and has a vest of finely tucked silk or crepe-de-chine with collar-band of the same. The material is draped horizontally in front, and fastens rather to the side under ribbons with rosettes at either end. The large rounded revers and collar are lace with silk half way over. The material of sleeves is cut away on the outer side of arm, the space being filled in with frills of lace like the ruffles.

Materials required for the bodice: 1½ yard 48 inches wide, 1½ yard lining, ¾yard silk, about 8 yards lace, and 2½ of ribbon.

COATS HAVE QUAINT EFFECTS.

Empire Models Are Now by No Means the Only Model.

Nothing could be quainter than some of the coats contrived with cloth for some of the smart tailored frocks. Although the empire vest is a dainty feature of these coats, the general empire effect is gradually giving way to other models, particularly the semi-cutaway designs, with fronts smartly rounded away and finished with several rows of stitching or a binding of elegant silk braid.

Redfern shows a tailored gown in very dull mauve cloth, the skirt having two broad box plaits on either side of the front, the plaits beginning just above the knees. Across the top of these are stitched two straight bands of the cloth, finished at either edge with large buttons covered with mauve moire, encircled in dull gold rims. The coat is piped with modern brown moire, a rather queer sounding combination, but an effect beautiful to look at. The pipings outline stitchings of the cloth, which follow the curved lines of the coat, and the empire vest is made entirely of the brown moire, with handsome metal buttons stitched down either side. The shoulders are long in effect, and one might describe the sleeves as a series of cuffs, for they are stitched with bands of cloth, secured only at the lower edge, each standing out beyond the outside seam, cuff-like, with a large button setting off each band. At the wrists there is a wider piping of brown than appears anywhere else on the coat, and the sleeves have sufficient novelty about them to suggest the coming of fall.

DICTATES OF FASHION.

Many of the sleeves show bewitching puffs above the elbows, with a cuff binding it just below. This in turn is supplemented by odd little lace cuffs, which reach quite half way down the forearm.

The black iris, a strange and weird flower brought into fashion by Jean Torrain and adopted since by most women who aim at originality, is just now enjoying considerable success.

Net, closely dotted, is tied into big, flaunting bows, to be worn under the chin. Some of the bows are shown in white with colored dots and others are in palest pinks, lavenders and blues.

There are short sashes shown on many dresses, especially those slightly short-waisted in the back. Other belts are made of inch and a half gold or silver ribbon, weighted with tassels.

TO HOLD THE BELTS.

Devices That Give Originality to the Girdles Worn.

Methods of holding the back of the belt in broad girdle shapes are many, and to these devices a majority of the belts owe their originality. In a large number of the new models these narrow slides are of metal, plain or set with little jewels and long enough to hold the soft girdle to its full width, are set close together at the bottom and spreading fan fashion toward the top, while at the front the belt narrows to the width of a small buckle, harmonizing with the slide. Folded girdles are of soft leather deep around, set with steel points along the top and finished in front by long steel buckles. Some of the new leather girdles are scalloped around the edges and with large raised dots moderately deep in the back are held there by long enameled slides, but narrowing to the width of a small buckle in front. Girdles plain behind, but wide in front, with a handsome jeweled buckle, are also among the new belts. One finds crush belts of soft leather, the chief attraction being in the novel design of the buckle; white leather belts, having designs in soft shadings, hand finished with buckles repeating the color of the decoration and many another attractive models in leather.

Summer Negligees.

Flowered organdies, lace-trimmed, are always pressed into service by the designers of negligees and the India silks are popular negligee materials for hot weather wear. Too much cannot be said in praise of the designs and colorings of the season's challis and for a practical boudoir gown which will give a little more warmth than India silk or muslin it would be hard to find anything more durable than one of these pretty challis.

Exquisite tea gowns are fashioned from the striped crepes, messalines, foulards, etc., in one-tone coloring or in Pekin effects of pale blue and white, lavender and white and kindred effects; and very often liberty satins are ideal tea gown stuff, because they fall in such graceful, clinging fashion crumble so little and wear so well.

TRAGEDY OF A BROADWAY CAR.

Truly It is "Everybody for Himself" in New York.

There were six in the seat of the Broadway surface car, which was too many. However, everybody who boarded the car seemed to take a fancy to that particular seat, so some were also standing. A very small man sat crouched on the end seat, a pretty girl next to him. The small man seemed to be very restless, and no wonder, for all the rest were pushing the pretty girl, who necessarily pushed him in a way that seemed to infer that his room was better than his company. At length, unable to endure it any longer, he all at once shoved his shoulder under the rail and fell out, apparently.

"Mercy!" screamed a nervous passenger, "has he committed suicide?"

"I don't know," answered the pretty girl, "but, anyway, I've got the end seat."—N. Y. Press.

MEDICAL FAILURES.

An Authority Says Three-Fourths of Graduates Are Unfitted to Practice.

That 3,000 out of the 4,000 graduates turned out by the Medical Colleges each year are wholly unfitted to practice medicine and are menaces to the communities in which they settle was stated by Dr. Chester Mayer, of the State Board of Medical Examiners of Kentucky at a meeting of the American Medical Association's Committee on Medical Education, held in Chicago not long ago. Dr. Mayer said that only 25 to 28 per cent of the graduates are qualified. Fifty-eight per cent of the graduates examined in 28 states were refused licenses. With few exceptions these failures took a second examination in a few weeks and only 50 per cent of them passed.

"This does not mean that deficiencies in their training were corrected in those few weeks," Dr. Mayer said. "It probably shows that experience showed them what the test would probably be and they 'crammed' for the examination. Dr. W. T. Gott, Secretary of the Indiana Board said: "The majority of our schools now teach their students how to pass examinations, not how to be good physicians."

At the session of the American Medical Association held in Atlantic City in June, Dr. M. Clayton Thrush, a professor in the Medico Chirurgical College in Philadelphia said: "Many doctors turned out of the Medical Schools are so ignorant in matters pertaining to pharmacy that they know nothing about the properties of the drugs they prescribe for their patients!" Dr. Henry Beats, Jr., President of the Pennsylvania State Board of Medical Examiners, after scrutinizing the papers of a class of candidates for licensure said: "About one quarter of the papers show a degree of illiteracy that renders the candidates for licensure incapable of understanding medicine."

A great many more physicians and chemists might be quoted in support of the astounding charge that 3,000 incompetents are being dumped onto an unsuspecting public each year. What the damage done amounts to can never be estimated for these incompetents enjoy the privilege of diagnosing, prescribing or dispensing drugs regarding the properties of which they know nothing and then of signing death certificates that are not passed upon by anyone unless the coroner is called in. Probably there is not a grave yard from one end of the country to the other that does not contain the buried evidences of the mistakes or criminal carelessness of incompetent physicians.

During the last year there have been perhaps, half a dozen known cases where surgeons, after performing operations have sewed up the incisions without first removing the gauze sponges used to absorb the blood, and in some cases forceps and even surgeon's scissors have been left in the wound. How many of these cases there have been, where the patient died, there is no means of knowing and comparatively few of the cases where the discovery is made in time to save life become generally public. Reports from Sanitariums for the treatment of the Drug Habit show that members of the medical profession are more often treated in these institutions than members of any other profession, and that a majority of the patients, excluding the physicians themselves, can trace their downfall directly to a careless physician.

How many criminal operations are performed by physicians is also a matter of conjecture. Operations of this class are, unfortunately, very frequent in large cities. Some graduated and licensed physicians, many of them of supposed respectability, make an exclusive practice of criminal medical and surgical treatment. Dr. Henry G. W. Rhehhart, Coroner's physician of Chicago, estimates the number of criminal operations, annually, in Chicago alone at 38,000. How many resulted fatally are unknown, as when death results, the real cause is disguised in the death certificate, which the physician signs, and which no one but himself and a clerk sees.

Probably not one case of malpractice in 1,000 ever becomes the subject of a law suit but in the last year approximately 150 cases wherein the plaintiff has alleged malpractice have been reported in the newspapers, and owing to the social prominence and the favored positions of many physicians not more than half the new suits stated, probably, result in any newspaper publicity, but it would probably not be an exaggeration to state that the total cases of malpractice, not involving criminal operations or criminal medical practice, would amount to 150,000 or more than one case to each physician in the country. This estimate is, of course, more or less conjecture. Untimely deaths and permanent disabilities are frequent and occur within the knowledge of almost every one, when life could have been saved, or health restored had the physician been skillful, careful and competent.

It makes the mind very free when we give up wishing, and think only of doing what is given us to do.—George Eliot.

EFFECTS OF DRUGS

VARIED VISIONS FOLLOW USE OF MEXICAN MESCAL.

Feeling Throughout Is One of Enjoyment — Alternate Delight and Despair Attend the Indulgence in Haschisch.

An experimenter with the Mexican drug mescal is rewarded by many and varied visions. Before him flit myriads of dainty butterfly forms, glistening, iridescent, fibrous wings of insects, revolving vessels on whose highly polished concave surface of mother-of-pearl many strange and vivid hues play. There are elaborate sweetmeats in endless and appealing variety, and living arabesques of gorgeous hues and superhuman design.

He may take up a pen for the purpose of making notes, but will find himself unable to use it. A pencil, however, proves easy of manipulation. As he writes his paper is covered with a soft, golden light, and his hands, seen indirectly, appear bronzed, scaled, fantastically pigmented and flushed with red.

Tiring of the visions, he may light the gas, which immediately fills the room with a glorious radiance, while wonderfully colored shadows of red, green and violet flit here and there. Generally, it is said, no feeling of depression or physical discomfort follows the dream.

A medical experimenter in Kentucky, soon after taking a large dose of haschisch, began to feel very excited; a feeling of finer joyousness possessed him; all fatigue seemed banished forever, and his mind ran riot, one bizarre idea after another rapidly passing through his mind. Later his brain seemed split in two parts, one of which urged him to the performance of comic gestures, while the other as insistently hinted an impending death, and suggested restraint and instant medical advice.

While waiting for a doctor he experienced alternate spells of lucidity, and periods when all connections between himself and the outside world seemed to be severed, when a chaos of disjointed ideas and wild reveries obsessed him. The duration of these latter periods was never longer than two minutes, but each seemed an eternity. It appeared a hopeless task to follow the minute hand of his watch during its infinite round; long before the 60 seconds had elapsed he gave up the tremendous task in deep despair. The departure of the doctor synchronized with the return of the feeling of impending death, now most horribly intense.

He imagined himself surrounded by grotesque, menacing, cruel-visaged monsters. He felt himself expanding, dilating, dissolving into space, as he ascended steep precipices, covered with Brobdingnagian creatures somewhat like lizards, overhanging enormous abysses, from which he was overwhelmed by a horrible, rending, unutterable despair.

The Habits of Wolves.

The range of a pair of wolves is an area of from six to ten miles square. When the hunter learns that wolves have been seen and heard in a certain locality it may take several days of scouting before the dogs can be got on the trail. The hunter must look sharp for signs in soft or sandy places and along creeks and streams.

The old lady wolf will, as a rule, go to the nearest water to drink when leaving the den, or go to get a drink as she returns from the hunt before going to the den, and its locality is often found on account of that habit. A wolf track can be distinguished from that of a dog because the two front toenails are set further ahead, making the track more pointed. When wolves are running and especially if frightened, these toes spread apart, making a track that at a hasty glance looks very much like the track of a deer.—Fur News.

Some of This Story Is True.

The unusual and romantic marriage which is the central feature of Mrs. Florence Morse Kingsley's new novel, "The Princess and the Plowman," occasions much discussion as to its probability. A young girl writing to the author complained that the situation, although thrilling, was impossible, a marriage in a cornfield unheard of, and there never was such a "lovely goose" as the heroine. Mrs. Kingsley replied that, as a matter of fact, this incident of a girl's marriage to save her inheritance actually occurred in a little New England village, only the girl was not a college girl, and the man followed a somewhat different calling than that of a plowman. Moreover, Mrs. Kingsley has seen the house where the runaway bride lived for more than a year before she went happily back to home and husband.

In Shakespeare's Time.

The big yellow moon climbed above the trees.

"Be careful, Romeo," cautioned the fair Juliet, "if papa hears you there will be trouble."

"But what objection has he to me?" said Romeo, somewhat piqued. "Didn't you tell him I move in the best of society?"

"Yes, dear, but he insists that you are only a climber."

And then and there Romeo decided to cut out the balcony scene and make love out on the lawn.

Electric Anesthesia.

Electric sleep, or anesthesia, produced by the action on the brain of intermittent electric currents of low voltage, has been a subject of special study for several years by Prof. Stephanie Lecloc of Nantes and others. The application has been perfected until it is practicable to put dogs and rabbits quickly into a calm and regular sleep, with general and complete anesthesia.—Electricity.

New Answers to Old Questions.

Restaurant Patron—What is good to-day, Otto?

Waiter—Nothing, sir. The table d'hote is a rehash of yesterday's menu, and the a la carte has been in the icebox since Thursday. But you can get some nice chops and steaks up at Smith's cafe. Going, sir? Good day, sir.—Puck.