BLACK IS WHITE

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

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SYNOPSIS.

In the New York home of James Brood, his son, Frederic, tells Lydia Desmond, his fiancee, of a message announcing his father's marriage to Yvonne, and the bride's arrive. She wins Frederic's liking at first meeting. Brood shows dislike and veiled hostility to his son. Lydia and Mrs. Brood rest in the jade-room, where Lydia tells Mrs. Brood's secretary, Mrs. Brood makes changes in the household and gains her husband's consent to send Mrs. Desmond and Lydia away. She fascinates Frederic. She begins to fear Ranjab, Brood's Hindu servant, in his uncanny appearances and disappearances, and Frederic, remembering his father's East Indian stories and firm belief in magic, fears unspoken evil. Brood tells the story of Ranjab's life to his guests. "He killed a woman," who was unfaithful to him. Yvonne plays with Brood. Frederic and Lydia amuse figures on a chess board. Brood, rudely jealous, tells Lydia that Frederic's son his son, and that he has brought him up to kill his happiness at the proper time with this knowledge. Lydia goes to beg Brood not to tell Frederic of his unhappy parentage, but is turned from her purpose. Frederic, at dinner with Dawes and Biggs, is afked with an impulse of filial duty, and under a queer impression that he is influenced by Ranjab's will, hunts up his father, who gives him the cut direct. Brood tells Frederic the story of his dead wife and the music master.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

"It was made in Vienna," interrupted Frederick, not without a strange thrill of satisfaction in his soul, "and before you were married, I'd say. On the back of it is written: 'To my own sweetheart'—in Hungarian, you know says. There! Look at her. She was like that when you married her. God, how adorable she must have been. To my own sweetheart!' Ho ho!"

A hoarse cry of rage and pain bust from Brood's lips. The world went red before his eyes.

"'To my own sweetheart!'" he cried out. He sprang forward and struck the photograph from Frederic's hand. It fell to the floor at his feet. Before the young man could recover from his surprise, Brood's foot was upon the bit of cardboard. "Don't raise your hand to me! Don't you dare to strike me! Now I shall tell you who that sweetheart was!"

Half an hour later James Brood descended the stairs alone. He went straight to the library where he knew that he could find Yvonne. Ranjab, standing in the hall, peered into his white, drawn face as he passed, and started forward as if to speak to him. But Brood did not see him. He did not lift his gaze from the floor. The Hindu went swiftly up the stairs, a deep dread in his soul.

The shades were down. Brood stopped inside the door and looked dully about the library. He was on the point of retiring when Yvonne spoke to him out of the shadowy corner beyond the fireplace.

"Close the door," she said huskily. Then she emerged slowly, almost like a specter, from the dark background formed by the huge mahogany bookcase that lined the walls, from floor to ceiling. "You were a long time up there," she went on.

"Why is it so dark in here, Yvonne?" he asked lifelessly.

"So that it would not be possible for me to see the shame in your eyes, James."

He leaned heavily against the long table. She came up and stood across the table from him, and he felt that her eyes were searching his very soul.

"I have hurt him beyond all chance for recovery," he said hoarsely.

"Oh, you coward!" she cried, leaning over the table, her eyes blazing. "I can understand it in you. You have no soul of your own. What have you done to your son, James Brood?"

He drew back as if from the impact of a blow. "Coward? If I have crushed his soul, it was done in time, Yvonne, to deprive you of the glory of doing it."

"What did he say to you about me?"

"You have had your fears for nothing. He did not put you in jeopardy," he said scornfully.

"I know. He is not a coward," she said calmly.

"In your heart you are reviling me. You judge me as one guilty soul judges another. Suppose that I were to confess to you that I left him up there with all the hope, all the life blasted out of his eyes—with a wound in his heart that will never stop bleeding—that I left him because I was sorry for what I had done and could not stand by and look upon the wreck I had created. Suppose—"

"I am still thinking of you as a coward. What is it to me that you are sorry now? What have you done to that wretched, unhappy boy?"

"He will tell you soon enough. Then you will despise me even more than I despise myself. God! He—he looked at me with his mother's eyes when I kept on striking blows at his very soul. Her eyes—eyes that were always pleading with me! But, curse them—always scoffing at me! For a moment I faltered. There was a wave of love—yes, love, not pity, for him—as I saw him go down before the words I hurled at him. It was as if I had hurt the only thing in all the world that I love. Then it passed. He was not meant for me to love. He was born for me to despise. He was born to torture me as I have tortured him."

"You poor fool!" she cried, her eyes glittering.

"Sometimes I have doubted my own reason," he went on as if he had not heard her seathing remark. "Sometimes I have felt a queer gripping of the heart when I was harshest toward him. Sometimes his eyes—her eyes—have melted the steel that was driven into my heart long ago, his voice and the touch of his hand gentle have checked my bitterest thoughts. Are you listening?"

"Yes."

"You ask what I have done to him. It is nothing in comparison to what he would have done to me. It isn't necessary to explain. You know the thing he has had in his heart to do. I have known it from the beginning. It is the treacherous heart of his mother that propels that boy's blood along its craven way. She was an evil thing—as evil as God ever put life into."

"Go on."

"I loved her as no woman ever was loved before—or since. I thought she loved me—God, I believe she did. He—Frederic had her portrait up there to flash in my face. She was beautiful—she was as lovely as— But no more! I was not the man. She loved another. Her lover was that boy's father."

Dead silence reigned in the room, save for the heavy breathing of the man. Yvonne was as still as death itself. Her hands were clenched against her breast.

"That was years ago," resumed the man, hoarsely.

"You—you told him this?" she cried, aghast.

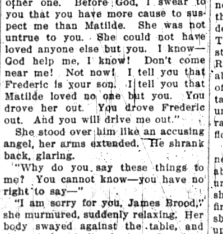
"He said she must have loathed me as no man was ever loathed before. Then I told him."

"You told him because you knew she did not loathe you! And you loved Matilde—God pity your poor soul! For no more than I have done you drove her out of your house. You accuse me in your heart when you vent your rage on that poor boy. Oh, I know! You accuse me! And you suspected the other one. Before God, I swear to you that you have more cause to suspect me than Matilde. She was not untrue to you. She could not have loved anyone else but you. I know—God help me, I know! Don't come near me! Not now! I tell you that Frederic is your son. I tell you that Matilde loved no one but you. You drove her out. You drove Frederic out. And you will drive me out."

She stood over him like an accusing angel, her arms extended. He shrank back, glaring.

"Why do you say these things to me? You cannot know—you have no right to say—"

"I am sorry for you, James Brood," she murmured, suddenly relaxing. Her body swayed against the table, and then she sank limply into the chair



He Sprang Forward and Struck the Photograph From Frederic a Hand.

alongside. "You will never forget that you struck a man who was asleep, absolutely asleep. That's why I am sorry for you."

"Asleep!" he murmured, putting his hand to his eyes. "Yes, yes—he was asleep! Yvonne, I—I have never been so near to loving him as I am now. I—I—"

"I am going up to him. Don't try to stop me. But first let me ask you a question. What did Frederic say when you told him his mother was—was what you claim?"

Brood lowered his head. "He said that I was a cowardly liar."

"And it was then that you began to feel that you loved him. Ah, I see. You are a great, strong man—a wonderful man in spite of all this. You have a heart—a heart that still needs breaking before you can ever hope to be happy."

He gasped. "As if my heart hasn't already been broken," he groaned.

"Your head has been hurt, that's all. There is a vast difference. Are you going out?"

He looked at her in dull amazement. Slowly he began to pull himself together.

"Yes. I think you should go to him, I—I gave him an hour to—to—"

"To get out?"

"Yes. He must go, you see. See him, if you will. I shall not oppose you. Find out what he—expects to do."

She passed swiftly by him as he started toward the door. In the hall, which was bright with the sunlight from the upper windows, she turned to face him. To his astonishment, her cheeks were aglow and her eyes bright with eagerness. She seemed almost radiant.

"Yes, it needs breaking, James," she said, and went up the stairs, leaving him standing there dumfounded. Near the top she began to hum a blithe tune. It came down to him distinctly—the weird little air that had haunted him for years—Feverelli's!

CHAPTER XVII.

Foul Weather.

To Brood's surprise, she came halfway down the steps again, and, leaning over the railing, spoke to him with a voice full of irony.

"Will you be good enough to call off your spy, James?"

"What do you mean?" He had started to put on his light overcoat.

"I think you know," she said, briefly.

"Do you consider me a mean, sos infamous, as—" he began hotly.

"Nevertheless, I feel happier when I know he is out of the house. Call off your dog, James."

He smothered an execration and then called out harshly to Jones. "Ask Ranjab to attend me here, Jones. He is to go out with me," he said to the butler a moment later. Yvonne was still leaning over the banister, a scornful smile on her lips.

"I shall wait until you are gone. I intend to see Frederic alone," he said, with marked emphasis on the final word.

"As you like," said he, coldly.

She crossed the upper hall and disappeared from view down the corridor leading to her own room. Her lips were set with decision; a wild, reckless light filled her eyes, and the smile of scorn had given way to one of exultation. Her breath came fast and tremulously through quivering nostrils as she closed her door and hurried across to the little vine-covered balcony.

The time has come—the time has come, thank God," she was saying to herself, over and over again.

She turned her attention to the window across the court and two floors above her—the heavily curtained window in Brood's "retreat." There was no sign of life there, she believed, so she fronted the house to wait for the departure of James Brood and his man. The two were going down the front steps. At the bottom Brood spoke to Ranjab and the latter, as imperturbable as ever, bowed low and moved off in an opposite direction to that taken by his master. She watched until both were out of sight. Then she rapidly mounted the stairs to the top floor.

Frederic was lying on the couch near the jade-room door. She was able to distinguish his long, dark figure after peering intently about the shadowy interior in what seemed at first to be a vain search for him. She shrank back, her eyes fixed in horror upon the prostrate shadow. Suddenly he stirred and then half raised himself on one elbow to stare at the figure in the doorway.

"Is it you?" he whispered, hoarsely, and dropped back with a great sigh on his lips.

Her heart leaped. The blood rushed back to her face. Quickly closing the door, she advanced into the room, her tread as swift and as soft as a cat's.

"He has gone out. We are quite alone," she said, stopping to lean against the table, suddenly faint with excitement.

He laughed, a bitter, mirthless, snarling laugh.

"Get up Frederic. Be a man! I know what has happened. Get up! I want to talk it over with you. We must plan. We must decide now—at once—before he returns." The words broke from her lips with sharp, staccatolike emphasis.

He came to a sitting posture slowly, all the while staring at her with a dull wonder in his heavy eyes.

"Pull yourself together," she cried, hurriedly. "We cannot talk here. I am afraid in this room. It has ears, I know. That awful Hindu is always here, even though he may seem to be elsewhere. We will go down to my boudoir."

He slowly shook his head and then allowed his chin to sink dejectedly into his hands. With his elbows on his knees he watched her movements in a state of increasing interest and bewilderment. She turned abruptly to the Buddha, whose placid, smirking countenance seemed to be alive to the situation in all of its aspects. Standing close, her hands behind her back, her figure very erect and theatric, she proceeded to address the image in a voice full of mockery.

"Well, my chatterbox friend, I have pierced his armor, haven't I? He will creep up here and ask you, his wonderful god, to tell him what to do about it, al—e? His wits are tangled. He doubts his senses. And when he comes to you, my friend, and whines his secret doubts into your excellent and trustworthy ear, do me the kindness to keep the secret I shall whisper to you, for I trust you, too, you amiable fraud." Standing on tiptoe, she put her lips to the idol's ear and whispered. Frederic, across the room, roused from his lethargy by the strange words and still stranger action, rose to his feet and took several steps toward her. "There! Now you know everything. You know more than James Brood knows, for you know what his charming wife is about to do next." She drew back and regarded the image through half closed, smoldering eyes. "But he will know before long—before long."

"What are you going, Yvonne?" demanded Frederic, unsteadily.

She whirled about and came toward him, her hands still clasped behind her back.

"Come with me," she said, ignoring his question.

"He—he thinks I am in love with you," said he, shaking his head.

"And are you not in love with me?" He was startled. "Good Lord, Yvonne!"

She came quite close to him. He could feel the warmth that traveled from her body across the short space that separated them. The intoxicating perfume filled his nostrils; he drew a deep breath, his eyes closing slowly as his senses prepared to succumb to the delicious spell that came over him. When he opened them an instant later, she was still facing him,

She Watched Until Both Were Out of Sight.

as straight and fearless as a soldier, and the light of victory was in her dark, compelling eyes.

"Well," she said, deliberately, "I am ready to go away with you."

He fell back stunned beyond the power of speech. His brain was filled with a thousand clattering noises.

"He has turned you out," she went on rapidly. "He disowns you. Very well; the time has come for me to exact payment from him for that and for all that has gone before. I shall go away with you. I—"

"Impossible!" he cried, finding his tongue and drawing still farther away from her.

"Are you not in love with me?" she whispered softly.

He put his hands to his eyes to shut out the alluring vision.

"For God's sake, Yvonne—leave me. Let me go my way. Let me—"

"He cursed your mother! He curses you! He damns you—as he damned her. You can pay him up for everything. You owe nothing to him. He has killed every—"

Frederic straightened up suddenly, and with a loud cry of exultation raised his clenched hands above his head.

"By heaven, I will break him! I will make him pay! Do you know what he has done to me? Listen to this: he boasts of having reared me to manhood, as one might bring up a prize beast, that he might make me pay for the wrong that my poor mother did a quarter of a century ago. All these years he has had in mind this thing that he has done today. All my life has been spent in preparation for the sacrifice that came an hour ago. I have suffered all these years in ignorance of—"

"Not so loud!" she whispered, alarmed by the vehemence of his reawakened fury.

"Oh, I'm not afraid!" he cried, savagely. "Can you imagine anything more diabolical than the scheme he has had in mind all these years? To pay out my mother—whom he loved and still loves—yes, by heaven, he still loves her!—he works to this beastly end. He made her suffer the agonies of the damned up to the day of her death by refusing her the right to have the child that he swears is no child of his. Oh, you don't know the story—you don't know the kind of man you have for a husband—you don't—"

"Yes, yes, I do know," she cried, violently, beating her breast with clinched hands. "I do know! I know that he still loves the poor girl who went out of this house with his curses ringing in her ears a score of years ago, and who died still hearing them. And I had almost come to the point of pitying him—I was failing—I was weakening. He is a wonderful man. I—I was losing myself. But that is all over. Three months ago I could have left him without a pang—yesterday I was afraid that it would never be possible. Today he makes it easy for me. He has hurt you beyond all reason, not because he hates you but because he loves you, your mother."

"But you do love him," cried Frederic, in stark wonder. "You don't care the snap of your finger for me. What is all this you are saying, Yvonne? You must be mad. Think! Think what you are saying."

"I have thought—I am always thinking. I know my own mind well enough. It is settled; I am going away and I am going with you."

"I cannot listen to you, Yvonne," cried Frederic, aghast. His heart was pounding so fiercely that the blood surged to his head in great waves, almost stunning him with its velocity.

"We go tomorrow," she cried out, in an ecstasy of triumph. She was convinced that he would go! "La Provence!"

"Good God in heaven!" he gasped, dropping suddenly into a chair and burying his face in his shaking hands. "What will this mean to Lydia—what will she do—what will become of her?"

A quiver of pain crossed the woman's face, her eyelids fell as if to shut out something that shamed her in spite of all her vainglorious protestations. Then the spirit of exaltation resumed its sway.

"You cannot marry Lydia now," she said, affecting a sharpness of tone that caused him to shrink involuntarily. "It is your duty to write her a letter tonight, explaining all that has happened today. She would sacrifice herself for you today, but there is tomorrow! A thousand tomorrows, Frederic. Don't forget them, my dear. They would be ugly after all, and she is too good, too fine to be dragged into—"

"You are right!" he exclaimed, leaping to his feet. "It would be the vilest act that a man could perpetrate. Why—why it would be proof of what he says—that I am the stamp me forever the bastard he—No, no, I could never lift my head again if I were to do this utterly vile thing to Lydia. He said to me here—not an hour ago—that he expected me to go ahead and, blight that loyal girl's life, that I would consider it a noble means of self-justification! What do you think of that? He— But wait! What is this that we are proposing to do! Give me time to think! Why—why, I can't take you away from him, Yvonne! God in heaven, what am I thinking of? Have I no sense of honor? Am I—"

"You are not his son," she said, significantly.

"But that is no reason why I should stoop to a foul trick like this. Do—do you know what you are suggesting?" He drew back from her with a look of disgust in his eyes. "No! I'm not that vile! I—"

"Frederic, you must let me—"

"I don't want to hear anything more, Yvonne. What manner of woman are you? He is your husband, he loves you, he trusts you—oh, yes, he does! And you would leave him like this? You would—"

"Hush! Not so loud!" she cried, in great agitation.

"And let me tell you something more. Although I can never marry Lydia, by heaven, I shall love her to the end of my life. I will not betray that love. To the end of time she shall know that my love for her is real and true and—"

"Wait! Give me time to think," she pleaded. He shook his head resolutely. "Do not judge me too harshly. Hear what I have to say before you condemn me. I am not the vile creature you think, Frederic. Wait! Let me think!"

He stared at her for a moment in deep perplexity, and then slowly drew near. "I do not believe you mean to do wrong—I do not believe it of you. You have been carried away by some horrible—"

"Listen to me," she broke in, fiercely. "I would hate sacrificed you—ay, sacrificed you, poor boy—for the joy it would give me to see James Brood grovel in misery for the rest of his life. Oh!" She uttered a groan of despair and self-loathing so deep and full of pain that his heart was chilled.

"Good Lord, Yvonne!" he gasped, dumfounded.

"Do not come near me," she cried out, covering her face with her hands. For a full minute she stood before him, straight and rigid as a statue, a tragic figure he was never to forget. Suddenly she lowered her hands. To his surprise, a smile was on her lips. "You would never have gone away with me. I know it now. All these months I have been counting on you for this very hour—this culminating hour—and now I realize how little hope I have really had, even from the beginning. You are honorable. There have been times when my influence over you was such that you resisted only because you were too loyal to yourself—not to Lydia, not to my husband—but to yourself. I came to this house with but one purpose in mind. I came here to take you away from the man who has always stood as your father. I would not have become your mistress—pah! how loathsome it sounds! But I would have enticed you away, believing myself to be justified. I would have struck James Brood that blow. He would have gone to his grave believing himself to have been paid in full by the son of the woman he had degraded, by the boy he had reared for the slaughter, by the blood—"

"In God's name, Yvonne, what is this you are saying? What have you against my—against him?"

"What! I shall come to that. I did not stop to consider all that I should have to overcome. First, there was your soul, your honor, your integrity to consider. I could see nothing else but triumph over James Brood. To gain my end it was necessary that I should be his wife. I became his wife. I deliberately took that step in order to make complete my triumph over him. I became the wife of the man I hated with all my soul, Frederic. So you can see how far I was willing to go to—ah, it was a hard thing to do! But I did not shrink. I went into it without faltering, without a single thought of the cost to myself. He was to pay for all that, too, in the end. Look into my eyes, Frederic. I want to ask you a question. Will you go away with me? Will you take me?"

He returned her look steadily. "No!"

"That is all I want to hear you say. It means the end. I have done all that could be done and I have failed. Thank God, I have failed!" She came swiftly to him and, before he was aware of her intention, clutched his hand and pressed it to her lips. He was shocked to find that a sudden gush of tears was wetting his hand.

"Oh, Yvonne!" he cried miserably.

She was sobbing convulsively. He looked down upon her dark, bowed head and again felt the mastering desire to crush her slender, beautiful body in his arms. The spell of her was upon him again, but now he realized that the appeal was to his spirit and not to his flesh—as it had been all along, he was beginning to suspect.

"Don't pity me," she choked out. "This will pass, as everything else has passed. I am proud of you now, Frederic. You are splendid. Not many men could have resisted in this hour of despair. You have been cast off, despised, degraded, humiliated. You were offered the means to retaliate. You—"

"And I was tempted!" he cried bitterly. "For the moment I was—"

"And now what is to become of me?" she wailed.

His heart went cold. "You—you will leave him? You will go back to Paris? Good Lord, Yvonne, it will be a blow to him. He has had one fearful slash in the back. This will break him."

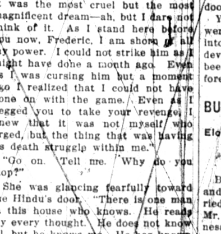
"At least, I may have that consolation," she cried, straightening up in an effort to revive her waning purpose. "Yes, I shall go. I cannot stay here now. I—" She paused and shuddered.

"What, in heaven's name, have you against my—against him? What does it all mean? How you must have hated him to—"

Hated him? Oh, how feeble the word is! Hate! There should be a word that strikes more terror to the soul than that one. But wait! You shall know everything. You shall have the story from the beginning. There is much to tell and there will be consolation—ay, triumph for you in the story I shall tell. First, let me say this to you: When I came here I did not know that there was a Lydia Desmond. I would have hurt that poor girl, but it would not have been a lasting pain. In my plans, after I came to know her, there grew a beautiful alternative through which she should know great happiness. Oh, I have planned well and carefully, but I was ruthless. I would have crushed her with him rather than to have failed. But it is all a dream that has passed and I am awake. It was the most cruel but the most magnificent dream—ah, but I dare not think of it. As I stand here before you now, Frederic, I am shorn of all my power. I could not strike him as he might have done a month ago. Even as I was cursing him but a moment ago I realized that I could not have gone on with the game. Even as I begged you to take your revenge, I knew that it was not myself who urged, but the thing that was having its death struggle within me."

"Go on. Tell me. Why do you stop?"

She was glancing fearfully toward the Hindu's door. "There is one man in this house who knows. He reads my every thought. He does not know all, but he knows me. He has known from the beginning that I was not to be trusted. That man is never out of my thoughts. I fear him, Frederic—I fear him as I fear death. If he had not been here I—I believe I should have



"Ah, It Was a Hard Thing to Do!"

dared anything. I could have taken you away with me, months ago. But he worked his spell and I was afraid. I faltered. He knew that I was afraid, for he spoke to me one day of the beautiful serpents in his land that were cowards in spite of the death they could deal with one flash of their fangs. You were intoxicated. I am a thing of beauty. I can charm as the—"

"God knows that is true," he said hoarsely.

"But enough of that! I was stricken with my own poison. Go to the door! See if he is there. I fear—"

"No one is near," said he, after striding swiftly to both doors, listening at one and peering out through the other.

"You will have to go away, Frederic. I shall have to go. But we shall not go together. In my room I have kept hidden the sum of ten thousand dollars, waiting for the day to come when I should use it to completely the game I have played. I knew that you would have no money of your own. I was prepared even for that. Look again! See if anyone is there? I feel—I feel that someone is near us. Look, I say."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

USE SPARROWS TO TEASE STOREKEEPER

Patient Merchant, Victim of Youths' Pranks, Finally Rebels at Latest Trick.

Rochester, N. Y.—F. W. Huntington, who runs a notions and candy store at 849 Day street, is a patient man, but when some boys in the neighborhood who have been annoying him let loose three sparrows in his store he felt the limit of endurance had been reached.

Mr. Huntington accused two boys, about fifteen or sixteen years old, as the leaders in devising tricks to plague him, although younger boys have also joined in the tricks. He had one of the sparrows, which he caught in the

Let Loose Three Sparrows.

store, with him as evidence. It was in a pasteboard box, with a small hole in the top for air.

"I chased those birds all over the store," he said, "and you may believe it was a job to drive them out. They would fly everywhere except out of the door."

Yelling derisively when customers were in the store, throwing cabbages into the place and the operation of the device known as a tick-tack had all been tried by the ingenious youths before letting loose the sparrows.

BULL'S LOVE CAN'T BE COWED

Elopes With Maude Veal After Family Roasting, and Expects Beefing Now.

Binghamton, N. Y.—Charles Bull and Miss Maude S. Veal were married here, which is nobody's business. Mr. Bull, who is not in the meat business, told Rev. H. S. Sweetland that he and his bride had traveled from Scranton to avoid any action by the Veal family, who opposed the match because of the bridegroom's name.

Mr. Bull explained that he and his bride had put up with this opposition like lambs until they decided to chop out for themselves and stake all on their affection for each other. He said they hoofed it down to the station, horned into a chair car and completed arrangements for the marriage while on their way here.

"Mr. and Mrs. Veal will never get over beefing about this affair," said Mr. Bull, "but we can't stand their roasting, as we have in the past. We're here and they're there, so what do we care. They cannot cow us."

SHOT CHILDREN IN DREAM

Texas Ranch Woman Finds Her Offspring Wounded When She Awakes.

San Antonio, Tex.—Mrs. W. H. Liddle, who resides on a ranch near Medina Dam, shot her two children one recent Sunday night when she was dreaming burglars were trying to break into her home.

A bullet from an automatic revolver struck each of the children, a girl six year old and a boy three in the right leg, causing only flesh wounds.

News of the unusual incident reached San Antonio relatives of Mrs. Liddle recently. According to their advices Mrs. Liddle was so unnerved by the consequences of her vision she does not recall whether she dreamed the children that had been sleeping beside her were burglars and had aimed at them, or whether she was walking about the room and dropped the revolver, causing it to be discharged.

BOY TRIES TO RIVAL BIRDS

Indiana Youth Breaks His Arm in Glide From Barn Loft on Wings.

Evansville, Ind.—John Mitchell, aged fourteen, living in the Mount Vernon road below the city, attempted to rival the birds and came to grief with a broken arm. Mitchell made a girder and wings after a pattern in a boy's book which he bought at a local store.

He attempted to glide from the loft of the stable to the ground. The girders were not strong and the wings collapsed. Mitchell fell to the ground and his left arm was broken near the elbow and he suffered slight internal injuries.

Hen Laid "News."

Sedalia, Mo.—Mrs. J. A. Jared, wife of Rev. J. A. Jared, a Methodist minister, while cooking eggs for breakfast broke an egg, and seeing some yellow substance in the shell, removed it to find that it was a scrap from a newspaper, the printing being clearly visible. The unique find is attracting a great deal of attention, as no one has been able to explain how it got inside of the eggshell. More than half of the interior of the shell was lined with the paper.

COMERCIAL IDEA IN FICTION

America Possibly Too Much Under the Influence of the "Best Seller" Tyranny.

The dogma persistently put forward in America under innumerable guises that the thinker and the literary artist must cater to the tastes, ideas and sentiments, moral and emotional, of the great majority, under pain of being ignored or ostracized, was noted by De Tocqueville three generations ago, but this dogma, bred in the American bone seems to have been reinforced by the latter-day tyranny of the commercial ideal. The commercial man who says, "Read this book because it is the best seller," is seeking to hypnotize the individual's judgment and taste. If there be a noticeable dearth of originality of feeling and outlook in latter-day American fiction, it must be because the individual is subjected from the start to the insistent pressure of social ideals of conformity which paralyze or crush the finer, rarer, more sensitive individual talents. I do not say that English writers are not vexed in a minor degree by Mrs. Grundy's attempts to boycott or crush novels that offend the taste of "the villa public," but I believe that our social atmosphere favors the writer of true individuality.—Atlantic.

Poor Monday.

Monday, e-n-m-u-r-e-d! Wash day—suds and steam—picked-up dinner for the man folk and at night a "thank goodness-it's-over" feeling. That ought to be about enough for Monday. But the worst about anything is never told until a scientific commission or a sociologist tells it. Monday has never been a really popular day. It's much worse than that, however. According to the Ohio Industrial Commission, which has been making a study of Monday, it is the most unlucky day of the week. More accidents happen on that day than on any other, and fewer people work than on any other day except Sunday. And to be scientifically accurate and specific, most of the forenoon accidents happen at ten o'clock and the afternoon accidents group around three o'clock. Now you know the worst about Monday, until another investigation.

We publish these findings for what they may be worth, without malice and in fairness to poor old Friday.—Delineator.

Causes of Spasms.

Although the muscles which affect the action of the jaws are especially under the control of the brain, the chattering of the teeth is really a spasm caused by chill or fear, and all spasms act independently of the will. The muscles which operate the jaw act in a series of involuntary little contractions which pull the jaw up and permit it to fall of its own weight. This action is quick, and the chattering occurs from frequent repetition. Cold has a similar effect on the jaw muscles to that which some poisons have in causing spasmodic action in other parts of the body.