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THE BOND OF FLESH.

Weird Tale of Life from the Tyrolese Mountains.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

CHAPTER I.

This is a story of much sorrow, and I warn those who only love what is full of cheer and brightness that it may sadden and repel them. It may indeed horrify some, for it deals with the darkness of a strange and awful destiny. But at the same time I have deemed it a story worth the telling, since it is filled, after all, with the tragedy of a great if unique human passion.

We were born in a lovely village of the Austrian Tyrol, whose name I will not here record. Our parents were people of good bourgeois standing; my father's luck and thrift were almost proverbial. For years he had desired children, and at last we came.

My mother suffered agony at our birth, and afterward, when we were shown her, it is said that the shock caused her death. For we were not as other children, but bound together by a ligature of flesh. Otherwise we were two boys formed in a perfectly normal way. My brother was, however, at all times far less healthy and vigorous than I. He was called, I may here state, Conrad, and Victor was the name given to my self.

Our birth created wild wonder, and for days people flocked to see us. My father neither forbade nor allowed us to be seen. An old relative, a kind of aunt long since dead, showed us, I believe, to the gaping crowds. As for my father, he was prostrated with grief at the death of his wife and the curse of what he held a hideous and monstrous prodigy.

But after awhile all such feeling changed with him. He became not only used to us, but fond of us. The next step was easily taken, and before we were 2 years old he lavished on us the strongest paternal love.

Meanwhile we had received the best of care from dear, kindly old Hewitz, and had been nursed through an illness which threatened to end our infantile lives. My early recollections are solely those of being very happy. Conrad seemed in a manner apart from me, and yet most intimately akin. They used to say that my nature was a rather domineering one. But I was in every way the stronger and larger so that I perhaps began at a tender age to assert my superior mental and physical traits. As little boys we were sometimes taken to walk, and I well recall how people would flock strangely about us, and how I soon that keenly enjoyed the vague celebrity that surrounded us.

We were constantly visited by men of medical and surgical repute from various European cities and towns. Showmen and adventurers came, too, and these or at least a number of them offered my father large sums for the right to exhibit us as a rare physiological marvel.

My father's health began to weaken when we had reached our eighth or ninth year, and the failure of a Vienna banking house, to which he had intrusted the major portion of his savings, no doubt helped to inflict upon him a severe paralytic disorder. From this it soon became apparent that he could never quite rally, for while his partial recovery had begun to encourage Hedwig and ourselves, we were caught out by a man named Oscar Schreiner.

The man took the house which I first laid eyes upon him, struck me as the most completely kind and gentle being whom I had yet met. I have never had occasion to pick one most solemn and fervent instance to alter the verdict caused by that first pleasant impression.

He was still young when he came to us, being a widower of about six-and twenty, with a little daughter, Linda, whom he had placed at a boarding-school in his native Berlin. I suppose one would not precisely have called him a gentleman, though I have always held him to be far above many who would be amazed if you denied them the title. Oscar Schreiner certainly possessed education, and combined with that a high and exquisite sense of honor.

He wanted to make money, and frankly told my father that this was his present striving aim. He was wholly candid and sincere in his dealings. Would my father give us to him for a certain time, and permit him to manage our exhibition wherever he chose, receiving by terms of contract a stated and continuous percentage on all public shows in which we might be concerned?

My father, ill and needing money, consented. I never regretted his decision, though at first I rebelled against it. Perhaps I would have rebelled more than I did if Conrad had cried and protested less. But I deemed it my duty to resent continuance of any sort on my brother's part, dearly as I loved him.

By this time my influence over him was potent to the extreme. He was devoted fond of me, looked upon me as a guiding spirit, and faithfully followed all my counsels. I soon became aware that the influence which I exerted over him was of a strangely forceful kind. I suppose it was what would nowadays be called hypnotism. Weird as it may seem, I discovered that by the exertion of a little concentrated willpower I could throw him into a sleep and afterward awake him at pleasure—almost at pleasure, that is, though not quite, and not always. The bond of flesh extended from my right side, which it met his just over the aorta. The physicians who had examined us when little boys had nearly all agreed that any operation performed upon us in the way of cutting us apart would certainly result in Conrad's death, while it might fearfully imperil my own life, even if the worst did not result.

Oscar Schreiner might have proved a stern taskmaster. As it fortunately happened, he was the gentlest and kindest; we were taken by him to many different parts of Europe, but treated always with the tenderest care. I shall never forget my delight on first meeting his daughter in Berlin. By this time we had learned of our father's sudden and painless death at home. Linda's delicate sympathy touched, for myself at least, the poignance of grief. She was only a little girl, but her big, sweet blue eyes, her rosy mouth, and her air of exquisite sympathy could not pass from memory. Her father obtained permission for her to leave the boarding-school of an afternoon and chat with us in a quiet, domestic way, at the end of our loud, bustling hours in the crowded museum.

It would now have been easy enough for Oscar Schreiner to grasp all the money which our constant exhibition brought him in. Our father had died; we were, in a manner, quite his own property. But apart from showing any such avaricious spirit, this admirable man kept perpetually depositing to our credit a distinct percentage on every coin that he received. Far more than that, he employed tutors for our education, and though Conrad was a dull scholar and learned illy or wholly failed to learn what was taught him, I, with my quicker and keener mind, soon became strikingly proficient.

Knowledge, cultivation, brought me sorrow mixed with joy. It was of course agreeable to think and feel in a more refined way, but this very enlightenment induced the inevitable moods of self-disgust. I found myself beginning to loathe the bond of flesh which bound me to Conrad. With my brother it was quite different. He accepted his condition without a murmur. Gradually I began to realize it, he was more a part of me than I of him. Not merely a great affection for me swayed him at all times, but a feeling that I was in a way the source and center whence all his best energy sprang. From a physical point of view this fact was noticeable thus: If a sickness of any sort overtook me Conrad was sure to share it, while if he were ill I often remained perfectly well. Once, in our thirteenth year, he was attacked by a malady which came near ending his life. To me the tedium and anxiety were intolerable, since I was in fairly good health. And then, suddenly, one day came the terrifying thought: "What if he should die?"

But Conrad recovered, and my fears vanished. Still, a resolve was slowly taking shape within my brain. I mentioned it to no one for a very long time, but nevertheless it grew and grew like a plant in the dark.

Oscar Shreiner treated us to the most honorable manner regarding all profits which accrued to us, keeping both the letter and spirit of his contract with our dead father. As we became older our financial prospect brightened; we drew larger audiences as young men than we had drawn as boys. I wearied greatly now, under the continuous vulgarity and monotony of our life. I knew by heart, and so did Conrad, the speech with which Oscar Shreiner was wont to present us for public inspection. Then, to lessen the venue, I set myself the task of learning it from the bottom upward. This feat I at length achieved, to the wonder and admiration of my brother, whose mental powers it completely surpassed.

In appearance I was tall and fair, with a pleasing face and a well-built figure. I perceived that I was by no means ill-favored, and when I had reached early manhood the frequent smiles of women and maidens told me that my looks attracted them. But always a touch of contemptuous wonder was blent with their admiring glances, and this troubled me more than words can express.

Conrad was a slender, shrinking lad, almost a head shorter than I, and unengaging both as to form and feature. When we had passed our twenty-first year the contrast became almost painfully striking. His dependence upon me, his belief in me, had increased rather than lessened. Nothing could have been more patent than either. His spirits rose and fell in attendance on obedience to mine. If a cloud gloomed my thoughts I could trace its misty reflection in the dull yet wistful eyes uplifted to me.

CHAPTER II.

In the year 18— we drifted again to Berlin or his fourth or fifth time. A young physician, named Olaf Aveling, a Dane who had a ready work some little note in the medical and surgical world and was believed an idiom to win considerable more, came very often to see us, and with Schreiner's full sanction made repeated half the examination of the peculiar link that bound us together.

I had never especially liked Aveling. He struck me as cold and unsympathetic, and I could not blame Conrad that he should ever make a proposal to perform upon us a delicate operation, it would be from motives of a severely selfish character.

Still, I liked his conversation, which was often brilliant and forcible. He was a handsome fellow, with a pale keen face lit by most though strange dark eyes, and an air of command and assertion which became his stately build.

All in all, I rather prized his visits and though for many days he did not let fall even a single hint that he desired to operate upon our bond of flesh, he still contrived to make it clear that such was his actual aim and wish.

Shortly after our arrival in Berlin the daughter of Schreiner left a relative with whom she had been living since her graduation at the German boarding-school, and came to dwell with her father. I took this for a sign that Schreiner had finally yielded to my persuasions on a certain subject, and I rejoiced in consequence.

One day I said to our friend: "This is a pretty little house, and I hope sincerely that instead of merely passing the next few months here for purposes of rest, we may reside indefinitely under its peaceful roof."

Oscar Schreiner started, while Conrad looked up at me inquiringly with his placid, trustful eyes.

"Do you mean, brother," he asked, "that you want us never to appear in public any more?"

"Never!" I said emphatically, and fixed my gaze upon Schreiner. "Have we not gained enough?" I went on. "Conrad and I can live comfortably on our money for the rest of our days, be they many or few. As for yourself, you have acquired a snug little fortune by and all doubt."

"Yes," said Schreiner, "I have told you every tinder."

"Of course you have," I broke in, with impetus. "That is just my reason for now speaking straight to the point. And the point, dear sir, is this. Let us give up 'showmanship' forever. I detest it, as you know, and Conrad isn't by any means enamored of it. Besides, now that your charming daughter has come to live with us we ought to make the hapless sort of a household. Surely Linda prefers to remain with you. But this will be impossible if you again travel."

Schreiner looked at me with a smile that slowly deepened, and then drew near to me, taking my hand in his. "It shall be as you say, Victor," he replied. "After all I believe you are right. But how will you and Conrad pass your time? I fear that after a certain term of leisure you will both long for the old life again."

"Oh," I said, laughing, "I will talk with Linda for an hour or two every day. That will never tire me."

These words were gaily thrown at Linda Schreiner, who had just then entered the room. But immediately her father echoed my laugh, saying, lightly:

"Oh, you must be careful how you talk too much in that strain! Olaf Aveling might overhear you and grow jealous."

This was the dawn of my discovery that Dr. Aveling cared in the least for the daughter of our dear friend.

Linda tossed her curly blonde head and gave a contemptuous smile, not wholly unmixed with a blush. Then, in the kindliest way, she looked at me and said:

"We don't care a straw, do we, Victor, whether he's jealous or not?"

"No, a straw," I returned, though the affected gaiety with which I spoke cost me inward pain.

Linda had become a very beautiful girl now, and it is not in the least strange that a man of Aveling's comparative youth should have been fascinated by her radiant face, aureoled in bounteous hair of silky gold. When she and I next met I one of our private talks together which means when Conrad's head had sleepily drooped itself upon my shoulder, I somewhat boldly questioned her.

"Tell me," I said, "do you think that Olaf Aveling really wishes to marry you?"

"I think nothing whatever on the subject," declared Linda, with a little forbidding frown.

"But if he should ask you to be his wife, Linda," I persisted, "answer me frankly, would you refuse him?"

She gave me a strange, fervent look,

"WOULD YOU REFUSE HIM?"

which somehow ended by resting on the same object as of Conrad.

"No," she exclaimed, with great ardor, and with a wild, wistful light flashing forth at me from her sweet, blue eyes. Then, in another instant, she had burst into tears, and darted from the room.

I stunned, cautious, vaguely thrilled, I knew not why. The keenness of her tone had wakened Conrad, who asked of me:

"Victor, what is it? Was Linda angry at you, hurrying off like that?"

"Oh, no," I answered, though absently, with the tips of my lips, as it were.

He seemed satisfied with the answer and drowsily sank again on my shoulder. I slowly turned and regarded him, he being unconscious that I did so. And then a terrible thing happened. Momentarily and yet with intense acuteness there came across me a shuddering detestation of this frail creature whom I felt was so indissolubly linked to mine. The impulse that seized me was, I suppose, a murderous one. If it had lasted, if some wave of ethics and natural potency had not soon sweep it aside, God knows what might have happened!

As it was, the dehumanizing change took place, and I presently found myself still seated at my brother's side, with an altered and remorseful spirit and with cold beads of sweat clustering on brow and brow.

Still, the hour spent, so to speak, its lasting reverberations through my life. I did not cease to regard Conrad tenderness and pity, but the love which I now knew that I felt for Linda Schreiner controlled me with a vehemence. I must here admit that it left behind it a certain strange residuum of cruelty toward Conrad.

And yet, was I so wholly blameable? If the severance was effected between him and me, my own peril would be imminent. I had become sure that my chances of survival, in such a case, would be about one in ten. Yet this love for Linda, mixed with a joyous glimmering of faith in her possible love for me, set my heart throbbing with a sort of divine courage.

"Divine?" many will ask. "And why?" they will further urge, "since love was essentially selfish?" I grant that selfishness had much to do with it, and yet what love except the loftier altruistic love is unalloyed with egotism? A passion like mine is not, nor ever was. And swiftly, even horribly, as I may add, my love for this charming girl had blossomed into a passion.

Almost whenever Linda and I held conversation after this I used my power over Conrad—hypnotic, mesmeric, whatever one pleases to call it. Not a word of confession ever left my lips. But by suggestion, by innuendo, I am certain that I must have spoken. Whether she understood me or not, I cannot tell. It seems to me now that she understood perfectly. All this time I was possessed by a phrenetic notion that sooner or later my repressed fervor of sentiment must break bounds in terms of transport and avowal.

Olaf Aveling held several conversations with me after this, and at last I could no longer endure the knowledge of his evident yet concealed purpose. One day I exerted my influence over Conrad while the young physician was present, yet it wholly failed, as now and then it had previously failed.

Conrad grew nervous, petulant, even peevish. "You want to say something that you prefer I shouldn't hear," he declared. "I've often thought this before, but now it's very clear to me. You've been doing things from me for a good while past. Oh, I've seen and noticed, brother! you needn't deny it!"

"I do deny it," I dissented, gnawing my lips. Then I made a swift sign of dismissal to Dr. Aveling, who quitted the room with a cold smile on his lips which I did not like, yet dimly comprehended.

That evening while Conrad had fallen into one of his dozes, a servant slipped a letter within my hand. It was from Aveling, and I read it through several

IT WAS FROM AVELING.

times without Conrad dreaming that I did so.

It was a proposal to undertake the operation of our disjunction, and it gave me pangs of mingled delight and hope.

"By last examination," ran one passage of the letter, "I am convinced that both you and your brother stand an excellent chance of recovery. Whatever other surgeons may have told you, rest sure that I am right. That the operation will be highly perilous I do not deny. But that any scruples of sacrificing Conrad should restrain you is on your part unwise to a foolish degree. You, the superior mind and intellect—you, as I am so firmly convinced, craving and hungering after your liberty, should by no means recoil from trying to attain it because fearful of sacrificing your brother. On my word of honor as a scientific man, Conrad will run no greater risk than yourself. He need know nothing of the coming trial. Ether would, naturally, be administered to you both. He could receive it while asleep, as a matter of course. I should choose the night, after you have retired. Schreiner has best be told, beyond doubt, but Linda, poor little sympathetic soul, should not be shocked by any previous tidings of the truth. Think this communication carefully over and answer me at your leisure conveniences."

Soon afterward I found an occasion to give Oscar Schreiner the letter from Aveling.

"Read," I enjoined, "and decide for us." I was fearfully agitated, and he perceived that I was.

"I—I know something of this," he faltered, after having glanced at the letter.

"Aveling has told you?" I whispered.

"Yes."

"And you've not breathed a word to Linda?"

"No, and I shall not."

He left me, and during another hour Conrad and I received to bed. I passed a most anxious and troubled night, and my distress seemed upon my brother or rather secret. He grew feverish at midnight, and as wakeful as myself. A horrible fear lest my toward dawn that he might perhaps be on the verge of some serious seizure.

All the next day he was so restless and vigilant that I had the greatest difficulty in obtaining from Schreiner his opinions and views.

But at length I did obtain them. I see now that he was immediately under the influence of Aveling's private persuasion. But these were not his sole motive for desiring that the operation should take place. He had observed only too well my eager longing for freedom, though its chief cause I am but too sure that he did not then even remotely suspect.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Presentiments.

Mozart's sad notion that the requiem he had undertaken to write for his mysterious customer would be his own death-chant, proved as prophetic as Hogarth's serious assent to the jocular suggestion when "The End of All Things" was complete there would be an end to the painter.

Fichter's intuition was not a fault when it made him urge the sculptor taking his instructions respecting his last resting-place, to set to work at once, as there was no time to lose; when the tomb was ready to the tenant the tenant was ready for the tomb.

Tom Sheridan, bidding Angelo good-by with the remark, "I have twenty months to live," gauged the term of his existence to a nicety.

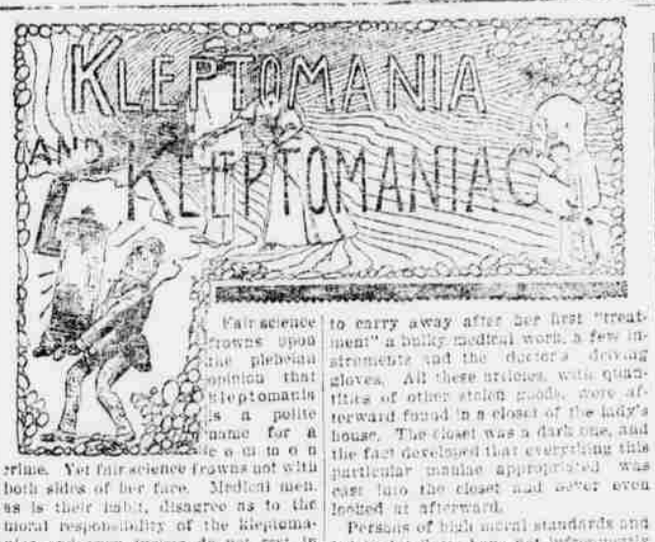
Awakened from a sick man's slumber by the baying of hounds and the uproar attending the pulling down of a stag in a neighbor's garden, sportsman Millet exclaimed, "It is an omen!" and in a few days took leave of pencil and paper forever.

Not long before his fatal illness Prince Albert said to the Queen:

"I do not cling to life. You do not. I set no store by it. If I knew that those I loved were well cared for, I should be quite ready to die to-morrow. I am sure if I had a severe illness I should give up at once. I should not struggle for life."

The Irish Harp.

The old-style Irish harp was about four feet high, had no pedals, and was strung to the back with straps. The one belonging to King Brian Boru, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf in 1014, is still preserved in the museum at Trinity College, Dublin. It is black with age, and polished, but worm-eaten. The old relic is adorned with silver ornaments. The king's son, Teazue, took the harp to Rome after the battle, and presented it to the Pope, together with the crown and regalia that had been worn by his father. A succeeding Pope gave it to Henry VIII. together with the title of "Defender of the Faith," and Henry gave it to the Earl of Clanricarde, in whose family it was held until the beginning of the eighteenth century. It then passed through several hands, until 1782, when the college became its owner.



Fair science frowns upon the plebeian opinion that kleptomania is a polite name for a disease which often ends in crime. Yet fair science frowns not with both sides of her face. Medical men, as is their habit, disagree as to the moral responsibility of the kleptomaniac and even jurists do not rest in sweet accord upon the subject. So eminent authorities as Judge Noah Davis and Judge Cox have handed down the opinion that "every one is responsible who knows the nature and consequences of his acts." Other judges, expressing the advanced ideas of their constituents, have tenderly recommended alleged kleptomaniacs to the care of their friends, convinced that medical treatment would cure them.

It is not so very long since the world began to consider insanity an extenuation of crime or a disease amenable to treatment. More recently still those only have been considered insane who raged, raved and were entirely without self-control or saving grace. Now there are physicians learned in mental diseases who claim that four-fifths of the human race are insane upon some point—are liable to give expression to morbid impulses.

Just here the work of the moralist—jurist if you will—comes in. As practically all men are or may become capably destructive forces in the shape of action to decide is whether the individual to whom these come is not always capable of suppressing them if he will.

That strange, unmeasured, unguessed power, the human will—how far is that, or is it not, responsible. Are not terrible destructive forces in the shape of morbid impulses repressed until they die out of individuals and of races because the moral balance is maintained by that same human will?

And is it not the duty of the law to insist that the moral balance must be maintained and the giddy reels to morbid impulses punished? The man who steals when under the influence of liquor is in a mentally irresponsible condition, yet the law takes no account of that or holds that he should have taken care not to become mentally and morally irresponsible.

English society and English courts have not the privilege of proceeding to be greatly surprised at the alleged peculiarities of an American cousin—in law. So long ago as the early seventies the London Times, in commenting upon the case of a gentlewoman who had been arrested charged with stealing some handkerchiefs from a shop, that any one in society could name off-hand a dozen dames of high degree who were a terror to the tradespeople on account of their thievish propensities. Furthermore the Quarterly Review, in 1876, in an article upon the London police, said: "The extent of pilfering carried on, even by ladies of high rank and position, is very great; there are persons possessing a mania of this sort so well known among the shopping community that their antecedents and descriptions are passed from hand to hand for mutual security. The attendants allow them to secrete what they like without seeming to observe them, and afterward send a bill with the prices of the goods purloined to their houses." Presumably the same policy might have been carried out in the instance that is attracting such widespread attention just now if the shopkeepers had long known it, or had as much faith in foreigners as in their own beloved, if eccentric, aristocracy.

Tales of the exploits of kleptomaniacs in the abstract would do very well for humorous reading, but for the always apparent undercurrent of sadness and suffering. One lady, varying the expression of morbid impulses, arrived at complete insanity by yielding to a fancy for throwing things into the fire. She confessed to her physician that the impulse was merely playful in the beginning. She had thrown an old pair of slippers into the grate, and had been amused at the convolutions caused by the scorching of the leather. Next day she threw an old hat into the fire and enjoyed seeing it burn. In another day she was surprised by a strong desire to throw something else into the fire, and as the object nearest at hand happened to be a handsome prayer-book, madame curved her eyes rather than see it burn. The habit seemed then to be established. The victim of it said the desire came in the shape of a violent paroxysm which caused her flesh to creep and quiver until she had yielded to the mental impulse to throw something of value into the fire.

A homely instance of the existence of kleptomania is that of an elderly physician. This good man, who is a highly respected member of the community in which he lives, and faithful unto death in his profession, cannot bear to leave a patient's house without some trifling souvenir of his visit. Thimbles, spools of thread, spoons and scissors are carried away in the doctor's pockets. The situation is so thoroughly understood that the doctor's pockets are regularly inspected by his better half, and the articles are quietly returned to their owners.

A specialist in mental diseases has a fund of queer stories of kleptomania. One thoroughgoing woman, who came for treatment for the trouble, contrived to carry away after her first "treatment" a bulky medical work, a few instruments and the doctor's driving gloves. All these articles, with quantities of other stolen goods, were afterward found in a closet of the lady's house. The closet was a dark one, and the fact developed that everything this particular maniac appropriated was cast into the closet and never even looked at afterward.

Persons of high moral standards and bright intellects have not infrequently enriched medical lore by giving careful accounts of their kleptomaniac experiences. One lad, who was recovering from an attack of fever, saw a man pass his window wearing a big watch chain. The boy had plenty of money to gratify his wishes, but he became possessed of a desire to possess that particular chain. His dreams and waking hours became an agony. As soon as he was able he wandered in the streets for that chain. He saw it, and eventually saw the man lay it, with a watch attached, upon a jeweler's counter. The boy dashed in, seized his prize and escaped. With a guilty conscience the thief sent the watch back to the jeweler, but still found no pleasure in the possession of the chain. At last he returned the chain, and suffered no more from a morbid impulse which he could always have resisted if his will power had not been weakened by illness.

Instances are valueless save as they establish the status of the mental or moral disease. But the consideration of that question involving as it does a wider subject than that of kleptomania, might well be entered upon by all the people who have time enough to stop to think what the morbid and dangerous impulses are, and to what extent they can be controlled in the interest of public morals and the general good.

The Electric Storage Battery.

The electric storage battery, in whose development lies the hope of emancipation from electric light wires, trolley wires and other unsightly obstructions, has reached a point of perfection, as shown by an exhibit in Philadelphia, which makes it a commercial possibility, and promises a large extension of the usefulness of electricity in everyday life. With a further development in the direction of cheapness it may be possible to repeat, in towns supplied with cheap means of motive power, the conditions existing in Great Falls town. In that town electric power produced economically at a water privilege does all the household work. It propels fabrics and hoists the street cars, runs the elevators, the printing presses, the cranes, and all kinds of machinery, and is used for pumping, for excavating and for rock-crushing. It is even applied in the building trades, it not being unusual to see on the streets a mortar mixer attached to an electric wire hanging down from a pole. The refrigerators cool by electricity; the butcher employs it to chop his sausages, and the grocer to grind his coffee. The housewives run their sewing machines and heat their flatirons by electricity; they take their cakes in wooden electric cake ovens, and can be set away on the shelf like pasteboard boxes. They have electric broilers, boilers and toasters. Even almost idols the bath as the wonders to what use next time wonderful power will be put.

"Accidental" Burglars.

The explosion of electric fixtures has brought upon the scene a particularly dangerous and offensive swarm of rascals who fling upon the street national companies by bogus claims for personal injuries received in real or imaginary accidents. They are fostered by a tribe of disreputable attorneys, who make a practice of communicating with all persons whom they can identify as concerned in any street railway accident, and often without the merest ghost of a process against the companies. Some of these legal sharks have a regular staff of detectives, who prowl about the depots and hotels in the towns on the lookout for accidents. These detectives are easily recognized, and they are usually liberal in the matter of drinks, the genial person of the bar is accustomed to pick up in the courtesy "tips" the civil information of the coming of the "accident" kind. It is a profitable business for the lawyer of the class in question to be on the ground when an accident occurs, to be able to persuade the victim to employ him, and to have a supply of blank forms of complaint ready for use. The business also leads the lawyer to travel from city to city for the purpose.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Hard to Please.

A man was taking his meal down at a restaurant on Clybourn avenue the other day and found two silver dimes in the beans. Calling the waiter, he hailed him in an impatient manner:

"Here, what kind of a layout is this? I have found twenty cents in my beans!"

"Well, you are hard to please," replied the waiter. "Yesterday you growled about not having any change in your diet!"—Seattle Times.

Nature.

"Unnatural father," sobbed the heroine.

Indeed, he was to such an extent unnatural that the stage manager let him go at the end of the week.

The Poetic Muse

One to Love Him.

Dark the skies above me—
Never gloom of night
Yet, with one to love me,
Sorrow is not "Darkness and Light."

Fortune has not fean kind—
Fame was swift to flee
Yet, love's crown of "Good Luck,"
Sorrow cannot "Overthrow."

Hell may rage above you—
Fate may be cruel to you;
Sorrow may wonder "I love you!"
But the world with scorn!

—D. L. Stanton.

The House of Duty.

Four walls there were called Duty, and therein
Two mortals dwelt. One marched at his top,
And cried, "Ever is humanity in this sport,
Where many but digging while have over been!
Oh, could I but my way to freedom win,
As I escape these narrow walls that press me now!"
So discontent his spirit, he forgot
His quiet comrade, falling there within.

The other, hour at the roll out take,
Looked up, soon, and saw the same four walls
Encircling a palace rich and fair.
Bright jewelled sparkled in its marble halls,
And treasure of strange, white glory seemed to have
On many years and on graved stair.

—Jane Dreaman.

While Snows Are Falling.

The spring time came—the sunny time
Will [illegible]
[illegible]
We wandered through [illegible] groves,
The flowers crept up [illegible]
And, shout [illegible] the [illegible]
With [illegible]

For earth was all so [illegible]
And heaven seemed [illegible] above it,
Each was [illegible]
But maybe we [illegible]
What was [illegible]
And with [illegible] the woodland calling,
We sigh to think of [illegible]
And [illegible]

For who, at last the world is [illegible]
In summer [illegible]
And even while [illegible]
The [illegible] dreams [illegible]
Behold! we wake to find [illegible]
The hopes our hearts had been forestalling,
And life grew fairer than we knew
While snows were falling.

Ah, well! the days of youth fly swift
Their [illegible] grew dim, their blossoms withered,
And all the dreams that made our [illegible]
Fly fast on [illegible]
But, when we [illegible]
We hear [illegible]
And memory [illegible] the heart of [illegible]
While snows are falling.

Must Feed the Cow.

The boy [illegible] of work, and like as he has [illegible]
He stops [illegible] and [illegible]
Of course, [illegible] will [illegible]
Kept [illegible] every [illegible] day he raised right into [illegible]
He doesn't [illegible] but soon [illegible]
The cow won't [illegible] on [illegible] unless you feed her well!

And [illegible] Henry, up to town, he's also feelin' [illegible]
And doesn't seem to have the [illegible] what to do;
He runs the general store, and he says it doesn't pay—
Well, I could tell him what has made his business sag;
He's just sot on [illegible] out—sot pattin' in a row—
The cow won't keep on giving milk unless you feed her well!

There's Stephen Williams, now, who runs the tavern up to town;
Why, [illegible] money right and left—they can't keep Williams down!
The folks [illegible] to be the best that ever [illegible]
He buys [illegible] corporation—his [illegible]
And [illegible] to make the most out of [illegible]—
The cow won't [illegible] on giving milk unless you feed her well!

And I have noticed that the men who always [illegible]
The high [illegible] business are the very ones [illegible]
That if you want to hold your trade or spread it [illegible]
You don't jest go around and keep [illegible] it—
'Tis all the same the wide world over, no matter where you [illegible]
To make the cow hold [illegible] milk you've got to feed her well!

—Cleveland Leader.

The Sweetest of Memory's Bells.

While [illegible] the sweetest, but [illegible]
The [illegible] and the [illegible]
The [illegible] that [illegible] and [illegible]
In the [illegible] home [illegible]
And hark! the [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible]
There [illegible] the [illegible]
And [illegible] mellowness [illegible]
And the [illegible] that [illegible] the wreck of [illegible]
Let me pass through the night and the [illegible]—O been and [illegible] who [illegible]
I, who [illegible] from the [illegible] of the [illegible]
For through [illegible] years of [illegible] and of [illegible]
Your [illegible] and [illegible] were [illegible] me—[illegible]
And now, from the pain and the [illegible]—from the [illegible] and [illegible]
Like the [illegible] when the [illegible] are [illegible]—like the ship [illegible] the [illegible]
And I hear the voices know me in gardens of beauty and bliss;
And do not the red roses [illegible] the [illegible] of the prodigal's kiss?

The sun is still bright at the portal, there [illegible]
Heart! heart! there's a face we remember in the jungle and bloom of the vine!
Far off the red reapers are singing—far off in the [illegible] wheat,
And the arms of a mother are straying and the kiss of a [illegible] is sweet!

—F. L. Stanton, in Ladies' Home Journal.