

## THE ARTIST'S STORY.



"TELL you, ladies," declared handsome and cynical Wilton Robeley, the artist, "a fortune teller showed me the image of my wife two years before I ever saw her in the flesh and thousands of miles from the place I first met her."

"You are the last man in the world whose mind I would think obscured by the clouds of mysticism," replied the rich Mrs. Austyn, his friend and patron. "You have never shown any patience with the charlatans who pretended to expose and expound the secrets that a wise Providence has ordained we should not fathom. And yet you are taxing our credulity with a statement that would be marvelous, if true."

"I must insist upon my veracity in this instance," smiled the artist.

"Now, don't stop to argue, mamma," urged the elder of the Austyn girls. "There is a story in this, and after Mr. Robeley has told it you can reclaim him from the darkness of his superstitions and air your theories. Now do tell us all about it," and three pretty sisters sighed their curiosity in chorus. "Just so you don't ask me to explain," said the artist with a quizzical look. "I shall give you the remarkable facts and leave you to wrestle with them. Eight years ago I was in Paris, pursuing my studies, and lived the life of a Bohemian from choice rather than from necessity. We fellows held the responsibilities of life very lightly and laughed at all human phenomena that could not yield to the test of materialism. I was chief among the scoffers, and found bare-faced fraud in everything from clairvoyancy to the piercing of the future through the medium of tea grounds.

"Then as now I occasionally broke entirely away from my usual surroundings and was one day sauntering alone through Rue de Bouges. As I passed one of the most pretentious houses I was startled by a scream for help and dashed through the open doorway to find a woman battling with flames that with great leaps and flashes were consuming the white draperies of what struck me as a consecrated altar out of place. Our combined efforts soon mastered the incipient conflagration. As the woman anointed my hands with some soothing lotion I saw that she was as dark as a gypsy. Her hair rippled back from her forehead in waves of blue black, her eyes were brilliant in the same deep coloring, and her strong, even teeth suggested polished ivory. She was an amazon in size, yet the sweeping curves of beauty were such as to fascinate the artist while her motions were as supple and graceful as those of a tiger.

"You are a gentleman, and there is but one way in which I can offer return for your services," she said as I



## WOMAN BATTLING WITH THE FLAMES.

turned to leave. Her voice was soft as the notes of a lute and her accent gave unsuspected charms to my mother tongue. "I was born of royal blood in India. Through study of the sacred Vedas and the pure doctrine of Karma I attained the power of divination. Your people would classify me among fortune tellers; but I am poles apart from the vulgar humbugs that trade upon ignorance and superstition. Promise you will come to-morrow, for I am upset by this incident. Then I will be both your historian and your prophet. I shall count on you, m'sieur."

"Though I mentally sneered at the woman's pretensions and lay awake half the night assuring myself that I would never seek her out, I was at her door ten minutes before the appointed time next day. She had either assumed her professional air or was under the spell of her supernatural attainments. I will not describe the 'Inner Temple of Mysteries' to which she conducted me, but in the weird effect of its hangings, mirrors, grotesque carvings and mythical symbols it challenged the most hardened skepticism. Throwing the white light of a golden lamp upon my face with a powerful reflector, she generalized upon my past life as any shrewd judge of human nature might do. Then suddenly knitting her brows and leaning closer she slowly spelled out 'Marcia Arnold.'

"That is the name of the girl you will marry," she announced in a dreamy voice, "and there you see her."

"With that the lights faded to the dimness of deep twilight, and there followed the darkness of a dungeon. Opposite me as if in life was the image of the sweet and beautiful woman you know as Mrs. Robeley. Never before had I been dominated by the tender passion, but there I was fathoms deep in love with what might have been an enchanting illusion or a superb painting. So deeply was I impressed that after leaving in a bewilderment of doubt I sketched the magnificent creature so indelibly impressed upon my memory.

"Eighteen months later I was in southern California enjoying the medicinal virtues of the climate, and finding subjects in some of the delightful scenery. One morning I had my easel

at the edge of a wooded precipice overlooking a charming spread of landscape. The velvet carpeting of grass and moss had failed to warn me of approaching footsteps, and when I turned it was the startled movement caused by a half-suppressed scream. There were two ladies, the elder anxiously supporting the younger, whose face was blanched and whose eyes were fastened upon me as though I were a terrifying apparition. It was the girl the Indian sorceress had shown me in Paris; but what did she know of me? As she sank down under the weight of her emotions I hastened to a nearby spring for water, and when I returned her eyes were upon me in that same fixed and troubled look.

"What can be the matter, daughter? You have always been so strong and so vigorous."

"Is your name Henry Morton?" asked the younger of me, without heeding the mother's question.

"It is Wilton Robeley," I responded quietly. At that instant it flashed upon me that in a desire to conceal my identity I had given the name of Henry Morton to the fortune teller. Then with the inspiration of an anxious lover I added: "But I have a cousin of that name who bears a striking resemblance to me."

"My immediate reward was a revival of strength and spirits on the part of the young lady. The mother introduced herself as Mrs. Gilson, her daughter as Miss Gilson, and then said: 'Lucy, we had best get back to the hotel.'

"Lucy Gilson?" and yet it was her presence that had been conjured up as my bride to be. She was the girl of my sketch and my dreams. The next day I called at the hotel to inquire after her. I called often. We walked, drove, painted and boated together. I came to know through the intuition of love that she was not indifferent to me. One evening as we drifted lazily through the water lilies she handed me a sketch of myself and asked: 'Is that a picture of Henry Morton?'

"It's perfect," I answered though dumfounded. A shadow of anger crossed her face, and she was about to tear the picture to pieces when I caught her hands and suddenly showed the reproduction of herself that I had made in Paris. It was her turn to be surprised, and when I told her of my experience at the fortune teller's on Rue de Bouges, giving her the date, she quickly exclaimed:

"Why, I was there with Marcia Arnold. Mamma and I did Europe that season, and we two girls visited that Indian princess just for a lark. That was where I saw Henry Morton, whom I was told fate had decreed as my future husband."

"Before we rowed home it was all explained, and the sequel of our strange experience was a happy marriage. The dusky prophetic who had confused the name of the two girls was a cultivated fraud. It was all a trick of the mirrors, ladies."

## Heliotrope Perfume.

A delicate odor, heliotrope, is obtained in small quantities from the heliotrope hedges of the Riviera by the process of maceration—a quantity of very pure lard being placed in a copper vessel with the flowers and melted over a slow fire. The flowers are then strained away, a process repeated till the fat is sufficiently flower scented, when the liquid fat is poured through a sieve, and the greasy flower paste subjected to hydraulic pressure. Since heliotrope blossoms must be used as soon as they are gathered, and the melted grease carefully kept at the lowest temperature that will maintain it in the liquid state, the perfumer accepts as a substitute heliotropine, the white light crystalline powder obtained from the ground pepper. Even if these difficulties of manufacture were avoided by the nitrogen or enfeurage system, pure heliotrope essence could never become a popular perfume. Heat injures it. The direct action of sunlight destroys it. Artifice replaces it with a mixture of the spirituous extracts of vanilla, ambergris, rose and orange flower, to which are added a few drops of essential oil of almonds.—Chambers' Journal.

## A College Girl, Too.

She was a college girl of lofty ideas and superior attainments, such as college girls have in their early days. When she left her family to rest in the mountains for awhile, she said haughtily:

"No; I'll not take an evening gown. And please don't put any of that paper-covered literature into my trunk. I have come philosophy to read and I don't intend to mix with the hotel people. Nature, my work and serge frocks are enough for me."

Then she departed. At the end of four days her mother was startled by a telegram. It read:

"Send two party frocks, a hammock and some reliable face powder at once."

So easily are love of nature and love of labor overcome.—Exchange.

## A Discenter.

"The voice of the people," said the man who was asking to talk about the coming election, "the voice of the people is the voice of God."

"Rats!" said the man he had cornered.

"Beg pardon?"

"Rats, I said; r-a-t-s, rats. Just wait until you have been compelled to decide a home player out at third a few times and then you will know how much ice the voice of the people cuts. Yes."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Thoughtful Provision.

Hojack—Li Hung Chang always carries his coffin with him when he travels.

Tomdick—What did you say was the name of the umpire?—New York World.

## THE FIRST ON RECORD

### THE FIRST PERSON TO RECOVER FROM HYDROPHOBIA.

Doctors Don't Know What to Make of the Case, as Recovery Was Considered Impossible—Caused by the Bite of a Mad Cat.



MAN has had hydrophobia, that awful disease which doctors say is absolutely incurable, and lives to tell about it—the first instance ever known.

He is Abraham Schlesenger, a well-known business

man of St. Louis, who was attacked by the malady while on a visit to his brother and sister at Lock Arbor, N. J.

Mr. Schlesenger, who is a tall, well built man of forty-six, was bitten one night last October by a sick cat. The wound healed quickly and nothing was thought of it further. Mr. Schlesenger continued in good health until about three weeks ago, when he complained of a headache and a nausea about the stomach. The next day he felt no better, but declared he was not sick enough to need a physician, and so none was called.

By the afternoon of the following day he began to feel a shooting pain from the tip of his right forefinger up his arm and into his head. In debating on his strange symptoms his sister, Louise, thoughtfully remarked:

"If it wasn't that that cat bit you in the left forefinger, Abe, I would be inclined to think—"

She did not complete the sentence aloud, but it continued in her thoughts as she suddenly recalled that the cat had not bitten him in the left forefinger but in the right. She was fearful of calling his attention to the fact. At the same time it impressed her so strongly that she sent for Dr. A. B. Kohns, the nearest physician. Dr. Kohns did not think it could be hydrophobia after such a long lapse of time. He could not diagnose the illness blood poisoning, as the outward symptoms were not apparent. Nor did the complaint of Mr. Schlesenger suggest such a diagnosis. He concluded by giving the invalid treatment for his stomach and nerves, as the athletic patient ridiculed the suggestion that anything else might be the cause of the trouble. The remedies had no effect further than to stimulate Mr. Schlesenger's nerves, and he was able to come to the supper table that night. He evinced no appetite, however, only remarking that he would like a glass of fresh well water.

His sister Louise arose and procured it for him. When the glass had set a moment beside his plate, he leisurely raised it toward his lips. Then suddenly set it down without tasting it. At the same time it was noticed that he shivered and contracted his throat, trying to swallow an imaginary mouthful.

"I guess I don't want a drink," he simply said.

An hour afterward Mr. Schlesenger grew worse. Shooting pains commenced to cross his head with increasing activity. His brother and sister, seeing these ominous signs, could no longer refrain from comment, but their suggestions of hydrophobia only angered him. He declared it was neuralgia. He was forced to retire to his bed, however, and the doctor was again called.

At 10 o'clock Mr. Schlesenger's frame suddenly grew rigid. His features contracted and his eyes stared wildly, bulging from their sockets. His arms and shoulders bent backward and his chest was considerably raised above normal. His veins and powerful muscles were strongly outlined on his skin. There could no longer be a doubt of the nature of the disease and the doctor declared it to be hydrophobia.

He did not tell the patient his real thoughts, however. Schlesenger was told that it was a severe case of neuralgia and that it would cease at a certain hour that night. After that the patient grew easier. At the appointed hour he had grown entirely well. The cure is entirely attributed to will power.

## The Retort Discourteous.

"If there is anything that I covet," said Mr. Spickles' wife, "it is a good voice. I know that it is very wrong to be envious but I can't help it when I hear another woman singing."

And as Mr. Spickles is a notoriously mean man nobody was surprised to hear him reply:

"That is perfectly natural. If you could sing you'd be sitting up there with the choir, where you could see what every woman in church had on without turning your head."—Washington Star.

## Kiss.

Cholly—Really, do you think Adelaide cares for me? Mildred—Yes, she says she prefers your company to that of any gentleman she knows, because it requires such a small mental effort to hold conversation with you.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Her Easy Job.

"Aunt Elvira Hobbs never got up from that roomatis spell yet."

"Now, some folks won't never get outen bed 'long other folks keep a fetchin' ice cream in 'em."—Exchange.

## This Weather.

Country Barber (affably to total stranger)—Very tryin' weather this, sir. Makes you feel as if you'd like your body in a pond an' your 'ead in a public 'ouse!—From Punch.

## WILD STEERS WRECK A BICYCLE.

### Ranch Cattle Give a Wyoming Doctor a Lively Race.

Men who are posted in the ways of western range cattle, and especially those of the Texas breed, know it is extremely hazardous to approach them on foot or in any unusual manner. Mounted cowboys ride through and around herds without trouble because the animals are accustomed to seeing men on horseback, but the appearance within close range of any strange object arouses their curiosity and ire. Pedestrians are a rarity on cattle ranches; likewise bicycles.

Dr. A. B. Hamilton of Laramie, Wyo., should have known better than to try to cross the range near a big bunch of steers on his bicycle, but it seems he didn't, and now the doctor is laid up with a broken shoulder blade, his hair is blanched by fright and his new \$100 wheel is ruined beyond repair. The doctor had occasion to visit a patient on the Little Laramie river and was within four miles of Laramie town on his way home when he ran into a herd of Texans. It was probably the first wheelman the cattle had ever seen, for they pawed the ground and snorted viciously for a moment and then made a concerted charge for the doctor, who, realizing his danger, pedaled away at the top of his speed in an effort to escape.

There are few living things except a race horse of high class that can outrun a Texas range steer when once in full motion. Dr. Hamilton made a brave race, but the cattle gained on him at every jump and he could feel the hot breath of the leaders almost at his side before he had covered half a mile. Just as he thought one particularly vicious-looking beast was about to pick him off with his horns the wheel struck a hummock and the doctor took a header which landed him safe in a buffalo wallow, where he lay quiet while the cattle jumped over him. The steers were under such headway they couldn't stop, and besides it isn't the nature of western steers to stop when they have once started on a stampede until they drop from exhaustion.

The bicycle did not escape. It lay directly in the path of the maddened animals and was crushed into a worthless wreck.

## Labouchere on Taxation.

Henry Labouchere is always interesting if not original. Here is his idea of a sound system of taxation:

Every one ought to be allowed to accumulate during his lifetime what he pleases, but when he dies there ought to be a maximum that he may leave to relations or friends, all in excess of this maximum going to the state. Take, for instance, Mr. Astor. It is said that he possesses about fifty million pounds sterling. Evidently he cannot spend the interest of this amount. In a given number of years, therefore, if this money from generation to generation remains in the hands of one single individual, it will become 500 million pounds sterling. Neither the individual nor the community will benefit by this. Therefore, I would meet it by handing into the public treasury most of Mr. Astor's fifty million pounds sterling on his death. How would this harm him? He would have ceased to exist. If the state took 99 per cent of his money on his death he would still have one-half million pounds sterling to dispose of and on this sum his heirs or heir might rub on very comfortably.

## Cycling and Sunstroke.

Cyclers seem to possess in a large measure immunity from sunstroke. There was one prostration Saturday in the big cyclists' parade in Cincinnati, but it is an exception that serves only to prove the rule. And the reasons for such immunity are not hard to find. Habitual wheeling tones up the system, brings out the perspiration, produces what is equivalent to a constant breeze, and as exertion under such conditions results in increased evaporation from the surface of the biker's body, he sheds the hot rays of the sun as the oiled feathers of water-fowl turn aside the pattering shots of rain.—Louisville Times.

## NOTES OF DAY.

It has been found that nearly all the rivers in west Africa, within 1,000 miles east and west of Ashantee, yield gold.

A doctor says that half the deafness prevalent at the present time is probably the result of children having their ears boxed.

Platinum wires have been drawn so fine that two of them twisted together could be inserted in the hollow of a human hair.

At the beginning of the century the population of London increased yearly 20 per cent. It increased only 10 per cent from 1881 to 1891, and now the increase is still less.

The most curiously made soap in use is that supplied to the stations of the London and Northwestern Railway Company, which is made from the fat and grease washed out of their men's cloths.

At one of the university unions an orator declared that the British Lion, whether it is roaming the deserts of India or climbing the forests of Canada will not draw in its horns or retire into its shell."

In a coroner's jury empaneled in London the other day there were 12 Smiths, one Jones and one Brown. To complete the cycle it is only necessary to mention that the deceased's name was Robinson.

It is a curious and bewildering circumstance that in a world and in an age where progress is one of the laws of existence the violin should be today so to form and all essential details exactly what it was some 300 years ago.

## Woman's Laugh.

A woman has no natural grace more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes on the water. It leaps from her heart in a clear, sparkling rill, and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in a cool, exhilarating spring. Have you ever pursued an unseen fugitive through the trees, led on by her fairy laugh; now here, now there—now lost, now found? Some of us have and are still pursuing that wandering voice. It may come to us in the midst of care and sorrow, or irksome business, and then we turn away and listen, and hear it ringing through the room like a silver bell, with power to scare away the evil spirits of the mind. How much we owe to that sweet laugh. It turns the prose of our life into poetry; it flings flowers of sunshine over our darknesses; it touches with light even our sleep, which is no more the image of death, but gemmed with dreams that are the shadows of immortality.—Vogue.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a family medicine with us since 1825.—J. R. Madison, 2409 43d Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Little Real Sympathy Among Africans. The sick man's brother is with us also, and although a good worker, is absolutely indifferent to his brother's illness. There is no sympathy for another's pains in the soul of the African. When a chief dies there is a lot of howling and assumed grief; the tears are not real, but only part of the ceremony attending death. Upon the death of a young child the mother does actually feel grief most keenly, and for some days inconsolable, refuses meat and drink, rolls on the ground, tears her hair, and lacerates herself in her despair.—September Century.

## Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

## Old-Fashioned Apple Pie.

Fill a deep, yellow pie-dish with pared apples sliced very thin; then cover with a substantial crust and bake; when browned to a turn, slip a knife around the inner edge, take off the cover and turn bottom upward on a plate; then add a generous supply of sugar, cinnamon and cloves to the apples; mash all together and spread on the inserted crust. After grating nutmeg over it the dish is served cold with cream.—Ladies' Home Journal.

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