

UNDUE MODESTY.

As we broiled along in your swift coupe... I should gladly acknowledge my heart's en-... I don't believe in these things...

THE BLACK DOG.

There was a ceaseless rumble in the air as the heavy rain-drops battered upon the laurel-thickets and the matted moss and haggard rocks beneath...

In desperation they started again to drag their listless bodies through the watery bushes. After a time the clouds withdrew from above them...

"Ho," he cried, "here's a house." His companions struggled painfully after him as he fought the thickets between him and the cabin.

Somebody in a distant part started and walked across the floor toward the door with an ominous step. A slate-colored man appeared. He was dressed in a ragged shirt and trousers...

"Ho," said the little man. He stepped back a few paces. Somebody in a distant part started and walked across the floor toward the door with an ominous step.

The latter's clothing clung desperately to him and water sogged in his boots. He stood patiently on one foot for a time.

"Can you put us up here until to-morrow?" he asked, finally. "Yes," said the slate-colored man. The party passed into a little unwashed room, inhabited by a stove, a stairway, a few precarious chairs and a misshapen table.

"I fry yer some pok and make yer some coffee," said the slate-colored man to his guests. "Go ahead, old boy," cried the little man cheerfully from where he sat on the table, smoking his pipe and dangling his legs.

"My ol' uncle, Jim Crocker, he's sick ter death," said the slate-colored man. "Think he'll die?" asked the pudgy man, gently. "No?" "No?" "He won't die! He's an ol' man, but he won't die yet! The black dog's been around yet!"

"Ho, old pudgkins!" replied the little man. His back curved with passion. A tempest of wrath was in the pudgy man's eye. The final epithet used by the little man was a carefully studied insult, always brought forth at a crisis. They quarreled.

"All right, pudgkins, bring on your phantom," cried the little man in conclusion. His stout companion's wrath was too huge for words. The little man smiled triumphantly. He had staked his opponent's reputation.

The visitor sat silent. The slate-colored man moved about in a small personal atmosphere of gloom. Suddenly a strange cry came to their ears from somewhere. It was a low, trembling call, which made the little man quake privately in his shoes.

He hurriedly prepared a mixture with hot water, salt and beef. Beef-teen it might be called. He disappeared again. Once more the party below heard, vaguely, talking over their heads. The voice of age arose to a shriek.

"Open the window fool! Do you think I can live in the smell of your soup?" Mutterings by the slate-colored man and the creaking of a window were heard.

The slate-colored man stumbled down the stairs and said with intense gloom, "The black dog'll be along soon."

The little man started, and the pudgy man sneered at him. They ate a supper and then sat waiting. The pudgy man listened so palpably that the little man wished to kill him.

The phantom dog lay cuddled to a round bundle, asleep down the road-way against the windward side of an old shanty. The specter's master had moved to Pike County. But the dog lingered as a friend might, linger at the tomb of a friend.

The group around the fire in the venerable house were listening and waiting. The atmosphere of the room was tense. The slate-colored man's face was twitching and his drabbed hands were gripped together.

"My ol' uncle, Jim Crocker, he's sick ter death," said the little man, vaguely. "The four men started and then shrunk back in their chairs. "Damn it!" replied the little man, vaguely.

Again there was a long silence. Suddenly it was broken by a wild cry from the room above. It was a shriek that struck upon them with appalling swiftness, like a flash of lightning.

The walls whirled and the floor rumbled. It brought the men together with a rush. They huddled in a heap and stared at the white terror in each other's faces. The slate-colored man grasped a candle and flared it above his head.

"The black dog," he howled, and plunged at the stairway. The maddened four men followed frantically, for it is better to be in the presence of the awful than only within hearing.

Their ears still quivering with the shriek, they bounded through the hole in the ceiling and into the sick-room. With quilts drawn closely to his shrunken breast for a shield, his bony hand gripping the cover, an old man lay, with glazing eyes fixed on the open window. His throat gurgled and a froth appeared at his mouth.

From the outer darkness came a strange, unnatural wall, burdened with weight of death and each note filled with foreboding. It was the song of the spectral dog. "God!" screamed the little man. He ran to the open window. He could see nothing at first save the pine trees, engaged in a furious combat, tossing back and forth and struggling.

The moon was peeping cautiously over the rims of some black clouds. But the chant of the phantom guided the little man's eyes, and he at length perceived its shadowy form on the ground under the window. He fell away gasping at the sight. The pudgy man crouched in a corner, chattering insanely. The slate-colored man, in his fear, crooked his legs and looked like a hideous Chinese idol. The man upon the bed was turned to stone, save the froth, which pulsed.

In the final struggle terror will fight the inevitable. The little man roared maniacal curses, and rushing again to the window began to throw various articles at the spots.

A MAN can learn more in one day's trouble than he can in a year of joy.

A mug, a plate, a knife, a fork, all crashed or clanged on the ground. But the song of the specter continued. The bowl of beef-teen followed. As it struck the ground the phantom ceased its cry.

The men in the chamber sank limply against the walls, with the unearthly wail still ringing in their ears and the fear unfaded from their eyes. They waited again. The little man felt his nerves vibrate. Destruction was better than another wait. He grasped a candle and going to a window, held it over his head and looked out.

"Ho!" he said. His companions crawled to the window and peered out with him. "He's eaten the beef-teen," said the slate-colored man, faintly. "The damn dog was hungry," said the pudgy man.

"There's your phantom," said the little man to the pudgy man. On the bed the old man lay dead. Without, the spectre was wagging its tail.—N. Y. Tribune.

A Washington Bear-Hunt.

Early one morning in May a black boy, going to his work, was passing along the Pierce's Mill road, near Washington. Paying little attention to what was before him, he suddenly found himself confronted by a large grizzly bear.

The boy did what almost any one would have done under the same circumstances; he turned and ran as fast as his legs could carry him. Luckily, the bear did not follow, and he reached a house and gave an alarm.

The news soon spread that a grizzly bear had escaped from the Zoological Garden. It would be hard to tell how the news got abroad, because every one was afraid to go out-of-doors. People barricaded their doors and windows, and kept their children in the house. The schools in the neighborhood were without pupils.

The superintendent of the Zoological garden heard, at any rate, that his lost bear had been seen on the Pierce's Mill road, and accompanied by several well-armed volunteers, he started in pursuit of the animal.

They proceeded to form a ring about the grizzly. This proceeding infuriated him at once, and he made a ferocious attack upon one of the hunters.

But before he could reach the man, all the other hunters rushed bravely to the assistance of their threatened comrade; whereupon the grizzly, seeing himself outnumbered, turned tail with a growl, and ran to a tree near by.

Once more the crowd crept upon the bear, and then the animal rushed valiantly at them all. This time several men fired at once, and the young bear's brief period of liberty was brought to an end.

A Cool Head.

There is nothing that conduces to such a successful meeting of emergencies better than a cool head, with a perfect confidence that everything is going to come out all right. Whether things are "coming out all right" or not, at least the feeling of quiet self-control makes one better able to work toward the good result.

To do that means to be helpless instead of helpful, to be a drag instead of an assistance. In an emergency one should rather seem heartless than inefficient. There are always ten people ready to cry or faint or shed tears over the sufferer where there is one who stands coolly by and sees the way to help him. Affection and sympathy are often best proved by ignoring them, particularly when the moment arrives that calls for action and not tears.—Harper's Bazaar.

Backward Eyes.

An ingenious inventor has discovered a means for providing "eyes in the back of the head." No longer will the schoolboy be able to indulge in his pranks when the master has turned his head, for by means of the new invention the master will be able to observe what goes on behind his back, and punishment sure and swift will overtake the offender. This new optical instrument, which performs this extraordinary feat, consists of a new kind of spectacles, on each bluish glass of which a small round reflector or mirror is fixed, which enables the wearer to watch—without turning round—the features of those behind him as plainly as though he had a pair of eyes in the back of his head. They do not impede forward vision, nor can they be distinguished from ordinary spectacles.

An Unkind Reply.

Wife—You may bless your stars for the way I mend and cure for your clothing. What in the world would you do without me? Husband—If I didn't have to pay your millinery bills I could spend that money on new clothes for myself, and then I wouldn't have to wear patched clothes at all.—Texas Siftings.

Like Loves Like.

"It is not love that makes people marry," remarked the cynic. "It's flattery, rank flattery. The man is pleased because the woman took a fancy to so inferior a being as he knows himself to be, and the woman's vanity is tickled for a precisely similar reason. In a word, each loves the other for showing poor taste in choosing a mate."

The Mustard Gingerbread.

The author of "France of Today" levotes a few pages to the "charming town" of Dijon, celebrated, as she says, for some time-honored and curious industries—pills, mustard, and gingerbread.

The consumption of pills throughout the length and breadth of France she declares to be enormous, and it was a happy thought of a certain successful pill-maker of Dijon to have recourse to machinery. He made a handsome fortune, and his descendants are no less prosperous. The hard-earned of the times has no effect upon the pill-making industry.

Folks will have their pet luxury at any sacrifice, and whilst ready to renounce in dress, housekeeping, and other matters, they never forget their pill. Miss Edwards has known a middle-class lady in delicate health to spend annually a thousand francs—say \$200—for this luxury.

The process of making pills is extremely rapid and neat. Tar, chloroform, castor-oil, and oil of eucalyptus are among the favorite ingredients. Thin layers of a certain size, composed of gum, sugar and gelatine are spread out, the oil is then spread on the under layer just as we spread jam on pastry, a second is then put on, the whole adhering after the manner of covered tarts.

The sandwich is placed between two iron plates indented with tiny holes of the size of the pill, two turns are given in a baking oven, and out come the pills, each separating itself from its envelope, smooth, compact, firm as shot. Hundreds of thousands are manufactured daily.

The celebrated Dijon mustard is even more worthy of note, with its peculiar piquancy not to be found in any other, however excellent. The seed is always sown on cleared charcoal beds in the neighboring forests, spaces difficult to utilize by other means, as the young plants of peas, beans, potatoes, and the like would be devoured by the rabbits and wild boars, who will not touch the mustard leaf.

The soil gives one flavor; another is otherwise accounted for. The mustard when in powder is mixed with the juice of new wine, imparting a pleasant acidity. The graine must be in precisely the right stage of unripeness, or the exact degree of acidity will be missed.

The no less famous Dijon gingerbread or pain d'epice is an invention of the Middle Ages. It is made of honey, rye-flour and spice, no treacle entering into its composition. Honey possesses a medicinal quality, which is supposed to render the pain d'epice useful as well as ornamental on family tables.

The seigneurs of Burgundy are said to have invented it. Huge bakeries were set up in Dijon, and to this day the trade in gingerbread is very flourishing, seven large factories existing there.—Youth's Companion.

Laugh Core.

Persons suffering from rheumatism are naturally anxious to try every proposed remedy. John Raymond had tried, without relief, nearly every alleged cure suggested by friends. Then he read this in a medical journal: "There is more benefit in a good laugh than in the hot water remedies, the faith cures, the electric, and all other new treatments in the world, and it costs nothing. If you know of nothing else to laugh at, laugh at your neighbor."

This was a new idea to poor Mr. Raymond. But what should he laugh at? In the house was nothing amusing. However, the medical journal said, "Laugh at your neighbor."

He went out on the front porch, and sitting in a chair, watched the people on the streets. For a time he saw nothing funny. Then a big German walked by, muttering aloud to himself. "Ha, ha, ha!" went Mr. Raymond. The big German stopped and looked.

"Vot's dot?" "Ha, ha, ha!" "Vot vor you haw, haw, haw, mit me?" "Ha, ha, ha!" Over the fence leaped the big German, his fists uplifted. "Oh!" cried Raymond, "I—I meant no harm. I was laughing for my health."

"Und den you leetle sick Yankee laugh mit big Dutchman! Dot ish all right. Dot ish von goot shoke on me. Ya, ya, ya!" But Mr. Raymond, who really had not meant to be rude in the least, gave up the laugh cure, believing that the "Shoke" was on himself rather than on the good German.

The Wire Age.

The present may be aptly described as the wire age. Sleeping we repose on wire mattresses; eating we see foods that have passed through sieves, and which are protected from the flies by wire covers; traveling we are conveyed by cable, or electric railways, hoisted by elevators hung on wires, and hurried over wire bridges. We announce our coming by telegraph or telephone wires, we talk by wires, and we thread our way by night through streets lighted by means of electric wires. Our clocks are set by wires, our watches run by wires, our books are stitched with wires, our pictures hung on wires, and our politics managed by wire pullers.

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Two Necessities of Civilization.

King M'Bora of Butaritari, who many years ago had a ferry near Hattsville. He often took passengers across the river only to find that they had no money, or nothing but some large pieces which he could not change. He grew tired of such unprofitable labor, and resorted to various expedients to save himself from it. One day, as he used to tell the story, he saw a gentleman approaching the ferry whistling a lively tune. As he got nearer he unpuckered his mouth and put on a serious and honest expression.

"Mr. Ferryman," he said, "I wish to cross the river, but really I must tell you that I have no money to pay my fare." "I thought him honest, but as it might be that he, like others, wished to save his two and a half cents, I asked, 'Can you sing?'"

He replied, "I can sing a little." "I said, 'I am very fond of singing, and if you will sing all the way across the river, I will ferry you over for nothing.'"

"Agreed," said he. He began to sing. I began to shove off and row leisurely. He got through the first song and his voice ceased. The oars fell from my hands. "I just stopped to get breath," said he.

"I just stopped to spit on my hands," said I. He raised the tune again, I raised my oars. When the second song was done, my labor with the oars ended. I could not work without music. He saw how it was and began again, and so did I. At the end of a third song he seemed ready to "give out," and stopped. My arms and oars rested.

"I'm tired," said he. "Then let's rest awhile," said I. The boat was floating down the stream. He began the fourth time to sing, and my labors at the oars were renewed; and so we continued. When he sang I pulled. When his music gave out, or grew faint, so did my energies.

He harped away upon jigs and reels until the boat touched the shore. Then he jumped to land, exclaiming: "That ferrage cost me much breath!" "It was the longest voyage I ever made across the Cumberland," said I. "I'll bring the money with me next time," said he.

"Do," said I, "for a new set of tunes." And we parted in good humor.

Did the Ghost Kill Him?

The most distinguished ghost of all appears to be the black lady of the castle of Darmstadt. In deep mourning she comes to announce the death of some members of the families of the Grand Dukes of Hesse or of the Bavarian royal families.

The apparition of this lady has from time immemorial produced a sort of panic among the troops of the garrison. The boldest sentinels are afraid of her. One day a young officer of the grenadiers solicited from the Grand Duke Louis I. the favor of acting as sentinel at the door of the chapel through which the mysterious visitor was expected to pass. "If it is not a genuine ghost," he said, "I will cure the practical joker of his nonsense."

It was agreed that the officer should order the phantom to halt, and, if it did not obey, fire upon it. The Grand Duke and a few courtiers posted themselves in the vestry of the chapel, from which they could see the path that, according to the legend, the black lady always followed.

As midnight approached the gayety of the royal court decreased. The clock struck 12. Before the sound of the last stroke had died away they heard in the distance: "Halt! Who goes there?" Then there was a shot.

The Grand Duke and the people of his suite came out from their hiding place and ran into the courtyard. The brave young officer was stretched on the ground dead. Beside him lay his gun, the barrel of which was torn from the stock and twisted like a corkscrew. There was no wound of any sort on the body. Shortly afterward Louis I. died suddenly in the ducal palace.—Gallagnani Messenger.

The Trials of an Empress.

On one of the fast days, in the years when the second empire was still in its hey-day, Prince Jerome dined at the Tuilleries. The Empress, who was just recovering from a violent attack of illness, had been ordered to eat the wing of a chicken. The Prince observing this branch of the laws of the church, the Empress explained, "When you are here, you are so wicked that it is quite sufficient penitence to bear with you." Prince Jerome thereupon refused to eat any meat, on the plea "that today I am fasting for the Empress."

Another time the Empress entered a church late in the afternoon to perform her devotions. The beadle, not recognizing her, told her it was time to close. At that moment a priest passed, and said, very politely, "Madam, you can finish your devotions at home. I authorize you."

"Impossible, Monsieur l'Abbe," replied the Empress: "I have to receive the ambassadors when I get home. Don't tell anybody, but I am the Empress Eugenie!"

She Fixed The Time.

"Be careful how you give general invitations," say the wise of the world. There is a kind of invitation about which one would need no such warning. "Miss Twilling," said Mr. Calloway, glancing down at his boots with a complacent air, "you like to see a man looking as if he had stepped out of a band-box, clothes nicely brushed, and every about him indicating refinement?" "Yes, Mr. Calloway, I do," answered Miss Twilling, with a faint look. "I like to see such a man as you have described about here."

After a man has been looking a girl, he goes around looking a girl, he has lost its label.

ICE WATER AND A TELEPHONE.

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