

WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN.

BY MRS. M. E. HOLMES.

CHAPTER II.

"Valerie, you will not leave me, dear?"

The question was put in a loving tender tone.

Valerie turned her proud imperious head. She was standing at the windows in the lofty morning-room of Darrell Castle.

An old lady was seated at the table, glittering with silver and costly china for the early meal; her hair was white, her face gentle, yet proud; she smiled as she met Valerie's dark eyes.

"I shall be so lonely," she continued. "Then I will remain, dear Lady Darrell. To tell you the truth, I was beginning to fear I had extended my visit too long, and that you were tired of me."

Lady Darrell stretched out her slender white hand, and the tall beautiful form left the window and knelt at the elder woman's feet.

"Now, I shall scold you, Valerie. Now often have I begged for this visit and you would not come. Do you think I shall let you curtail it just when you like? No, no, my dear; I mean to have my way."

Valerie bent and put her warm red lips to the white hand.

"It is all here, I fear, Valerie."

Lady Darrell said after a pause; "specially these two next days while Roy and Eustace are away, but they will soon pass."

Valerie's face had flushed crimson; now it was very white as she said simply:

"I am perfectly happy; I want no one but you."

Lady Darrell patted the soft coils of hair that crowned the girl's head. It was glorious hair, of a warm ruddy brown shade, that matched her eyes almost in color.

The skin was exquisitely fair, tinted with a delicate warmth of rose on the cheeks, and rivaling the fairest marble by its purity.

"You flatter me, Valerie; but not to breakfast. I hope, during the day, to have some line from Roy, and I hope also that by this time they have settled their little quarrel. Do you know Valerie, this is the first time I have ever recollect a coldness between Roy and Eustace; their friendship has been beautiful in its strength and warmth."

Valerie rose from her knees abruptly, her back towards her hostess.

"Does Capt. Rivers ever stay with his mother?" she asked, speaking in a hard dry tone.

Lady Darrell did not seem to notice it; she laughed slightly.

"Well, no, dear; I cannot say that he does see much of her. Roy will have him here, Eustace, of course, has to leave us frequently to join his regiment at the different towns where it is garrisoned, but beyond that, this is his home."

Valerie drew a sharp breath.

"To ten laugh at Roy, and tell him one of these days Eustace will marry, and then they must be separated, but Roy does not seem to think Eustace will ever take a wife, nor do I, for the matter of that."

"Why?" asked Miss Ross quietly, taking her place at the table.

"Well, because it is too selfish. Understand me, my dear, I am fond of Eustace Rivers. His father was my cousin and friend, and I cherish the son for his sake, apart from his own. But a man to marry must give up so much, and Eustace will give up nothing."

She was opening her letters as she spoke, and did not see the look of pain that crept over her guest's beautiful face.

"Ah, here is a letter from Lord William; he is coming down to-day. I must telegraph to Roy at once. How tiresome! What induced them to go to Nestley? I cannot understand it at all."

"Lord Roy said something about new harness for your ponies," observed Miss Ross, pouring some chocolate into a priceless china cup.

"Ah," smiled Lady Darrell, "then I see what it is. Roy has made that an excuse for cementing the friendship afresh. He thinks no one knows anything about horses but Eustace."

"Are you not jealous of this great affection?" asked Valerie suddenly.

Lady Darrell's face grew grave.

"Roy is so precious to me, you know, Valerie. I might be jealous, dear, if I did not love him so much; to see to know he is happy is to me the height of all earthly bliss."

"Oh, that I had had you for a mother!" cried the girl; involuntarily her pale beautiful head was bent.

Lady Darrell rose softly and kissed the young face.

"Look on me as such, dear Valerie," she whispered; "who knows perhaps..."

Her sentence was not finished, for the door was opened, and the butler advanced into the room.

"My lady, there's a park-keeper in the servant's hall begging to see you. We've told him it is impossible; but he will not go."

Lady Darrell seated herself at the table again.

"A park-keeper, Chelmick!" she repeated. "What can he want?"

"I don't know, your ladyship; but he'll tell you of us anything—only asks to see you, my lady."

Miss Ross looked at her hostess, who smiled.

"Some begging petition, I suppose. Well, Chelmick, I will break through my rules for once, and see the man. Perhaps," continued Lady Darrell as the butler withdrew, "poor fellow, he has got into trouble of some sort."

"He evidently knows where to apply for consolation," remarked Miss Ross. "In a few seconds, your ladyship returned, and ushered in a man dressed in the ordinary fustian worn by keepers, a look of trouble on his honest, comely face.

"Ah, Miles, so you want to see me? Well, speak out, I am quite ready."

The man hesitated.

"I beg pardon, my lady, but if I can speak to you alone..."

Valerie rose.

"I will go into the next room," she said, and swept away.

"Now, Miles," said Lady Darrell, quietly though a vague sense of coming ill seemed to have fallen on her.

"My lady, I have had news to tell you I came straight to you for I thought it best."

"Go on," said the lady quickly, as he hesitated.

"My lady, this morning on my way through the woods, I found I found Captain Rivers lying on the ground; at first I thought him dead!"

A broken sob came from the next room, it fell unheeded on Lady Darrell's ears; she had risen and was grasping a chair with her slender white hands for support.

"Dead!" she repeated blankly. "Eustace Rivers dead?"

"There had evidently been a scuffle; it was out of the ordinary path, on the way to the Madman's Drift. Poor Capt. Rivers must have been stabbed, for there is blood about, but though I searched everywhere, I found no weapon—only a basket containing broken eggs, which must have been dropped by some man or woman in their fright, and—and this..."

Lady Darrell looked up. Her eyes, distraught with anguish, fell on a silver cigarette case, with elaborate initials and crest engraved on it.

"That!" she murmured hoarsely.

"I brought it straight to you, my lady," the park-keeper said gently, laying it down. "I know it is belonging to his lordship; it must have fallen from Capt. Rivers' pocket as he sank down to the ground."

"There was a moment's silence.

"What have you—you done?" whispered Lady Darrell, still standing motionless.

"I have carried the body to my hut—you know I live quite alone, my lady—and I came to you to know what I had better do next."

"Saddle a horse and ride to Nestley. You must fetch the police. We must find the murderer."

The words dropped like agony from the white lips.

"Shall I summon Lord Roy?" said Miles, eagerly, seeing the agitation on her worn face opposite. "I would not do him first, for I know how much he loved Capt. Rivers, and knew the blow would fall so heavily. Forgive me, my lady, you are always so brave! I forgot you were a woman. I ought to have gone to his lordship."

"The blow has fallen heavily, indeed," whispered the white lips; then raising herself with an effort, Lady Darrell passed her handkerchief over her face.

"You were right, Miles, to come to me, and I thank you with all my heart. I will tell Lord Roy."

She put out one of her slender hands, and the keeper took it within his own worn hands with reverence and awe.

"We must act now, not think," went on Lady Darrell, hurriedly. "Yes, the police must come, no thing can be done till then. Go, Miles, at once. Send Chelmick to me. I must break the news to the household. What have you done with the basket you found?"

"It is at my cottage, my lady."

"Good, leave it there. Wait an instant, I will write a note."

She moved to the bell and rang it, then stood with her hands locked together as silent as a marble statue till the butler came.

Miles gazed at her in admiration. He knew what an agony of shame and pain was in that breaking heart, yet no cry came from the lips, no womanly weakness was betrayed in face or line.

As the butler entered, Lady Darrell in brief quiet words told of the discovery of Capt. Rivers' dead body, and the supposed murderer; then as the old servant withdrew in fear and horror, she wrote a few lines on a card, and handed it to Miles.

"To the police-station, Nestley; goat once."

Miles bowed and withdrew; as he went the door of the inner room opened, and Valerie Ross came out. Her hair was pushed from her brows, her face ghastly white, a fixed look of anguish in her glorious eyes.

Lady Darrell advanced to meet her.

"Ah, my poor child!" she murmured, "you have heard you have heard all?"

"All!" repeated Valerie, blankly.

"Is it true?" she asked after a moment's pause. "Is it true? Is he dead—murdered?"

"He is dead," answered the older woman, almost mechanically. "Yes."

"And you can stand there so calm!" Oh, Eustace—Eustace gone, my—"

Valerie threw her hands up to her face, swayed to and fro for an instant, then she lay stretched prostrate on the floor.

With the same set face, Lady Darrell bent over the inanimate girl, and pressed her cold lips to senseless ones; then ringing the bell again she directed the servants to carry the still form to her room.

"Leave me alone," she said as they went through the door—"quite alone."

She stood silent as the small cottage disappeared, then her calmness went. Lady Darrell lung herself down on her knees and gave way to her feelings.

"They went away together," she whispered, a crimson wave of color dying her gentle face—"together in anger; now Eustace lies dead, and Roy, my angel, my prince, my son Roy! No, Oh, God, keep the thought from my mind, or I shall go mad! Let me think clearly. They were angry; they may have parted friends. Eustace may have met his death alone. Oh, God, pray that it may be so! Roy, my darling, my precious Roy, can there be blood on your hands, on your soul? Oh, what sin have we done that this awful curse should come? It is too awful—too much!"

The agony of her thoughts overpowered her. Lady Darrell sank forward on to the chair, and buried her face in her hands.

A few seconds after, the door opened, a figure entered. In two strides Roy was beside his mother, had lifted her to her feet, and clasped her to his heart.

"Roy!" she gasped, fearfully.

"Thank God! And yet, oh, my son, my son!"

"Mother," said the young man, "you know all. Hear me now, though I may never prove it. I know, I feel, I swear, I am innocent of this crime!"

CHAPTER III.

"Answer me at once—at once, do you hear? Tell me what took you creeping out of the house at daybreak, and why you was home so late last night."

"Let her be, Martha!" grumbled

Farmer Brown, who was trying to spell through the newspaper, after eating a hearty mid-day meal.

"I shall not let her be," retorted the angry woman. "She shall know who's mistress here, I can tell her. Taking advantage of my being wanted at Mrs. Dixon's farm last night, she must needs go tramping about till any hour. I don't believe she went nigh the castle. Answer me. What kept you so late, and what took you to the town this morning, sneaking out when we were fast asleep?"

"I cannot tell you, Aunt Martha," the girl answered quietly—not sullenly, but firmly.

"Cannot tell me, indeed, you hussy! Well, we'll see whether I can make you. Do you think me and your uncle have got nothing to do but keep you in shooting-leather—a great idle good-for-nothing girl that eats out of house and home?"

Alice was silent, while her uncle stirred uneasily in his chair.

"There, Martha—'till it do."

"No, it won't. I mean to make her tell me all. Where were you last night and what message did Mrs. Grey send?"

"I cannot answer," said Alice, again very quietly.

"Then I'll make you!" cried Mrs. Brown furiously, taking up a farmer's whip that hung on a nail.

"Martha!" exclaimed her husband.

"Let her strike me, uncle," said the girl with flashing eyes. "If she does I will appeal to the Castle for protection."

Something in Alice's look checked the angry woman. She dropped her hand.

"The Castle?" she muttered sullenly. "A fine thing—"

A loud knocking at the door interrupted her words. She stared for an instant, while Alice grew cold and still. She knew the summons was come for her.

Mrs. Brown flung open the door, then courtesied respectfully as she saw before her, on horseback, the chief magistrate of the neighborhood, and three or four policemen.

"Good morning, Mrs. Brown," said the magistrate. "Sir Robert Carlyle. I wish to ask you a few questions. Sergeant, hand Mrs. Brown the basket. Mrs. Brown, does that belong to you?"

Mrs. Brown took it, and recognized it at once as the one she had filled with eggs the night before.

"Yes, your honor," she said with another courtesy. "It is mine, but, glancing around rather fearfully at the policemen, "may I ask—"

"When did you use that basket last?" inquired Sir Robert.

"Last night, your honor. I packed it with eggs for Mrs. Grey, at the Castle, and gave it to our Alice to carry."

The farmer had risen, and was staring at the proceedings in alarm.

"Where is Alice?" inquired the magistrate next.

"Just behind. Here, Alice, you're wanted. Now you'll find, miss, in a low whisper to the girl, "what it is to be rude to me; your punishment's come."

Alice took no notice. She moved forward into the doorway.

"What is your name?" asked Sir Robert.

"Margaret Dornton, sir, but I am always called Alice."

"Then Miss Dornton, please will you answer me this question? Were you carrying that basket through the woods to the Castle last night?"

Alice looked at him straight.

"Yes, sir, I was," she answered.

"Then you must accompany me, please, at once to the Castle; you will be wanted."

Alice tied on her cotton sun-bonnet without another word, while her aunt stared, silent through amazement; at last she found her tongue:

"What has Alice done? Tell me, your honor. Is she going to be punished for—"

"There is an inquest up at the Castle, Mrs. Brown. Captain Rivers was murdered in the woods last night, and Miss Dornton is chief witness against the suspected murderer, Lord Roy Darrell."

"Mercy sakes!" ejaculated Mrs. Brown, as Alice walked quietly down the courtyard into the village by that was waiting.

The girl sat back in her corner very quiet and silent, as she was bowled along the wide country lane that led by the longest route to the Castle.

She was thinking, wondering if she still dreamt, whether the horrors of the past night, the strange hurried marriage of the morning, the knowledge that she was no longer a free, lonely maiden, but a wedded wife were after all but visions that would float away in mist.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Artificial Ice Surfaces.

A successful system of producing artificial ice surfaces has been inaugurated in Paris, and available in large areas at all seasons of the year.

As explained, the machinery consists of two ammonia ice machines, driven by two fifty-horse-power steam engines. This ice apparatus has pumps which force ammonia gas into water-cooled condensers. The liquefying gas, which then passes into large reservoirs, where it expands with the production of cold, the same gas being pumped back and used continuously. In the application of this system for the formation of a skating surface, a rink has been constructed 6 x 10 feet, having a floor of cork and cement, upon this being laid three miles of connected iron pipe, through this pipe circulates a solution of chloride of calcium, an uncongealable liquid, which, by passage through spirals in the refrigerating reservoirs is cooled to some five to twenty degrees below zero. The water over the pipe is thus kept frozen, and daily sweeping and flooding insures smoothness.

How it Happened.

A certain clergyman in early life met with an accident which left him with a broken nose, a deformity about which, in spite of his piety, he was known to be a little sensitive. One day a new inquirer propounded the old question:

"How happened you to break your nose?"

The minister answered solemnly:

"To tell the truth, my friend, the accident was caused by poking my nose into other people's business."

THE BOOK AGENT.

I am not dead, my fellow man. Add I can bear you along: Your words are audible enough. Don't want your book, go out! Don't want my book! I cannot be. There's some mistake, forsooth. Don't want my great Compendium of Universal Truth?"

Oh, I can plainly understand how some dull-minded thing might seem my book, but you! but you! Oh, Mr. John C. Bay! We cannot understand it all. Said they, "but Roy knows better. He'll tell us what it means. Will reveal in a moment. And wallow in its thought!"

Why all your honor of selection! Have I bought the book, and they, why, they said, "be sure to call on Mr. John C. Bay!" We cannot understand it all. Said they, "but Roy knows better. He'll tell us what it means. Will reveal in a moment. And wallow in its thought!"

On Mother's men for sales. Please let me see the book. This book was written and designed for intellectual giants. For some skulls bulge with brains. We know a thing or two. For men of towering intellect— And as I've called on you!

You'll take the book? I know you would— Of course you'll want the best. You'll want a mucous book, all top. One that'll stand the test. I'm glad to see you, Mr. Roy. I thought you had got out of sight. I love to see a man with brains. Of intellect and thought. —Sam Walker Jones.

THE TRAITOR.

In the little village of Pedron, in Galicia, during the French invasion, lived Garcia de Paredes, a crabled old bachelor and licensed apothecary. It was on a cold and unpleasant night in autumn, about 9 o'clock, that a silent group of shadows came into the square known to-day as the Plaza de la Constitution. They were going toward Garcia de Paredes' apothecary shop, which had been so securely closed since 1793.

"What are we going to do?" asked one of the shadows.

"Break in the door," suggested a woman.

"And kill them," growled many voices.

"I will take care of the apothecary," said a little fellow.

"They say that more than twenty Frenchmen are taking supper with him to-night."

"Ah, if it were in my house! Three, billeted upon me, I've thrown into the well."

"And I," said a monk, in a flute-like voice, "have smothered two captains by leaving burning charcoal in their cell, which was mine before."

"And that wretch of an apothecary protects them?"

"Who would have thought it of Garcia de Paredes? It is not a month since he was the most valiant, the most patriotic, the most loyal man in the town."

"And to-night he is giving a dinner to the French officers?"

"Let us wait awhile," suggested an old man; "then we will enter, and not one of them shall be left alive."

While these man's estimations were occurring at the door of the pharmacy, Garcia de Paredes and his guests pursued the god of pleasure with ardor.

Garcia de Paredes was about forty-five years of age. He was tall and as yellow as a mummy. His bald head shone with a phosphorescent lustre, and his black eyes, deep sunken under shaggy brows, were like mountain-imprisoned lakes that threaten sullenly.

The food was abundant, the wine good, the conversation animated. The Frenchmen laughed, swore, sang, smoked, ate, and drank at the same time. Garcia de Paredes, joked perhaps even more than any one else, and so eloquent had been in favor of the imperial cause that the soldiers of Napoleon had embraced him, praised him, and improvised songs in his honor.

"Senors," the apothecary had said, "the war that we Spaniards are waging is as stupid as needless. You sons of the Revolution come to rescue Spain from her traditional lethargy; to dissipate her religious shadows; to reconstruct her ancient customs; and to teach her the use of truths that there is no God and no other lie, and that penitence, abstinence, chastity, and other Catholic virtues are but quixotic absurdities improper and unnecessary for a civilized people; that Napoleon is the true Messiah, the redeemer of the people, the friend of humanity. Senors, may the Emperor live as long as I hope to live!"

"Hurrah! bravo!" cried the Frenchman.

The apothecary bowed his head with an expression of unspoken pain. Quickly he raised it, as firm and calm as before. He drank a glass of wine, and went on:

"Ancestor of mine, Garcia de Paredes, a barbarous fellow, a Sanson, a Hercules, killed 200 Frenchmen in one day. I think it was in Italy. You see he was not so fond of the French as I am. The King himself made him a knight, and he was more than once on guard at the Quirinal, when Alexanderorgia was pope. Ha! ha! You didn't think I came of such distinguished ancestry. Well, this Diego Garcia de Paredes, this ancestor of mine, who has an apothecary for a descendant, captured Cosenza and Manfredonia, took Cerinola by assault and fought honorably at the battle of Pavia. There we made a king of France prisoner, and his sword has been in Madrid nearly three centuries, until we were robbed of it three months ago by that son of an innkeeper, Murat, who is in command of your army."

Here the apothecary made another pause. Some of the Frenchmen were going to reply to him; but he, rising, and enforcing silence by his gesture, seized a glass convulsively and exclaimed, in a voice of thunder:

"I give you a toast, gentlemen; for cursed be my ancestor, animal that he was, and now in the lowest part of hell, as he is! Hurrah for the Frenchmen of Francis the First and of Napoleon Bonaparte!"

"Hurrah!" replied the invaders, acknowledging their satisfaction. All drained their glasses.

About that time a noise was heard in the street, or, rather, at the shop door.

"Did you hear that?" asked the Frenchman.

Garcia de Paredes smiled.

"They are coming to kill me," he said.

"Who?"

"My neighbors."

"What for?"

"Because I am a French sympathizer. Several nights ago they surrounded my house. But what difference does that make to us? On with the feast!"

"Yes, on with it!" exclaimed the guests. "We are here to defend you." And, clinking the bottles and glasses, they shouted together:

"Hurrah for Napoleon! Death to Ferdinand! Death to Castile!"

Garcia de Paredes waited until the toast was drunk, and then said, in a mournful tone:

"Cai domo!"

The shop-boy advanced his head through a small door. He dared not enter that inner room.

"Celestino, bring some ink and paper," said the apothecary, calmly.

The boy soon returned with the writing materials.

"Sit down," said his master, "and write the figures I will give you. Make two columns. At the head of the column at the right place, Debit, and at the head of the other, Credit."

"Senor," stammered the boy, "there is a mob at the door crying, 'Kill the apothecary!'"

"Be quiet! Leave them alone, and write what I tell you."

The Frenchmen laughed with admiration to see the pharmacist occupied in adjusting his accounts even while surrounded by death and ruin.

"Let us see, senors," said Garcia de Paredes; "as will finish our toast with a single shot. Let us begin in the order of merit. You—Captain—tell me—how many Spaniards have you killed since crossing the Pyrenees?"

"I—six."

"And you, commandant?"

"I—twenty." "I—eight." "I—fourteen." "I—none." "I—don't know. I fired with my eyes shut." And so on, each one in his turn.

"Let us see now, Captain," continued Garcia de Paredes. "We will begin again with you. How many Spaniards do you expect to kill during the remainder of the war, supposing it to last—say three years?"

"I—well, call it eleven."

"Eleven to the left," dictated Garcia de Paredes, and Celestino repeated: "Credit, eleven."

"And you?" inquired the apothecary, in the same order as before.

"I—fifteen." "I—twenty." "I—one hundred." "I—one thousand." And so on, replied the Frenchmen.

"Divide them by ten, Celestino," murmured the apothecary, ironically, "and add each column separately."

At the end of a breathless silence, Celestino, turning toward his master, read as follows:

"Debit, two hundred and eighty-five credit, two hundred."

"That is to say," said Garcia de Paredes, "two hundred and eighty-five killed and two hundred sentenced to death. Total, four hundred and eighty-five victims."

At this moment the outer door of the shop was broken in.

"What time is it?" asked the apothecary, with the greatest composure.

"Eleven o'clock. But don't you hear them coming?"

"Let them come, it is time."

"Time"—or what? murmured the Frenchmen, trying to rise. But they were so intoxicated they were unable to leave their chairs. "Let them come!" they cried, however, grasping their sabres with great difficulty and vainly endeavoring to get upon their feet.

Below in the shop was heard the noise of the crowd, and above the clamor rang out the unanimous and terrible cry: "Death to the traitor!"

Garcia de Paredes, hearing that cry, sprang up as though electrified. He leaned against the table to prevent falling, and cast around him a look of inexplicable joy. Upon his lips could be seen the immortal smile of the conqueror; and thus transfixed, he spoke the following words:

"Frenchmen, if you should ever be able to avenge the death of 285 countrymen and to save the lives of 200 others, if, by sacrificing your own lives, you could avert the death of 200 comrades—nay, 200 brothers—and thus increase the hosts of the fatherland with 200 combatants for the national independence, would you, for an instant, hesitate to die, as the price of destroying the enemies of God?"

"What is he saying?" questioned the Frenchmen.

"Senors, the assailants are in the ante-chamber!" cried Celestino.

"Let them enter," shouted Garcia de Paredes. "Open the door! Let them all come and see how a descendant of a soldier of Pavia can die."

The Frenchmen, terrified, stupefied, riveted to their chairs by an unconquerable lethargy, believing that the death of which the Spaniard spoke was about to enter the room, made desperate efforts to lift their sabres, which were lying on the table; but their fingers were unable to grasp the hilts.

At this moment the crowd poured into the room. There were more than

fifty men and women armed with cut-throats daggers and pistols, and all uttering wild cries.

"Kill them all!" shouted some of the women.

"Hold!" thundered Garcia de Paredes, with such a tone, such an attitude, such a look, that his cry, combined with the immovability and silence of the Frenchmen, infused a cold terror in the crowd.

"Put up your daggers," continued the apothecary, with a falling voice.

"I have done more than you for my country. I have played the traitor—and now you see the twenty officers of the invaders. Don't touch them; they are poisoned."

A cry of terror and admiration issued from the breasts of the Spaniards. They moved a step nearer to the guests, the greater part of whom were already dead, with their head fallen forward, their arms outstretched upon the table, and their hands yet on the hilts of their swords.

"Hurrah for Garcia de Paredes!" then shouted the Spaniards, surrounding the dying hero.

"Celestino," murmured the pharmacist, "the opium is all gone. Send to our pharmacy for opium."

Then he fell upon his knees.

Only at that did the neighbors perceive that the apothecary was also poisoned.

Then you might have seen a picture as impressive as it was dreadful. Women, sitting on the floor, were supporting in their arms an expiring patriot. The men had caught up all the candles from the table, and, on their knees, were lighting up that group of patriotism and a legion. Twenty dead or dying were in the shadow, some of them were falling to the floor with horrid thuds.

And at each dying gasp that he heard, at the fall of each Frenchman to the floor, a smile of glory illumined the face of Garcia de Paredes. A little later his spirit also took flight.

—Translated from the Spanish of Pedro de Alarcon.

Sleeping in Business Hours.

We were on an elevated train, and having nothing better to do were watching a well-known financier of this city who sat in an opposite seat paring his finger nails.

He was a man whose name is a household word all over this country for his great wealth and the daring speculations by which he had won it.

He appeared to be uneasy and crossed and recrossed his legs constantly.

Suddenly he sat perfectly still, knife in hand, while his eyes, fixed on nothing in particular, took on a far-away look and the lids contracted slightly.

His whole appearance betokened a man who was thinking so intently on some subject that he was entirely oblivious to his surroundings for the moment.

"I wonder what big scheme he's concocting now?" I whispered to my companion.

"None at all, I'll bet you," was the answer from my friend, a shrewd young doctor.

"I have noticed," he continued, "that men of active faculties often fall into such spells, and persons who see them generally suppose that they are the outward marks of intense mental application; but my experience convinces me that they are, on the contrary, brief periods during which the mind is really thinking of nothing at all.

"I call them 'mind naps,' and I believe them to be as highly beneficial to the mind as sleep is to the body. They are a sort of protest and protection of nature against the excessive strain put upon the mental faculties by too energetic thinkers.

"If you ask a man at such times what he is thinking about so intently he will generally give an evasive answer, because he would rather have you suppose he was concocting some deep scheme than not; but the fact is that his mind has really been asleep and when he is thinking hard you will generally find his eyes roving from one object to another, and his whole body in a state of flutters."

—New York Herald.

Pain Enduring Animals.

The manner in which animals and birds endure pain should awaken the sympathy of all thinking people. Horses in battle furnish a striking example of this power of endurance. After the first stinging pain is felt they make no sound, but bear it with mute wondering endurance, and when in the silence of the night a groan comes from the battlefield, it is because of loneliness—the craving for human companionship which is so necessary to once domesticated animals.

A dog will go for days with a broken leg without complaint, and the pleading, wistful look would attract attention from any one not totally blind to all sensibility.

A cat, wounded by stick or stone, caught in some trap from which it has either gnawed or pulled its way, will crawl to some quiet out of the way place and endure silently agony which we could not endure.

Cattle will meet the thrust of the but her's knife without a sound. The wild dove, with shot from the hunter's gun burning in its tender flesh will fly to some high bough or lay upon the ground and die, and no sound will be heard, save the dripping of blood upon the leaves.

The stricken deer will speed to some thick wood and there in pitiful submission await the end.

The eagle stricken in high air will struggle to the last, but there will be no sound of pain, and the proud, defiant look will not leave the eyes until the lids close over them and shut out the sunlight they loved so well.

Do men ever remember the promises they make to traveling salesmen and women?