

# WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN.

BY MRS. M. E. HOLMES.

## CHAPTER III—Continued.

She had had a great strain put on her young mind during the last few hours, but she was strong, firm to herself, knowing that she had done all she could, that a man's life had been in her hands, and she had saved him. She had Roy Darrell's image always before her—careworn, haggard, his handsome face lined with agony; she could still see the look of gratitude that lived in his eyes as they separated this morning in the early sunshine, man and wife.

A strange sense of gladness was creeping into her heart, amid all the honor and fear that had nearly frozen it—a sense of happiness that she was linked to this man, that she had served him well.

The fly drove up to a side-door of the castle, and Alice dismounting, was led by the housekeeper to an empty sitting-room of the servant's quarters.

Here she was left without a word. Sir Robert Carlyle had forbidden any one to speak to her.

The moments passed, and then she was summoned to leave the room.

She walked down many passages, ignorant of all she passed, of the beauty of the walls, of the grandeur of the house, ignorant of all but that the moment had come when she must act.

She was led into a large apartment, as in a dream she saw Roy Darrell standing alone, one hand leaning on a chair, behind him three or four policemen.

At the table was seated Sir Robert Carlyle, one or two other gentlemen, and Miles, the keeper, had evidently just given his evidence.

"Margaret Dorton," said Sir Robert Carlyle, speaking distinctly, "approach. Do not be frightened. Have you ever seen that gentleman before?"

Alice turned her eyes toward the silent form.

"Yes," she said, faintly yet clearly. "Who is he?"

"Lord Roy Darrell, and—and my husband."

The clear tones rang through the still room like a bell.

The pen dropped from Sir Robert Carlyle's hand, he rose to his feet.

"Your husband," he repeated blankly. "Lord Roy, is this true?"

Roy met his glance full.

"It is quite true," he said.

"But since when has this marriage taken place?"

"We were married this morning, at Nestley, by the registrar."

"Good Heavens!"

Sir Robert took out his handkerchief and wiped his brow, then he eyed the policemen away. The other gentlemen had risen, and were whispering together.

Sir Robert advanced to the young man.

"What made you do this?" he asked, much agitated. "Don't you see you condemn yourself?"

"I did it for my mother's sake," replied Lord Roy. "I was mad last night; I thought only of her misery—not her agony. If—if my innocence could not be proved, and—"

"But the disgrace now will be heavier," murmured the other. "Cannot you understand what the world will say?"

"I am innocent—I swear it!" cried Lord Roy. "Oh, what a cruel fate is mine! Speak!" he cried again; "tell them of that other."

Alice gave him one swift sad look, and then clearly and decisively told of the man's face that had approached her just before she fainted.

She described it minutely, and Sir Robert hurriedly wrote down what she said.

"Thank you," he murmured as she finished. "Now please sign this."

Alice took the pen, hesitated a moment, then wrote her name, "Margaret Darrell."

"And you, my poor friend, went on a Saturday, touching Lord Roy on the shoulder, 'cannot remember this man?'"

"I can remember nothing clearly. Capt. Rivers and I were arguing—we were quarreling two days ago, when suddenly we seemed to struggle; and yet I have a sense of feeling it was not with him that I struggled; then I must have fainted. I only remember recovering and seeing that poor child standing before me nearly dead with fright."

"Then you cannot recollect striking the blow with the dagger?" asked Sir Robert.

"I can remember nothing. I never saw that dagger before. Where was it found?"

"Away from the body, through the bushes."

"I know nothing of it. If only my brain would clear!"

Sir Robert looked at him sadly.

"Your life is saved," he said gently.

"But dishonor remains," added Lord Roy bitterly. "Yes; I see. I know now what you mean."

The door opened at this instant, and Lady Darrell appeared leaning on Valerie Ross's arm. Roy's mother looked suddenly wan and worn. Valerie seemed scarce alive.

"Forgive me, gentlemen," began Lady Darrell weakly; "I should not intrude at such a moment, but the suspense was so terrible it would have killed me had I remained another—"

She was interrupted by the sudden entrance of Chelmick, the butler.

"Oh, my lady—my lord—pardon me," gasped rather than spoke the old servant. "I have great good news! He has confessed! They are bringing him here straight, my lady. He's almost dead. A thin dark man."

"Dark?" whispered Alice to herself, but she did not move, and in another

moment it seemed the room was filled with a crowd of people, and her eyes rested, as through a mist, on the face that had glared at her so horribly before her senses fled away. Lord Roy gazed at it too, but not for long. He approached her swiftly.

"Is it the man?" he asked almost inaudibly from emotion.

"Yes, it is he," answered Alice, faintly.

Lord Roy covered his face with his hands, while a great cry of thankfulness went up from his heart. He read the joy in his mother's eyes, and he went towards her, clasping her frail hands tenderly, as Sir Robert Carlyle bent over the death-like form that was carried in on a mattress.

"I must take a statement," he said quickly. "Clear the room of the servants."

The group of people passed away slowly, while Alice stood, alone, grasping a chair, and feeling suddenly weak. Valerie Ross seemed turned to stone or marble, no touch of life was there, in her white set face.

The mother and son stood together. All waited for the first faint words from the pallid lips.

The dying man looked round on their anxious countenances, and a smile seemed to hover round his mouth. It died away in a second.

"It would have answered well," he murmured, "but fate was too strong." Sir Robert listened eagerly.

"You killed Eustace Rivers?" he asked, as the man paused and breathed heavily.

A lurid light beamed in the sunken eyes.

"Yes; I killed Eustace Rivers—I stabbed him to death. My name is Bruce Gardyne. I—"

"Why?" a voice clear and hard rang through the room—"why did you kill him?"

It was Valerie Ross who spoke, but all were listening to the confession, and forgot their surprise that she questioned him.

"Another," he whispered; "poor soul! I killed him because I hated him—because he stole my wife. On her broken-hearted dead body—I swore to be revenged. It came—last night—I have waited so long. Fate seemed to help me—they were quarreling," his voice sank.

Sir Robert was writing rapidly; one of the gentlemen lifted up the dying man's head, and moistened his lips with brandy. He struggled and went on:

"In the dark I listened—I stole after them—I stabbed him in the back—then I turned myself on the other—and overcame him. I thought—to throw the murder on him—and dragged the body—to his side. But I was mistaken. That black break in the path—the awful fall—the misery of the night. My revenge was complete—but—"

A gentle tender voice came to his ear.

"Now let revenge be forgotten," murmured Lady Darrell as she knelt beside him. "You have done good. You have given me back my son, restored his honor; turn now to God. Pray that this terrible sin may be pardoned. It is not too late—pray."

A sob broke from his throat, and a whisper went out on the stillness.

All were silent, till he motioned Sir Robert to give him the pen.

With cold nerveless fingers he grasped it, was raised up, and his hand guided; the next instant the cold hue of death settled on his face, there was a momentary struggle, and Bruce Gardyne fell back, silent forever more.

Sir Robert lifted Lady Darrell from her knees.

"Let me conduct you away; this is no place for you, nor for Miss Ross. Come."

Valerie moved out of the room alone, still as silent and set as a statue. She seemed to walk mechanically.

Lady Darrell was about to follow her, when her eyes fell on Alice.

"And this poor girl is the one who saw it all—the chief witness. How terribly she must have suffered," she murmured, grasping Roy's hand, and approaching Alice while the servants lifted the dead man and carried him away.

Alice felt a sudden pang and a sense of pain steal over her. She had given all she could to help Roy Darrell, and yet it had availed nothing. And now—

"We must look after you, my child," said Lady Darrell gently, touched by the youthful pale face framed with its masses of dead-gold hair. "Mrs. Gray must give you some refreshment. You are tired too, and want rest."

Roy had grown deathly white; he realized now for the first time what he had done. He was tied forever to this village-girl, while he had sundered himself forever from the woman he loved, Valerie Ross. Then the memory of what this girl had done for him came back.

"Mother," he said slowly, almost painfully, "we must do more for this child. You have yet to learn what she has done when all was blackest. When my innocence could never have been cleared as we thought, when Heaven itself seemed to have deserted me, she consented to save my life. Her words must have condemned me. Mother, take her hand—this is henceforth your daughter, and my wife, Margaret Darrell."

CHAPTER IV.

In a large solitary room, sitting by a window that looked in the magnificent vista of park, grounds, and woods comprising Darrell Castle estate, was a young girl.

She wore a dress of soft gray made very simple, fitting her young body to perfection with its clinging folds; her hair of pale gold was gathered in a large knot at the back of her small well-shaped head.

Her skin was pure white, like the lily or the narcissus in its waxen purity; her eyes, framed with heavy long dark lashes, shone like great lustrous gray stars in their ivory setting.

Yet it did not seem to attract her much; her gaze was bent out of the window across the country scene, at the moving trees scattering their shivered brown leaves at every soft gust.

It was Margaret, Lady Darrell.

A sigh escaped her lips as she sat

silent, but she did not move. The room seemed to strike the beholder as gloomy and lonely; even the firelight failed to light up its solitude.

The furniture and hangings were rich, but their tone was somber, and spoke of a bygone fashion. The girl alone was young and fresh; she looked strangely beautiful in her dark setting.

The door opened and a maid entered bearing a lamp.

"What is the time, Davis?" asked Lady Darrell, waking from her thought.

"Nigh half-past five, my lady," answered the maid.

"How dark it is almost night," the young figure left the window.

"Will you ring, my lady, when you want me?"

"Yes."

The maid went slowly from the room, and her young mistress was left towards the fire, her face was subdued and her eyes gazed in to the glowing coals quietly, almost sadly.

"Two months," she murmured; "it seems like two years! Am I the same flesh and blood as the girl who, two months ago, was in rage, and worked on the farm like the plowboys? It seems like a dream! Perhaps I shall wake some day and find myself back on the farm—find all this gloomy splendor melted into mist, and hear Aunt Martha's voice scolding me as she used to do."

She moved from the fire, and walked up and down the room swiftly.

"I wonder if I would be happier if I woke to find it all a dream—to be back once more in the old life? No, no; I could not do it. And yet"—she stopped—"it is terrible lonely here. All is so grand; but I grow oppressed with it. If only his mother would speak to me kindly! She is always so cold and courteous. But I know she scorns me in her heart; she loves Valerie Ross. She should have been his wife, not a farm-girl, lowly born, like me. Alice—my Lady Alice, the name condemns me; it will cling to me forever. And he, what does he think of me now? All danger gone, and he only remembers that he is tied to me forever—tied to a low-born girl, whose very presence drives him from his home."

She paused an instant, her lips compressed as if with pain, then with a sigh, she drew up a chair to the table and took up a book.

She was pondering over the words thoughtfully, when a tap came to the door.

"Come in," she said absently.

The door opened, and a woman advanced into the room, a tall, elegant figure in robes of trailing black satin, cut low round the beautiful snowy shoulders. On the masses of red-brown hair gleamed stars of rubies and diamonds; a slender chain supported a glowing star of the same jewels round the swan-like throat.

Valerie Ross. She came in drawing on her long tan gloves slowly. Her face was pale, but her eyes flashed dark and glorious, and there was a strange half-contemptuous smile on her lips.

"My Lady Alice," she observed playfully, "still buried in your books? What a store of learning will be in that pretty golden head when your lord returns."

Alice flushed slightly.

"I was not studying. I was reading for amusement," she answered.

Valerie walked to the window with her swift graceful carriage. The curtains were still undrawn, and out in the darkness the trees seemed like moving phantoms.

"Amusement?" repeated Valerie, with half a shudder. "Indeed, you want some! I wonder you are not dead of ennui and melancholia already!"

"I am quite content," said Alice, slowly; then suddenly remembering her duties: "But will you not sit by the fire, Miss Ross? This chair is most comfortable."

Valerie turned indifferently toward the fire. She did not take the chair, but stood buttoning her gloves, with one slender foot on the fender.

"You do not seem surprised to see me," she observed after a moment's silence.

"No," answered Alice.

She did not add that she had grown used to Valerie's strange erratic visits during the last two months, and had ceased to wonder at them.

"Have you heard from those worthy people your aunt and uncle, since they left the village?" next queried Miss Ross very lightly.

"No," said Alice again, this time with a crimson flush on her cheeks.

There was something in Valerie's tones that always made her wretched—brought her low origin in glaring painfulness before her eyes.

"They are not considerate for their niece's welfare," observed Miss Ross. Her gloves were buttoned; she let her hands drop, and gazed at the young troubled face before her indifferently.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Ben Butler's Tenderness.

Here is one of the numberless stories told of Ben Butler: The narrator had an important law case on, and believed that Ben Butler was the man to win it. Butler was in Washington, so he went to the capital, and after two days succeeded in obtaining an interview with the General, who declared that he was overwhelmed with work. He would not take the case for \$1,000 a day.

"General," said his visitor, as the General turned abruptly to his work, "I was born in the same town with you."

He grunted, but wasn't otherwise affected so far as the visitor could see.

"Do you remember little Miss—?" And the boy who used to send notes to her, and the boy who used to take them? I am the boy who took the notes."

"And I am the boy that sent them," said the General.

He held out his hand.

"I guess I'll take your case after all," he said. And he did, and won it.—C. Lacro Post.

The Tower.

A London paper says that probably very few persons know that the Lord Mayor is the only person—other than the Queen and the Constable—who knows the pass-word to the Tower of London. This pass-word is sent to the Mansion House quarterly, signed by her Majesty. It is a survival of an ancient custom.

DON'T WAIT.

If you're anything good to say of a man, don't wait till he's laid to rest. For the eulogy spoken when he is broken is an empty thing at best.

Alas, the blighted flower now drooping lonely Would perform the mournful rite. If the sun's glad ray but shone to-day And the pretty bird sang.

If you're any alike to the poor, don't wait till you hear the cry of man distress in this wilderness. Let the one I seek may die. O, bespeak to poverty and lament! Be with her wants to ally. Don't squander a poor man the favored door. As you hope for a mercy one day.

Don't wait for a sufferer to bear the burden of sorrow, or a sick man to die. Let your hand extend to a stricken friend. As he totters, show him a road. And if you've anything good to say of a man, don't wait till he's laid to rest. It is an empty thing at best.—St. Paul's Epistle.

## THE BOTKINE BATH.

In the morning of a sultry July day, Prof. Botkine of the University of California was strolling on his front steps at Berkeley. He was delightedly watching the efforts of his pet toad to capture a very large angle-worm, and his enjoyment was enhanced by the fact that his beautiful German wife, who usually declined to interest herself in anything which she even suspected of a connection with science, was seated beside him, giving eager little pusses to his hand and uttering a pleased exclamation in her pretty foreign accent, whenever the toad made an extra effort.

The fact was that she, while cutting roses, had been the one to see the beginning of the contest and felt the proper pride of a discoverer. The toad had been sitting still, looking as if carved by a Japanese artist, and giving no sign that it saw anything. The worm gave a little wriggle as it began to come out of the ground, when, quick as a flash, the toad made a leap and seized the end of the worm in its mouth.

Then began a tug-of-war. Every time that the toad gave a pull, the worm drew back. But the toad was not to be discouraged. It jerked and jerked, until it fairly stood on its hind legs. Still, it could not dislodge the worm.

At this interesting point a train whistled.

"Why, Selma," said the professor, "there is the train already. I had quite forgotten that I must go to the city to-day. Where is my hat?"

"Do wait an instant, dear; just see what this toad is doing," she answered, holding him back.

He glanced down and saw the toad twisting its leg about until the worm was wrapp'd twice around it, then the toad gave a hop, and out came the worm.

This had been too fascinating a spectacle to the unwary professor. He dashed into the house and back again, kissed his wife, and, with a regretful glance at her rippling hair and soft blue eyes, started out.

Suddenly he rushed back.

"Why, dear," he cried, "I forgot to tell you that Mr. Smith, the Canadian who wrote the paper on bacteria, will be here this afternoon to stay a day or two. He may come before I am back."

He clasped her hands in mock despair. "But what shall I do with him?" she wailed; "you know I can not talk science and pollywogs!"

"Oh, don't be alarmed. He isn't so very dried up. Just let him have a good soaking in a bath-tub. Then he will come out perfectly human and happy. He's an Englishman, you know," and the professor, with a laughing glance at his little wife's rueful expression, threw dignity and his coat-tails to the winds as he madly ran down the street, "looking like a great black bird of prey," as Mrs. Botkine laughingly remarked to herself.

But she grew sober as she thought how ruthlessly science and scientists seemed to dog her unwilling footsteps. Her husband certainly loved her, but he had a way of becoming utterly absorbed in his studies, and then bursting into her reflections with remarks which sounded positively ghoulish. He had appeared only yesterday in her own private sanctum carrying a "horrid snake" by the tail, and although he had not yet reached the pitch of Prof. Agassiz—who was said to have consigned infant serpents, for safe-keeping over night, to his wife's boots—she did not know where his enthusiasm might lead.

"I'm half afraid to go to sleep," she had roughly said to him one night. "I'm afraid that your deepest interest even in me is only scientific, and I believe you are capable of cutting me open to see what queer thing there is in my heart that I love such a lousish old bear with."

"Now here was this Canadian coming! And how was she to be properly interested in his old bacteria and not disgrace her husband by betraying her ignorance on the subject?" she asked herself.

Manifestly, he must take a bath, everything possible must be done to make that bath-room attractive, so that he should stay there as long as possible. She went upstairs, and with her own dimpled hands got down a new cake of perfumed soap. She eyed it critically. Perhaps his severe scientific mind would be disgusted with such effeminate luxury. Perhaps—who knew?—he might discover even in the presence of bacteria. She had had a theory it said that a man with a theory finds examples of its truth in everything about him. Never mind! She would place beside it a cake of white castile and one of tar soap. Then, whatever his tastes, he must be pleased. She put the alcohol and the cologne bottle within easy reach, got out smooth and rough towels and a bath-blanket; saw that the shower-bath worked; and, with a sigh of relief, went down-stairs to impress the cook that during the entire afternoon there must

be plenty of hot water in the boiler. Suddenly a happy thought struck her, she went into her husband's study and brought out every book on bacteriology that she could find.

These she ranged on a shelf at the foot of the bath-tub. Standing out a little beyond the others, as if but just shoved in, was Mr. Smith's own pamphlet on "Bacteria." He was sure of the vanity of authors. He would at least take this down to see if any passages were marked, and might be lured into the perusal of some other books.

Mrs. Botkine pinned on the wall some colored illustrations of various forms of bacteria, and then surveyed the effect with the calm satisfaction of a general who foresees the success of his manœuvres. He sighed regretfully that she could not bring herself to introduce into the room a few samples of the "germ culture" that her husband was carrying on, but she felt that she must draw the line at living germs.

She smiled again. To be sure, Mr. Smith might think her husband rather eccentric in pursuing his studies in this room, but he would certainly feel that he had found a congenial spirit in a man who could not tear himself away from his beloved bacteria even in his bath.

She had done all she could. With this virtuous feeling she was able to go about her occupations for the day, and in the afternoon even banish the thought of her expected guest enough to take a quiet nap.

She was awakened by a knock at her door, and the maid handed her a card bearing the seemingly innocent inscription, "Mr. Worthington Smith."

She was filled with a nervous fear, and her heart beat fast as she walked down the stairs. She lingered outside the drawing-room as long as she dared, and then, putting her trust in the visitor with a smile of timid welcome.

He did not look at all alarming, she was surprised to see that he was young, darkly handsome, and dressed with more regard to fashion than the scientific mind generally deigns to bestow. He saw her timid air and blonde beauty with evident admiration.

After the first polite commonplaces, Mr. Smith smilingly observed: "Prof. Botkine's recent researches have been of such interest to scientific men that they must lay him open to a great deal of persecution from inquiring admirers, but—"

"Oh, not at all!" she answered, rather incoherently; "or, rather, I should say, he likes to be persecuted—that is" (with some confusion) "he will be delighted to find you here when he returns. He was so sorry that he had to go to town for a few hours. In the meantime, I hope that you will let me look after you."

Mr. Smith thought that he should like nothing better, but contented himself with remarking:

"Thank you, very much. Perhaps you would be so kind as to explain to me a few things I should like to know about Prof. Botkine's theories on bacteria."

He was surprised to see a deep flush and a look of distress come over her face, and before she could answer, he hastened to add: "But I fear that I am trespassing on your time. Pray, do not let me inconvenience you. I have some uncut pamphlets in my satchel here, and will look them over as I wait," and he looked down embarrassed.

A furtive feeling crept for a moment into her eyes. Then she thought that she could not be guilty of such inhospitality as leaving her guest to shift for himself forced itself upon her. But here he was plunging into science the very first thing, and turning shy besides. Oh, she must send him on to that bath! It seemed rather awkward, but she nerved herself to the effort.

"No, Mr. Smith," she said, gayly. "I am sure that I could not tell you anything on the subject, and I can not think of leaving you here alone. You must let me make you comfortable. I know that after your journey you would like a bath."

He looked amazed and then embarrassed.

"Thank you, very much, Mrs. Botkine," he stammered, "but I do not care at all for a bath. I shall do very well here, and—"

"No, no," she said, nervously; "I know that you are only afraid that there is no hot water on such a warm day, and you do not wish to give trouble."

He put out his hand and tried to interrupt her, but she shook her head and went on rapidly:

"It is all ready. Everything is in the bath-room, and I will ring for James to show you up."

He looked thunderstruck at her insistence.

"But, I assure you, Mrs. Botkine," he exclaimed, "it is not at all worth while I—"

"Not a word, if you please, Mr. Smith. You will really annoy me if you refuse."

She thought to herself that he little knew how more than annoyed she was at the thought of his possible questions. As the man-servant appeared, he said:

"James, take this gentleman's satchel to the guest chamber and show him to the bath-room."

Mr. Smith endeavored to hang back and say something, but Mrs. Botkine smilingly waved her hand toward the stairs and walked into another room. She had looked alternately vexed and triumphant.

As he followed James, Mr. Smith remarked to himself that before this experience he would have vowed that she was too pretty to be eccentric. He had no wish to bathe, but, fearing to vex her, meekly proceeded to perform his ablutions.

She, meantime, was vastly relieved. She smiled to herself at the thought of how unwilling he had seemed to give the slightest sign of baldness.

"I suppose he thought we Americans never had any decent facilities for a bath," she reflected.

"He really is remarkably good-looking for a scientist. If I had not known what he was, I should have thought he was just a nice young fellow and rashly tried to get on with him. Oh, if George had not told me in time!" She shuddered as she thought of her escape.

"I suppose he will be dried-up-looking before long. He is a whitened-sepulchre kind of man now. I could not see the slightest sign of baldness in him, but his setting intellect is bound to cook his hair off in a few years. Even George is a wee bit bald. But how delightful that Mr. Smith did not fathom my ignorance!"

She was so elated that she went to the piano and sang for a half-hour.

She was startled by hearing a door come rushing into the room behind her. She wheeled on the stool and encountered the gaze of Mr. Smith, who stood before her, looking decidedly uneasy.

"I beg pardon for interrupting you, Mrs. Botkine," he said; "but I wished to thank you for your kindness and to make my adieux."

"Why, Mr. Smith—?" she began, but he waved his hand apologetically and continued:

"I am very sorry not to have found Professor Botkine, but perhaps I can come again. There is just time for me to catch the 5 o'clock train."

It was her turn to be astonished. She opened her lips to speak, but he went on, nervously:

"I pray forgive my leaving you so abruptly. Thank you very much. Good afternoon," and, bowing profoundly, he was gone.

For a moment she felt stunned. Then a flood of questions poured through her mind. Was the man insane? Or what had she done to offend him? What would her husband say? What was there in science to turn an apparently "nice" young man into such a distraught savage?

"Ah! recommend me to a plain, common place man who has not bacilli on the brain!" she sighed.

The rest of the day seemed endless, but at last she desisted Professor Botkine, and with him a rather desiccated and "bug-up" looking man.

"Oh, dear!" she moaned; "there is another scientist, I know to look at him. What will he do, I wonder? Dissect my cat, or say that he can not dine with us because he never eats anything but bacteria?"

"Here we are at last," said the Professor; "I found our friend on the train. He had mistaken the train and gone to Alameda. Mr. Smith, let me present you to Mrs. Botkine."

She welcomed her guest cordially, but the minute she was alone with her husband, she seized him by the lapels of his coat.

"What job have you been playing on me?" she demanded; "who is this Mr. Smith?"

The professor looked astonished.

"Why, my dear, there is no joke. This is the Mr. Smith that I told you I was expecting this afternoon. What is the matter?"

"Matter?" she cried; "who is the Mr. Smith that came here this afternoon with a satchel, and asked about your theories?"

"Why, we met him at the station. He had a few specimens to show me. He is the son of my friend, Commodore Smith of San Francisco. He had just run over for a shot or tail."

"A short call!" she echoed again; "what will he think of me? I sent him upstairs to take that bath!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Saved the Setter.

"He jumped that high," said Dr. W. H. Daly, holding his hand as high as the upper corner of his beard, "with the snake hanging to his ear. I cut the piece out where the fangs had stuck, and all the time of the operation the snake stood his ground, coiled up in the grass within a few feet, and, sounding his rattle viciously, as though he was indignant at us for interfering with his business. Die? No. We had to haul him six miles to an Indian haying camp to get any whisky and then we didn't get it. I gave a quarter of a teaspoonful of aqua ammonia every hour in a glass of water and he is as good a setter dog now as ever he was."

The doctor has just returned from a hunting trip on the Yankton Indian reservation, and was narrating some of his interesting experiences to a friend as he walked along Smithfield street.

"Who composed the party?" he was asked. "Gen. Miles and Gen. Barlow, and Frederic Remington, the artist, and a few others, most of them regular army officers." "Do you want that snake story believed?" asked his friend after a few moments' consideration. "Believed? Why, man, it's as true as gospel. Of course I expect it to be believed." "Then when you tell it again, either leave out the regular army or else leave out that part about having to go six miles for whisky.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Apples and Plums.

In the sixteenth century there was a curious enactment in England whereby street-hawkers were forbidden to sell plums and apples, for the reason that servants and apprentices were unable to resist the sight of them, and were consequently tempted to steal their employers' money in order to enjoy the costly delicacies.

A New York barkeeper says that one cash paying customer is worth a dozen who come in and shake dice to see whose name will go down on the slate for drinks.

When a cat gives an entertainment from the top of a wall, it isn't the cat we object to, it's the wall.