

WINDS.

The night has glided on her path of glooms. The bleak north wind shrieks shrill along the shore. White starlike clouds are tossed afar like piumes. And stricken forests shiver in despair.

FERGUS CAMPBELL.

When my publishers assigned to me the duty of reporting the Montreal carnival I telegraphed to Fergus Campbell to engage a room for me in the house where he had his lodgings. Already there had been a tumultuous rush for the hotels, and lodgings were at a premium.

Fergus Campbell was a Scot whom I had met in Dunblane, but for ten years he had been engaged on the repertorial staff of a Montreal journal. He hired rooms of an aged Frenchwoman who owned a dilapidated chateau on Dorchester street. Ordinarily he was her sole lodger, and madame was too decrepit to properly attend even to his simple wants; but in those days of activity and festivity she inhaled some of the prevalent spirit of enterprise, and agreed to rent me a room.

Certainly I would never have chosen the chateau for my permanent abode, albeit I was glad to spend a week with Campbell. It was composed of a crumbling mass of gray stone, and was dingy and cheerless. Campbell hired a bed-room and a sitting room in this unpleasant dwelling, and two more unwholesome and disorderly apartments it would be difficult to find.

It was long after midnight when I first entered the chateau. I had visited Dominion square, and seen the ice palace with its turret-towers and frowning battlements; we had tried the steepest, speediest toboggan shoot in the city; I had seen the governor general open the carnival, and had sent his speech verbatim to The Pittsburg Bulletin. Before I renewed my acquaintance with Fergus Campbell.

Late as it was he was engaged in cooking our supper. He was committing the culinary atrocity of frying a beefsteak, and was smoking a pipe while he worked. He was a man of six years, with a high, angular frame and big bushy hair, a shock of brown hair, a broad, white forehead, keen blue eyes under shaggy brows, and a beard that presented as unkempt an appearance as a blackthorn hedge. His big frame was clothed in a ragged dressing gown that had long done double service as a garment and pen-wiper. Certainly no one would have suspected him of being a "ladies' man," nor the hero of a romance, yet I subsequently learned that he had once been betrothed to a woman.

We had a very delightful time over our breakfast and talk for Campbell was an excellent company. He was slippish and tattered; he drank ale out of a pewter mug, and smoked the worst tobacco in the queen's dominion. He was ugly and eccentric, but he was picturesque, and was undeniably a gentleman. He seemed to be unacceptably submissive to the hardships in his life.

I had heard of his cheer for several days, for my work proved arduous. I was expected to send home entertaining accounts of the carnival, and it was virtually suspended. A warm rain had drenched me to the skin, and had made the tea palce preceptibly thinner. If I continued, this fairy building would soon be obliterated. Out of door pastimes were impossible, and I returned to the chateau one night feeling tired and disheartened. I intended to leave Montreal on the following morning.

I found Campbell in an unusually silent mood. It was a black night, and I suspected that he was depressed by the bad weather and by my approaching departure. The man was naturally sociable, and had enjoyed companionship as ardently as a boy. As we sat close to his rusted old stove, I kept wondering why this big-hearted Scotchman was so removed from the rest of the world. A man of his ability could earn a living anywhere. Why, in the name of reason, had he never made use of his voice? Evidently it had been cultivated, and he sang so well that he might have been famous throughout the world.

I am not superstitious nor imaginative, but on that night I disliked my surroundings. The room was dimly lighted, and in the adjoining apartment I could see Campbell's dressing gown hanging on one of the high, old-fashioned bed posts, and I could not rid myself of the fancy that an emerald shire horse stood in the Scotchman's bedroom, clothed in his tattered gown. Worse than that, the figure had the rigidity of a corpse. I turned my back upon it.

"You ought to leave this place, Campbell," I said, "and get into the whirl of American life. Come with me to the States, where journalism has more to do for you."

He had been smoking in silence; but now he spoke. "Montreal is not a bad place. It is a deal cleaner than your town of Pittsburg, and a deal less infernal." "You know about as much of Pittsburg as you do of the infernal regions," I said, surprised at his remark. "You told me yesterday that you had never visited the United States."

So crossed his legs, dropped his chin upon his big chest and eyed me from under his shaggy brows. Then he made this remarkable statement: "What I said yesterday was true; but since then I have visited New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The last town I saw was Pittsburg, and I hope I may never be compelled to see it like again."

I looked at him sharply. Was he joking or laboring under some hallucination? His expression was serious—nay, even solemn. There were heavy shadows about his eyes and his face was pallid. Had he been drinking? No; his battered mug was filled with his untouched soup. "Of course you don't expect me to believe you," I said. "No man ever traveled the distance you mention in a single night of his life."

"I know that perfectly," he answered, earnestly; "but I wasn't alive. Man, I was dead!"

"And was resurrected this morning?" I asked, derisively. "What joke are you trying to play, Campbell?"

"I am not joking," he answered, seriously. "I could not jest about so grave a matter as death. But, Bradford, I did! At 4 o'clock this morning my spirit left my body and I stepped to look at the bones I had trampled. With my spiritual vision I saw my eyes close and my limbs grow rigid. I saw that I was dead!"

"My mental faculties remained, but I had no control of my actions. My spirit was mysteriously borne from the room, from the house, and from the town. I traveled in mid-air with a velocity that appalled me. I cannot describe my sensations. I cannot say that the wind rushed into my face, for I had no face. I cannot say that my head swam, for I had no head. And yet I felt that the wind was blowing cold and wet, and the awful swiftness of my locomotion that I was pushing other men's bodies like dead, and where am I going? I am pretty high up, and am devoutly thankful for it."

I had been regarding Campbell with curiosity as well as suspicion. Sometimes I believed that he was manufacturing his narrative; at other times I was tempted to rate him soundly for trying to make a fool of me, but something in his manner restrained me.

"I was not up too high," he continued, "to see where I was traveling. I was passing over Albany, for I saw the outlines of the city and the Hudson river; the capital. I continued onward with the same awful impetus, passing over towns that I supposed were Kingston, Newburg and West Point. I followed the Hudson until I came to New Jersey, and went over the interior of that state. All this time I was wondering whether the atmosphere was populated by other spirits than mine. Was mine the only soul that was destined to travel in this eccentric fashion? Some of my friends had died, and, in the awful stillness and loneliness of that hour, I longed for their souls to appear. But they were empty, and only my spirit was there."

"I changed my course at length and went westward. I seemed to be crossing over the state of Pennsylvania. Suddenly I thought I knew where I was going, and, Bradford, I can give you no doubt of the accuracy of my rigid thinking. I was passing over a dark country, and beyond me was a hideous light. I could see no buildings, but I saw a blaze of fire that filled up with horror. It was below me, and as it beamed out in all its lurid intensity I thought I saw the city of London. I thought it was going to fall as if it could travel, and that nothing could save me."

"It was not the infernal regions, after all. It was your heated town of Pittsburg. The fire that had frightened me was from the iron furnaces, the copper smelting works, the coal-beds, the oil-wells, the place is famous. I could feel the air hot with their fiery breath. I passed them and a cathedral, and finally I reached a suburb of the town. Then I went slower and slower, and at last stopped before a dwelling.

"An upper part of the lamp was burning, and a woman's shadow occasionally fell upon the curtain. I knew it was Mallie Morrison's even before she stopped at the window and looked out. Bradford, it was my lass, grown older, but with the same sweet face that I had last seen in the Bishop's Walk. An instant later she unlocked the curtain, and stood beside me. He was horribly changed. His eyes were bloodshot, his face was purple and his form wasted. He was wholly unlike the strong, bodied politician of Dunblane. For ten years I had loved her, but that morning I was made to love her with a fiercer love. I was grieved to know I was invisible to my lass; but her father saw me! Good heaven! Can I ever forget what wrath and malice distorted his face at sight of me? He seemed crazed with rage, and he rent with his two-fingered fist the pane of glass which protected his face. He was a maniac, and he believed I was in the flesh, for he tried to reach me and strangle me with his bleeding hands. Men, man! in his mad and eager fury he hurled me through the window to the ground. I, a thing of air, could do naught to save him, and I saw him fall dead before me! I could not speak to my lass, who also saw his fall; but I was forced to see the anguish in her white, distracted face. And while the people came from the house to carry the dead man in I was suddenly borne away."

"I returned with even greater swiftness, and by the same long route by which I had gone. I reached Montreal before light was fairly here, and entered the chateau unharmed by windows and doors. I saw my lass sitting in a chair with drawn face, closed eyes and fallen jaw. My spirit seemed to recognize my body as its natural home, for in the twinkling of an eye it entered it again. My heart began to pulsate, my blood was flowing and my brain awoke. Fergus Campbell was in the flesh again!

"I got up and looked at my lass. I was still cold and wet with clammy perspiration. The clock was striking 7, and I remembered that I had been in Pittsburg and back by an unnecessarily long route in exactly three hours."

"You certainly made remarkably quick time," I commented. "Did you feel bodily suffering from detaching from me? I was not aware of your tempestuous habits. You had the nightmare, Campbell." He placed a telegram in my hands. "Read it," he said, eagerly. "It came this evening, and it proves that I saw Morrison die."

The dispatch was from a relative of Campbell's in Pittsburg. These were its contents: "Morrison killed himself this morning by jumping from his window. He has been mad for years."

"We looked at each other in silence. 'Joy's sake!' I said at last. 'You have (either been telling a stupendous lie or this is a remarkable coincidence.' 'It's no lie,' he answered, solemnly. 'Bradford, it's as true as gospel.'"

Two years passed before I saw Campbell again. He came down the corridor of the Windsor hotel, and I could not fail to notice that his appearance had greatly improved. He had gained considerable weight, and was dressed in excellent taste. His old frank smile remained unaltered, and I could not mistake him.

"Then you have finished your studies?" he asked me. "Yes," he said, "I am a full-fledged opera singer now."

I longed to ask him if he was married, but I feared the subject might be a painful one.

STOPPED BEATING, MY JAW DROPPED, AND I WAS DEAD!

"During my life I had always believed in a dual existence—a bodily and a spiritual one. Now this duality was proven. My spirit left my body and stepped to look at the bones I had trampled. With my spiritual vision I saw my eyes close and my limbs grow rigid. I saw that I was dead!"

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"Come to my room," he said, as if he knew what was in my mind, "and see my wife and bairn. I am married to Mallie Morrison, Bradford. After her father's violent death she went back to Dunblane and I followed her. I met her in the Bishop's Walk and we agreed that we would never be separated again. Come, and I'll sing for you. And will be no Italian melody to-night, but a good Scotch song about 'The Flower of Dunblane.'"—Francis B. Currie in Frank Leslie's.

The Loco Weed in Oregon.

In a recent issue of The Scientific American, under heading of "Natural History Notes," you speak of the "loco" or "crazy weed" of Texas and that its reputed power of producing insanity and death has been proved unfounded. This assertion of the innocence of the "loco weed" I cannot contradict; but the fact of its being a weed (a species called the "loco") that grows on the Columbia river bottoms, between the "Cascades" and "The Dalles," that will cause temporary insanity in horses not accustomed to feed on the bottom lands, is too well known to doubt. Although I have never seen an animal directly under the influence of the weed, yet I have seen the effect immediately afterwards, and the signs were unmistakable—the animal with his head and fore legs bruised and bleeding, the stall, manger and feed boxes totally demolished, and everything denoting a terrible struggle. Almost every farmer owning his stock, and having his feed in the same vicinity, not among his own stock, as they are accustomed to it, but of neighboring farms from the uplands, that occasionally put up over night and feed of new lowland hay.

The teams are watered and securely tied in the night, and sometimes fed on the light soft hay, and the next morning, however, can be seen the effects of the weed pasted on the horse's hind the horse, if he has not killed himself, but little the worse for his neighbor's antics. What weed that is, I do not know, nor have I ever found any one that could positively say that they knew it. It is certain that the weed is something in the new cut bottom hay that will cause temporary insanity in horses. It is no uncommon thing to see a man driving a horse with a braked and swollen head, and upon inquiring the cause, he will say, "Oh, I was down on a load of crazy weed." Whether this is the famous "loco weed," or whether it is confined to this locality, is beyond my ken.—H. C. Coe in Scientific American.

System of the German Army. It is impossible to conceive of a more thorough system than that on which the German army is based. In every village there is a certain sum of money deposited in the city hall which is sufficient to keep all the soldiers in the village in food for thirty days after the declaration of war. Next to the city hall is the armory, arsenal and barracks of the place. Here are the cannon and the smaller arms, the ammunition and every requisite for war. The officers live in the buildings scattered throughout the village are the soldiers' houses after the declaration of war. Service are engaged in various occupations. Every horse in the village is duly ticketed and appraised. At stated times the horse is taken from his position in the shafts of a carriage or butcher's, baker's or candlestick maker's wagon, and mounted by a soldier or fitted to a gun carriage, drilled into his business, and returned politely to his owner. The instant war breaks out the horse becomes the property of William II.

This condition of things exists in every corner of the empire. The instant the cannon declares war the entire telegraphic and railroad service is turned over to the state; the shoemaker in the village dons his uniform, jumps on his neighbor's horse, reports at the barracks, the bag of money is put in the gun carriage, and within an hour the entire force of the village, town or city is standing in the road ready mounted and thoroughly equipped for active service. Everything is arranged, all contingencies foreshadowed, and an army of 1,000,000 men stands waiting for orders within a few hours after the declaration of war. It is marvelous.—Blackly Hall in Boston Globe.

Brick Venereing for Frame Houses.

A construction detail that is gaining much popularity in some western cities is the bricking in of frame houses. The building is sided up with matched stuff, as if complete, then a brick face wall four inches thick is laid in contact with the exterior, tied on by splices about every sixth course. A boy distributes them all around on top of the wall. They are held in the mortar bed ready, and driven through into the siding till the heads are flush with the face of the wall, when the next courses are laid, and so on. The walls present the appearance of solid masonry, are durable, and, as they add to the warmth of the buildings, seem to present substantial recommendations, especially in severe climates.—American Builder.

A New and Valuable Drug.

According to Cassell's Magazine a new drug of great value has recently appeared in the market. It consists of powder, jumbled seeds—the seeds of a plant, Syzygium jambolanum or Eugenia jambolana, found in various parts of India, the Mauritius, Ceylon and the United States of Columbia. It has been well tested by the medical faculty in England, Germany and the United States, and is said to be a promising remedy in all cases of diabetes. The action of the drug is to prevent formation of sugar in the system, and so to stay waste; and cases are on record showing that under its influence the special restrictive diet so obnoxious to diabetic patients can be dispensed with.—Frank Leslie's.

Not Always a Victim.

With all that is justly said about the virtue of contentment, there is one species of it that lies like a worm at the core of all human progress. It is that which renders a man satisfied with his own achievements, content to remain where he is in the decent sphere of activity or thought or usefulness, instead of ascending into others which are open to him and for which he may be fitted.—Once a Week.

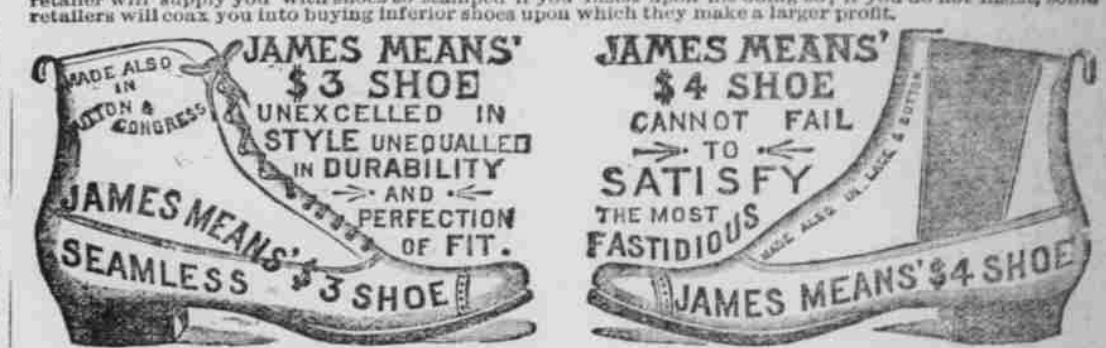
Boys (out late)—There, Brown, is your house; if you think you can get in by yourself—

Frown—Yeah, boys, b'gosh but the baby's crying. Thish (hic) no time to go (hic) home. Let's go an' have one more.—New York Sun.

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Now, kind reader, just stop and consider what the above signifies so far as you are concerned. It assures you that if you keep on buying shoes bearing no manufacturer's name or fixed retail price stamped on the soles, you cannot tell what you are getting and your retailer is probably making any profit he wants your shoes have cost him. Now, can you afford to do this while we are protecting you by stamping our name and the fixed retail price upon the soles of our shoes before they leave our factory so that you cannot be made to pay more for your shoes than they are worth? Shoes from our celebrated factory are sold by wide-awake retailers in all parts of the country. We will place them justly within your reach in any State or Territory if you will invest one cent in this card and write to us.

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