

THE: NEW: TENANT. ***********

OW, Mary, I have spoken!" | the matter once for all.

"I heard you, dear," sweetly responded Mrs. Peel; "and now, listen to me. I have accepted Herr Schmidt's offer, and he will enter the adjoining house as tenant to-morrow."

"Not if I know it, madam!" shouted Phiness jumping from his chair and bringing his fist down on the table. "Do you think I am going to have Rhyd cottage turned into a menagerie, and my garden into a howling wilderness? The house may remain tenantless forever, but Herr Schmidt and his monstructies shall not enter there."

"Herr Schmidt, my dear, is merely a

baturalist." "I know it!" stormed Phiness. "I've heard of these plaguey naturalists before. I've no desire to come downstairs some fine morning to find a ring-tailed monkey sitting on the window sill, acting as referee while the kangaroos and Phineas Peel"

Pretty Mrs. Peel never allowed her semper to get the better of her. She laughed softly at her husband's fears. the least.

"Has it slipped your memory, Phineas," she asked, "that Rhyd cottage is to let it to a naturalist-even though he sition be a foreigner-I am perfectly justified in doing so."

"Herr Schmidt's collection of 'monstrosities,' as you call it," went on Mrs. Peel, "probably contains nothing more dangerous than a death's head moth in to disappoint him."

"But I--"You will treat him with the respect due from one gentleman to another, Phineas," broke in Mrs. Peel. "And now, dear, we'll dismiss the subject."

Phiness Peel was though at times Be doubted it-a lucky fellow. He had carried off a young and handsome woman from a host of suitors.

Why Mary Marsden had chosen to bestow her hand and fortune on such a so far. Oh, yes, Mr. Schmidt," he addminutive Phineas Peel was always a sharp. mystery to her acquaintances. The wedding was an accomplished fact before her relatives had recovered from the shock caused by the announcement of her engagementt.

Mary appeared to be happy enough. too. Phineas, taken as a whole, was not a bad sort of fellow. He was jeal that?" ous, that was true, but his wife can to regard that as an extra proof of his devotion.

Had the proposed tenant of Rhyd cottage been an aged, decrepit, broken- nothing. down old man, Phineas would have stretched out the right hand of fellowship. But alas! Herr Schmidt was young and handsome-far too handsome, Phineas thought.

"Very well, Mary," said Phinens, taking his hat from the peg and making for the door, "you have overruled me as usual, and must be prepared for the consequences. In less than a week we shall have the house and garden overrun with every conceivable variety of rentile-from the beastly lizard to the bos constrictor."

And Phinens stalked indignantly forth with the merry laughter of his wife ringing in his ears.

A month or more had passed, and so far the fears of Phineas proved to be groundless. Herr Schmidt's "monstros-Ities" had been kept well within bounds. and as yet Mr. Peel had not seen so much as a strange caterpillar in his garden, which never looked better,

However, he was not happy. He had taken an aversion to the new tenant from the list, and would never be satisfied until he had got rid of him.

"Confound the fellow," muttered Phineas one evening, as he sat on an apturned bucket behind the peasticks. he's prowing about on the other side of the hedge again. Hope he won't eatch sight of me, for I'm about tired of his olly tongue and eternal smile,

of this? Down the garden path tripped Mrs. Peel. The naturalist was evidently ex-

eyes of the furious Phineas. Joost a feetle late!"

It was soon evident that this was not the first chat indulged in over the boundary bedge. Though Phineas strained his ears, he could not catch the drift of the conversation. Iake a flash be remembered that Mary had often of late taken a stroll in the garden at dusk. Was this the explanation?

Phineas had been glaring at the couple from behind the peasticks for ten finges or so, when he saw his wife take a rosebud from his favorite tree and hand it over the hedge with a charming smile to the delighted Herr hast person in the world he had expectidt. Then, with a pleasant "good | ed to see his brother John! sight." Mrs. Peel tripped lightly beto

"You villain!" hissed Phineas, sav-Mr. Peel threw himself back | agely, jumping from his seat and shakin his chair as if that settled ing his fist after the retreating figure in the next garden, "I'll pay you for

> The rage of Mr. Peel was something to be remembered. Nothing but blood. he vowed, would obliterate his wrongs. But he would smile and smile and murder while he smiled. Seizing a peastick he tragically buried it in the heart of an unoffending cabbage, and played havoc with a stately row of sunflowers. Half an hour later Mary saw him

> from the book in the hall. "There's a German vulture in the neighborhood," he volunteered, impressively, "and I'm going to bag him at the first opportunity."

take down an old-fashioned duck gun

However, as nothing short of an earthquake would have induced the old gun to go off in any circumstance and Phineas had made assurances doubly sure by dropping in the shot first and powder afterward-the "vulture" in erocodiles play leap-frog over the flower question was not likely to be seriously beds. No. madam! No naturalists for damaged, and Mary contented herself with expressing a hope that her hus band would not hurt himself

On the following evening Phineas took up his old position in the garden. and did not after her determination in with murder in his heart. Herr Schmidt. however, did not put in an appearance. After waiting some time, Phineas reentered the house and reared his duck a portion of my property? If I choose gun up in the hall in a conspicuous po-

He had almost decided to run up to town and consult his brother John, the This was true enough, and Phineas detective, with a view to having the movements of Herr Schmidt watched when he was startled by the click of the letter box.

A scrap of paper lay on the mat Picking it up, Phineas glanced at it, a bottle. Anyhow, I have no intention turned deadly pale, then hurried into the garden. Scribbled in lead pencil on dirty paper was the following:

"Peel has discovered everything. We have not a moment to lose and must clear out to-night. The front door is unsafe. Will meet you at the back-10:30 sharp."

There was no signature.

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Phineas, after reading the note for the third time. "I'd no idea matters had gone plain, everyday sort of fellow as the di- ed grimly. "I'll meet you at 10:30

It was about 10:45, and raining heav lly. Phinens Peel, seated on a well overlooking the back of Rhyd cottage, with his duck gun laid across his knees, was beginning to feel uncomfortable.

"The note said 10:30," he muttered. "It must be after that time now. What's

Phineas had caught the sound of heavy feet moving cautiously over the gravel. He grasped his gun and peered into the gloom, but could distinguish

Suddenly he heard voices, evidently at the front of the house. He was about to quit his position under the impression that Herr Schmidt was leaving by the front door after all, when one of the back windows was cautiously raised and the lithe form of the naturalist dropped lightly to the ground.

Creeping along the side of the wall on which Phineas lay, he presented an excellent mark. Mr. Peel, however, could not bring himself to shoot a man down in cold blood. He would give him a

"Stop, you scoundrel!" he shouted. The effect of the challenge was scarcely what Phineas had anticipated. Herr Schmidt darted forward and seized the barrel of the gun.

He was much the stronger of the two and Phineas was pulled from the wall in a twinkling. Lying on the broad of his back on the gravel, in a half-dazed condition, he saw the tall form of Schmidt standing over him with the

"Keep your tongue still, you fooi," he bissed, "or I'll brain you. Now, quick. help me over the wall."

Phineas hesitated, but the threatening attitude of the other induced him to rise. However, he had no intention of giging in.

Obeying his instructions, he caught hold of Schmidt's foot to give him "a Hullo! what the dence is the meaning leg up." Before the naturalist could grip the top of the wall, however, Phineas saw his opportunity.

Bracing himself for the effort, he expecting her, and greeted her with a gerted all his strength and pulled mile that almost brought tears into the Schmidt bodily from the wall. He fell flat on his face, and before he could re-"Good efeving," he said. "You vos cover himself Phineas jumped on his back and seized him around the throat, emitting a yell that would have done inlaite credit to a Sioux Indian.

The next moment Phineas was draggod off from behind and found himself in the clutches of a burly member of

the police force. Four or five others seized Schmidt, who struggled in vain to free himself. "What am I arrested for?" gasped

Phineas, "There's your man." Phineas would no doubt have been led off with the other prisoner but for the timely arrival on the scene of the

result of John Peel's into ference, 🛥 found bunself free.

to explain that Herr Schmidt, the "naturalist," and Edward Harper-the notorious forger, who had defied new Scotland yard for the past six weeks-

were one and the same. "It was a smart dodge of Harper's," said John Peel, "and he might have got clear away but for that clever wife of yours, Phineas. Mary suspected the man from the first and supplied me from time to time with valuable information. It is to her entirely that the credit of the capture is due. Tell her I'll call around and thank her myself tomorrow, By-the-bye, the gang of which he is the head, got wind of our intentions, and a man was dispatched with a warning. Harper doesn't appear to have received it."

Then Phineas began to understand things a little more clearly.

"I suppose this will be it," he remarked, producing the note and handing it to his brother. "You see, the messenger left it at the wrong door, and Ier-I thought I might as well see the fun.

For some little time after Phineas was of the opinion that he had made a fool of himself. Lately, however, he has taken a different view of the matter, and is never tired of relating how he literally "dropped on" Harper, the forger, alias Schmidt, the naturalist, next door,-Cassell's Saturday Journal,

Opening the Olympic Games. The crown prince, taking his stand in the arena, facing the king, then made a short speech, in which he touched upon the origin of the enterprise, and the obstacles surmounted in bringing it to fruition. Addressing the king, he asked him to proclaim the opening the Olympic games, and the king, rising, declared them opened. It was a thrilling moment. Fifteen hundred and two years before the Emperor Theodosius had suppressed the Olympic games, thinking, no doubt, that in abolishing this hated survival of paganism he was furthering the cause of progress and here was a Christian monarch, amid the applause of an assemblage composed almost exclusively of Christians, announcing the formal annulment of the imperial decree; while a few feet away stood the archbishop of Athens, and Pere Didon, the celebrated Dominican preacher, who, in his Easter sermon in the Catholic cathedral the day before, had paid an eloquent tribute to pagan Greece. When the king had resumed his seat, the Olympic ode, written for the occasion by the Greek composer Samara, was song by a chorus of one hundred and fifty voices. Once before music had been associated with the revival of the Olympic games. -Century

Disposal of Sewage in Birmingham. One of the worst features under the old management was the disposal of the sewage. By way of remedy two systems have found adoption. Under one the Health Committee collects the offal of houses, and either destroys it or turns it into fertilizers. This is more offensive and less successful than it might be made, but is apparently a neessity until the pan system has been abandoned. A sewage farm of nearly 1,300 acres has been developed several miles from the city, some 400 feet lower elevation. The sewage, first mixed with time to prevent too rapid decom position and to assist in the precipitathrough a series of depositing tanks. during which process the mind is removed. The remainder is dug into the land, one-third of which is dealt with each year, the effluent being discharged in a harmless state into the river Tame. Upon the other two-thirds are grown early vegetables, and grain and hay for cows kept for milk and market, The net annual cost to the city is about 424 000 - Century.

The Chinese Are Self-Helpful. The percentage of foreigners in our pospitals, asylums and penal institutions is overwhelming. But the Chinse make little call upon us for philanthropy, and that only for medical help. Little by little these people are coming to see the superiority of our medical treatment, and in cases of severe sickness they will sometimes turn to our hospitals for help. But they ask no other aid from us. If a Chinaman needs any monetary assistance, his countrymen help him without burdening our public philanthropies. It is not uncomnon for the men of one clan, or friends from different clans, to band together to establish a loan fund, every man giving so much toward it week by week. This is loaned to peedy men, without security or interest; and when repaid it is loaned again, and thus many a man is carried through a sickness or

none the wiser.-Century. The Resort Courteous.

Lord Russell's visit to America reminds the London Chronicle of an ancient story. It says that during Lord Russell's previous tour in this country with Lord Coleridge, he came in contact with many members of the bar, including Mr. Evarts. It was while walking with Mr. Evarts one day along the banks of a stream that his attention was called to a point at which Washington, according to tradition, had thrown a dollar right across. The water was wide, and Lord Russell looked doubtful.

"You know a dollar went further in those days than it goes now," the American lawyer blandly insinuated. "Ah," said Lord Russell, quite equal to the occasion, "and it may have been easy enough to Wasnington; it is well known that he threw a sovereign across the Atlantic."

Every man makes a failure of his love

THE LINE RIDER.

John stayed behind a minute or two Over the mesa, 'neath the milk-white Leisurely riding through the wonder

> Sanderson, line rider, full of drausus Of young Dolores, sweetest of brow Bunids.

Something lies hidden in the coyote grass.

Only a month ago those canyon walls. Moon white, beheld a shadowy train wind down-

Contrabandista, laden with mescal Pepe their chief, exultant, almost home Something lies sullen in the corate grass.)

pache rumors had preceded them Herding white settlers homeward. San derson.

Frontier wise, watched the canny Mexi-Saw them untroubled; couched, and go his prey. Something lies vengeful in the coyot

Musing, his firm mouth smiling now and

With reminiscent tenderness, he rode, Unheeding how that Pepe had fled un scathed.

Until his horse, snorting and trembling A sudden spring from out the coyote

CHARATE Oh, brown Dolores! musing 'neath the

That floods the homely old adobe walls, Ask Pepe, when he comes to you to night Whose horse be rides? What makes his

dagger dark? Something lies silent in the coyote grass! Land of Sunshine.

THE ACTOR'S DOUBLE.

We were talking about spirit mani festations at the Thirty-nine Club, and retailing the usual second or third-hand accounts of deceased ladies and gentlemen showing themselves to their sor

rowing relatives. "It is strange the tricks which our brains will sometimes play us," said Dr. Macpherson. "I remember once seeing a ghost myself, and I can tell you that the sensation is a very curious ne. It was a good many years ago, in my examination days, and I had been sitting up until the early bours 'cramming.' Everybody in the house had long since gone to bed, where I ought to have been myself, so I was rather surprised when I glanced up from my book to see somebody sitting at the ta ble where I myself had been a few moments before writing. I felt quite startled for an instant, until I recognized the intruder. He was a little hazy, but I could see plainly enough who it was.

"A dead relative?" asked Major Den nett, who was a firm believer in good old-fashioned ghosts.

Macpherson answered in his peculiar ly quiet way: "No, it was myself. The experience of seeing one's own ghost is not altogether unusual, I believe.

"Now, I do not think your experience was half so remarkable as one of mine," said Gilbert Dane, the wellknown actor and manager of the Howard Theater, who happened to be there that night. Dane is not a member of performance." the Thirty-nine, but had come with Macpherson. Most of the brain specialist's friends are in the profession, a fact | paused. which is, perhaps, due to the year which he himself spent on the stage as

A voung man. "My story begins prosaically," said tion of the solid matter, is passed the actor, when we begged to hear it. "I lost the latchkey with which I let myself into the theater, and took somebody else's to the locksmith's to have a the following morning as I was going when 'my double' interrupted me in a up to town for rehearsal. I was living at Putney then, and we were actively as my own. preparing a play which deserved a better fate than it received, if thought and more,' he said, sharply, 'or you will preparation go for anything, for I came | find yourself in the hands of the police. near making myself ill over it. I was I see that you have been imitating my feeling out of sorts on the morning that called for the latchkey, and when the use of my name is another thing." locksmith swore positively that he had than ten minutes previously I had come away with me-I will confess that I lost my temper, and stormed at the fellow, but I could not get him to budge a line from his story. He seemed to have an answered promptly: Idea that I was playing a practical joke. and the only result of my talking was that I nearly lost my train at Waterioo. It was moving when I reached the platform, and I had to run for the only compartment of which the door was open.

pear the end of the train. "The compartment contained two other passengers, but if I glanced at fortable, and I began to wonder how I them at all I noticed nothing except that each was pretty well hidden behind a daily paper. I had fortunately the locksmith's, and I speedliv followhas stamped the doings of that day indelibly on my memory."

The actor paused to strike a match nd relight his cheroot, which he had allowed to go out, and we all watched him in silence, wondering what was coming. Macpherson only had the air of a man who had heard the story be-

"I had become rather interested in my paper." Dane went on, when the cigar was alight again, "and did not notice my companions talking until one of them started telling an anecdote. Then it gradually dawned upon me that the story he was telling was one that I considered my own particular property, and when I listened it struck me that the story was being told, not only in my exact words, but also in my own voice.

"The story and the voice startled me but it is difficult to describe my feelings when I put down my paper to glance at the parrator."

Dane nodded

"Yes, gentlemen, I saw seated at the other end of the compartment, by the and manner, suddenly turned quietly: window, opposite his companion, a fig- 'And now Mr. Dane, I will puzzle year are that was an exact facsimile of the no more, but apologize for giving you reflection which I see in my glass every day when I have dressed for the part of a respectable citizen. It was myself, complete in every detail of face and attire.

"An optical delusion, I suppose?" I suggested and the actor shook his

"No; that was the first idea that occurred to me-that I had been working trick. The unconcerned way in which for the police." the third man glanced at me encouraged me in the belief, for the likeness, unless I was imagining it, was enough to attract instant attention. I wondered whether there was actually a man sitting and taiking where I had that of a medical man," seen and heard my facsimile; for the third man, an ordinary, every-day individual, had not spoken a word to him. and might from his expression have been listening to his anecdote or simply thinking. I was relieved when he laughed at the point when my 'double,' as I began to call his companion, came to the joke of the story, but when he opened his mouth it was only to increase the mystery of the affair, for it showed me that my double possessed my name. as well as my voice, my dress, my face,

my figure "I began to wonder then not whether the man at the window was a reality. but whether I was really myself, and me if I had looked in a mirror and found it reflect back a face that was unfamiliar to me. It is strange how quickly a single phenomenon will sometimes change all one's fixed opinions on a subject of the supernatural. I felt I must speak to the man if only to prove whether I was awake or dreaming, and I selzed the opportunity of introducing myself by hearing 'my double' called by my name

" 'Excuse me,' I said, addressing him but I heard your friend just now call you "Mr. Dane." I wonder whether we are related at all, for that happens to be my name, and we seem to bear a striking similarity to one another.'

"My double' turned and surveyed me through his single eyeglass in exactly the same manner as that with which I should have surveyed a stranger who addressed me in the train.

'I really do not know whether we are related," he said, in the voice I use when I wish to be slightly patronizing. I am Gilbert Dane of the Howard Theater,' and he actually handed me one of my own cards.

"There was something in the substan tial nature of the familiar bit of pasteboard that brought back a little of my common sense and relieved me from the state of stupefaction into which the phenomenon had driven me.

" 'Come, this is a very clever trick.' I said with a smile, which I am afraid was rather feeble. 'You have certainly succeeded in startling me. Now I should like your own card, so that I may know whom to congratulate on a very clever

"And what did the mystery do?" I inquired with interest when the actor

"He did exactly what I should have same manner. He became angry and asked me what I meant and whom I called myself.

" Well, until to-day I have been in the habit of calling myself Gilbert Dane of the Howard Theater-' I was duplicate made. I agreed to call for it beginning, keeping as cool as I could, tone which I still recognized perfectly

> " 'Well! you had better not do so any dress, too, which I cannot help, but the "We had just reached Vauxhall, our

given me the thing already-that less first stopping place, as he spoke, and a her mission had counseled and guided ticket collector who knows me by sight her. But on this point she was firmly for the key, paid for it, and taken it came to the door. My double caught silent. It was as though it were a sebis eve first.

"I wish you would tell this gentleman who I am,' he said, and the man " Certainly, sir; you are Mr. Dane

the actor. "He looked startled when I asked

him the same question.

"I should call you a very good imitation,' he said when he had recovered. from his surprise. "This was becoming decidedly uncom-

could prove to anybody that I was not a good imitation of myself. The ticket collector's ready acceptance of my doubought my own paper before calling at | ble as the real 'Mr. Dane' showed me how helpless I should be in an appeal set up in business, and outsiders are ed their example. So far the story is to anyone who did not know me well. painfully commonplace. Now comes | But I felt that it would not do for two the truly remarkable experience which Glibert Danes to remain at large. The question which one was to surrender the title must be settled at once. It struck me that the easiest way to do it would be to go together to the theater and submit the questions to the com pany assembled for the rehearsal. suggested this course to my facsimile, and he surprised me by accepting it readily.

"I warn you that I shall detain you when it is settled and send for the police,' he said in my haughtiest voice. "It was what I was intending to do with him."

"And did you both go back?" some body asked. The actor paused to light another

cheroot. Dane nodded.

'Yes, together. The third man left us at Waterloo," he said. "You may not believe it, but I felt rather uneasy as I approached the stage door, and the fact that I had no latchkey to open it for road signals myself seemed a calamity. 'My double' near Derhy.

"It was paurself?" asked Major non-| calmly produced his and special me nett excitedly as the actor paused, and into my own theater with the air of a proprietor. Then he closed the door behind him, and, changing his voice so much trouble, which I hope you will think repaid by the enjoyment of a unique sensation. The fact is that I am very anxious to go on the stage under your auspices, and I thought that this would be the best way to obtain an introduction to you, and at the same time show you a specimen of my acting in the part of your understudy. You will admit at least that I understand the and worrying too much over the new art of making up. Now are you going play, and my brain had played me a to give me an engagement or to send

"And you gave him the engagement, I suppose?" I asked.

"Yes: I have always regretted that he threw it up before the year was out. and returned to his former profession,

"It was he, of course, that called for the latchkey in the morning?"

"Yes; he had been in the shop when I ordered it, and the fact finally determined him to carry out the affair which he had been pondering for some time." But he must have haunted you like

a shadow beforehand," put in Major

Dennett, "to learn all your gestures and

that. I should hardly think the result was worth the trouble." Macpherson, who had been sitting quietly in the background, surprised us

by replying for his friend. "Excuse me, Major," he said, in his usual quiet way, "but you make a mistake there. Any man would have been It certainly would not have surprised glad to give £100 down for the engagement which Dane offered me straightaway. It cost me less than £10 for clothes, and about a month of study; and

my time was not worth £90 a menth then, or I should not have thought of giving up medicine and taking to the stage,"-Tid-Bits.

An Apple Problem.

Once upon a time there were two old men who sat in the market early every morning and sold apples. Each one had thirty apples, and one of the old men sold two for a cent, and the other old man sold three for a cent. In that way the first old man got fifteen cents for his basket of apples, while the second old man received ten cents; so that together they made twenty-five cents each day. But one day the old apple-man who sold three for a cent was too sick to go to the market, and he asked his neighbor to take his apples and sell them for him. This the other old man very kindly consented to do, and when he got to the market with the two baskets of apples, he said to himself. "I will put all the apples into one basket, for it will be easier than picking them out of two baskets." So he put the sixty apples into one basket, and he said to himself, "Now, if I sell two apples for one cent, and my old friend sells three for one cent, that is the same thing as selling five apples for two cents. Therefore I will sell five for two cents." When he had sold the sixty apples he found he had only twenty-four cents, which was right; because there are twelve fives in sixty. and twice twelve are twenty-four. But if the other old man had been there, and each had sold his apples separately, they would have received twenty-five cents. Now, how is that explained? St. Nicholas.

Joan of Arc Before the Judges

The questions addressed to Joan, and her answers day by day, have been transmitted in the records of the court. To read them is to understand the brutal ferocity with which she was tortured, until, turning on her accuser, she cried, "You call yourself my judge; be careful what you do, for I am indeed sent by the Lord, and you place yourself in great danger."

To answers almost sublime succeeded answers filled with naive ingenuity, Questions were piled traitorously conceived, concerning the visions which had come to her, and the celestial voices which she heard, and which throughout eret which she was forbidden to betray. She consented to take an oath to speak nothing but the truth, but concerning her visions she made a reservation. "You could cut my head off before I would speak," she protested. At night, in the darkness of her dungeon, St. Catherine and St. Margaret appeared to her, and celestial toices comforted her. She avowed that she had seen them "with the eyes of her body . . . and when they leave me," she added, I wish that they would take me with them."-Century.

A Spectral Boatman.

There is a shivery, shuky legend among the people who live along the Hudson river which is to the effect that that stream is the everlasting boating waters of a specter who is personlified as Rambout Van Dam. Away back in colonial times Rambout and his friends were drinking until late at night. Finally this man Rambout started for home, some distance up the river, in his boat, swearing that he would row the distance if it took a "month of Sundays." Rambout never reached home, and the superstitious people say that he has been condemned to row till indgment day

From Land's End to John O'Gront's. T. Edge has just broken the English 1,000-mile bicycle road record, by traveling from Land's End to John O'Groat's and back to Forfar in four days, nine hours and nineteen minutes. This is fourteen hours better than the previous

laventor of the Block System Bead. Mr. John Warwick, the inventor and patentee of the block system of rail; road signals in England, died recently

record.