

THE ANTICIPATOR.



F course, I admit it isn't plagiarism," said Carter Esplan savagely. It's fate, it's the devil, but is it the less irritating on that account? No, no. And he ran his hand through his hair till it stood on end. He shook with febrile excitement, a red spot burnt on either cheek, and his bitten lip quivered. "Confound Burford, and his parents, and his ancestors! The tools to him that can handle them," he added, after a pause, during which his friend Vincent curiously considered him. "It's your own fault, my dear wild man," said he; "you are too lazy. Besides, remember these things—these notions, motives—are in the air. Originality is only the art of catching early worms. Why don't you do the things as soon as you invent them?" "Now you talk like a bourgeois, like a commercial traveler," returned Esplan angrily. "Why doesn't an apple tree yield apples when the blossoms are fertilized? Why wait for summer, and the influences of wind and sky? Why don't live chickens burst new-laid eggs? Shall parturition tread sudden on conception? Didn't the mountain labor to bring forth a mouse? and shall—

on end, for at intervals he ran his damp hands through it. His eyes altered like opals, at times they sparkled and almost blazed, and then grew dim. He changed at each sentence; he mouthed his written talk audibly; each thought was reflected in his pale, mobile face. He laughed and then groaned; at the crisis tears ran down and blurred the already indecipherable script. But at 11 he rose, stiff in every limb, and staggering. With difficulty he picked the unpagged leaves from the floor and sorted them in due order. He fell into his chair. "It's good, it's good," he said, chuckling. "What a queer devil I am! My dumb ancestors pipe oddly in me. It's strange, devilish strange; man's but a mouthpiece, and crazy at that. How long has this last thing been hatching? The story is old, yet new. Gibbon shall have it. It will just suit him. Little beast, little horror, little hog, with a divine gold ring of appreciation in his grubby snout." His drunk half a tumbler of whisky and tumbled into bed. His mind ran riot. "My ego's a bit fissured," he said. "I ought to be careful." And ere he fell asleep he talked conscious nonsense. Incongruous ideas linked themselves together; he sneered at his brain's folly, and yet he was afraid. He used morphine at last in such a big dose that it touched the optic center and subjective lightnings flashed in his dark room. He dreamed of "At Home," where he met big, brutal Burford wearing a great diamond in his shirt front. "Bought by my conveyed thoughts," he said. But, looking down he perceived that he had a greater jewel of his own, and soon his soul melted into the contemplation of its rays, till his consciousness was dissipated by a divine absorption into the very Nirvana of Light. When he woke the next day it was already late in the afternoon. He was overcome by yesterday's labor, and, though much less irritable, he walked feebly. The trouble of posting his story to Gibbon seemed almost too much for him, but he sent it, and took a cab to his club, where he sat almost comatose for many hours. Two weeks afterwards he received a note from the editor, returning the story. It was good, but— "Burford sent me a tale with the same motive weeks ago, and I accepted it." Esplan smashed his thin white hand on his mantelpiece, and made it bleed. That night he got drunk on champagne, and the brilliant wine seemed to nip and bite and twist every nerve and brain-cell. His irritability grew so extreme that he lay in wait for subtle, unperceived insults, and meditated morbidly on the aspect of innocent strangers. He gave the water double what was necessary, not because it was particularly deserved, but because he felt that the slightest sign of discontent on the waiter's part might lead to an uncontrollable outburst of anger on his own. Next day he met Burford in Piccadilly and cut him dead with a bitter sneer. "I daren't speak to him—I daren't," he muttered. And Burford, who could not quite understand, felt outraged. He himself hated Esplan with the hatred of an outpaced, outstaid rival. He knew his own work lacked the diabolical certainty of Esplan's—it wanted the fine phrase, the right red word of color, the rush and onward march of due finality, the bitter, exact conviction, the knowledge of humanity that lies in inheritance, the exalted experience that proves received intuitions. He was, he knew, a successful failure, and his ambition was greater even than Esplan's. For he was greedy, grasping, envious, and his hollowiness was obvious even before Esplan proved it with his wringing touch. "He takes what I have done, and does it better. It's malice, malice," he urged to himself. And when Esplan placed his last story and the world remembered only to forget in its white-hot brilliance the cold paste of Burford's Paris Jewel, he felt hell surge within him. But he beat his thoughts down for awhile, and went on his little, labored way. The success of this story and Burford's bitter eclipse helped Esplan greatly, and he might have got snerly if other influences working for misery in his life had not hurt him. For a certain woman died, one whom none knew he knew, and he clung to morphine, which, in its increase, helped to throw him later on. It works as one who builds a dam higher and higher yet against the rising waters, and the crash must come. And at last it did come, for Burford had two stories, better far than his usual work, in a magazine that Esplan almost looked on as his own. They were on Esplan's very motives, he had them almost ready to write. The sting of this last bitter blow drove him off his tottering balance; he conceived murder, and plotted it brutally, and then subtly, and became dominated by it, till his life was the flower of the insane motive. It altered nothing when a reviewer pointed out the close resemblance between the two men's work, and, exalting Esplan's genius, placed the writer beyond all cavil, the other below all place. But that drove Burford crazy. It was so bitterly true. He ground his teeth, and hating his own work, hated worse the man who destroyed his own conceit. He wanted to do harm. How should he do it? Esplan had long since gone under. He was a homicidal maniac with one man before him. He conceived and wrote schemes. His stories ran to murder. He read and imagined means. At times he was in danger of believing he had already done the deed. One wild day he almost gave himself up to this proleptic death. Thus his imagination burnt and flamed before his conceived path.

"I'll do it, I'll do it," he muttered; and at the club the men talked about him. "To-morrow," he said, and then he put it off. He must consider the art of it. He left it to bourgeois in his fertile brain. And at last, just as he wrote, action, lighted up by strange circumstance, began to loom big before him. Such a murder would wake a vivid world and be an epoch in crime. If the red earth were convulsed in war, even then it would stay to hear that incredible, true story, and, soliciting deeper knowledge, seek out the method and growth of means and motive. He chuckled audibly in the street, and laughed thin laughter in his room of fleeting visions. At night he walked the lonely squares near at hand, considering eagerly the rush of his own divided thoughts, and, leaning against the railings of the leafy gardens, he saw ghosts in the moon shadows and beckoned them to converse. He became a night bird and was rarely seen. "To-morrow," he said at last. To-morrow he would really take the first step. He rubbed his hand and laughed as he pondered near home, in his own lonely square, the finer last details which his imagination multiplied. "Stay, enough, enough!" he cried to his separate mad mind; "it is already done." And the shadows were very dark about him. He turned to go home. Then came immortality to him in strange shape. For it seemed as though his ardent and confined soul burst out of his narrow brain and sparkled marvelously. Lights showered about him, and from a rose sky lightnings flashed, and he heard awful thunder. The heavens opened in a white blaze, and he saw unimaginable things. He reeled, put his hand to his stricken head, and fell heavily in a pool of his own blood. And the Anticipator, horribly afraid, ran down a by-street.—The Sketch.

HAD BOGUS FUNERAL.

HOW A COURT SCANDAL WAS HUSHED UP.

The Case of the Earl of Aylesford—He Spent the Latter Part of His Life in New York as "Mr. Simpson." Frequenting Madison and Union Squares.

VERY unpleasant affair has been recalled in Europe by the announcement in a number of German papers on indisputable authority that Count Guido Lynar, a member of the princely house of that name, has been met, very much alive and in fine condition, at Florence, where he is now living without the slightest attempt to conceal his identity, says the New York Journal. In order to appreciate the sensation caused throughout Germany by this announcement it is necessary to state that the count, a major of the crack regiment of the Guard du Corps, decorated with almost every order of Europe, possessed of an independent fortune of \$80,000 a year and celebrated as the handsomest man of his corps, was arrested by the English police in London on a horrible charge while occupying the post charge d'affaires of the German emperor. What rendered the matter worse was that the late Emperor Frederick, at the time crown prince, was with his consort, in London at the moment and had to bear the full brunt of the scandal. Had Count Lynar given his name and quality to the police when arrested he would at once have been set at liberty and steps would have been taken to hush up this scandal as have been so many others during the present century, the authorities being aware of the complications that are created by the arrest of a foreign diplomat. But Lynar, who had com-

was made and he was interred with much pomp and ceremony in the vaults of the ducal house of Newcastle. Yet a few months later he was recognized in New York, where he spent the remainder of his life, bearing the name of "Mr. Simpson." He used to haunt the restaurants and saloons around Union and Madison squares and spent a long time in one of the metropolitan hospitals, thanks to an accident which occurred to him on his passage to this country. Then there is the case of the late earl of Aylesford, who, having been forced to expatriate himself from England, ruined beyond hope, both socially and financially, was reported to have died in Texas. A coffin containing a body represented as that of the earl was brought to New York and shipped to England. But grave doubts were entertained at the time and still exist as to whether he is really dead, a curious feature in connection with the affair being that the insurance upon his life was never collected.

PORT ARTHUR IS DIFFERENT.

England Is Willing for Russia to Have What She Doesn't Want.

Now, we have always held that Russia is entitled to an ice-free port in the Pacific, says the London Chronicle. It is out of the question that so colossal an undertaking as the trans-Siberian railway could be allowed to end in a remote harbor frozen for five months in the year. Mr. Balfour, we were glad to see, declared that the government would put no obstacle in the way of such an acquisition by Russia. All this, however, refers to Port Lazareff, on the eastern coast of Corea, or some place in the immediate neighborhood, upon which Russia has for long been known to have her eye. Port Arthur is a very different thing. Russia took the lead in coercing victorious Japan out of Port Arthur on the ground that the presence of Japan there would give the latter a dangerously preponderating influence upon China. A thousand times more will the influence of Russia

AN ENGLISH PAPER.

Urges the British to Be Fair Toward the Boers.

The Dutch stock is, we know, sturdy and enduring—so sturdy and so enduring that to this hour the descendants of the Dutch who settled in New York are conscious of a shade of difference between them and New Englanders and regard that difference with certain self-esteem, says the Spectator. They are, they think, not only more solid but better principled than the families around them. Nevertheless, the extraordinary, to us we will frankly confess unaccountable, absorbing force of the English has given them the controlling power in New York, as in all America north of Mexico, and in spite of the vastness of modern emigrations that power will probably always remain in their hands. A new type of man arises, distinctively American, but it is as vain to say that he is not in all essentials English as to say that the Saxon at home has not prevailed over every other element in the population. We expect to see the process repeated in South Africa, but we can see no reason why it should not be peaceful or why, when the united dominion is formed, as it will be formed, the different states should all enter it on exactly the same conditions. Scotland does not live under our laws nor in Germany have Bavaria and Wurtemberg precisely the same position. What the British people have to do is to see that the history of the new people which is being born and which is already tainted by the presence of a black race and the fierceness which is generated in the dominant caste by black resistance, should not be further tainted either by militarism or by pecuniary corruption. There has been too much violence, sometimes just, sometimes unjust, in the history of South Africa and if the British people is to extend its sovereign protection over the whole region—as it did virtually when it resolved to forbid German troops to land in Delagoa bay—it must extend also the Pax Britannica, the regime of law instead of willfulness, under which nations grow serenely up to their destined height. The Boers must be persuaded or compelled to accept that regime just as much as the English and the natives but they do not seem unwilling; they have behaved during the recent occurrences in a more than civilized manner, and if they are willing there is no reason why, within the regions given them by treaty, they should be prematurely or roughly deprived of their ascendancy. It will depart in good time, as the ascendancy of the ten-pounders within these islands did.

A HEN STORY.

She Adopted Two Kittens in a Motherly Fashion.

William Ohler of Bethel, Conn., owns an old speckled hen that has a heart as tender as her flesh is tough, says the New York World. Last week she adopted two kittens that were deserted by their unnatural mother. The old cat left her offspring in the barn where they were born and did not return for several days. The speckled hen was sitting on a nest of eggs near by. After the cat disappeared the kittens began to meow plaintively. The speckled hen, cackling and clucking softly, strutted over to the kittens and tried to comfort them. She huddled them under her wings, cooling, hen fashion, and did her best to tell them that she would be a mother to them. That night and for several days thereafter the speckled hen watched over the kittens ceaselessly. Her own nest of eggs were neglected. She covered her foster children with her wings, gave them good advice and an occasional scolding in hen language, and tried frequently to induce them to eat a worm or a bug. The kittens grew weaker and weaker day after day for lack of proper nourishment, and then—

The cat came back minus an eye and considerable fur. She tried to approach her babies, but the tough old speckled hen would not allow her. She flew at the cat, cackling fiercely and striking tabby with her stump spurs and wings. The cat was driven away every time she ventured near the kittens.

Where They Could Find Him.

An actor recently found himself stranded in a western city without even the wherewithal to purchase a meal. He went to the landlord and offered to entertain the guests with recitations if he could be supplied with a square meal. This was agreed to by the landlord, and the actor man was ushered into the parlor where the guests were assembled. He gave several readings in clever style, but did not seem to catch on, and bowing himself out told the landlord of his failure to please. The latter, being a good-natured guy, told him he should have his meal notwithstanding his failure, and he was escorted to the dining-room. Feeling a great deal better after a good, square meal, he again entered the parlor and said to the guests: "Ladies and gentlemen, as I failed to please you with my recitations, I will now try a little legerdemain. Would any one here like to see the devil?" "Yes," was the answer from all. "Then go to h—l," said the actor, and he bowed himself out.

Not Her Holmes.

"My favorite author," said the young woman with the high forehead, "is Holmes."

"Holmes?" said the young woman with the pink, green, yellow, brown and white shirt waist. "I didn't know he had ever written anything besides that horrid confession."

Linen Oxford ties are designed for wear with linen gowns.

MRS. DYCHES SAVES HER HUSBAND FROM DEATH.



A different taste in jokes very nearly cost the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Dyches, of Leesburg, Fla., one day last week. They owe their continued existence to the courage displayed by Mrs. Dyches. The husband and wife were out driving when they encountered a twelve-foot alligator in the road. Mr. Dyches thought it would be a joke to drive over him. Mrs. Dyches did not. Neither did the alligator. As the wheels touched the saurian the animal made a sweep with its tail that wrecked the buggy and deposited the Dyches couple on the ground. The alligator promptly attacked them and

tore off the left arm of Mr. Dyches. The wife rushed to her husband's aid, only to be knocked over by another sweep of the animal's tail. She fell near her mangled husband, and with great presence of mind pulled a pistol from his pocket and fired bullet after bullet into the alligator's open mouth. At last a bullet touched a vital spot and the alligator died as its jaws were closing on the plucky woman's arm. It was feared at first that the husband might die from loss of blood and shock, but late reports represent the couple as getting on very well.—From the New York World.

Heartless Man.

"If women have not finer sensibilities than men," asked the defender of her sex, "then why is it that men laugh and women weep at a wedding?" "Because they are not the ones who are getting married," answered the coarse, heartless man.—Indianapolis Journal.

Not Harmful.

Doctor—"Above all, you must not exert your mental capacity too much." Poet—"But I want to finish a volume of poetry." Doctor—"Oh, that will not hurt you in the least."—Judy.

Ingersoll.

Colonel Ingersoll has done a vast amount of rude and violent work by way of clearing the religious field of many a superstition preparatory for better growth.—Rev. E. L. Rexford.



"DON'T TALK IDEAL POPPYCOCK," across a muddy stream, than write the best of them." Esplan turned on him. "Well, well," he almost shouted; "the man who invented chloroform was great, and the makers of it are useful. Call stories chloral, morphia, bromides, if you will, but they give ease." "When it might be better to use blisters." "Rot!" answered Esplan, rudely. "In any case, your talk is idle. I am I, and writers are writers—small, if you will, but a result and a force. Give me a treat. Don't talk ideal poppycock!" He ordered liqueur brandy. After drinking it his aspect changed a little, and he smiled. "Perhaps it won't occur again. If it does I shall feel that Burford is very much in my way. I shall have to—