THE RED CLOUD CHIEF. FRIDAY, JULY 17. 1896.

THE ANTICIPATOR. on end, for at intervals he ran his



febrile excitement, a red spot burnt on either cheek, and his bitten lip quivcred. "Confound Borford, 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, linked themselves together; he sneered and the influences of wind and sky? at his brain's folly, and yet he was Why don't live chickens burst new- afraid. He used morphine at last in laid eggs? Shall parturition tread sudden on conception? Didn't the moun- the center and subjective lightnings tain labor to bring forth a mouse? and shall-

a portion of the eternity to which mond in his shirt front. they are destined?"

"Stuff!" snarled Esplan; "but you know my method. I catch the sugges- ceived that he had a greater jewel of tion, the floating thistle-down of his own, and soon his soul melted into thought, the title, maybe; and then I the contemplation of its rays, till his leave it, perhaps without a note, to consciousness was dissipated by a dithe brain, to the subliminal conscious- vine absorption into the very Nirvana ness, the subconscious self. The story of Light, grows in the dark of the inner perpetual sleepless soul. It may be reject- already late in the afternoon. He was ed by the artistic tribunal sitting there. it may be bidden to stand aside. I. the outer I, the husk-case of hered- feebly. The trouble of posting his ities, know nothing of it, but one day story to Gibbon seemed almost too I take the pen and the hand writes it. much for him, but he sent it, and took This is the automatism of art, and I-I am nothing, the last only of the concealed individualities within me. Perhaps a dumb ancestor attains speech. and yet the Complex Ego Esplan must story. It was good, butbe anticipated in this way."

He rose and paced the lonely club emoking-room with irregular steps. His nerves were evidently quivering. his brain was wild. But Vincent, who was a physician, saw deeper. For Esplan's speech was jerky, at times he missed the right word-the locomotor centers were not under control. and brain-cell. His irritability grew "What of morphine?" he thought. "I wonder if he is at it again, and is to-day without his quantum?" But

Esplan burst out once more. "I should not care so much if Burford did them well, but he doesn't know how to write a story. Look at the last thing of mine-of his. 1 saw it leaping and alive; it ran and sang, a very Maenad; it had red blood. With him it wasn't even born dead; it dilly and cut him dead with a bitter squeaks puppetry, and leaks sawdust, and moves like a lay figure, and smells of most manifest manufacture. But I he muttered.

ered like opals; at times they sparkled him. and almost blazed, and then grew dim.

it isn't plagiarism." He changed at each sentence; he said Carter Esplan monthed his written talk audibly: savagely; it's fate, each thought was reflected in his pale, it's the devil, but mobile face. He laughed and then is it the less irri- greaned; at the crisis tears ran down tating on that ac-count? No, no!" script. But at 11 he rose stiff in every And he ran his limb, and staggering. With difficulty hand through his he picked the unpaged leaves from the hair till it stood on foor and sorted them in due order. He end. He shook with fell into his chair. "It's good, it's good," he said, chuck-

ling. "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 grubbing snout."

He drank 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 such a big dose that it touched the opflashed in his dark room. He dreamed of "At Home," where he met big, "Your works of genius not require brutal Burford wearing a great dia-

"Bought by my conveyed thoughts," he said. But, looking down he per-

When he woke the next day it was overcome by yesterday's labor, and, though much less irritable, he walked 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

"Burford sent me a tale with the same motive weeks ago, and I accepted

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 the greatest admiration and affection so extreme that he lay in wait for subtle, unconceived insults, and meditated morbidly on the aspect of innocent strangers. He gave the waiter 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 Picca-

"I daren't speak to him-I daren't," can't do it now. He has spoilt it for- And Burford, who could not quite

"Til do it, I'll do it," he muttered: HAD BOGUS FUNERAL, was made and he was intersted with damp hands through it. His eyes alt- and at the club the men talked about

a and the ball of the second sec

"To-morrow," he said, and then he put it off. He must consider the art of it. He left it to bourgeon 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. Tomorrow 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,

The Karaim Jews.

The Karaim Jews number 3,000 or 4,000 and live principally in the Crimea. They speak a Tartar dialect among themselves, and ethnologically are much more like Tartars than Semites. Their own legends, in fact, permit the assumption that they were Khazars and were converted to Judaism in the eighth century. Their form of Judaism differs from that of the 5,000,000 or more orthodox Russian Jews in rejecting the talmud and traditional theology altogether and confining itself strictly to the Mosaic revelation. It has been a favorite amusement with the Russians for generations to pretend for this obscure little tribe. Mme, Novikoff had her joke on the subject here in London when she gravely assured an interviewer some years ago that there never had been a law of any kind issued in Russia against the Jews. When this amazing assertion was questioned she coolly explained that she referred to the Karaim Jews, as in Russia they did not consider the disciples of the talmud were Jews at all. Inasmuch as the Karaites constitute only a two-thousandth part of the Jewish race-if, indeed, it be conceded that they belong to it at all-the insolence of the Russian attitude toward them

HOW A COURT SCANDAL WAS a few months later he was recognized 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.



been met, very much alive and in fine living without the slightest attempt to conceal his identity, says the New lected. 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 inde-

celebrated as the handsomest man of police in London on a horrible charge while occupying the post charge d'affairs 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 lomat. But Lynar, who had com-

MRS. DYCHES SAVES HER HUSBAND FROM DEATH.



much pomp and ceremony in the vaults of the ducal house of Newcastle. Yet 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

occurred to him on his passage to this country. Then there is the case of the late carl of Aylesford, who, having been forced to expatriate himself from England, ruined beyond hope, both sociof German papers ally and financially, was reported to

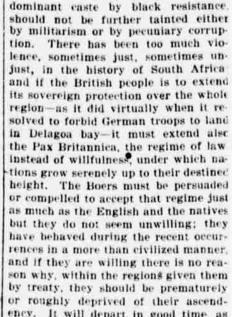
on indisputable au- have died in Texas. A coffin containthority that Count ing a body represented as that of the Guido Lynar, a earl was brought to New York and member of the shipped to England. But grave princely house of doubts were entertained at the time that name, has and still exist as to whether he is really dead, a curious feature h con-

condition, at Florence, where he is now nection with the affair being that the insurance upon his life was never col-

> PORT ARTHUR IS DIFFERENT. England Is Willing for Russis to Have

What She Docsn't Want-

Now, we have always held that Russia is entitled to an ice-free port in the pendent fortune of \$80,000 a year and Pacific, says the London Chronicle. It. is out of the question that so colossal his corps, was arrested by the English an undertaking as the trans-Siberian ly the same position. What the British 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 its sovereign protection over the whole out of Port Arthur on the ground that the presence of Japan there would give the latter a dangerously preponderating created by the arrest of a foreign dip- influence upon China. A thousand the Pax Britannica, the regime of law times more will the influence of Russia



or roughly deprived of their ascendency. It will depart in good time, as the ascendency of the ten-pounders within these islands did.

A HEN STORY.

she Adopted Two Kittens in a Motherly Fashlon.

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, cooing, 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 speckeld hen watched over the kitens 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.

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 hospitals, thanks to an accident which regard that difference with certain selfesteem, 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 frank-

ly 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 emigra-

tions that power will probably always

remain in their hands. A new type of

man arises, distintively 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 differ-

ent states should all enter it on exactly

the same conditions. Scotland does not

live under our laws nor in Germany

have Bavaria and Wurtemberg precise-

people have to do is to see that the

history of the new people which is be-

ing born and which is already tainted

by the presence of a black race and the

fierceness which is generated in the

ever. It's the third time. Curse him, and my luck! I work when I must."

said Vincent lazily. "After all, what own work lacked the diabolical cerdoes it matter? What are stories? tainty of Esplan's-it wanted the fine lives? I would rather invent some lit- the rush and onward march of due tle instrument, or build a plank bridge finality, the bitter, exact conviction,



"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 case.

"When it might be better to use blisters."

"Rot!" answered Esplan, rudely, "In any case, your talk is idle. 1 am I. and writers are writers-small, if you will, but a result and a force. Give me a rest. 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

"Remove him?" asked Vincent.

'No, but work quicker. I have something to write soon, it would just suit him to spoil."

The talk changed, and soon afterwards the friends parted. Esplan went to his chambers in Bloomsbury. He paced his sitting-room idly for a few minutes, but after awhile he began to feel the impulse in his brain; his fingers itched, the semi-automatic mood came on. He sat down and wrote, at first slowly, and at last furiously

It was 3 in the afternoon when he began work. At 10 o'clock he was still at his desk, and the big table on which for this proleptic death. Thus his It stood was strewn with tobacco ashes and many pipes. His hair again atood | his conceived path

understand, felt outraged. He himself hated Esplan with the hatred of an "Your calling is very serious to you," outpaced, outsalled rival. He knew his Are they not opiates for cowards' phrase, the right red word of color,

> 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, esurient, and his hollowness was obvious even before Esplan proved it with his wringing touch.

"He takes what I have done, and ddes it better. It's malice, mailee," 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 heat 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 saner 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 ersah 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 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 hitterly true. He ground his tceth, and hating his own work, hated worse the man who destroyed his own conceit. He wanted to do harm. How should be do it?

Esplan had long since gone under. He was a homicidal maniae 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

is peculiarly exasperating to Hebrews in general and the spectacle of their being brought forward at Moseow as the sole representatives of Israel will smart and rankle just as the genial Slavonic character deires it should .-Saturday Review.

Passy's Happy Family.

C. O. Barnes has a cat at his home three young squirrels, which were caught near town. She also suckles one kitten, the others having been killed to make room for the squirrels.

In That Day.

Shade of the Period-"In your day, as 1 understand it, there was no glorious death except in battle." Shade of Achilles-"That is substantially correct. They did not operate for appendicitis then."-Detroit Tribune.

Pessimiam.

The pessimist is a freak. Pessimism is the child of a day or a mood, optimism is the great under current of human life. Pessimism is abnormal. It is a disease of the mind.-Rev. D. H. Over-100.

SOME POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Straw hats show which way the mercury goes.-Boston Globe.

A man's idea of a dull time is to play cards with women and nothing up.-Atchison Globe.

The hand that rocks the boat is the hand that is in a fair way to leave the world.-New York Press.

Every man who makes a fool or a knave of himself hates the newspathe army. pers .--- Kansas City Times,

The Lord helps those who help themselves. That is probably the reason he is not more lavish with his favors .--- Up-to-Date.

The average theater hat is a bird (stuffed), a whole lot of flowers (arti- book of the European nobility. A ficial) and a blooming nuisance (genu- coffin purporting to contain his reine),-L. A. W. Bulletin.

Many European sciens of royalty are insured for very large amounts. This is probably at the instance d creditors .- Louisville Times,

The fool killer never troubles him self about the man who rocks the boat or the one who grabs a loaded gun by the muzzle .- Philadelphia Ledger.

A crying need in some circles of alleged statesmanship is a systematic course of instruction in the art of being funny without being vulgar .-Washington Star.

A deacon will pass around the plate and get more buttons than dimes, but a highwayman can hold out a gun and collect everything a man has. This goes to show that a man will give up imagination burnt and flamed before more to save his body than to save his soul -St. Louis Humorist.

ost the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Dyches, The wife rushed to her husband's aid. of Leesburg, Fla., one day last week, only to be knocked over by another in Goldendale, N. J., which is suckling They owe their continued existence to sweep of the animal's tail. She fell the courage displayed by Mrs. Dyches. near her mangled husband, and with The husband and wife were out driv- great presence of mind pulled a pistol ing when they encountered a twelvefoot alligator in the road. Mr. Dyches bullet into the alligator's open mouth. thought it would be a joke to drive over him. Mrs. Dyches did not. Neither did and the alligator died as its jaws were the alligator. As the wheels touched closing on the plucky woman's arm. It the saurian the animal made a was feared at first that the husband sweep with its tail that wrecked might die from loss of blood and the buggy and deposited the Dyches shock, but late reports represent the couple on the ground. The alligator promptly attacked them and

mains was placed in the family vault

and his widowed mother, after mourn-

ing for her son, died about six months

later, it is believed, from a broken

Now comes the news that he is alive

and well, living on the fat of the land

and enjoying himself to his heart's

content in Florence. The inference is

that the German authorities have con-

nived at a deception particularly grew-

some in character, which has found its

counterpart on several occasions in

England, the most notable instance

being that of the uncle of the present

The latter got mixed up in a scrape

of the same kind as Count Guido Ly-

nar, and having been placed on trial

along with his friends, Boulton and

Parke, was about to 'be convicted,

duke of Newcastle.

heart in consequence of his loss.

A different taste in jokes very nearly tore off the left arm of Mr. Dyches. from his pocket and fired bullet after At last a bullet touched a vital spot couple as getting on very well.-From the New York World.

pletely lost his head, refrained from there be dangerous for the trade and disclosing his identity until his compolicy of other countries, for the pospanions had been committed for trial. session of Port Arthur is a hand upon when he himself had undergone the the throat of China, which can be public ignominy of being placed tightened to suffocate her at any moin the prisoner's dock. On the assurment. Moreover, England is the only ance given by the German government country which throws her possessions that Lynar should be severely punopen to the trade of the world. Port ished, he was turned over to the em-Arthur in Russian hands will of course bassy and by the latter to three offibe carefully restricted to Russian comria's of the Berlin police, who took merce. The harbor is a splendid one. him back with them to Germany. On The fortifications manned by Russians afriving there he was at once placed in would be absolutely impregnable, and thus Russia would have in the far east an insane asylum, on the plea that he was demented, and his name was rea naval base which would instantly moved from the roster of the diplo- make her the mistress at sea of that matic service as well as from that of part of the world. In fact, with Rus-

sia firmly settled at Port Arthur, with the trans-Siberian railway behind her, Three months later it was anthe influence of other powers upon nounced in all the papers that he had died while under restraint and his China may be regarded as gone, and name, after being cited in the necro- the advance of Russia from her northlogical appendix of the "Almanach de ern frontier toward Pekin would be Gotha." disappeared from that golden merely a matter of time.

Heartless Man.

"If women have not finer sensibilities than man," 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.

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 Ingersell has done a vast amount of rude and violent work by way of clearing the religious field of many a superstition preparatory for when the announcement of his death better growth .- Rev. E. L. Rexford.

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."

"Helmes"' 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.

Not Harmful. Doctor-"Above all, you must not