

# A WARRIOR BOLD.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

Author of "Little Miss Millions," "The Spider's Web," "Miss Caprice," "Dr. Jack's Widow," Etc., Etc.

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## CHAPTER I.

In the Street of the Steen, it all happened in quaint old Antwerp, and Charlie Stuart found reason to believe that seldom in romance or history had a more singular adventure befallen a pilgrim from London than chanced to his lot on this same day.

The morning was half spent and Stuart found himself somewhat at a loss to know what he should turn to next for amusement. He had idled in the markets, discovering new and attractive features constantly; had been through the various museums and picture galleries—in short, exhausted the sights of old Antwerp, and was on the point of considering his excursions, which would occur just as soon as he could make up his mind where his next objective point on the map of Europe or the world would be.

Then it was that Fortune, fleet of foot, took the pilgrim from London by the throat as it were, and radically changed the whole course of his existence.

As he stood there idly twisting his blonde mustache, he became aware of the fact that someone was bearing down upon him at a swift pace, someone whose quick, energetic movements reminded him irresistibly of a hawk pouncing upon its prey—someone who held out a hand in eager greeting and seemed bubbling over with animal spirits.

Stuart welcomed him eagerly. His name was Barnaby—Artemus Wyche—Claude Barnaby—and his profession that of an amateur dramatic novelist. It was simply astonishing, the weird fancies generated in that erratic brain of his, each of which exceeded all others in phantasmagoria and, it must be confessed, sometimes ludicrous splendor.

"Just the man of all England I wanted to see. Consider it a lucky omen, by Jove, to run across you in this manner. I'm going to enlist your sympathy and co-operation in a little scheme I have on foot, my boy, and you can depend upon it. I won't take 'no' for an answer, so consider yourself engaged as the second conspirator."

"Well, I don't know about that; but what wild, hair-brained scheme have you on foot at present?"

"Charlie, I've run across the noblest theme for a startling drama that ever bobbed up in anybody's path. Why, it actually opens an opportunity for fame and fortune to the gifted genius who has boldness enough to grasp the chance."

"You have, of course, visited the Steen, that great castle down the street yonder, once a prison of the Inquisition, now a museum. Did you take a guide with lighted flambeaus and explore the frightful dungeons under the castle, each cell and corridor of which seems to exhale hideous memories of the tortures inflicted upon unfortunate prisoners in the Dark Ages, when Spanish cruelty ruled this country with an iron hand?"

Stuart replied in the negative. His artist soul had feasted on the treasures which lay littered about the courtyard of the onetime palace; but the dusty dungeons he had but lastly surveyed, being naturally averse to the contemplation of such horrors.

"Oh, I am glad of that," said Artemus, eagerly, "for you will be better prepared to accompany me to those same dungeons now."

"The deuce!" exclaimed Charlie, taken aback; but, not in the least disconcerted, the other went on:

"Tell me, have you heard the story or rumor that is circulated here and there through certain circles about a modern man in the Iron Mask supposed to be incarcerated in the Steen dungeons?"

"I remember hearing some little talk about such a thing, but really never pursued the subject."

"Briefly, then, it has long been whispered that there was recently, and may still continue to be, a secret prisoner confined in a lonely dungeon under yonder massive pile of masonry—a man whose face is forever hidden behind an iron mask that is secured by a padlock. I have reached the conclusion that this man of mystery might be some troublesome heir to the German throne, or else a son of Louis Napoleon. Think for a minute what wonderful possibilities this vista opens to the dramatist! It is quite enough to inspire the duldest mind! And I am resolved to explore those ancient dungeons personally, as no one has ever done before, with the secretly avowed purpose of learning whether I may find my great drama upon a truth, or the mere fabric of a Dutch legend. And you will accompany me, my boy, out of pure philanthropy, to share in the exhilaration of success—touching a suspicious bottle-like package he carried under his left arm—or to support me in case of exasperating failure."

Charlie Stuart could not say him nay; he really had nothing on foot whereby to kill time, and Artemus was such a jolly and original dog that it were worth something to have the pleasure of his society for a space of time.

So, hesitating, he fell.

And, thus sauntering down the street of the Steen, the two friends arrived in the shadow of the great building whose history stretched back centuries into the dim past.

Together they entered, like other pilgrims desirous of gazing upon the art treasures which lay within those ancient walls.

Charlie had seen all these before, and cast but a casual glance around, being more deeply interested in the actions of his confederate.

An old dame with her wide cap started toward them, but one glance from Artemus' eyes seemed to bring about a decided change in her intentions, for she stood still, and then backed away.

It was a signal victory, or, as Artemus expressed it, a "howling success"; nevertheless, his companion was still fain to believe the magic of gold had more to do with the old lady's sudden blindness than the exertion of rare hypnotic powers on the part of the proud wizard.

Content to follow the other's lead, Charlie soon found himself in that apartment where several tall brass candlesticks stood upon an antique table, to be used in exploring the mysteries below.

Artemus motioned that he should straightway possess himself of one, in order that their candles might have a proper receptacle, and Charlie, having enlisted for the war, came, come woe, took up the nearest of the lot, which was in itself a treasure of art.

Nervously Artemus tried several keys in rapid succession, muttering to himself the while in a way peculiar to him. At last came a little subdued screech that announced success on the part of the chattering idiot at his side. They were evidently in for it, since the ponderous door opened before them.

Charlie was not the one to hold back, so he stepped beyond the portal and went down.

Immediately the door closed, and the clang of it was unlike any sound he could ever remember hearing. That creaking, rusty key turned in the lock.

"Now," said Artemus, in a shrill voice, pregnant with eager anticipation, "now we are in control, and the devil dungeons of the Steen must yield up their ghastly secrets to a master."

Down the venerable stairs they wended their way. Could those same steps have been gifted with the power of speech, what strange and startling tales they might have given forth, of human misery, of historical personages and deeds that would have made the bravest cheeks pale. But they were mute. The dread secrets of the dim past would ever be safe in their keeping.

"Hark!"

Artemus uttered this word in a shrill whisper, and at the same time clutched his companion's arm. Their surroundings were so eerie that it was not wonderful that his vivid imagination seized upon the slightest pretext to arouse the ghosts that had lain here for long centuries.

"What you hear is only the gurgling of the river Sheldt beneath our feet. At the foot of the worn stone staircase we descended there is a trap in the solid stone, through which opening many a wretched condemned man met his fate. Yes, it was only the fretful flood you heard crying piteously for more victims."

Charlie's calm manner quite reassured the other.

"Perhaps you are right; but it sounded wonderfully like a human voice calling for help."

Thus in tiers the dungeons lay, each individual one seeming to surpass its predecessors in awful associations.

Long had they been at their task. The regular routine pursued by tourist and guide had been done; but there were other dark passages to explore, gloomy as the river Styx—passages that the ordinary voyager never saw, but which Artemus was bound to investigate; for if perchance there was a grain of truth in the story he had heard, surely the prisoner of the Iron Mask must be found in such an unused quarter.

Charlie began to feel a bit anxious. He was about ready to confess that for one he had quite enough of it, and only figured on how he might manage to curb this insatiable ambition on the part of his companion.

The task was taken from his hands, however, and in a most unexpected manner.

Artemus was eagerly urging him on to "fresh fields and pastures new," while Charlie held the other in check, fearful lest they fall into some horrible pit, with rusty spikes at the bottom, such as they had discovered in one dungeon, when, suddenly, without warning, there came to their ears a sound so utterly out of sympathy with their surroundings, that both men stood still, as though paralyzed—and the sound was as of a woman weeping!

**CHAPTER II.**  
What They Found.

There were those who knew Prince Charlie well who had reason to be-

lieve he had passed through some unpleasant experience with lovely woman—been deceived, perhaps jilted.

Although always gallant toward the fair sex, he seemed to be ever on his guard, as though quite determined no mortal who wore petticoats should have a second opportunity to play battledore and shuttlecock with his heart.

But this was something entirely out of the common run; and as he stood there listening, to make sure there could be no mistake, he felt an electric thrill pervade his whole being, such as he never before experienced.

Charlie determined to go forward. He was surprised at himself for the peculiar resolution that urged him on. It seemed as though he were being dragged forward by some inexorable fate, whether he would or not.

And the sound of sobbing still continued, stealing along the gaunt passages. The darkness beyond was apparently as fearfully dense as that which descended upon poor, plague-stricken Egypt at the time Pharaoh declined to let the children of Israel go.

As Charlie advanced he noted that the sound, which had erstwhile reached his hearing but faintly, grew more distinct. Thus he was presently able to place the sobbing, and still advancing, he began to discern the dim outlines of a figure upon the ground.

As he drew closer he saw that this was a girl in a long cloak, and that she had hidden her face in her hands, as though to shut out the ghostly figures conjured up by the gloom.

One thing was very sure—when Artemus, in the earlier stages of their exploration, declared he heard a faint shout, it had not been the gurgle of the greedy Sheldt gliding underneath the crypts and corridors, as he (Charlie) had so confidently declared, but in all probability, this lost explorer calling for help.

Well, thank God they had found her, and were in a position to render her the assistance she craved. After all, it had not been such a wild-goose chase as he had believed when yielding to the importunities of his adventurous comrade.

They advanced closer still.

As yet the distressee one was not aware of their presence, or the blessed answer to her prayers.

Her attitude of abandon was most effective, and Charlie could not but think that a charming picture she made there, overwhelmed, not by grief, but the terror of her situation.

It was not intentional on Artemus' part, but some sudden chill draught caught him to give a vociferous sneeze.

This was instantly followed by a little shriek as the girl's hands fell from her face, and she turned a pair of very large and very startled eyes upon the two comrades.

It was, of course, Charlie's bounden duty to immediately speak and reassure the alarmed fraulien that they were flesh and blood like herself, and not spirits of the olden martyrs who had met deaths of torture in these dungeons; but for the life of him, and perhaps for the first time in the course of his whole experience, he could not say a word.

For the soft light of his waxen taper fell full upon the face that had until now been hidden behind the girl's hands—a face that, tear-marked as it was, and more or less begrimed from contact with foul walls during her groping in the dark, electrified him with its peculiar charm of beauty, and started his traitor heart to beating as it had not done these many moons, since he had quitted the presence of another fair woman, with bitterness against the whole sex raging in his bosom.

(To be continued.)

**Costume for a Bride.**  
The slender, girlish bride who desires softness and fluffiness in her wedding gown and yet has a penchant for smart Louis Quinze effects will choose a draped skirt of embroidered mousseline de soie, its deep double flounces being festooned across the bottom in a charming and graceful manner and caught at intervals with clusters of orange blossoms. Her coat may be of handsome brocade and it will be simply ornamented with a fichu of embroidered mousseline.

**Green the Prevailing Color.**  
Green is the color of the spring and it appears in all shades. Mercerized gingham, German linen or French chambray are ten times its durability. Silk gingshams, striped or figured, to be made in combination with plain gingham, are effective, and are made up by fashionable modistes with all the elaboration of froude costumes, and such toilettes are considered in perfectly good form for afternoon teas or for church.

**Corded Brilliantine.**  
A charming white fabric for shirt-waist suits, also very light weight, is corded brilliantine. It is striped, a triple-cord stripe, alternating with an inch-wide stripe composed of satiny serpentine bayadere stripes. This is lots of description for a really simple effect, but nothing less would tell the story. This costs 45 cents per yard and has the glossy quality which makes brilliantine popular.

**To Study Ancient Lake Basin.**  
An expedition to Lake Eyre, the great depression in Central Australia, which is below sea level, in charge of Prof. J. W. Gregory, it is announced, has recently left Melbourne with the object of studying the physical history of the lake basin and the collection of fossils, especially of extinct vertebrates.

# LOVE AND A GHOST

By ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ.

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It was Cousin Susan's idea that the house in which she had been born and reared was haunted by the ghost of her father who had died of yellow fever somewhere in the early part of the nineteenth century. So she not only refused to live at "The Maples" herself, but also refused to allow others of her kith and kin who had not a comfortable habitation to dwell there.

As Miss Susan Pennyfeather was rich and could dwell in Egypt or the Philippines if she so wined, it was all very well for her to leave the roomy old house to the ghost of her progenitor. It seemed very hard to the family of Peter Crosley, her cousin, who had no place to lay their heads save as Mr. Crosley sold a poem or a song or a piece of fiction by the error of some publisher and rented them a place. In other and more frequent intervals the family scattered to relatives and stored their few bits of furnishings.

"But it has all got to stop," declared Arabelle, the oldest girl, one summer day. "I shall go and live at 'The Maples' and when Cousin Susan returns from India and finds it out she can eject me."

"But the ghost?" protested Peter, the father. "Cousin Susan says it is there and walks about the house as in life."

"That is highly probable," returned Arabelle, impudently winking her left eye, "but the ghost must expect the friendly visit of relatives. How original it all is! First cousin to a ghost! Why, is it not delicious? Anyhow, I'm going, if Cousin Susan had not wanted me to do something desperate, she should have traveled me, taken me with her, and thus added to the long list of international marriages."

"We certainly must do something," said Mrs. Peter, "and that quickly. We have no money."

"I shall move to 'The Maples' and invite you all for a long visit," said Arabelle decidedly. "Is there enough in hand to buy me a railroad ticket, or must I sacrifice that hideous idol Cousin Susan just sent me to show me that there was a crying need of missionaries to Whangpur or some such province?"

"I wonder what Lionel will say?" put in Sophrouin, the second girl.

Arabelle swept her a mocking courtesy.

"As a young Englishman he will rejoice in ancestral ghosts. As a discarded second son trying to live on nothing but work in America, he may say, 'Oh, what rot!'"

Peter Crosley looked up from a bundle of papers fretfully.

"I don't see why Mr. Lionel Carr's name is brought in at all. Arabelle has promised me to give him no encouragement."

Arabelle's rosy mouth quivered.

"Encourage Lionel? Far be the thought from me. Why, papa, I have told you a thousand times that he doesn't need—or get—any encouragement from me. There, are you satisfied? Now, I shall sell my idol and go to 'The Maples.' I will prepare the way and you will pack up and follow at once. Don't mind parting with a few airy nothings in order to get there. Because, once there, we are housed, at least."

She sallied forth, light of heart, gay of speech and smile. No one ever knew whether Arabelle Crosley felt all she acted or not, but she was the life preserver that held up the whole family in their dark hours.

The idol was rather a cumbersome fellow and Arabelle looked strange enough carrying the awkward bundle, head first, to the elevated road.

"I hope he will sell well," she was thinking. "He's a very holy idol, Cousin Susan wrote. I know that he is unearthly ugly and that his green eyes make me shudder. I wish I had a half dollar to take a cab."

But she had not the half dollar and struggled up the steps bravely. She was a shrewd bargainer and was going to the best curio store in the city. She

and Cousin Susan's idol lay in several fragments. A crowd at once gathered and there was much laughter at the rolling head with its horrible green glass eyes.

Suddenly a hand grasped it, a long brown hand that drew it away. Arabelle sprang forward.

"That is mine! Give it to me!" She was clinging to a snowy arm that tried in vain to shake her off.

"You shall not have it. It is mine!" she panted.

Suddenly a strong blow threw the man backwards. Arabelle sprang for the idol's head and saved it a further humiliation. A voice said:

"Arabelle! You?"

"Yes," she gasped, "and Cousin Susan's idol. Isn't it a shame?"

The tall, fair Englishman was horrified.

"Here, boys, pick up the parts. Arabelle, the oldest girl, one summer day. 'I shall go and live at 'The Maples' and when Cousin Susan returns from India and finds it out she can eject me.'"

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The idol lay in several fragments. He, we may be able to piece it together. But what were you doing with it out on the street?"

Ere he replied a stout gentleman with gold spectacles pushed forward.

"I was going to sell it," pouted Arabelle at the Englishman. "It's a horrid old thing."

"Perhaps," said the stout gentleman, "the young lady will sell even the pieces or the head. I will buy the head as it is."

Lionel Carr looked at the man and then at the hideous face of the idol. He looked from the one to the other and a light came on to his countenance, the light of knowledge.

"Keep the head, Arabelle," he said coldly and to the man; "we will not sell."

Arabelle saw him gather up the pieces, then he called a cab.

"Let us go home," he said tersely.

This was Lionel in a new phase, but Arabelle loved cabs and she jumped in gaily. Lionel placed the head in her lap.

"Now explain," he said, "and I shall have several things to tell you after that."

Arabelle related her project of the ghost hunt with gusto. Lionel was relieved.

"That is a great lark," he said kindly, "but I must go with you. You can not go alone."

But Arabelle was never foolish.

"You know that is impossible," she said, coldly.

"Oh, no, not if we just quietly slip away this afternoon and are married. It has to be—you say things are at a crisis. Now consent—and I'll tell you two large and blooming reasons why—after you have said yes."

Her curiosity got the better of her in half an hour. Anyhow she had always meant to marry Lionel. He suited her. It was a half-hour more ere he allowed her to question him.

"But the two things, Lionel?"

"One is that I am called home to England. My uncle has left me some money."

"Oh—oh! And the other?"

"The other? Well, little girl, you do not have to go ghost-hunting or worry over your trousseau money. The eyes of that blamed old idol are about the finest emeralds I ever saw and are worth a pretty penny. But we will not inquire about that until after this other little matter is attended to—and then we'll invade 'The Maples' as a very lively place in which to spend a honeymoon."

**Vaccination Teas.**  
Vanity Fair thus describes a London function:

One of the most "fetching" social shows of last week was the "vaccination tea" given by a renowned hostess. In one drawing-room the lady received her guests, comprising notable beauties, party leaders and favorite members of the household brigade. In other rooms four leading stars of the medical profession waited to vaccinate the fair "companions in arms," the sterner sex being operated on in yet another dainty boudoir. Some of the women displayed the greatest ingenuity in the arrangement of their sleeves, having had them divided at the top, then reunited with ribbons, which, when untied, revealed enough of the "marble arm" to enable the vaccinator to set his seal thereon.

God's visits if gratefully received will be graciously repeated.

Sewing on her pretty clothes is no more work to a woman than peering into her looking glass.

Is a bachelor, and the reason is some woman.



The idol was rather a cumbersome fellow.

was sure she might get as much as ten dollars for the thing, maybe more. She would go down to 'The Maples,' scavenge out the ghost and take possession. In her heart she did not believe in the ghost. The adventure had zest, however.

But Arabelle proposed and could not dispose. As she stepped from the steps of the train station onto the pavement a hurrying man jostled her and she staggered with her burden. There was a sharp crack against the nearest post

**NILE THE SALVATION OF EGYPT.**  
Wonderful River That Fertilizes the Bare Brown Sands.

The Nile in Egypt and Egypt is the Nile. The long, turbid tide stretches through the desert and where its waters touch the before-time lifeless sand gardens spring up and cotton grows luxuriant. It is a constant battle between the Nile, a yellow thread, and the bare, brown sands for Egypt's life, a conflict continually in progress. Each fall, fattened by the Abyssinian rains, the Nile, muddier than the Missouri and mightier than the Mississippi, dashes out upon the sands and drives back the encroaching desolation. Each summer time it retreats into its narrow bed, and the grim desert grasps the hard-won sands again. Sometimes the Nile does not rise to the conflict with full vigor, and, in consequence, the clutch of the desert is unloosed, the thin ears devour the fat, and there is famine, actual or threatened, in the land. Once upon a time notable in the last century's religious calendar, it held back from its fall campaign against the desert desolation. There was no rain—it never rains in Egypt save a few drops each winter—and the Nile-god sulked or slept. Then came a strange sight in an old Cairo mosque. In the Gambia Amru el-As, where stands the gray marble pillar miraculously transported from Mecca, at the Khalif Omar's prayers, the whole of the Mohammedan priesthood, the Christian clergy of every sect and the Jewish rabbis bowed in prayer with one accord to petition for the rising of the Nile. And the Almighty, to whom Moslem and Jew and Christian pray, heard and answered.

**TOO TICKLISH TO BE MEASURED.**  
Affliction That Compelled an Irishman to Wear Old Clothes.

The Rev. Dr. Joseph Twichell told a story at the dinner of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, which won him the hearty applause of the four hundred Irishmen present.

"I was making my first trip about Dublin," said Dr. Twichell, "and I had engaged a jaunting car. While I went into a store my 'jarvie' fell into a conversation with another carter, who was the most tattered specimen of humanity I ever saw. When we started driving again I asked my 'jarvie' if the other carter was a friend of his."

"'Shure, an' he is, yer honor; he's my best friend,' was the answer."

"'Isn't he a bit ragged?' I asked."

"'Shure, an' he ain't nawthin' else.'"

"'Is it because he's so poor?'"

"'Naw, yer honor, he's plenty of money.'"

"'Why, doesn't he buy some decent clothes, then?'"

"'Why, yer honor, I'll tell yer, he's that ticklish there ain't a tailor in Dublin that can measure him, so he has to wear what he has on.'—New York Tribune.

**Wild Animals in Captivity.**  
Once a keeper, by secrecy and much guile, saw a lioness teaching her cubs to subvert a squaling, furry infant—the ancient lore of the jungle, which no beast ever forgets. How to leap from the brush upon a buck's back at the exact angle to break that back at a single blow—through a pile of straw, says *Everybody's Magazine*. How to follow a blood trail to where the quarry lay—through sawdust. The prize was a bit of raw beef, but the cubs did not care. They had never known—never would have known—the fierce joy of the hunt and the kill, the lust of clean, hot blood in the free desert. Not for them the knowledge of what it meant to send a challenge rolling across the desolate plain beneath the stars, to hear the answer pealing forth in distant thunder from the ends of the earth; to know themselves the masters of their world. Later on in life, the blood and the soul that was in them would teach them what they had missed and lost, as instinct teaches all wild things even unto the third and fourth generation of them that are born in bondage.

**A Judge of Art.**  
The seller of pot-bollers came into the office of the shrewd broker with the air of one who is about to sacrifice a priceless treasure. It was a seascape; a troubled sea beat upon purple rocks, and wind-driven gulls wheeled in wild circles above the familiar pot-boller ship. The seller of pot-bollers looked upon the treasure long and yearningly. It could be seen that a grievous struggle between art and appetite was raging within him.

"How much do you want for it?" demanded the shrewd broker. "One hundred dollars," said the pot-boller man; "it's giving it away." "Give you three for it," said the shrewd broker. "It's yours," said the pot-boller man. "That fellow across the way only offered me 75 cents, but he ain't no judge of art."—New York Post.

**Cat Novelties for a Bazaar.**  
A remarkable novelty—it was alive—distinguished a bazaar recently held in Gotham by aristocratic dames, assisted by smart belles.

This remarkable feature was a cat table. Live cats and kittens of high degree were sold at fabulous prices—and Tabby and Tom of no pedigree pretensions were shuffled off for rational sums of cash.

Cat baskets, blankets, collars, shoes and other articles of the cat's wardrobe were salable accessories of the table.

This innovation in the swell bazaar is an adaptation of an English fashion. Dog and cat tables are usual sights in a London bazaar.

Youth is fresh, but as it attains age it is salted with the tears of disappointment.