

# THE DEATH'S-HEAD MOTH

B. H. G. WELLS  
(Author of "The Maritana,"  
"The Food of the Gods," etc.)

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Probably you have heard of the great feud between Hapley, the entomologist, and Prof. Pawkins.

It began years and years ago, with a revision of the microlepidoptera (whatever these may be) by Pawkins, in which he extinguished a new species created by Hapley. Hapley, who was always quarrelsome, replied by a stinging impeachment of the entire classification of Pawkins.

It was a long struggle, vicious from the beginning, and growing at last to pitiless antagonism.

In 1891 Pawkins, whose health had been bad for some time, published some work upon the "mesoblast" of the Death's Head Moth. But the work was far below his usual standard, and gave Hapley an opening he had coveted for years.

In an elaborate critique he rent Pawkins to tatters, and Pawkins made a reply, halting, ineffectual, with painful gaps of silence, and yet malignant. There was no mistaking his will to wound Hapley, nor his incapacity to do it. But few of those who heard him realized how ill the man was.

Hapley had got his opponent down, and meant to finish him. He followed with a simply brutal attack upon Pawkins, in the form of a paper upon the development of moths in general. The rejoinder of Pawkins was to catch the influenza, to proceed to pneumonia, and to die.

In his private thoughts Hapley could not forgive Pawkins for dying. It left Hapley's mind with a queer gap in it. For 20 years he had worked hard, sometimes far into the night, and seven days a week, with microscope, scalpel, collecting-net and pen, and almost entirely with reference to Pawkins. It had killed Pawkins; but it had also thrown Hapley out of gear, so to speak, and his doctor advised him to give up work for a time and rest. So Hapley went down into a quiet village in Kent, and thought day and night of Pawkins, and of good things it was now impossible to say about him.

At last Hapley began to realize in what direction the preoccupation tended. He determined to make a fight for it, and started by trying to read novels. But he could not get his mind off Pawkins, white in the face, and making his last speech.

It was on the third day afterwards that Hapley became aware of a novel addition to the local fauna. He was working late at the microscope, and the only light in the room was the brilliant little lamp with the special form of green shade.

One eye was over the instrument. With the other eye Hapley saw, as it were, without seeing.

Suddenly his attention drifted from



FAR INTO THE NIGHT.

one eye to the other. The table-cloth was of the material called tapestry by shopmen and rather brightly colored. The pattern was in gold, with a small amount of crimson and pale blue upon a grayish ground. At one point the pattern seemed displaced, and there was a vibrating movement of the colors at this point.

Hapley suddenly moved his head back and looked with both eyes. His mouth fell open with astonishment.

It was a large moth, or butterfly, its wings spread in butterfly fashion!

It was strange it should be in the room at all, for the windows were closed. Strange that it should not have attracted his attention when fluttering to its present position. Strange that it should match the table-cloth. Stranger far than that to him, Hapley, the great entomologist, it was altogether unknown. There was no delusion. It was crawling slowly toward the foot of the lamp.

Looking around him for some means of capturing the moth, he rose slowly out of his chair. Suddenly the insect rose, struck the edge of the lampshade—Hapley heard the "ping"—and vanished into the shadow.

In a moment Hapley had whipped off the shade, so that the whole room was illuminated. The thing had disappeared, but soon his practiced eye detected it upon the wallpaper near the door. He went toward it, poisoning the lampshade for capture. Before he was within striking distance, however, it had risen and was fluttering round the room.

The third time he overturned the lamp, which very luckily, went out. Hapley was left in the dark. With

a start he felt the strange moth blunder into his face.

It was maddening. He had no lights. If he opened the door of the room the thing would get away. In the darkness he saw Pawkins quite distinctly, laughing at him. Pawkins had ever an oily laugh. He swore furiously and stamped his foot on the floor.

Hapley very suddenly decided to give up the moth and go to bed. But he was excited.

Then he found the moth crawling over his counterpane. He sat on the edge of the bed in his shirt-sleeves and reasoned with himself. Was it pure hallucination? He knew he was slipping, and he battled for his sanity with the same energy he had formerly displayed against Pawkins. So persistent is mental habit, that he felt as if it were still a struggle with Pawkins. He was well versed in psychology. He knew that such visual illusions do come as a result of mental strain. But the point was, he did not only see the moth, he had heard it when it touched the edge of the lampshade, and afterward when it hit against the wall, and he had felt it strike his face in the dark.

It was a dim, gray night; an almost unbroken sheet of watery cloud was sweeping across the moon, and the hedge and trees in front of the house were black against the pale roadway.

Hapley's landlady, hearing strange noises, looked out of her window and saw Hapley, like a ghost in his shirt and white trousers, running to and fro in the road and beating the air. Now he would stop, now he would dart very rapidly at something invisible, now he would move upon it with stealthy strides.

"Mrs. Colville," said Hapley, calling down the staircase next morning, "I hope I did not alarm you last night."

"You may well ask that!" said Mrs. Colville.

"The fact is, I am a sleep-walker. There is nothing to be alarmed about, really. I am sorry I made such an ass of myself. I will go over to Shoreham, and get some stuff to make me sleep soundly."

Half-way over the down, by the chalk-pits, the moth came upon Hapley again. He went on, trying to keep his mind upon chess problems, but it was no good. The thing fluttered into his face, and he struck at it with his hat in self-defense. Then rage, the old rage—the rage he had so often felt against Pawkins—came upon him again. He went on, leaping and striking at the eddying insect. Suddenly he trod on nothing and fell headlong.

There was a gap in his sensations, and Hapley found himself sitting on the heap of stones in front of the opening of the chalk-pits, with a leg twisted back under him.

Late that night, after his broken leg was set, he was feverish. He was lying flat on his bed, and he began to run his eyes around the room to see if the moth was still about. He tried not to do this, but it was no good. He soon caught sight of the thing resting close to his hand, by the night-light, on the green table-cloth. The wings quivered. With a sudden wave of anger he smote at it with his fist, and the nurse woke up with a shriek. He had missed it.

"That moth!" he said; and then, "It was fancy. Nothing!"

All the time he could see quite clearly the insect going around the cornice and darting across the room, and he could also see that the nurse saw nothing of it and looked at him strangely. He must keep himself in hand. His knew he was a lost man if he did not keep himself in hand. But as the night waned the fever grew upon him and the very dread he had of seeing the moth made him see it. About five, just as the dawn was gray, he tried to get out of bed and catch it, though his leg was aching with pain. The nurse had to struggle with him.

Because of this they tied him down to the bed. At this the moth grew bolder, and once he felt it settle in his hair. Then, because he struck out violently with his arms, they tied these also. At this the moth came and crawled over his face, and Hapley wept, swore, screamed, prayed, and availingly for them to take it off him.

Now Hapley is spending the remainder of his days in a padded room worried by a moth that no one else can see. The asylum doctor calls it hallucination; but Hapley, when he is in his easier mood, and can talk says it is the ghost of Pawkins, and consequently a unique specimen and well worth the trouble of catching.

## KNREW WHAT SHE WANTED.

And Resented Presumption on the Part of the Obliging Salesman.

A tall woman, dressed in black, and with a very businesslike manner, walked into a well-known London establishment and, declining the service of the shopwalker, made directly for the crepe counter. She had rather a thoughtful air as she examined the stock, and the obliging young shopman remarked affably:

"We have a large stock of crepos madam. Just allow me to show you some new French goods, very popular just now for every kind of mourning. Now, these light crepes are all the rage for half-mourning for cousins. May—I ask, madam," he added, hesitatingly, "for whom you are in mourning?"

"Husband," said the customer briefly.

"Ah, yes; then I have just the material you require, the best style is—"

"Young man," interposed the woman. "I am much obliged for your explanation. You may know a lot about fashion, but as I buried my fourth husband yesterday, you may be sure I've got a grip on the subject."

## CHEAP COAL IN AUSTRALIA

So Abundant in New South Wales It Sells for Fifty Cents a Ton.

Fifty cents a ton is the price they pay for coal in New South Wales. Coal is so abundant and cheap in New South Wales that it can hardly be said, in places, to add to the value of the surface. It is drawn out by ponies. Beside it are an inexhaustible field of limestone and permanent water, both on a railway line. Rates of haulage on minerals are extremely low. There are enormous deposits of iron ore of richness varying from 60 to 90 per cent.

The chemical composition has been found satisfactory to experts in Europe, and these deposits usually are alongside deep water, thus facilitating transport. At Burnie, in Tasmania, the deposit from water level up is estimated as 20,000,000 tons. In New South Wales the deposits within sight are 60,000,000 tons. The deposits known as the Iron Knob and Iron

## HE CERTAINLY WAS MEAN.

Made His Brag So Strong He Embarrassed the Credulous Operator.

There is an exceedingly gullible young girl working in a Denver branch telegraph office, says the Post of that city. She is new at the business, having telegraphed less than a month. The other day a young man approached her desk and expressed a desire to know how the instruments worked. With a noticeable air of superior knowledge the girl explained in detail. Then she sent a message. When she had finished the young man handed her a paper bearing something he had written.

"What will it cost to send that message?" he asked.

She looked at it and blushed. It was a reproduction of the message she had just sent. He had copied it from the instruments.

"So you are an operator, too, eh?" she said.

"My dear little girl," replied the

## BRILLIANT YOUNG OFFICER KILLED ON KEARSARGE.



Among those killed in the explosion on the battleship Kearsarge was Lieut. Hudgins. He was the officer in charge of the turret in which the explosion occurred. Lieut. Hudgins was considered one of the most expert in wireless telegraphy in the navy. The portrait here reproduced was taken several years ago.

Monarch in South Australia are stated to contain 20,000,000 tons.

The first great demand of Australia has been stated as the comprehensive production of iron and steel from her own ores. These basic articles will then be available at half their present imported cost, just as Australia now supplies herself with the purest of all salt, another basic article, at less than half the price she formerly paid for her importations.

## English Women Retrograding.

A writer in the Standard of London boldly asserts that the intellectual level of English women has been lowered in the last 50 or 60 years and bases his conclusion on a statement that English women nowadays read only the lighter forms of literature. They read French novels and plays and sensational English fiction generally. Their grandmothers, he declares, used to read Scott's poems and romances, and they also read history for its own sake. Such girls now would regularly read Freeman, Froude, Carlyle and Stubbs.

youth without cracking a smile, "I am Mr. Morse, the man who invented telegraphy." Then he left.

"Oh, he embarrassed me so," said the girl, telling of it later. "Just think, there I was explaining telegraphy to the man who invented it."

He Didn't Understand.

"Where did Columbus first land?" asked the teacher.

"I don't know, mum," was the response of little Johnny Lethook. "I didn't read de accounts of de mill."—Detroit Free Press.

## Probably Needed It.

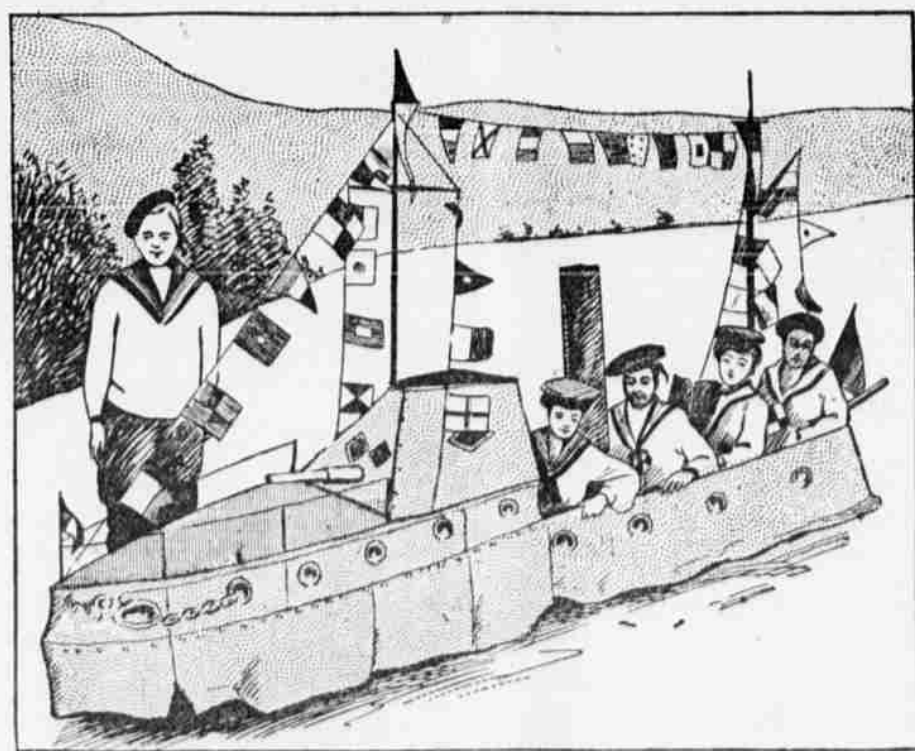
Bibbs—Who was the man you gave half a crown to at the hotel this morning?

Gibbs—An old literary friend of mine; author of "How to Get Rich."—Royal Magazine.

## Smallest British Possession.

Gibraltar is the smallest British possession. It measures less than two square miles. Canada is the biggest, with 3,746,000 square miles.

## NOTABLE ADDITION TO SWISS NAVY--A TORPEDO-BOAT BOBSLEIGH.



This strange craft has caused much amusement in the neighborhood of Leysin, where it has been cruising on the snowbound roads.

## MALE FISH RAISES YOUNG.

The new man, in his role of nursery maid, has long been in evidence in certain piscivorous families. The males of the strange-looking pipe fishes take charge of the eggs, which are given them by the female parents, and nurse them in a special pouch on the under side of their own bodies. It seems that the male and female fishes intertwine their bodies in the form of a double letter S, and that in this posi-

tion the eggs are pressed from the mother to the pouch of the male. All the eggs are not transferred at once. After a first transference all the eggs are in the upper part of the pouch, where no more can be received until these are shaken down into the lower end. These processes are repeated until the pouch is filled. In about ten days the young pipe fishes are hatched.

## REQUESTED RECIPES.

Good Graham Twists, Nice Graham Wafers and Crackers and Some Bran Biscuits.

Graham twists are made of three or four parts of graham flour to one part sweet cream. Whole wheat flour may be substituted. Sift the graham flour, and, if very coarse, add half white flour; have flour cold and in a basin; have cream cold and, dropping into the flour stir briskly with a fork, allowing no wet pools to form. This should make a very stiff dough which should not stick to the board while being kneaded one-half hour, or until a piece will give a snapping sound when pulled off. Roll thin as piecrust and cut into strips one-half to three-quarters of an inch wide; twist with hands and lay in baking pan; the oven should not be too hot. When done they are crisp, and the starch is dextrinized (partially digested), as in zwieback.

Graham Crackers—Seven cupsful of graham flour, one cupful of thick sweet cream (or butter), one pint of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; sieve and rub the baking powder into the flour; add the cream (or butter, which should be rubbed into the flour well), a little salt, then the milk; mix well, and roll as thin as soda crackers; cut in any shape; bake quickly; then leave about the stove for a few hours to dry thoroughly.

Bran Biscuits—One quart of milk or water; three teaspoonfuls of butter (or lard) three tablespoonfuls sugar; two tablespoonfuls baker's yeast (any live yeast will do); pinch of salt, and flour, wheat and graham. Take enough wheat flour to use up the water, making it the consistency of batter cake dough; add the rest of the ingredients and as much graham flour as can be stirred in with a spoon. Set away until morning. In the morning, grease a pan, flour the hands and take a lump of dough the size of a large egg, roll lightly between the palms; put into the pan and let them rise 20 minutes, and bake in a tolerably hot oven.

Graham Wafers—One-third cupful of butter, one-third cupful of sugar; half teaspoonful of salt; one pint of white flour; one pint of graham flour. Mix the butter, sugar and salt; chop this mixture into the white and graham flour mixed; wet it with cold water into a very stiff dough; knead well, and roll out very thin; cut in squares or any shape desired and bake quickly.—The Commoner.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

White paint, when dirty, should be washed in milk. Colored paints may also be treated in this way.

Lime sprinkled on the shelves will keep pickles and jams in the store-room from becoming moldy. The lime must be renewed occasionally, as it loses its strength.

When tablecloths are beginning to get shabby in the middle or at the folds a few inches cut at one end and one side will completely alter the place of all folds and will give the cloth a new lease of life.

Boiling-hot liquid may be safely poured into a glass jar or tumbler by first putting a silver spoon in the dish. Be careful, however, that a draught of cold air does not strike the vessel while hot.

Instead of using any sort of veil-case, which requires the folding of an already mussed veil into still more creases, use a toy rolling pin and roll your veils around it, smoothing out the mussed ends as well as you can.

Never expose leather to the extreme heat of a fire or it will become hard and liable to crack. Shoes and boots should be dried at a safe distance from the fire, but to expedite the process they may be filled with oats. The damp of the leather will be absorbed by the oats, which may be dried and put away again for future use.

Whenever an oil painting becomes dusty and discolored, it may be cleansed by the use of white raw potato, for artists frequently make use of this method. Commence at one corner of the picture and rub the surface with a raw potato which has been flattened by removing a slice; as fast as the potato becomes discolored remove a thin slice with a sharp knife and continue to rub the picture until the entire surface has been cleansed. Then wipe the picture off with a soft cloth, and it will be found quite clean, and the paints will not be injured or faded, but simply cleaned.—Good Literature.

## Peanut Candy.

Two cups of New Orleans molasses. Two cups of soft A sugar. One cup of butter. One teaspoon of salt. One teaspoon of vanilla. Six quarts of peanuts.

Put the butter, sugar and molasses on together, adding the salt after it comes to a boil. Boil until it forms a soft ball in cold water, then take from the stove and beat vigorously ten minutes. Return to the stove and boil until a spoon drawn through it makes a slight path. Add the vanilla and heat again. When beginning to grow cold, stir in the peanuts and pour into buttered pans.

## Hotch Potch.

Hotch potch is an old-fashioned Scotch dish, made in the spring, when there are plenty of fresh vegetables. It is a thick puree-like soup. It may be made either from fresh or cooked meat. This is one way of making it. Three or four pounds of loin chops are put into a saucepan with about three quarts of boiling water. Peas, haricot beans, carrots, half a turnip, parsley, a little bit of cabbage and some green onions are added. Boil this slowly for an hour and a quarter, season with pepper and salt. It should be a thick broth when done.

There is no Rochelle Salts, Alum, Lime or Ammonia in food made with

# Calumet Baking Powder

NOT IN THE BAKING POWDER TRUST—It makes pure food.

## SAYINGS OF THE TOTS.

"Mamma," said little Ethel, who was looking at the pictures in a Sunday-school book, "how do the angels get their night gowns on over their wings?"

"I think papa and mamma likes the baby better than they do me," said four-year-old Floesie to the visitor, "cause he lets 'em do just as they please."

"Tommy," said the teacher, "don't you know better than to talk aloud in school?"

"But what is a feller to do?" queried Tommy. "You said the other day I mustn't whisper."

It was the roll of distant thunder that caused little Margie to observe: "They must be cleaning house in heaven to-day, mamma."

"Why do you think so, dear?" asked her mother.

"I hear the angels movin' the furniture around," replied Margie.

## BOY'S HEAD ONE SOLID SORE.

Hair All Came Out—Under Doctor

Three Months and No Better—Cuticura Works Wonders.

Mr. A. C. Barnett, proprietor of a general store in Avard, Oklahoma, tells in the following grateful letter how Cuticura cured his son of a terrible eczema. "My little boy had eczema. His head was one solid sore all over his scalp; his hair all came out, and he suffered very much. I had a physician treat him, but at the end of three months he was no better. I remembered that the Cuticura Remedies had cured me, and after giving him two bottles of Cuticura Resolvent, according to directions and using Cuticura Soap and Ointment on him daily, his eczema left him, his hair grew again, and he has never had any eczema since. We use the Cuticura Soap and Ointment and they keep our skin soft and healthy. I cheerfully recommend the Cuticura Remedies for all cases of eczema. A. C. Barnett, Mar. 30, 1905."

## IN OTHER LANDS.

An electric railway will probably soon connect Moscow with St. Petersburg.

In the insane asylums of Germany more than a third of the patients owe their condition to strong drink.

Last year there were 39,211 million matches sold in France, bringing into that nation's treasury \$5,216,950, this being a state monopoly.

A man of 80, elected a judge for Frutigen, Switzerland, is to go through a university course in order to enable him to pass the examination required by law.

A proposal to enact that no newspaper shall be edited, composed or printed from Saturday midnight until sunrise on Monday morning, has been negatived in the French senate.

Denmark holds the record among nations for thriftiness. Her inhabitants have, on an average, £10 9s. apiece in the savings banks; English people have only £3 2s. a head.

In Australian gold mines it is considered that ventilation becomes bad when the proportion of oxygen falls below 20 per cent., or less than 70 cubic feet of air a minute is supplied for every man working in a mine.

The city of London's chief inspector of weights and measures reports that the weight of all loads of coal tested last year was satisfactory, and that "in most cases the weight exceeded the amount specified on the ticket."

One of the labor party's members of the new house of commons lately received from a constituent who thought he had a grievance to which the government should give attention, a letter of no less than 1,700 closely-written pages.

## Shocking Precocity.

"What is the result?" asked the teacher of the primary class in arithmetic, "when you put two and two together?"

"A kith," hisped the curly-headed little girl in the front row.—Chicago Tribune.

## TRANSFORMATIONS.

Curious Results When Coffee Drinking Is Abandoned.

It is almost as hard for an old coffee toper to quit the use of coffee as it is for a whisky or tobacco fiend to break off, except that the coffee user can quit coffee and take up Postum Food Coffee without any feeling of a loss of the morning beverage, for when Postum is well boiled and served with cream, it is really better in point of flavor than most of the coffee served nowadays, and to the taste of the connoisseur it is like the flavor of fine Java.

A great transformation takes place in the body within ten days or two weeks after coffee is left off and Postum Food Coffee used, for the reason that the poison to the nerves has been discontinued and in its place is taken a liquid that contains the most powerful elements of nourishment.

It is easy to make this test and prove these statements by changing from coffee to Postum Food Coffee.

"There's a reason."