DSOSOSOSOSOSOSOSOSOSOSOSO the road coming along below, and wa

Weird Story of One Wrapped In a Black Cloak.

Two men, John and David, walked side by side along a dusty road. They were returning from the great town in the valley to their homes in the hamlet hanging high above them against the mountain.

As they walked they chatted of the sights in the town, of the good wives and little ones to whom they were coming after three days' absence, joking, joyous, happy in remembrance of their town jollity and in the anticipation of their welcome home. Occasionally they stopped under the overhanging branches of an orchard and ate apples, or they kneeled by a spring, making a cup of their hands to drink from, then passed on again,

The sun struck down flercely upon their backs and shimmered on the dust of the road.

"Ah, the heat! Let us go more slowly, John."

"No," replied the other; "it will be cooler higher up. Let us make haste and reach the shade of the woods, and beyond there will be a breeze blow-

Suddenly as they walked David felt that they were not alone and, turning his head, saw a third person following a few paces behind them, an extremely tall man, wrapped in a black cloak. As David turned the man's eyes looked gate. into his with a steady, unflinching gaze. The black robed figure was only a short distance behind him, walking with a long, even stride, without sound, his cloak drawn up to his ears, covering his mouth and chin.

As David looked he shivered; then, turning his head quickly, he walked rapidly on, urging his companion to basten.

"But just now you were calling to me to go slower, and now you want to hurry.

"Yes; let us hurry-the heat!" And they passed on, the ardent sun beating on their backs.

As they went forward David turned over in his thoughts the strange sight he had seen behind him, that was behind them now, he felt certain, though not daring to look again, a shiver coursing the length of his spine at the thought of the muffled figure in that there was danger, rude railings had fierce heat. And John-had he also seen it? Did he know what came swiftly, without sound, at their heels? He looked cautiously from the corner low it a dense shadow amid the surof his eye at his friend without turning his head even slightly. John plodded on, his eyes on the ground and his big shoes white with the dust, grumpressionless.

"Now," thought David, "he will look back and see." And he watched the other's face narrowly.

They sat on the edge of the road, their legs hanging down the bank. John's gaze wandered back down the long stretch over which they had come,

and David waited. But the old man only looked out from the shadow with a half smile of satisfaction that so much of the long journev was over, his simple countenance placid with the thought. "How white

the road is!" he said. "And not many travelers on it," said David in half question, still looking earnestly at his comrade's face.

"Not a creature in sight," answered ourselves. Others are not such fools to come out in this sun!"

David, reassured by this, turned slowly and looked back. Just below, by the first tree, in full view, silent, motionless, stood the tall figure, a little nearer than before.

David leaped to his feet and ran along the steep road, stumbling, terrified. John saw nothing, and this creature so close, in plain view. "Hurry, hurry!" he called back and ran on.

crazy?" cried the old man. "One can't pause to rest but you jump and run!" "I-I am not-well. I want to get home," panted David. "We have yet far to go. We must not waste time

resting." "You are sick. Yes, you are pale. Your teeth chatter. We will stop at old Andrew's and get you something.

It is this scorching day." "Yes, yes, we will stop at old Andrew's. He will cure me. It is not far; only beyond the next turn where the trees end."

"And we can take the short way him, the arm embraced him more closehome from there, the path from the back of his house up 'The Rocks.' "

Again they walked rapidly onward, the old man full of concern for his friend, the young man looking straight

At the border of the forest the small brown house stood on the edge of old Andrew's scanty farmland, the poor, half barren land of these mountain farms. Beyond the few fields that stretched up gradually from the back | be had collected \$1,500 called at his ofof the house rose abruptly "The fice to receive the money, and the law-Rocks," a high cliff, reaching far along the side of the mountain, sheer, forbidding, its bald face crossed by a rough, narrow pathway. By using this steep way the journey to the cluster of houses above the cliff was made much shorter than by following the gradual, winding ascent of the road. The two friends turned in at old Andrew's little gate. At the door they a fee of \$1,400 for collecting \$1,500. were met by the farmer's wife, her

sleeves rolled up to the elbows. "Ah. John Martin and Dave! Back

from the fair? Come in." "Yes, Mary, on the way home. Where

want Andrew to mix him something. The Follower The sun was too strong for him, I

"Yes, yes. Andrew! Andrew!" She raised her voice and called into the house over her shoulder. "Come in, both of you! He is somewhere about. OSOSOSOSOSOSOSOSOSOSOSO It is cool in the house at the shady side, and Dave can lie down there."

David cast one brief glance backward as he followed the others into the house. In the road fust beyond the gate and looking over it stood the one that followed.

Old Andrew was held in high esteem among the mountain people as half doctor, half wigard, with his knowledge of the use of roots and herbs. He brewed a muddy, pungent ten, which David drank, and Mary, the wife, placed extra plates at the table and insisted on the travelers taking supper.

"Let David rest," she said, "and if he is better after supper you can go home in the evening by the short cut. There will be a moon, or he may stay the night if not strong enough to go home."

So it was arranged. Old Andrew and John talked together of the simple. worn subjects of their rude lives-the poverty of the soil, the long season without rain, the many hardships that befall the farmer.

The wife plied David with questions about the town. "Was there a big crowd at the fair? And the weatherwas it fine every day? Did you see the cows from the Duncan farm?" and so on. David answered absently, thinking of the waiting stranger outside the

When the twilight fell, the young man felt able to go on and was anxious to reach his family, so the two men set out along the path through the rocky fields. As they reached the base of "The Rocks" and began the steep ascent the moon rose

John led the way, stepping cautiously, calling back to the other to avoid the uncertain footholds.

But David, climbing after, thought of nothing but the somber shape that had waited outside and had followed close across the fields after them and which he felt climbed up and up behind him, step for step.

There was no sound except when at intervals a loose stone rolled down, dislodged by their feet. The night was beautiful. The broad face of the cliff shone in the moonlight. Here and there along the edge of the path, where been placed to protect the traveler. These were silvered by the moon. At some places a rock jutting out cast besounding whiteness. As they climbed David tried to force

himself to turn and face the man in the black cloak and question him, his bling at the heat, his face dull and ex. name, his mission, why he followed, gaining steadily step by step, but he At length they reached the cooler air lacked courage. Once he had met that where the road climbed between the cold, steady gaze. He could not brave arching trees of the forest, and John it again. He watched his comrade halted to rest in the shadow. He was climb above him slowly. Slowly he older than his friend and tired more climbed after and, glancing down, saw the edge of the black cloak blown upward against his legs.

He stopped and put his hands over his eyes. "Who are you?" he said in a low, broken voice. "Why do you follow, pressing nearer and nearer?"

And a voice answered at his ear, while the folds of the cloak, blown upward, flapped about him, "You shall know my name when you are at the end of your journey."

"No, now!" whispered David hoarsely. "Now, your name!"

"Farther on!" came the voice. "When

ou reach the next railing." And they climbed on again in the moonlight. John had gone round turn of the path out of sight. David advanced feebly, rising laboriously John quietly. "We have the road to from step to step, pausing often. He could feel the other pressing up behind him, ever nearer.

When they reached the railing above, David stopped, with his hand upon it "Now, your name?"

"Do you not know?" The moonlight fell with tender beauty over the broad valley below, upon the white road, upon the forest trees, upon the small brown house at the foot of the cliff. The black cloak floated about his head, before his eyes, com-"What has come to you? Are you ing between them and the fair picture. A hand fell upon his, grasping the rail-

"Your name! Your name!"

David's hand closed firmly on the wooden rail, and he leaned heavily against it for support. An arm closed round him. "I am so near-so near. Do you not

know?" There was a sharp sound of breaking wood as the rotten timber parted in two, and David fell outward, his struggling feet scraping along the rock. As he fell the folds of black swept round

Rebuking a Greedy Client.

ly, and they went down together. And

David knew that the one that followed

was Death.

A Philadelphia lawyer, long dead who had a national reputation, having been honored with high positions of trust both at Washington and Harrisburg, was famous for his tremendous charges. One day a client for whom ver handed him a check for \$100. The client looked at it and remarked that the lawyer must have made a mistake and had given him the check which he meant to keep for his fee. "Let me look at the check," said the attorney. and, glancing over it, he declared that it was all right and no mistake had been made. The client kicked against

"Oh, well, if you want to be a hog about it take that," said the man of laws impatiently, and he wrote out another check. It was for \$150, and with that the client had to be content, the is Andrew? David here had a turn on lawyer pocketing \$1,350.

SOME LEGAL FREAKS

ENGLISH CRIMINAL LAW.

A Person May Be Guilty of Perjury Though He Swears to the Truth-No Such Offense as Trespass - Points About Forgery.

In no branch of the law as it is dispensed in Great Britain are such curi- promptly exclaimed: "Three poets! ous points to be found or a greater number of anomalies to be met with than in the criminal branch thereof.

It may be news to some people, for instance, to know that there are a number of things in existence which cannot be stolen, such as a corpse, animals good book, I write one. ferre naturae-i, e., animals wild in a state of nature (with certain excep- Walt Whitman: "You and I are over tions created by statute)-soll of the the head of the rabble. We know we earth, etc. To attempt to steal nothing are great, and if other people don't would appear on the face of it to be know it it is their own fault." an impossibility, much less a crime, but a man indicted for attempting to pick a lady's pocket which was subse- ted genlus who was very hostile to quently found to be empty was found him, did not believe the Bible, exguilty of an "attempt to commit theft," though, in fact, there was nothing in the pocket to steal.

Any one lucky enough to pick up a sovereign lying in the road will be glad to hear that, if at the time of finding it he had no reasonable means of discovering the owner of it, and also if he did not at the same time conceive the idea of appropriating it to himself, he will not be guilty of stealing if he that he is a trolley car conductor, keeps his lucky find, even if the rightful owner discovers and claims it.

must have noticed on numerous occa- known as 'dead ones.' When a barber sions boards or placards posted up in buys a razor, he takes it with the unwoods, fields, etc., notifying in large letters that "trespassers will be prosecuted," but few are aware that such and gets another one, keeping this up notices are utterly useless and no one until he gets one that suits him. Buyneed feel the least alarm thereat, there being no such offense known in criminal law as such a trespass, and a person could never be prosecuted for such | to a cutlery store, he picks out what he an offense. They are, in fact, in the words of that eminent jurist, Sir Frederick Pollock, in his well known work, "Pollock on Torts," a "wooden falsehood."

It is a common fallacy to imagine that the crime of forgery consists in signing another's name, though in fact | good one. They needn't know I've quit committing forgery consists in making the business."-Philadelphia Record. and uttering any false instrument in writing with attempt to defraud; thus it may be a forgery to omit a word from a document, and it will be a matter of considerable surprise to many to learn that it is possible for a person to forge his or her own name. A person, however, who fraudulently inserts another's name on a picture, thereby selling it as the work of some other artist, is not guilty of forgery, as a picture is not an "instrument in writing."

The crime of perjury also does not quite "fit in" with the generally accepted idea, which is that if a person, after being sworn on oath to speak the truth, swears falsely, he is guilty of the witness has sworn to must be material to the case. Thus, if a witness on being duly sworn gave a false address on being asked where he lived, this, though untrue, would not amount to perjury, as the place where the witness lived would be quite immaterial.

That a person may be guilty of perfury though speaking the truth may seem a curious anomaly, but such nevertheless is the fact, as the test of perjury is not whether a person is speaking what he believes to be the truth: so, if a witness, for instance, on being asked, "What colored tie was the prischer wearing when you met him?" re illed "red," when in fact he did not really notice, he would be guilty of perjury, even though the prisoner was in reality wearing a red tie when the witness met him.

Numerous other instances of crimes which present similar curious points to the above might be given, and, in passing, persons taking out insurances against burgiary might note that this crime can only be committed between the hours of 9 p. m. and 6 a. m.; that breaking into a house by means of an open door or window is not burglary. although entering a house by sliding down the chimney is.

We must not conclude this article without a short reference to a comparatively recent case in which a man not possessing the means to pay entered a restaurant, where he ordered and ate a good dinner. As, however, he was unable to pay for the same he was given in charge and subsequently indicted for "obtaining goods by false pretenses." The case resulted in the prisoner's acquittal on the ground that he had not been guilty of any false pre-

This individual therefore had a good meal on the cheap, but we should not advise any enterprising reader to emulate his example, as, although he could not indeed be prosecuted for obtaining goods by false pretenses, it seems that the bankruptcy act for obtaining credit | Companion. by fraudulent means.-London Tit-Bits.

Averting a Panic.

On one occasion John Philip Sousa by his promptness was the direct means of stopping a panic which might have had the most disastrous results. While his band was playing before 12,000 peo- a lady who mistook Bunsen for his ple in St. Louis the electric lights in cousin, the Chevalier Bunsen. the hall went out suddenly. People began to move uneasily in their seats, and some even began to make a rush for the doors. Coolly tapping with his baton, Sousa gave a signal, and immediately his band began playing, "Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be?" A tiny ripple of laughter that went round the audience showed that confidence had partially been restored. When the band began to play "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By," the laughter deepened into a roar of merriment that only ended when the lights were turn-

Egotism of Genius.

A writer in the London Standard declares the idea that genius is usually CURIOUS TWISTS THAT OBTAIN IN modest to be a popular defusion. On the contrary, he alleges egotism to be the very essence of true genius and quotes many amusing examples.

When Wordsworth, Southey and Coleridge were walking together and Coleridge remarked that the day was so fine "it might have been ordered for three poets," the gentle Wordswortl Who are the other two?"

Disraell, then a mere youth, wrote to his sister that he had heard Macaulay. Shell and Grant speak, "but between ourselves I could floor them all." And again he said, "When I want to read a

Our own Joaquin Miller wrote to

It was President Grant who, being told that a certain senator, an admitpressed his estimate of the senator's egotism by rejoining: "Why should be? He didn't write it, you know."-New York World.

Buying a Razor.

"I need a new razor," said the man who shaves himself.

"Better let me get it for you," suggested the reformed barber, who, now, regards himself as a distinguished member of society. "All cutlery stores Most people walking in the country are filled with razors of the class derstanding that he is to try it out, and if it doesn't work well he takes it back ing a razor, you know, is a lottery in which the prizes are few and far between. When the ordinary citizen goes thinks is a good razor, pays for it and takes his chances. He picks one out, too, from the bunch of 'dead ones' that barbers have tried and found wanting. That's why I advise you to let me get it for you. Then if you don't like it I can keep exchanging it until you get a

Some English Ads.

A general servant advertised in a Bristol paper for a place the other day, but required "no inquirles, no caps or aprons, every evening out, good wages," and a journalist advertised himself as of "no particular ability" as a recommendation. A clerk recently sought a place "where great strength, personal appearance or ability are not required." "Good butter, sixpence a pound. Nobody can touch it," was ambiguous and may have been wrongly interpreted by the public, and a Gloucestershire paper which inserted the advertisement, "Our one and nine pensuch offense. This is correct with the by dinner at 6:30 p. m. Funerals important qualification that the fact promptly attended to," apologized next lay for mixing up two separate and distinct announcements.

But it is a fact that a church paper appealed lately for "Old man, lame, deaf, epileptic, Will any Christian take him for a gardener?" and that in a leading Scotch journal an advertiger asked for "£65 to pay debts incurred through losses at betting." - London Standard.

The Woolsack.

Back during the time of Queen Elizabeth an act of parliament was passed prohibiting the exportation of wool. This product was one of the great sources of the natural wealth of England at that time, and in accordance with the economic notions of the age the authorities attempted to keep it in the country, imagining that if it went abroad, even though something more valuable or desirable were exchanged for it, the country would be the poorer.

In order to hold the importance of this commodity before the minds of the national legislators woolsacks were placed in the house of lords, where the judges sat. Hence the lord chancellor, who presides over the house of lords, "sits on the woolsack." The woolsack, according to a printed description, is a 'large square bag of wool without back or arms and covered with red cloth."

Unexpected Erudition. "An absentminded professor of languages dropped into a restaurant one day for a luncheon.

"What will you have, sir?" asked the waiter.

"Fried eggs," replied the professor. "Over?" said the waiter, meaning, of course, to ask whether he wanted them cooked on both sides or only one. "Ova?" echoed the professor, sur-

prised at his apparent familiarity with Latin. "Certainly. That is what I ordered-Ova gallinæ." This the waiter interpreted as mean-

ing "extra well done," and that is the he will still be criminally liable under | way they came to the table.-Youth's

A Story of Bunsen. Sir Henry Roscoe in a privately print-

ed book of lectures tells a story of Bunsen, remembered from the time when he and the German scientist were traveling together in England. They met "Have you finished your book, 'God

In History,' yet?" she asked him. "No, madame," be replied. "I regret that my untimely death has prevented my doing so."

Tasten Differ.

Dealer-Here, madam, is a horse I can recommend-sound, kind-Old Lady-Oh, I don't want that sort of a borse. He bolds his head high. Dealer- Eh?

Old Lady-1 like a horse that holds his nose close to the ground, so he can see where he's going.-New York Weekly.

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About five years ago my right ear began to sing, and this kept on getting worse, until I lost my hearing in this ear entirely.

I underwent a treatment for catarrh, for three months, without any success, consulted a number of physicians, among others, the most eminent ear specialist of this city, who told me that only an operation could help me, and even that only temporarily, that the head noises would then cease, but the hearing in the affected ear would be lost forever.

I then saw your advertisement accidentally in a New York paper, and ordered your treatment. After I had used it only a few days according to your directions, the noises ceased, and to-day, after five weeks, my hearing in the diseased ear has been entirely restored. I thank you accurately and beg to remain.

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