## The Man Who Could Work Miracles. BY H. G. WELLS.

nate. For my own part I think it came match," he said. He resorted to his coat, to him suddenly. Indeed, until he was 30 end there was none there, and then it causation went soberly to bed. In the night to him suddenly. Indeed, until he was 30 that there was hone that, and the causation went sonerly to bed. In the dawned upon him that miracles were possible even with matches. He extended a hand and scowled at it in the dark. "Let interesting items of news. Someone had the most convenient place, I must mention there be a match in that hand," he said. planted a most beautiful climbing rose that he was a little man, and had eyes of He felt some light, object fall across his a hot brown, very erect red hair, a mous- palm, and his fingers closed upon a match. house in the Lullaborough road, and the tache like the German emperor's and After several ineffectual attempts to light river as far as Rawling's mill was to be the this, be discovered it was a safety match. freekles. His name was George McWhirter He threw it down, and then it occurred to Mr. Fotheringay was abstracted and Fotheringay not the sort of name by any him that he might have willed it lit. He thoughtful all that day, and performed no means to lead to any expection of miracles did, and perceived it burning in the midst miracles either on that day or the next, ex--and he was clerk at Gomshott's. He was of his toilet table, mat, He caught it up cept certain provisions for Winch, and the greatly addicted to assertive argument. It hastily, and it went qut, His perception of miracle of completing his day's work with bility of miracles that he had his first intimation of his extraordinary powers. This and forthwith the candle was flaring, and tion and meekness of his manner was reparticular argument was being held in the he saw a little black hole in the toilet cover, ish was conducting the opposition by a mo- a time he stared from this to the little flame | thinking of Winch. notonous but effective "So you say" that and back, and then looked up and met his drove Mr. Fotheringay to the very limit own gaze in a looking glass. By this help of his patience. he communed with himself in silence for a

There were present, besides these two, a very dusty cyclist, Landlord Cox and Miss "How about miracles now? said Mr. Foth-Maybridge, the perfectly respectable and cringay at last, addressing his reflection. rather portly barmaid of the Dragon. Miss | The subsequent meditations of Mr. Foth-Maybridge was standing with her back to eringay were of a severe but confused de-Mr. Fortheringay, washing glasses; the scription. So far he could see it was a case others were watching him, more or less of pure willing with him. The nature of amused by the present effectiveness of the his experiences so far disinclined him for assertive method. Goaded by the Torres any further experiments, at least until he Vedras tactics of Mr. Beamish, Mr. Foth- had reconsidered them. But he lifted a cringay determined to make an unusual rhetorical effort, "Looky here, Mr. Beamish," said Mr. Fotheringay, "let us clearly understand what a miracle is. It's something contrariwise to the course of nature, done by power of will, something what couldn't happen without being specially

"So you say," said Mr. Beamish, repuls-

Mr. Fotheringay appealed to the cyclist who had hitherto been a silent auditor, and received his assent-given with a hesitating cough and a glance at Mr. Beamish. The landlord would express no opinion, and Mr. Fotheringay, returning to Mr. Beamish, received the unexpected concession of a pensed with, he resumed undressing in order qualified assent to his definition of a mira-

"For instance" said Mr. Fotheringay, greatly encouraged. "Here would be a miracle. That lamp, in the natural course of "Undressed," he stipulated, and, finding the nature, couldn't burn like that upsy-down, sheets cold, added hastily, "and in my could it, Beamish?" "You say it couldn't," said Beamish.

"And you?" said Fotheringay. "You don't mean to say-ch?"

"No," said Beamish, reluctantly, "No, it

"Very well," said Mr. Fotheringay. "Then here comes some one, as it might be, along here, and stands, as it might be, here, his mind turned again to cautious experiand says to that lamp, as I do, collecting ments. For instance, he had three eggs for all my will: Turn upsy-down without break- breakfast; two his landtady had supplied, ing, and go on burning steadily, and-

"Hullo!" The impossible, the incredible, was to Gomshott's in a state of profound but Nisible to them all. The lamp hung in- carefully concealed excitement and only reverted in the air, burning quietly with its membered the shell of the third egg when flame pointing down. It was as solid, as in- his landlady spoke of it that night. All

forefinger and the knitted brows of one an- made up for it miraculously in his last ten ticipating a catastrophic smash. The cyclist, minutes. who was sitting next the lamp, ducked and As the day wore on his state of mind

Mr. Cox was the first to speak and his resation threw absolutely no light on the matter so far as Fotheringay was concerned; the general opinion not only followed Mr. Cox very closely, but very vehemently, foolish destroyer of comfort and security.



HE REMAINED ON ALL FOURS His mind was in a tornado of perplexity;

he was himself inclined to agree with them and he made a remarkably ineffectual opposition to the proposal of his departure. He went home flushed and heated, cont collar crumpled, eyes smarting and ears red. He watched each of the ten street lamps

nervously as he passed it. It was only bedroom in Church row that he was able three Imemring constables, advancing to grapple seriously with his memories of the occurrence and ask: "What on earth

He had removed his coat and boots and was sitting on the bed with his hands in Fotheringay. "Nothing at all." his pockets, repeating the text of his defense for the seventeenth time, "I didn't want the confounded thing to upset," when it occurred to him that at the precise moment he had said the commanding words had inadvertently willed the thing he in the air he had felt it there without being clear how this was to be done. He had not a particularly complex mind or he might save stuck for a time at that "inadvertently | eringay, annoyed and confused, "I'm very willed." embracing, as it does, the abstrusest | sorry. problems of voluntary action, but as it was, he idea came to him with a quite acceptable haziness. And from that following, as I |"I was working a miracle." He tried to must admit, no clear logical path, he came speak in an off-hand way, but try as he to the test of experimenut.

He pointed resolutely to his candle and moment, and, as Mr. Fotheringay gasped, what this is. Now, I tell you-" fell with a smash on his tollet table, leaving

was while he was asserting the impossi- possibilities enlarged, and he felt for and punctual perfection in spite of all the beebar of the Long Dragon, and Toddy Beam- with a wisp of smoke rising from it. For

> time. sheet of paper and turned a glass of water pink and then green, and he created a snail. which he miraculously annihilated, and got himself a miraculously new toothbrush. Some time in the small hours he had reached the fact that his will power must be of a particularly rare and pungent quality, a fact of which he had certainly had inklings before, but no certain assurance The scare and perplexity of his first discovery was now qualified by pride in this evidence of singularity and by vague intimations of advantage. He became aware that the church clock was striking 1 and as it did not occur to him that his daily duties at Gomshott's might be miraculously disto get to bed without further delay. As he struggled to get his shirt over his head he was struck with a brilliant idea. "Let me be in bed," he said, and found himself so. nightshirt-no, in a nice, soft woolen nightshirt. Ah!" he said with immense enjoy-"And now let me be comfortably ment.

He awoke at his usual hour and was pensive all through breakfast time, wondering whether his overnight experience might not be a particularly vivid dream. At length good but shoppy, and one was a delicious fresh goose egg. laid, cooked and served It was enough to make anyone say by his extraordinary will. He hurried off disputable as ever a lamp was, the prosaic day he could do no work because of this common lamp of the Long Dragon bar. day he could do no work because of this astonishingly new self-knowledge, but this Mr. Fotheringay stood with an extended caused him no inconvenience, because he

jumped more or less. Miss Maybridge turned passed from wonder to elation, albeit the gratified at the request for a private con- scorched, you know-if hades is all it's sup-He staggered back, and the inverted lamp badinage. It was evident he must be care- study of the Manse, which was contiguous it. But, you see, I'm already in a deuce suddenly flared, fell against the corner of the ful how he lifted frangible articles, but in to the chapel, seated him comfortably, and, of a tangle"the whole place would have been in a blaze. | personal property by unostentatious acts of state his business. creation. He called into existence a pair of Fotheringay was beyond disputing even so 'came across the counting house to his desk. fundamental a proposition as that! He was He was afraid young Comshott might wonastonished beyond measure at the thing der how he had come by them. He saw that had occurred. The subsequent conver- quite clearly the gift required caution and watchfulness in its exercise, but so far as he could judge the difficulties attending its mastery would be no greater than those he ington interrupted again. "You don't behad already faced in the study of cycling Every one accused Fotheringay of a silly It was that analogy, perhaps, quite as much trick and presented him to himself as a as the feeling that he would be unwelcome in the Long Dragon, drove him out after supper into the lane beyond the gas works. to rehearse a few miracles in private.

There was possibly a certain want of originality in his attempts, for apart from his will power Mr. Fotheringay was not a very exceptional man. The miracle of Moses rod came to his mind, but the night was dark and unfavorable to the proper control of large miraculous snakes. Then he recol lected the story of "Tannhauser" that he had read on the back of the Philharmonic program. That seemed to him singularly at tractive and harmless. He stuck his walkng stick-a very nice Poona-Penang lawver-into the turf and footpath, and commanded the dry wood to blossom. The air was immediately full of the scent of roses. and by means of a match he saw for himself that this beautiful miracle was indeed accomplished. His satisfaction was ended by advancing footsteps. Afraid of a premature discovery of his powers, he addressed the blossoming stick hastily: "Go back." What he meant was "Change back." but of course he was confused. The stick receded at a considerable velocity, and incontinently came a cry of anger and a bad word from the approaching person. "Who are you throwing brambles at, you fool?" cried a voice.

"That got me on the shin." "I'm sorry, old chap," said Mr. Fotheringay, and then realizing the awkward na- far as I can see." ture of the explanation, caught nervously when he found himself alone in his little at his mustache. He saw Winch, one of the

"What d'yer mean by it?" asked the constable. "Hullo! It's you, is it? The gent that broke the lamp at the Long Dragon!

"I don't mean anything by it," said Mr What yer do it for then!

"O, bother!" said Mr. Fotheringay. "Bother indeed! D'yer know that stick hurt? What d'yer do it for, ch?"

For the moment Mr. Fotheringay could said and that when he had seen the lamp lence seemed to irritate Mr. Winch, be a pigeon, will you?" "You've been assaulting the police, young man, this time. That's what you done. "Look here, Mr. Winch," said Mr. Foth-

The fact is-

He could think of no way but the truth. would he couldn't.

"Working -! 'Ere, don't talk rot. Workcollected his mind, though he felt he did ing a miracle, indeed! Miracle! Well that's a foolish thing. "Be raised up," he said, downright funny! Why, you's the chap that changes in a sort of ejaculatory silence, their sense of power grew, their imagina-But in a second that feeling vanished. The don't believe in miracles. Fact is, this is He stared at Mr. Fotheringay fearfully, and, candle was raised, hung in the air one giddy another of yer silly conjuring tricks-that's in a very gingerly manner, picked up the their ambition enlarged. Their first larger

But Mr. Fotheringay never heard what him in darkness save for the expiring glow Mr. Winch was going to tell him. He reatized he had given himself away, flung his "Now, after that it's easier to explain For a time Mr. Fotheringay sat in the valuable secret to the fair winds of heaven. what I came about," said Mr. Fotheringay, he said. "And 'ow I'm to explain action. He turned on the constable swiftly narrative of his strange experiences, be- already seated, and Mr. Maydig was decant-

Go, now!"

He was alone Mr. Fotheringay performed no more miracles that night, nor did he trouble to see very quiet, and went to his bedroom. "Lord!" he said, "it's a powerful giftmean as much as that. Not really, I won- fluttering extended handder what hades is like!"

out any more interference with normal

marked by several people and made a matter for jesting. For the most part he was On Sunday evening he went to chapel, and oddly enough, Mr. Maydig, who took a cer-

tain interest in occult matters, preached about "things that are not lawful." Mr. Fotheringay was not a regular chapel-goer, but the system of assertive skepticism, to which I have already alluded, was now very much shaken. The tenor of the sermon threw an entirely new light on these novel gifts, and he suddenly decided to consult Mr. Maydig immediately after the service.

ordinary Mr. Fotheringay of everyday in- Itercourse again. Mr. Maydig listened inwhat had become of his flowering stick. He tently, the tobacco jar in his hand, and his No-I didn't think." returned to the town forthwith, scared and bearing changed also with the course of the Mr. Fotheringay waved his hand. "What his jacket streaming over his head. "There's an extremely powerful gift. I didn't hardly third egg, the minister interrupted with a revised the supper very thoroughly. "As | Far and wide nothing was visible in the der in the first degree and was sentenced to

(Copyright, 1898, by H. G. Wells) , could find none, and he rose and groped Struck by a happy thought he transferred ciles a number of amazing difficulties. The struck by a happy thought he transferred ciles a number of amazing difficulties. The about the toilet table. "I wish I had a the constable to San Francisco, and with-Struck by a happy thought be transferred ciles a number of amazing difficulties. The and I'll order that, I ain't much given to no trees, no houses, no familiar shapes, only quality, like a genius or second sight. Hithagainst the elder Mr. Gomshott's private Yes, it is a simple gift! It carries out said Mr. Fotheringay, "I might perhaps be boughs to base, and further a twisted mass so beautifully the arguments of that great able to help you-in the domestic way." thinker"-Mr. Maydig's voice sank-"his grace the duke of Argyll. Here we plumb pouring out a glass of miraculous old Bursome profounder law, deeper than the or- gundy dinary laws of nature. Yes-yes. Go on. Go on!

Mr. Fotheringay proceeded to tell of his misadventure with Winch and Mr. Maydig, no longer overawed or seared, began to jerk his limbs about and interject astonishment "It's this what troubled me most," proceeded Mr. Fotheringay: "it's this I'm most mijitly in want of advice for; of course he's at San Francisco-wherever San Fran cisco may be-but of course it's awkward for both of us, as you'll se, Mr. Maydig, I don't see how he can understand what has happened, and I dare say he's scared and exasperated something tremendous and trying to get at me. I dare say he keeps on starting off to come here. I send him back, by a miracle, every few hours, when I think of it. And of course that's a thing he won't be able to understand and it's bound to annoy him, and of course if he So soon as that was determined he found takes a ticket every time it will cost him himself wondering why he had not done so a lot of money. I done the best I could for him, but of course it's difficult for him Mr. Maydig, a lean, excitable man with to put himself in my place. I thought afterquite remarkably long wrists and neck, was wards that his clothes might have got



THE LAMP HUNG INVERTED IN THE AIR.

At first Mr. Fotheringay was a little marks, short of needless excrescences, was very splendid diamond studs, and hastily abashed, and found some difficulty in open- and discuss the larger question. I don't to the effect that Fotheringay was a fool. annihilated them again as young Gomshott ing the matter. "You will scarcely believe think this is a case of the black art or anyme, Mr. Maydig, I am afraid," and so forth thing of the sort. I don't think there is any for some time. He tried a question taint of criminality about it at all, Mr.

Mr. Maydig was still saving "Well" in an extremely judicial tone, when Mr. Fotherlieve, I suppose, that some common sort of person-like myself, for instance-as it might be sitting here now, might have some sort of twist inside him that made him able to do things by his will."

"It's possible," said Mr. Maydig. "Some thing of the sort, perhaps, is possible.'

"If I might make free with something here, I think I might show you by a sort fear. My dear sir, you are a most im-'Now, take that tobacco jar on the table, for instance. What I want to know is whether And in other ways, the things you may dowhat I am going to do with it is a miracle

He knitted his brows, pointed to the tobacco jar and said: "Be a bowl of vi'lets." sort of fish. And I thought I'd ask some The tobacco jar did as it was ordered. Mr. Maydig started violently at the change

and stood looking from the thaumaturgist to the bowl of flowers. He said nothing course, Presently he ventured to lean over the table and smell the violets; they were fresh picked and very fine ones. Then he stared at Mr. Fotheringay again.

"How did you do that?" he asked. Mr. Fotheringay pulled his mustache. 'Just told it-and there you are. Is that miracle or is it black art, or what is it? And what do you think's the matter with me? That's what I want to ask."

"It's a most extraordinary occurrence." "And this day last week I knew no more that I could do things like that than you did. It came quite sudden. It's something odd about my will. I suppose, and that's as

"Is that-the only thing? Could you do ther things with that?" "Lord, yes!" said Mr. Fotheringay. "Just

anything." He thought and suddenly recalled conjuring entertainment he had seen. 'Here!" He pointed. "Change into a bowl of fish-no, not that-change into a glass bowl full of water with goldfish swimming in it. That's better! You see that, Mr. Maydig ?"

"It's astonishing. It's incredible. You are either a most extraordinary- But no-" "I could change it into anything," said not think what he had done it for. His si- Mr. Fotheringay. "Just anything. Here!

In another moment a blue pigeon fluttering round the room and making Mr. youd the hither side of the middle, Maydig duck every time it came near him. 'Stop there, will you," said Mr. Fotheringay; and the pigeon hung motionless in the air. "I could change it back to a bowl as feeble as the miradles of the Theosoof flowers," he said, and after replacing phists, and feeble as they were, they were the pigeon on the table worked that miracle. expect you will want your pipe presently," he said, and restored the tobacco

Mr. Maydig had followed all these later tobacco jar, examined it, replaced it on the enterprise was due to hunger and the negli-"Well!" was the only expression of gence of Mrs. Minchin, Mr. Maydig's housetable.

pan feeling in his pockets for a match. He enough of this, I have! I'll show you a Long Dragon and complicated by persistent housekeeper's shortcomings, before it oc- Where's -where's everything? And what on

and screamed. For nearly three seconds the circumstances of his dismissal from the versation from a young man whose careless- posed to be-before I shifted him. In that point); they had further, greatly improved lamp remained still. A faint cry of mental | Long Dragon were still disagreeable to re- ness in religious matters was a matter for case I suppose they'd have locked him up in distress came from Mr. Fotheringay. "I call, and a garbled account of the matter general remark in the town. After a few San Francisco. Of course I willed a new can't keep it up," he said, "any longer." that had reached his colleagues led to some necessary delays, he conducted him to the suit of clothes on him directly I thought of

bar, bounced aside, smashed upon the floor, other ways his gift promised more and more standing in front of a cheerful fire-his legs Mr. Maydig looked serious. "I see you as he turned it over in his mind. He in- threw a Rhodian arch of shadow on the arc in a tangle. Yes, it's a difficult position. It was lucky it had a metal receiver or tended among other things to increase his opposite wall-requested Mr. Fotheringay to How you are to end it"+ He became diffuse and inconclusive.

"However, we'll leave Winch for a little at last and asked Mr. Maydig his opinion of Fotheringay-none whatever, unless you are suppressing material facts. No. it's mira cles-pure miracles-miracles, if I may say so, of the very highest class."

> He began to pace the hearthrug and gesticulate, while Mr. Fotheringay sat with his arm on the table and his head on his arm, looking worried. "I don't see how I'm to manage about Winch," he said.

"A gift of working miracles-apparently a very powerful gift," said Mr. Maydig "will find a way about Winch-never of experiment." said Mr. Fotheringay, portant man-a man of the most astonishing possibilities. As evidence, for example "Yes, I've thought of a thing or two." or not. Just half a minute, Mr. Maydig, said Mr. Fotheringay. "But-some of the as if we were doing harm," things came a bit twisty. You saw that fish at first? Wrong sort of bowl and wrong

> one. "A proper course," said Mr. Maydig, "a very proper course-altogether the proper

He stopped and looked at Mr. Fotheringay. It's practically an unlimited gift. Let us test your powers, for instance. If they really are . . . If they really are all they seem to be."

And so, incredible as it may seem, in the study of the little house behind the Congreional chapel, on the evening of Sunday, Noember 10, 1896, Mr. Fotheringay, egged on and inspired by Mr. Maydig, began to work miracles. The reader's attention is specially and definitely called to the date. He will object, probably has already objected, that certain points in this story are improbable; that if any things of the sort already de scribed had indeed occurred, they would have been in all the papers a year ago. The details immediately following he will find particularly hard to accept, because among other things they involve the conclusion that he or she, the reader in question, must have been killed in a violent and unprecedented manuer more than a year ago. Now a miracle is nothing if not improbable, and as a matter of fact the reader was killed in a violent and unprecedented manner a year ago. In the subsequent course of this story that will become perfectly clear and credible, as every right-minded and reasonable reader will admit. But this is not the place for the end of the story, being but little befirst the miracles worked by Mr. Fotheringay were timid little miracles-little things with the cups and parlor fitments received with awe by his collaborator. He would have preferred to have settled the Winch business out of hand, but Mr. Maydig would not let him. But after they worked a dozen of these domestic trivialties tion began to show signs of stimulation and

transient pride Mr. Maydig's consternation tunity lay before him. "Don't you think, had caused passed away, he became the very Mr. Maydig," he said, "if it isn't a liberty, "My dear Mr. Fotheringay! Of course!

gay was dealing with the miracle of the clusive spirit, and, at Mr. Maydig's order, eringay. "And what it is goodness knows." "It is possible," he said. "It is credible. It is amazing, of course, but it recontant and a nice weish rabbit, masses of earth and heaps of incheate Tuins, and I'll order that. I ain't much given to no trees, no houses, no familiar shapes, only of the crime. When asked by the court if Burgundy," and forthwith stout and welsh a wilderness of disorder, vanishing at last be had anything to say. Rodman replied erto it has come very rarely and to ex- They sat long at their supper, talking like columns and streamers, the lightnings and to take the consequences. ceptional people. But in this case, equals, as Mr. Fotheringay presently per- thunderings of a swiftly rising storm. Near I have always wonderest at the miracles of ceived, with a glow of surprise and grati- him in the livid glare was something that Mahomet, and at Yogy's miracles, and the fication, of all the miracles they would pres- might once have been an eim tree. miracles of Mme. Blavatsky. But, of course! | ently do. "And, by the by, Mr. Maydig,"

> Mr. Fotheringay helped himself to a secand welsh rabbit out of vacancy, and took movables upon its surface. And the earth a monthful. "I was thinking," he said, "I spins so fast that the surface at its equator might be able (chum, chum) to work (chum, | is traveling at rather more than 1,000 miles

chum)-make her a better woman. And-as a matter of fact-it's well past 11, and she's probably in bed and asleep. Do you think, on the whole-

Mr. Fotheringay considered these objecdone in her sleep."

For a time Mr. Maydig opposed the idea, and then he yielded, Mr. Fotheringay issued his orders and a little less at their ease, perhaps, the two gentlemen proceeded that his miracle had miscarried, and with with their repast. Mr. Maydig was enlarg- that a great disgust of miracles came upon ing on the changes he might expect in his him. He was in darkness now, for the housekeeper next day, with an optimism clouds had swept together and blotted out that seemed even to Mr. Fotheringay's sup- his momentary glimpse of the moon, and per senses a little forced and hectic, when the air was full of fitful, struggling, tora series of confused noises from upstairs tured wraiths of hail. A great roaring of began. Their eyes exchanged interroga- wind and waters filled earth and sky, and tions, and Mr. Maydig left the room has- peering under his hand through the dust tily. Mr. Fotheringay heard him calling up and sleet to windward, he saw by the play to his housekeeper, and then his footsteps of the lightnings a vast wall of water pourgoing softly up to her.

In a minute or so the minister returned, his step light, his face radiant. "Wonderful!" he said, "and touching! Most touch-

He began pacing the hearth rug. "A repentance-a most touching repentancebrough the crack of the door. Poor woman! most wonderful change! She had got up. She must have got up at once. She had got up out of her sleep to smash a private bottle of brandy in her box. And to confess it too! . . . But this gives us-it opens -a most amazing vista of possibilities. If we can work this miraculous change in

"The thing's unlimited, seemingly," said Mr. Fotheringay, "And, about Mr. Winch-"Altogether unlimited." And from the hearth rug Mr. Maydig, waving the Winch difficulty aside, unfolded a series of wonderful proposals-proposals he invented as he went along.

ket square under the still moon, in a sort before that blessed lamp turned up. of eestacy of thaumaturgy, Mr. Maydig all a big job, but it's the last. Have you got flap and gesture, Mr. Fotheringay short and it? No more miracles, everything as it pristling, and no longer abashed at his was-me back in the Long Dragon just be greatness. They had reformed every drunk- fere I drank my half pint. That's it! Yes." ard in the parliamentary division, changed | He dug his fingers into the mold, closed all the beer and alcohol to water (Mr. May- his eyes and said "Off!" dig had overruled Mr. Fotheringay on this the railway communication of the place, drained Fender's swamp, improved the soil

Wimms-"We're only beginning," said Mr. Maylig full of the sweetness of unlimited power. 'We're only beginning. Think of all the good we're doing. When people wake-"

"But-" said Mr. Fotheringay. Mr. Maydig gripped his arm suddenly. His eyes were bright and wild. "My dear chap," he said, "there's no hurry. Look"-he pointed to the moon at the zenith-

"Joshun?" said Mr. Fotheringay "Joshua," said Mr. Maydig. "Why not?

Stop It. Mr. Fotheringay looked at the moon. "That's a bit tall," he said after a pause "Why not?" said Mr. Maydig. "Of course it doesn't stop. You stop the rotation of the earth, you know. Time stops. It isn't

"H'm!" said Mr. Fotheringay. "Well," he sighed, "I'll try. Here-

He buttoned up his jacket and addressed himself to the habitable globe with as good an assumption of confidence as lay in his power. "Jest stop rotating, will you?" said Mr. Fotheringay.

Incontinently he was flying head over heels through the air at the rate of dozens of miles a minute. In spite of the innumerable circles he was describing per second he thought; for thought is wonderful-sometimes as sluggish as flowing pitch, some times as instantaneous as light. He thought in a second and willed. "Let me come down safe and sound. Whatever else happens, let

me down safe and sound!" He willed it only just in time, for his clothes heated by his rapid flight through the air, were already beginning to singe. He came down with a forcible but by no mass of metal and masonry, extraordinarily like the clock tower in the middle of the chetted over him and flew into stonework, bricks and masonry, like a bursting bomb. A hurtling cow hit one of the larger blocks and smashed like an egg. There was a crash that made all the most violent crashes of his past life seem like the sound of falling dust and this was followed by a descending series of lesser crashes. A vast wind roared throughout earth and heaven, so that he could scarcely lift his head to look. For a while he was too breathless and astonished even to see where he was or what had happened. And his first movement was to feel his head and reassure himself that his streaming hair was still his own.

"Lord!" gasped Mr. Fotheringay, scarce able to speak for the gale, "I've had a squeak! What's gone wrong? Storms and thunder. And only a minute ago a fine night. It's Maydig set me on to this sort of thing. What a wind! If I go on fooling in this way I'm bound to have a thundering accident! "Where's Maydig?

"What a confounded mess everything'

He looked about him so far as his flapping jacket would permit. The appearance of things was really extremely strange. "The sky's all right, anyhow," said Mr. Fotherkeeper. The meal to which the minister conducted Mr. Fotheringay was certainly ill- ingay. "And that's about all that is all right. laid and uninviting as refreshment for two And even there it looks like a terrific gale darkness, perfectly still. "It did happen, A violent gust of irritation swept him to and proceeded to a lengthy and involved industrious miracle-workers, but they were coming up. But there's the moon overhead. Just as it was just now. Bright as midday it I don't know." He sighed heavily, and be- and fiercely. "Here," he said, "I've had ginning with the affair of the lamp in the ing in sorrow rather than in anger upon his But as for the rest-Where's the village

Mr. Fotheringay struggled to get to his feet in vain, and after one failure, remained on all fours, holding on. He surveyed the smashed mass of splinters, shivered from of iron girders-only too evidently the via-"Don't quite follow," said Mr. Maydig. duct-rose out of the piled confusion.

You see, when Mr. Fotheringay had arrested the rotation of the solid globe he had made no stipulation concerning the trifling chum) a miracle with Mrs. Minchin (chum. an hour, and in these latitudes at more than half that pace. So that the village and Mr. Mr. Maydig put down the glass and looked Maydig and Mr. Fotheringay and everybody doubtful. "She's she strongly objects to and everything had been ferked violently interference, you know, Mr. Fotheringay. forward at about nine miles per secondthat is to say, much more violently than if they had been fired out of a cannon. And every human being, every living creature, every house and every tree-all the world tions. "I don't see that it shouldn't be as we know it-had been so jerked and smashed and utterly destroyed. That was

These things, Mr. Fotheringay did not of course, fully appreciate. But he perceived ing toward him.

"Maydig!" screamed Mr. Fotheringay's feeble voice amid the elemental uproar. "Here!-Maydig!" "Stop!" cried Mr. Fotheringay to the ad-

ancing water. "O, for goodness sake "Jest a moment," said Mr. Fotheringay to he lightnings and thunder. "Stop jest a"

noment while I collect my thoughts. "And now what shall I do," he said. What shall I do? Lord! I wish Maydig was bout. "I know," said Mr. Fotheringay.

for goodness sake lets us have it right this He remained on all fours, leaning against he wind, very intent to have everything ight

"Ah!" he said. "Let nothing of what 'm going to order happen until I say 'Off! Lord! I wish I'd thought of that before! He lifted his little voice against the whirlwind, shouting louder and louder in the Now what those proposals were does not vain desire to hear himself speak. "Now oncern the essentials of this story. Suffice then-here goes! Mind about that what I t that they were designed in a spirit of said just now. In the first place, when all infinite benevolence, the sort of benevo- I've got to say is done, let me lose my lence that used to be called post- prandial, miraculous power, let my will become just Suffice it, too, that the problem of Winch re- like anybody else's will and all these dangermained unsolved. Nor is it necessary to de- ous miracles be stopped. I don't like them. scribe how far that series got to its fulfill- I'd rather I didn't work 'em. Ever so ment. There were astonishing changes, much, That's the first thing. And the sec-The small hours found Mr. Maydig and Mr. ond is-let me be back just before the mira-Fotheringay careering across the chilly mar- cles begin; let everything be just as it was

Everything became perfectly still. He per

ceived that he was standing erect. "So you think," said a voice. He opened his eyes. He was in the bar of One Tree hill and cured the vicar's wart, of the Long Dragon, arguing about miracles And they were going to see what could be with Toddy Beamish. He had a vague sense done with the injured pier at South Bridge. of some great thing forgotten that instan-"The place," gasped Mr. Maydig, "won't be taneously passed. You see that, except for the same place tomorrow. How surprised the loss of his miraculous powers, everyand thankful every one will be!" And just thing was back as it had been, his mind at that moment the church clock struck 3, and memory, therefore, were now just as "I say," said Mr. Fotheringay, "that's 3 they had been at the time when this story o'clock! I must be getting back. I've got began. So that he knew absolutely nothing o be at business by 8. And besides, Mrs. of all that is told here to this day. And among other things, of course, he still did

not believe in miracles. "I tell you that miracles, properly speak ing, can't possibly happen," he said, "whatever you like to hold. And I'm prepared to rove it up to the hilt."

"That's what you think," said Teddy Beamish, and "prove it if you can." "Looky here, Mr. Beamish," said Mr. Potheringay, "let us clearly understand what miracle is. It's something contrariwise to the course of nature, done by power of will."

AN IDYLL OF THE WAR.

Woman Who Could Re as Brave Any Soldier. "Harold."

The word came tremulously from th quivering lips of a fair girl whose golden tresses were strewn across the manly bosom of a young fellow in the uniform of a National Guard private, relates the Washington Star. "Constance," he murmured in reply as he

tooped and touched her pure white fore head with his trembling mustache. The round of that dear voice seemed to give her courage and confidence, and she spoke in firmer accents.

"Harold," she said, "if I should ask yo not to go-' "Don't, darling," he remonstrated,

"If I should ask you not to imperil your dear young life," she went on, regardless of his appeal. "If I should ask you to give up your ambition to be a soldier. If I should ask you not to make yourself a target for the dreadful builets of those Spanish guns If I should ask you not to face the fatal means injurious bump in what appeared to fever of these Cuban swamps. If I should be a mound of fresh-turned earth. A large ask you not to take the awful risk of disease by flood and field. If I should ask you not to undergo the thousand discomforts of market square, hit the earth near him, rico. the camp and the weariness of marching If I should ask you not to give up your lifof luxury here in the city for the miserabl living of the private soldier. If I should ask you to forego all the trials that must befall you while fighting for the freedom of those poor Cubans. If I should ask you for my sake. Harold, for the sake of your dear Constance, to wait until your country really

> Harold was on the point of telling he that under the circumstances, perhaps, well, perhaps-don't you know-when she imulsively threw her soft, white hand across her mouth.

needed your services, would you-oh, Harold,

would you-

"But I shall not ask you, Harolf," she went on. "I can be a brave little woman and suffer, knowing that you are dolug your duty so nobly," and Harold went forth

silly conjuring trick, I will! Go to hades! allusions to Winch. As he went on, the curred to Mr. Fetheringay that an oppor- earth set this wind a-blowing? I didn't order suffering fully as much as his dear Con stance was, if not a good deal more.

> Life Sentence for Wife Murderer. MADISON, Wis., July 8.—E. Rodeman, the wife murderer, was brought here today bearing changed also with the course of the narrative. Presently, while Mr. Fothering waved his hand, "What narrative. Presently, while Mr. Fothering waved his hand, "What shall we have?" he said, in a large, insomething seriously wrong, said Mr. Fothering was dealing with the miracle of the clusive spirit, and at Mr. Marche's prior formalities, Rodman pleaded guilty to murfor me," he said, eyeing Mr. Maydig's selec- white glare through the haze of dust that Imprisonment for life. July 7, the anniversary of the crime each year, is to be spent in solitary confinement. He was in prison within twenty-four hours of the commission rabbit promptly appeared at his command, into the darkness beneath the whirling that he realized his crime, and was willing



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