

THE FEAR OF SOLITUDE.

I woke at dawn and, risen from my bed,
Gazed at the new born day serene and suave.
Silver and gold and pearl were overhead,
Like some sea shell new garnered from the wave,
And such faint music from the morning sped
As mourners' singing by a distant grave.

Far out at sea a beating vessel bore
Westward with scarce discoverable speed,
Creeping athwart a distant island shore
That traced an outline faintly flung
With creviced mountain whose low summits wore
A cloudy chariot yoked with fleecy steed.

Foot a little bay lay cradled deep
Whereon the idle sailing fleet was drawn,
Apple burst the waters' quiet sleep
At lay as peaceful as a garden lawn;
Lighthouse at the harbor mouth did peep
Flashing eye of red upon the dawn.

No voice I heard nor any certain sound,
Save when the hungry seagull cried awhile;
All was hushed and lonely that I found
A nameless fear in all this silent life,
As though the very sea might rise and bound
And overwhelm me. Lo, his treacherous smile!

Some men there be who glory in such case,
A mountain top immutable—a throne,
I am not such, and I am face to face
With this fierce question now immediate grown,
Am I afraid of God, who am so base,
I dare not venture in such place alone!

—Henry Bell in Spectator.

The Hornet
Of the Sea.

BY HARRY E. ANDREWS.

A Thief Was Stopped In The Nick
Of Time by a Stingaree.

"It's a coyote!"

"No coyote made that mark—it's a

greaser!" And, lowering his lantern,

Fritz Krantz pointed to the broad

print made by a bare foot in the sand.

"I guess you're right," said Will,

the younger brother, while Middy, the

setter, who had been barking furiously,

added, "I'm sure of it!" with a snuff

and a wag and an eye flash.

The boys had been called out of bed

by Middy's noisy alarm and the loud

commotion among the fowls in the corral.

They owned a chicken ranch in

southern California, near the bay of

San Diego.

Their invalid father had come with

his family from the eastern states a

few years before and started this little

industry. He did not live to see it pay

dividends, but he told his boys that if

they would "stay with it" it would

support them and their mother, and

"always remember," said he, "that the

Lord helps those who help them-

selves."

The young fellows mastered the hen

problem. They bred those famous

"mortgage lifters," white legorns.

The boys' brothers were the first in the

market, their layers had scientific care

and did business when others didn't,

and their income from their enterprise

was growing every year.

"He's got nothing," said Will at last,

with an expression of relief.

"Good dog, Middy! Good fellow!"

exclaimed Fritz fondly, patting the

setter. "We can go to bed all right with

you on guard."

But before going in, they could not

help giving another look at the roost

where perched drowsily their pair of

pet cockerels, the pride of the coops

and the hope of the young ranchers.

"Do you think they are winners,

Will?" asked Fritz, as he cast a lan-

tern glow over the plump, contented

birds.

"I'm sure of it," said Will. "There

isn't a pair in the country that can

begin with them. Everybody says so."

The county fair was near at hand,

and these young roosters were candi-

dates for the special prize of \$50 of-

fered by an enthusiastic fancier for the

best pair of white leghorn cockerels.

"Mucho bee-utiful!" cried old Este-

ban, the Mexican egg buyer, when he

came around a few weeks later. "They

win sure. Ay, la blancura! Only one

pair come near them. They Manuel's,

cross the bay, but not so white, no?"

They were beauties, every one could

see that. Yes, they were rare and al-

most perfect specimens of their strain

and fully deserved old Esteban's eu-

logy.

One afternoon the boys had gone

back on the desert to hunt cottontail

rabbits, which their mother knew how

to fry so temptingly, and they were re-

turning with full bags, Middy trotting

along a few rods in advance.

As they neared their home in the lit-

tle settlement by the sea, where only a

few cottages stood, and those far

apart, Middy came rushing back as

fast as he could gallop, barking like

mad and beside himself with excite-

ment.

They soon ascertained what had ex-

cited the dog. There was a great hue

and cry in the poultry yards, and one

of the pens had been broken.

"That thief!" cried again, and in

broad daylight "time!"

They hurriedly took a census of their

stock.

"None missing here," said Fritz.

"No, they count up all right," replied

Will, "and there are both the prize

cockerels over yonder."

Fritz paused a moment and turned

pale.

"But what's the matter with them?"

he exclaimed, and both boys anxiously

rushed to the birds.

"They're not our cockerels!" cried

Will. "See those yellow feathers!"

"And the white in their faces!" said

Fritz. "I see through the trick. That

greaser has swapped with us!"

"He's taken to the beach. See Mid-

dy! He knows. You go down by the

old road and I'll take the steps. We'll

catch him yet!"

The little colony sat on a bluff rising

almost perpendicularly from the beach.

There were two paths to the sea, one

by an easily inclined road which

wound around the cliffs, and the other

by a long, steep flight of steps that

scaled the face of the bluff.

Fritz and Middy anxiously scanned

the heights and beat about the little

THE EARTH.

With gathering years the earth has not grown
ame,
In man's firm clasp a more imprisoned ball,
Though conquering feet have trodden nearly all,
And even the uncharted seas have received a name;
There still loom heights deserving of man's aim;
Forbidden lands still lie beyond his call;
The silent polar doors heed not his call,
And inmost tropic wilds as scarce dare claim.

Yet, when at last the globe is mastered quite,
And prying man has left no inch unscanned,
He still must pause before earth's moods of might
That lift the sea and toss the desert sand,
That set the dread volcano's torch alight
And send strange tremors through the startled land.

—Meredith Nicholson in New York Sun.

THE LATE MR. KNAPP

A STORY WHICH GOES TO SHOW
THAT YOU CAN'T ALWAYS
TELL WHAT PEOPLE
MEAN BY WHAT THEY SAY.

You see, she was such a queer little
thing that we couldn't help taking her
to our hearts at once. But there, that's
just the way with me. It always seems
to me as if everybody ought to know
the people I know, without any particu-
lar explanation.

Well, it was just this way: That
summer that mother and I wanted to
paper the sitting room, though father
would have given mother his head if
she had asked for it, heads didn't

count. It was money we needed, and
of that he had none. Then after much
hard thinking I devised a plan, and,
though it was a great shock to father
and mother at first, I carried the day,
and the upshot of it was that we ad-
vertised for a summer boarder for our
spare room. Unless you have done the
same thing at some awful crisis in
your life you can never for a moment
imagine, O reader, the awful mixture
of hope and fear that held place in our
hearts until we received a neatly writ-
ten, briefly worded note signed

"Phoebe Knapp."

Mother was taken with it at once,
and as she delights in all things mis-
erable because she can make them feel
better, she was especially captivated by
the closing sentence, which ran,
"Having recently met with a bereave-
ment, the rest and quiet you offer will
be a great boon to me."

"Widow, likely," said father as we
read this note aloud in his presence for
the fifth time.

"Miss or Mrs. Katie?" asked mother,
although we both knew the signature
by heart—"Years sincerely, Phoebe
Knapp."

"I'm sure I don't know. I can't read
between the lines," I answered, rather
flippantly. I fear.

This unknown was beginning to take
a sort of weird possession of me. It
seemed uncanny that everything
should turn upon the movements of a
stranger whom we had never seen, and
wherever I turned I could not help see-
ing a silent figure in a long cape veil
lifting its hand and commanding me to
do this or that, upon which I was al-
ready engaged.

However, we were all ready for her
at last, and when father came from
the station and deposited upon the
front piazza a tiny little woman of
about 50 years of age, with big, fright-
ened gray eyes, and delicate, sensitive

features, a creature that would have
looked small alongside a robust child
of 10, the contrast between this little
object and the commanding figure of
my imagination was so great that I
almost had a fit of hysterics on the
spot. I took refuge in flight, while
mother cooed and coddled the "poor
dear" and took her up to her room.

You see, mother was just in her ele-
ment, while I had all my notions to
readjust to existing circumstances. My
flights of fancy will be the death of
me some day, father says.

I caught mother on the stair a mo-
ment as they were coming down and
breathed softly into her ear, "Miss or
Mrs.?"

"I don't know. I couldn't find out,"
answered mother in that awful stage
whisper of hers that sends me nearly
into fits whenever she tries it. But our
boarder did not seem to notice. I made
a venture on a bold stroke. "I shall
call her Mrs. Knapp, and then she can
correct me if she doesn't like it. I've
always heard that it gives a middle-
aged married woman much greater
offense to be called 'Miss' than it does
to address a single sister as 'Mrs.' so
here goes."

"I hope you had a pleasant trip down,
M-m-m," I said pleasantly, allowing my
voice to die away on the last syllable
as I found my courage ebbing out at
the tip of my tongue. I couldn't say
Mrs. Knapp after all, to save me.

I noticed with much amusement that
father and mother avoided the pitfall
as successfully as I did, during that
first meal, and we all went out on the
piazza after supper to enjoy the sunset.
Here our guest set our minds at rest.

"How James would have enjoyed
this!" exclaimed she softly, as if half
to herself. Mother nodded so vigor-
ously and triumphantly behind her back
that I was afraid she would notice it
and so hastened to nod in reply. We
knew now. She was a widow. "He
loved to sit beside me and watch the
setting sun, even in the city," she went
on softly. "It seems terribly lonely
without him. Oh, if I could only have
brought him out into such a peaceful
place as this, he might be alive now!"

"That last hot spell was so hard on him,
I thought perhaps he had a sunstroke,
but I could not tell."

Mother's eyes filled with sympathetic
tears, and as she laid her hand gently
over that of Mrs. Knapp she inquired
tenderly, "How long is it since he died,
dear?"

"Six weeks," answered the widow.
"He was all that I had in the world,
and I have been so lonely ever since.
But, please, Mrs. Curtis, I cannot talk
about people yet."

EXTREME ECONOMY.
Ida, that family in the brownstone man-
sion is very economical, I hear.
May I enquire? Why, they actually
had their winter's furs made into muf-
fers for their footman and coachman.

Nevertheless, she did "talk about it"
quite a good deal in the days that fol-
lowed, with the effect that I, who was
a wide awake girl at that time, pe-
culiarly susceptible to first impres-
sions, imbibed an impression of the
late Mr. Knapp's eccentricities that
was not altogether complimentary to
the departed gentleman.

"Poor dear!" said she one day. "He
tried so hard to speak. If he only could
have told his wants!" We never asked
her any questions. We just let her talk
on, feeling that this was the kindest
and best. I inferred from this last re-
mark that her husband had been af-
fected by paralysis, particularly as she
had said on another occasion: "I used
to sit at my window, and James sat at
his, I sewing, he looking out of the
window at what was going on in the
street. He seemed perfectly happy as
long as I was there. But then we can
never tell. I often wish now that I
had done more for him or could have
learned better what he wanted."

"What did the physicians say or do?"
I asked.

"They said it was the breaking up of
the system by old age. I never felt that
they quite understood the case."

"Poor little thing! Married to an aged
paralytic and yet regretting his death
as the breaking up of the one tie on
earth! What desolation—what utter
desolation her case seemed to me! I
was moved to take her in my arms and
weep with her, which was a great deal
for me."

Not only was the late Mr. Knapp old
and imbecile and paralytic, but he had
other traits which must have rendered
him highly objectionable as a daily
companion.

"Just about this time every afternoon
I always gave James a bowl of cream
with fresh sponge cake in it. He would
not touch it unless it was in a certain
bowl nor unless it was fresh from the
baker's. And yet they tried to per-
suade me that he didn't know any-
thing!"

From which I inferred that, added to
his other peculiarities, the late Mr.
Knapp possessed an extremely un-
pleasant temper.

"And, oh, Mrs. Curtis!" she wailed,
"after the poor dear was dead and
gone, they wouldn't let me bury him in
the family lot." From which I in-
ferred that the dear departed had come of
a family of unpleasant tempers. Such
heartless doings I never heard tell
of. Surely, however they felt toward
him during his life, nothing but a fiend
would deny him the family resting
place after he was dead!

But I forgot my interest in Mrs.
Knapp and her affairs by reason of
some of my own. I had a delightful
letter from Tom Dixon, saying he
would be with us for a week. Now
Tom was a favorite cousin of mine,
and I spent a good deal of time fur-
nishing up my little belongings so that
I might look my very best when he
came. And then, I was putting finish-
ing touches to Tom's room, too, until
the minute he arrived, so that I really
had no time to talk to Mrs. Knapp or
to listen to her if she wished to talk to
me.

Dear old Tom! How good it was to see
him that day with his blithe ways and
"bunny brown hair!" We talked and
talked till supper was called, and then
we still talked all the way to the dining
room door, and yet we found time to say
nothing about any one but ourselves.

As we seated ourselves at the table I
saw Mrs. Knapp's vacant place (for she
was a little late) and realized that I
had not mentioned her presence in our
household.

"Why, we have a boarder, Tom," I
began, in answer to his look of inquiry
at the empty place. Just as I spoke
she glided in.

"Why, who on earth would have
thought of finding you here?" and he
shook her hand in a grasp so hearty
that I could see it was painful to her.

She colored faintly and said a little
unsteadily, "This is indeed a surprise,
Mr. Dixon," and I read between the
lines that the surprise was not an al-
together agreeable one.

But Tom didn't seem to notice any-
thing (most men are dumb about such
things, you know), so I kept my eyes
and ears open and waited for develop-
ments.

At last they came and in a most
startling manner.

"So I hear poor Jim is gone at last?"
said Tom, turning to Mrs. Knapp as he
battered his seventh biscuit (Tom al-
ways was rather a greedy youth and
enjoyed most heartily the good things
of this life, mother's cooking among
them).

"Oh, Mr. Dixon, how can you speak
of him in that way!" exclaimed the
widow, hurrying from the room in a fit
of sobbing.

Tom stared.

"Well, I'll be darned! What under
the sun is the matter with the woman
anyway?" he exclaimed.

"You ought to be ashamed of your-
self," replied I severely. "No wonder
the poor woman is shocked to hear
you speak of her husband in that way
after he's dead and gone."

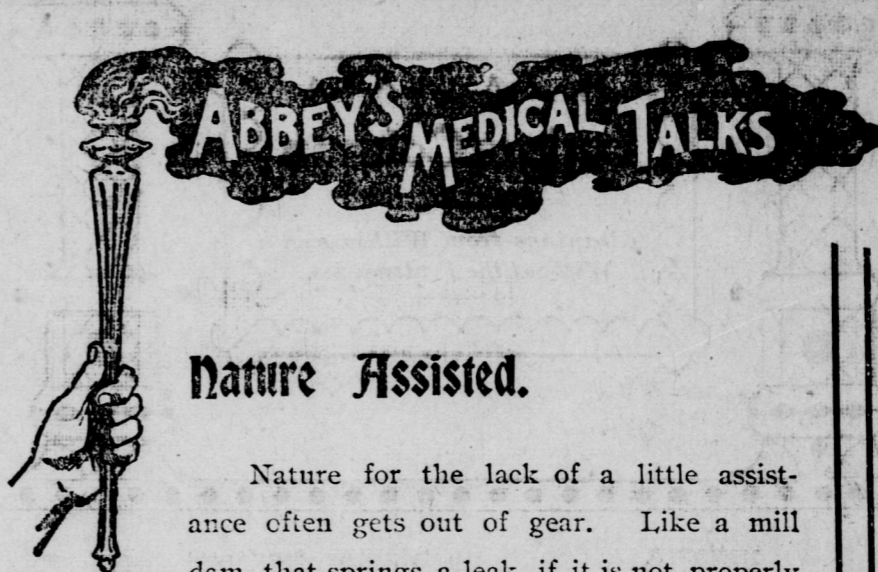
Tom stared again. And then he broke
into such spasms of laughter that I
thought he had suddenly lost his mind.
I had heard of such things, but I had
fortunately been spared the sight of
them so far.

"Her husband!" he exclaimed, when
he could catch his breath, as he wiped
the tears from his eyes. "Her hus-
band! She hadn't any husband. She
never was married. Jim was her old
black cat!" And then he went off again
into spasms.

No wonder the hard hearted relatives
had objected to having all that was
mortal of "the late Mr. Knapp" laid
in the family lot!

Mother and I looked at each other
and said nothing. What was there to
say? But we thought things. I don't
know whether they were the same
things or not, but we certainly thought
things.—Chicago Times-Herald.

After a Cold Drive a teaspoonful of
Pain-Killer mixed with a glass of hot
water and sugar will be found a better
stimulant than whiskey. Avoid sub-
stitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer,
Perry Davis', 25c and 50c.



Nature Assisted.

Nature for the lack of a little assist-
ance often gets out of gear. Like a mill
dam that springs a leak, if it is not properly
and promptly repaired, the leak enlarges
until for lack of water the mill stops.

Every little irregularity of the system is
a drain on your vitality. What in itself
seems slight may cause a distressing disease.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt gives health
to the system by helping nature to help her-
self. It starts in at the seat of the trouble,
and cures the cause of disease, and by aiding
the organs of the body to do their work
properly, it eliminates all illness and disease
from the system. Abbey's Effervescent Salt
enables the system to obtain the maximum
of nourishment from the food digested.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Price, 60 cts. per large bottle. Trial size, 25 cts.

MAN WHO SHEDS HIS SKIN.

Curious Phenomenon Exhibited by
a Butte, Mont., Miner.

A man who sheds his skin in its en-
tirety once a year, and who has done
so regularly for the last forty-three
years, is one of the curiosities that
Butte, Mont., boasts of, says the Den-
ver Evening Post. The man—J. M.
Price, a fairly well educated miner—is
at the present time engaged in the
curious pastime of skinning himself.
The method he adopts is to first skin
his hands and face and then strip it in
an immense sheet from his body.

The process of skinning his hands
and face was completed recently, and
it came from the face like a mask.
The skin from the hands resembles a
pair of gloves, and was exhibited on
the streets yesterday. The toughness
is something remarkable, and two
men tried with might and main to tear
it. They were not successful, although
the skin is not thicker than the leather
of a man's street glove. Price talks
freely about the matter, although he
is rather tender about any publication
in the newspapers. Many physicians
have examined him during the period
of skinning, but no one has been able
to solve the problem. In speaking of
the matter recently Mr. Price said:

"My mother told me that she first
noticed the trouble when I was six
months old, and regularly every year
since then I have shed my skin. It is
a phenomenon that no physician has
yet satisfactorily explained, although
hundreds have made examinations and
investigations. The fact is that I shed
my skin and that is all there is to it.
Regularly on the 24th day of July of
each year I feel the premonitory
symptoms, and on a very few occa-
sions has it missed the 24th day of that
month. The first thing I feel is nau-
sea, and then I know that I am fit for
it. The skin becomes perfectly dead
and the perspiration that should come
through forms in blisters under it,
and the whole thing becomes loose. I
generally cut a circle around my wrists,
and with the aid of a lead pencil strip
it off whole for the purpose of preserv-
ing it in the shape of a glove. I take
it off from my face in the same man-
ner, but am compelled to remove it
from my hair like dandruff. I took a
long walk this morning for the purpose
of getting up a perspiration, and, as
you see, my whole body is blistered. I
will strip it off to-day or to-morrow.
It comes off in great strips, as you can
see by this photograph, which was
taken last year. There is no particu-
lar pain accompanying the operation,
although the new skin is very soft and
tender during the first week or ten
days. I have to lay off for about two
weeks each year to attend to it. My
children do not inherit the disease
from me. There is one of them, and
she is nine years of age, and there has
been nothing of the kind ever noticed
with her. Several years ago I was in
San Francisco when I shed my skin,
and the doctors there preserved it in
its entirety and then stuffed it. I am
a miner, but my work in the mines
does not affect my condition in any
way that I can see. My general health
is good, even if I do have skin to throw
at the birds."

A Thrilling Death Scene.

From the London Times.

Our Paris correspondent telegraphs:
—Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has been in-
terviewed by a Matin reporter on her
return to Paris after a five or six
months' tour through countries never
before visited by a French
tragedienne. This prolonged absence
was necessitated by the renovation of
the theatre in the Place du Chatelet
bearing her name. It will be tempo-
rarily opened with a revival of Hamlet,
but the real opening will be with M.
Edmund Rostand's new piece L'Aiglon.
The hero is the Duc de Reichstadt, and
Mme. Bernhardt will take that part.
The piece, according to those who have
heard portions of it, is worthy of the
young dramatist who has already
achieved the greatest dramatic success
of the age. I have spoken of the in-
terview because Mme. Bernhardt gives
a thrilling description of the heroic
death of Dr. Pestana at Lisbon. It
shows how up to the last moment he
noted the symptoms of the plague,
and with a countenance already lit up
by immortality he calmly consummated
his sublime self-sacrifice for the

good of mankind. Such a scene is an
encouragement amid the constant
meanness of the world, it reconciles
us to life, and Mme. Bernhardt's nar-
rative is stamped with simplicity and
emotion. She says:—"Queen Amelia
was present till his last breath and
related to me his last moments. The
unfortunate man was admirable. From
hour to hour he indicated the symp-
toms of the contagion which was car-
rying him off. I have still twenty min-
utes to live," he said; "note these symp-
toms. This is how I feel." The fear-
ful sufferings experienced by him did
not affect his coolness. Still ten min-
utes. "This symptom seems to have
been ill-described. Note it accurate-