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TWO LUNATICS

By P. Y. BLACK

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"It was a shameful trap," he said, "on the part of my people. The doctors were very careless in their diagnosis.

"Oh, dear," she thought, her eyes dimming, "they all say that! To think that the poor man will never, never, never leave. I am so glad—for you," she said aloud.

"Oh, I—yes. But do you know this sanitarium is not so bad," she said gently, surprised, "that you will—have any regrets in leaving?"

"No," he said, "not exactly that, of course—not regrets, so far as concerns myself, for it is so humiliating to be committed, you know." He paused.

"But," he went on, "even in asylums one makes friends, and one regrets for them." He looked down with a tenderness and a pity he could not hide, and she blushed, and for a moment there was silence.

"We are friends, of course, Mr. St. John. What an awful existence it would be here if one had no sympathetic friends! But you must not regret so much on my account. In a very short time I think my friends will take me home."

She choked a groan before she could hear it. "The poor little thing!" he thought. "They all say that. And that decent young fellow, the doctor, assures me her case is very puzzling and her friends fear incurable. I am so glad for you," he said, "would it not be jolly if we became friends in the world as we have been when out of the world?"

Then he blamed himself again. "If she really likes me," he thought, "and I think the unhappy child does, I should never had said that. It is cruel, brutal, to put such thoughts in her head."

She was looking at him with the tearful smile we essay when we encourage one who does not realize that death is near. "It would be nice—very nice indeed," they were silent again, each musing for the other.

There were many other patients strolling on the lawn or sitting in the summer houses, patients of all kinds, from the shyly nervous to the optimistically cheerful pair. Attendants, male and female, moved unobtrusively among them.

the same day, don't you remember?" "Ah, true!" So they watched the attendant out of sight and turned to go inside themselves.

They shook hands, although there was no reason for it. They would meet at the dinner table in a few minutes, but they shook hands and that lingeringly.

"It's awfully sad," St. John pondered. "So sweet a face, seemingly so intelligent. I wish—oh, psaw! What's the use of wishing? These things are not to be remedied. I wonder if—she'd give me a photograph."

Miss Tracy went to her room slowly. "I am silly to be so affected by an ordinary case. There are thousands like him. But—oh, dear, oh, dear! If I'd known I was to have this sad experience, I would never have consented to come—never!"

They had no opportunity to meet alone for several days. Perhaps they might have made opportunities, but they did not. Doubtless it occurred to each of these two lunatics that it was the wiser thing to stifle at once any friendship which each thought likely to cause useless pain in the future to the other.

Dr. Bell found these two of his residents particularly interesting in those days, and so did the attendant. It was strange that they both so markedly preferred the company of the sanitarium people to that of their fellow lunatics.

The doctor liked St. John too. St. John's friends acted very nicely in sending him new books and boxes of cigars. The books were well chosen, the cigars were unexceptionable.

"Like all these parables," he pondered, "in the first stages you would not think there was anything much wrong with the man, but it is a little singular that he should be so interested in that unlucky death also."

As for the attendants, Miss Tracy had flowers and little things and could teach the women quite a number of new fads in hairdressing and so forth. For the men St. John's cigar box and full pocketbook sufficed to make them extremely courteous.

Just once the two lunatics met. It was just before bedtime in the music room. He had sung to her accompaniment. When she rose to say good night, he almost whispered to her: "I expect to go to New York tomorrow."

"I am so glad for your sake," she said. "And you—you have made my stay almost tolerable. Is there nothing you will allow me to do for you?" "Oh," she answered, with sprightliness, "I shall not be long in going myself."

"Poor, poor little dear," he said to his pillow, "it breaks me all up to think of her staying here incurable." Miss Tracy packed her trunk, and tears dropped on silk and linen indifferently.

"Oh," she murmured, "I do so wish I had never come here. I can never, never forget the sad, gentle way he used to look at me." There was lively work next afternoon in the building of The Gazette. A young man sat at a desk apart in the reporters' room, and he scribbled and he scribbled. By and by the managing editor came in and looked over the busy writer's shoulder and told him that he had only an hour to finish up.

And in the office of The Morning Jury there was also a very lively bustle, and there, at a retired desk, a young woman sat, and she scribbled and she scribbled, and late at night the presses began to rumble, and in a little while the first edition of The Jury was ready for the street, with an enormous black scare head on the front page.

idea of two reporters on the same strange assignment never suspecting each other, but their laugh was not very loud. The tender pity for each other of yesterday was still in mind.

"The attendant is arrested," said St. John. "You did not get it quite right. The patient he poisoned when nursing him was an old enemy. It was not done through trouble arising between them in the sanitarium."

"Oh, bother!" she said. "It doesn't matter. We've done our appointed work. Let's talk of something more pleasant." So they did, and when he was about to go away he said: "You said once we might be friends in the world as well as out of the world. Will we be friends, dear Miss Tracy?"

She looked at him so smilingly, yet so tremulously, that he put his arm around her. "Will you be more than friend, darling?" he whispered.

"Yes," she said, and it was quite five minutes after, when some one's feet were heard approaching, that she jumped away and held up a warning finger.

"If your friend came in, he'd think us mad," said she. "Two lunatics?" he answered, laughing, as the door opened.

RELICS OF EARLY DAYS. Rail Fences and Dugout Canoes Survive Civilization's March. One of the remarkable features of country life in America is the singular persistence of the rail fence and the dugout canoe.

For years a young man and young woman had been engaged, and each had economized with a view of having the more to spend when they should marry. Six months ago, however, the engagement was broken, and shortly afterward the young woman became the fiancée of another man.

Those Dull Ducks. I recall Mr. Lowell telling, jocosely, in an after-dinner speech in Cambridge how he met an acquaintance (of dubious standing) whose cheerful face and happy demeanor led him to ask the cause of such exuberant felicity.

Some weeks later, on meeting his acquaintance again, Mr. Lowell found him quite depressed and inconsolable. "Why are you looking so unhappy? I thought the last time I saw you that you were on the point of making your fortune with ducks. Wouldn't it work?"

The principal of a certain high school tells a joke on himself with much enjoyment. One day during an examination, when he was visiting the examination rooms, he stopped to ask a very bright boy a sum in algebra, and, although the problem was comparatively easy, he could not answer it.

Men and Apes. Were it not, as Huxley says, that "the ignorance of the so-called educated classes is colossal," there might be need for apology in restatement of the fact that man is not descended from the ape.

They laughed a great deal at the same day, don't you remember?" "Ah, true!" So they watched the attendant out of sight and turned to go inside themselves.

MOHAMMEDANS AT PRAYER

They Always Respond When the Voice of Meccah Calls. The Mohammedan begins his prayer standing, with his hands outspread and his thumbs touching the lobes of his ears.

He then drops forward until his forehead touches the ground between his extended hands. He strikes his head upon the floor at least three times, proclaiming his humility, and often a dozen and sometimes twenty times the act will be repeated, according to his desire to show humility and repentance.

He then returns to his knees and, setting back upon his heels, repeats a ritual. Next, arising to his feet, he holds his hands and concludes the prayer, repeating over and again the words, "There is no god but God, and Mohammed is his prophet."

This may be repeated once or a dozen or forty times, according to the piety of the worshiper, and he holds a string of beads in his hands to keep tally. His obligations are then accomplished, but he can go through the same ritual again as many times as he likes.

NOT SO VERY GREEN. The Florida Man Rather Evaded Matters By With the New Yorker. When the young man from Florida came to live in New York, he woke up one morning last winter, and, going to the window, he looked out on what was to him a novel scene.

Jumping into his clothes, he ran into the street. He stooped and gathered handfuls of snow and threw them in the air. He jumped into a drift and sent it flying with his feet. He finally lay down and rolled in it, all the time shouting and laughing at the top of his voice.

One of the crowd which had gathered to watch his antics went up to him and told him how his mother used to cure fits and volunteered to try it on him. "I haven't any fit," the young man said.

THE CATFISH ZONE. And the Origin of the Philadelphia Habit of Catfish and Wasces. While pessimists have been denouncing the extension of the pie belt through the United States and the enlargement of the saleratus biscuit district, they have been entirely oblivious of the extraordinary development of the catfish zone.

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Hay For Sale. The undersigned has a quantity of good timothy hay in barn which he will sell at \$6.00 per ton in order to clear the barn.

Found. In the store of R. D. Judson, a sum of money. Loser can obtain same by proving ownership and paying for this adv't.

Cattle for Sale. The undersigned has for sale six head of yearlings. Apply to F. LIVINGSTON, Lake Florida.

Farm for Sale. Lot 15, Con. 9, Township of Bastard—100 acres more or less—well watered and wooded. Brick dwelling and good outbuildings.

Warning. I hereby forbid all persons giving credit on my account to any one without my written order.

For Sale. A very fine organ, also thoroughbred jersey call 31 months old. Apply to MRS. F. J. GIFFIN, Main St., Brockville.

Your Hair

"Two years ago my hair was falling out badly. I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and soon my hair stopped coming out."

Perhaps your mother had thin hair, but that is no reason why you must go through life with half-starved hair. If you want long, thick hair, feed it with Ayer's Hair Vigor, and make it rich, dark, and heavy.

Her Very Clear Thoughts. "Well, aunt, what are your thoughts about marryin'?" asked a young woman in Scotland the other day of her aunt, a decent body who had reached the shady side of life without having committed matrimony.

His Greatest Objection. "You object to Mormonism and other forms of polygamy on moral grounds, is that so?" "Well, partly, partly, but not entirely."

What else should make it offensive to you? "What else? Why, great mackerel, think of coming home late from the club and having to make explanations to ten or fifteen wives!"

Purely Agricultural. Caller—For goodness' sake, what's that noise? Hauskeep—Girl next door is having her voice cultivated. Caller—Huh! What are they doing—plowing it? Hauskeep—I don't know but this sound of it is harrowing.

Might Have Prevented It. Little Walter was eating lunch when he gave his arm a sudden shove, and splash! down went the glass of milk. "I knew you were going to spill that," said mamma angrily. "Well, if you knew," queried Walter, "why didn't you tell me?"

"Hope Springs Eternal." Many a man who thought yesterday that all was lost has a more hopeful view of life this morning. The world will be normal by tomorrow.—St. Paul Globe.

By refusing to listen to secrets one is saved unlimited trouble.

The People's Column. Advt's of lines and under in this column, 25c for first insertion and 10c each subsequent insertion.

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PRICES DEFY COMPETITION. The undersigned returns thanks to the general public for their patronage during the past 16 years, and will endeavor to so conduct his business as to receive their continued trade and maintain the reputation of his store as "The Old Reliable" Clothing House.

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