

## A Hot Chase.

Like many other people, Adelbert Goodrich, telephone operator in the employ of the Chesapeake and Potomac Company, has a pet aversion, says the Baltimore Sun. In him it takes the form of an overwhelming and unreasoning fear of insane persons. It was Mr. Goodrich's evil fortune to be sent to Mount Hope Retreat for the Insane, on Saturday, to look after some needed repairs, and he went with a heavy heart. The day was hot—just the kind of a day it should not have been for the experiences that befell the unhappy telephone man.

On entering the grounds of the asylum, Mr. Goodrich gazed searchingly about for madmen. He saw none. Then he slowly advanced toward the big pile of buildings, gazing fearfully about him. As he strode forward and met no one, the circumstance begat confidence, and in a rash moment he decided to take a "short cut" to the building.

This led him through a quiet wood. As he advanced and the shadows deepened suspicious noises assailed his ear and the waving branches played grotesque pranks with the streaming sunshine across his pathway. Mr. Goodrich wished he had kept clear of the grove. Nervousness seized him and his eyes roved from side to side in search of lurking maniacs.

He found what he was looking for. A short distance ahead Mr. Goodrich beheld the contorted face of the dreaded lunatic peeping from behind a huge tree. The blood in the telephone man's veins seemed turned to ice water. His hair pulled at the roots, and for a moment his very heart stood still. The hideous eyes ahead peered into the eyes of the new comer, and in them the latter read his doom.

Mr. Goodrich, as brave a man as lives, save in this one particular, pulled himself together and bent his energies upon escape. He changed his course with an eye upon the figure beyond. What was his horror to see the lunatic dodge and run from tree to tree, always drawing nearer and nearer. This sort of hide and seek went on for several minutes, and then Mr. Goodrich, throwing strategy to the winds, took to his heels. Glancing over his shoulder, he was horrified, though not entirely surprised, to see that his dodging madman had taken to the open and was flying hot upon the chase.

Mr. Goodrich ran as mortal man never ran before. The perspiration ran in streams from face and body, but still he tore along at record gait.

The maniac was something of a sprinter himself, and to Mr. Goodrich's unutterable agony, he discovered he was in a losing race.

But life is sweet, and the telephone man threw his soul into his feet, as it were. He made the supreme effort of his life, and covered the ground, scarcely touching it save with the points of his shoes.

But still the madman gained. The quarry could hear the heavy breathing of his hunter. Mr. Goodrich ran on, however—ran well, but hopelessly.

Now the man was almost upon him. Then the thought came to the hunted and almost exhausted victim that he must fight this monster for his life. But even as the thought crossed his mind he tripped and fell headlong. Then he knew he was done for.

The madman was upon him. Death in its most awful form was at his side! Mr. Goodrich raised his arm to ward off the blow he saw descending. It came,