

understand. A quarter of
of this and we left the fir
only too thankful to hav
asily.

ve began to make preparation
sleep. My two fellow travel
dently old hands at this sor
They took off their coats and
into pillows; their collars
re neatly pinned to the wall
age; slippers replaced their
after spreading a large silk
over their coats by way of
nd getting out their travel
y were ready for bed. In
over my head, was placed a
bag belonging to the larger
o, whom I will call Douglas
tes, his companion, lay down
pposite to me, thus leaving
seat all to myself; Brooke
next to the window and his
towards me, and I with my
toward him, so close that I
ave touched him. Douglas
pposite seat, with his head
r window and also facing

statement is necessary to
rstand my story. Under
n overcoat, in the pocket of
a six-barrelled revolver, an
companion, so that by
my hand under my head
y finger on the trigger,
ely a feeling of suspicion
d. Douglas asked me if I
ing the curtain drawn over
f course not." This done,
ee one another, but very
Then he lay down again.
id silence.

at on and on, not a house
gh the thick forests. Sud
ashed upon me: "What
r than to rob a man and
f the window? He would
nd soon the wolves would
isperse all traces of him,
in waistcoat with as much
asa." I laughed to my
surd this is!" said I. "I
or suspecting these men,
been whispering together
are rather too numerous.
I am. I will go to sleep.
i tired enough."

closed my eyes when in
rd a sharp, quick sound
ield my breath and lis
e strained to the utmost
me very much like the
being co-cked. Absurd
tols now. Americans
carry revolvers." Again
the second time, I
ot a trace of any move
nder which Douglas was
her end of the carriage,
he sound came, did not
easily passed my hand
d felt for my six-shooter.
was there. I grasped
nd on the trigger; and
orite plan of shooting a
s pocket, I turned the
rusted friend toward
is without speaking a

the first shot, at any
"but I shall be able
he has fired a second.
o mon wh, are doubt
have a poor chance.
he rapidity with which

the thoughts went through my mind—
thought of sin unabsoved strangely in-
termingled with others of calm, unpitying
hate toward my enemy. But I remained
silent. Once more a sharp click. I nearly
fired—thank God I did not—and then
again, click, click, click in quick suc-
cession. "Ah, my friend," thought I,
"I see what you are about. You are
turning your revolver round in order to
place the caps on the nipples." And
again click, click. I could not help it:
I strung myself up to the task and asked
with a cold calmness, which makes me
almost shudder to think of it, "What
the devil is that noise?"

"I am only winding my watch!"
What an idiot I am, and doubtless you
will all concur in the statement. Very
well; wait a little. I immediately wound
up my own watch, which had been for-
gotten, and determined to go to sleep.

"What is the use of all these absurd
suspicious?" I reasoned.

At last, with my hand on my revolver,
I went to sleep. I slept well, but awoke
suddenly. No! Yes! There, as plain as
possible, stood Douglas by my side.
The hammer of my revolver was raised
within a hair's breadth of the point at
which it would fall and strike the cap.
Should I fire or not? In the dead of
night to be roused suddenly from one's
sleep is startling, but to see a man stoop-
ing over you when you do awake is very
startling indeed, especially if you have
reason to suspect him of bad intentions.

And now, with my finger pressed firmly
upon the trigger, but without any at-
tempt to leap to my feet, as I had at first
thought of doing, I watched him. He
looked hard at me. I did not move,
and then I saw him take out something
which glittered in the moonlight; it was
a key. And then he leaned over me.
Then said I, with a feeling of rage in
my heart—

"What on earth are you doing?"
He was so startled that he almost fell
backward. This sudden movement
nearly made me fire, and then he
answered:

"I am only going to take something
out of my bag."

This bag, as I told you, was in the
netting over my head; hence he was
obliged to lean over me to reach it. I
said, very bad-temperedly:

"Take it down, then."

He muttered to himself and got the
bag down. He little thought that there
was a hair's breadth between him and
death. If he could have looked through
my rug he would have seen the muzzle
of my revolver pointed to his heart.

He turned aside, keeping an eye on
me all the time, and took something from
his bag. What it was I could not see.
Then he went back and lay down and all
was still. What was it he had taken
from his bag? I could not sleep; I
dared not turn my back to them both.
They lay so quietly without a sound of
breathing that I was sure they were not
asleep.

At length, by way of hastening mat-
ters, I pretended to sleep. I breathed
heavily; I do not know whether I did
not give a snore. However, nothing
happened. I grew more and more
sleepy. I was worn out, ill as I was,
with the fatigue of my long journey.
Soon, however, the train stopped. This
was the only station at which we should
pass for the next six or seven hours. I

got a strong cup of coffee and returned.
I was determined not to change to an-
other carriage. I was determined to
conquer these foolish feelings, no doubt
created by the wretched state of my
nerves.

I opened the door of my compartment
and paused for a moment near the seat
where Douglas was lying. That moment,
as I afterward found, nearly cost me my
life. With a voice like thunder Douglas
leaped to his feet and asked me what I
was doing.

With inexpressible politeness I an-
swered that I had been out to get a
breath of air. I wondered if he wished
to pick a quarrel with me.

He did not reply except by a surly
grumble. I went and lay down as be-
fore; I could not keep awake. At last
giving myself up to my fate, I turned
my face toward the wall of the carriage,
and with my revolver in my hand, went
off into a sound sleep. The next mornin-
g came. We went into the wash-room and
performed our scanty ablutions together.
And then, all looking very tired and
very thankful day had come, we gradually
began to talk with civility to each other.
Douglas asked me what kind of a night
I had passed. I laughed and said:

"Not a very good one."
"For my part," said he, "I did not
sleep a wink the whole night."

At last the whole reason of these
alarms came out. The night before,
when we were getting ready for bed, he
had noticed the butt of my revolver
sticking out of my pocket. This roused
his suspicions. He began, as I had done,
to think over what might happen. He
thought of me at Baden-Baden with his
bank notes and of himself lying out in the
woods and of the affection one of those
wolves would have shown for a full-sized
American; and so his nerves were shaky,
just as mine had been. His suspicions
were also aroused by the way in which
I had asked what the noise was when
he was winding up his watch.

At last he could not rest, and going
very gently and with great caution, lest
he should arouse the slumbering lion
with his revolver, he unlocked his bag
and drew out of it a formidable six-
shooter also. He knew of the plan of
firing without exposing one's weapon to
sight, and expected, he said, to feel my
bullet in his body every moment he stood
exposed with his arms raised to the
netting over my head. Then, when I
came in from the station he was sud-
denly aroused from a doze and it was
with the greatest difficulty, for a moment,
that he refrained from firing. Had either
of us given away to our first impulse, we
should have probably gone on firing our
six barrels at one another until one of us
could fire no longer and then the other
would have had to pop the body through
the window and say no more about it,
and, whether confessing the fact or not,
have run a good chance of being sent
off to the mines of Siberia, without any
more questions being asked.

After a mutual explosion of laughter,
we became excellent friends and traveled
together in harmony to Berlin.

The moral I drew from this adventure
is, a word and a blow, but the word first.

A woman asks: "How am I to treat
my husband than I may have absolute
confidence in him?" Kill him.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

THE American girl, who isn't afraid of
fresh sea breezes and the splashing
of waves, never looks so jauntily and
irresistible as when aboard a yacht. She
must know nothing of sea-sickness, not a
thought must be given to the care of her
curls and her costume must be trim, nauti-
cal and chic. She knows all this, lives
up to her knowledge and is a great
success. As to her yachting gown, she is
glad to imitate her English sister, for on
this point the English girl is a reliable
authority. Straight from England has
come the idea of a jaunty yachting cos-
tume made of dark blue sail cloth. The
skirt is plain and of modern fullness. The
jacket is loose-fitting in shape, with wide
sailor collar, and cuffs ornamented with
sailor silk braid. This is worn over a
vest of white duck striped with bands of
the braid. A dark blue canvas belt
fastens in front with a gilt anchor buckle.
Another stylish yachting costume is in
navy-blue diagonal serge, of sea-proof
texture. Down the side of the plain skirt
is inserted a narrow rever of dark-red
serge. The open coatless bodice has gradu-
ated revers edged with red, and is worn
with a plain waistcoat of white pique,
which fastens with round blue buttons.
The sailor cap is of white leather resting
on a stiffened band of blue and red ribbon.
The name of the yacht in gilt letters may
decorate the ribbon.

It is dangerous to bathe after eating.
At least two hours should elapse between
a meat and a bath, and three hours be-
tween the dinner table and the tub.
Bathing in cold water immediately after
eating injures digestion, and a hot bath
has frequently been known to bring on
an apoplectic fit. Every member of the
family should have his or her own towels
for the toilet and the bath, to be con-
sidered as exclusively individual property
as the tooth brush.

A woman physician, with a dimpled
face and a complexion like a mountain
pink, gives this remedy for "billousness
and a bad face:" A pint of hot or cold
water drunk every morning, to cleanse
the stomach, esophagus and intestines;
ten minutes' walk before a mouthful of
breakfast is eaten and ten hours' sleep
every day of your life.

Cherish the babies. Keep them young
as long as possible, revel in the spring
sunshine, neither dreading the future
nor thinking of the past, just be content
with life as it is to-day, thankful for
bright days and storing up for yourself a
fund of strength and honest courage to
meet the storms when they eventually
come into your life.

Women's clubs should study particu-
larly the cause of the present hard times
and the probable means of relieving them.
The problems of society never will be
solved till women help do it.

This is the time of the year when the
babies who want to be put to bed have
to hunt up their mothers, who are
talking to their neighbors over the back
fence.

Vinegar added to boiling beef makes it
much more tender.