BY CARMEN SYLVA.

The happened quite unexpectedly. I was sitting drawing at my little table—spring and sunshine always awakened in me the love of colors and the wish to paint—when Alice came into the room and said, in her abrupt way:

"Come with man I want to a said."

"Come with me; I want to go and buy some more old pitchers, and you must

me to choose,

I shut my paintbox and put on my hat I shut my paintbox and put on my hat without a moment's heatation. I had not the least presentment of coming danger.

We crossed the square. The market was over, and the rows of booths, painted neatly a brown color, were shut, the pavement was swept clean, but in the vicinity of those stalls the butchers occupied a strong smell of most still linguish.

of mert still lingored.

"We had better, though, have gone the other way," Alicesaid, who happened to be walking a little in front of me. A per ect atreem of workmen from the ramparts were coming itowards us, and we had to push our way through them.

way through them.

"Why, because of those honest descendants of Srajan?" I asked when I suddenly ants of Srajan?" I asked when I suddenly felt my left arm seized with such violence that I staggered and I was looking a great, shaggy dog in the eyes. What dreadful eyes they were! From which direction he had sprung on me I don't know; whether it was from behind the booths. I only know that I had to control myself with a violent effort from screaming, and that what I had read in the paper that morning about mad dogs flashed across me. I did not scream or even try to drive off the dog, fright positively paralyzed me. I hardly felt that my left arm was bitten, when a hand was stretched over my shoulder which seized the dog and flung him backward. Those gray gloves knew; they must be my husband's. It was like in a dream that he should be there just when I needed help. How can he have when I needed help. How can be have come here, I thought? "It is a mad dog! It is mad!" I heard

"It is a mad dog! It is mad!" I heard people calling out around me, Some ran away panic-stricken, while others rushed after the anime! My husband took hold of my arm just above the bitten part and said: "Come—quick." I let him lead me some way before I remembered Alice.
"Never mind her," said my husband.
"You have no time to lose.

Everything danced before my eyes. I must have been half unconscious, but I noticed only now how pale his face was, and that one of his hands was streaked with blood. I drew his attention to it.
"It is nothing," he answered, and just then we entered the hospital, which stands almost immediately behind the market place. Louis opened the door, and we were in a sort of chemist shop.

sort of chemist shop.

"Bring quickly some caustic." Louis called out to a young man in enormous spectacles. "I don't believe it will be of much use," he added, turning to me, "but still one must try everything." Now I began to understand; there came a rumbling and singing in my ears, while a cold shiver crept

"Was he really mad?" I asked in a low "Was he really mad?" I asked in a low voice, which sounded hoarse and unnatural. Was that the first sign of the poison doing its work? I had to sit down, and then, before my husband could answer, my eyes closed and I lost sonsciousness of all arcund me in the one overwhelming thought, "My child."

But Louis had not answered : he had sprinkled the bitten part with something and then cauterized it, but all the time I felt nothing, only that nameless anxiety about my child. Now he bandaged the wound, which was not a big one, and then he let his own wrise be bandaged by the little man with the spectacles. He drew my arm through his, and we left the hospital quickly by another door that the weeked by another door than the one we had entered by. He looked at the clock, and hailed a passing cab.

We turned the corner of the Stranda Ca rol into Pod, and there, just what I had dreaded, a funeral was coming slowly to meet us. I had never once driven down meet us. I had never once driven down this street without meeting one; it was the only way leading to the cemetery of Belo. I began to tremble as I saw the men with their horrible black cloaks with gold borders, holding long tapes in their hands, approaching. But I could not help looking at the hearse. Through the glass lid of the coffin I saw the face of a young woman with brown hair; the inline over woman with brown hair; the jolting over the uneven pavement had caused the head to fall on one side. I could have screamed 'No, I will not die. " and yet—in few days I would be driven through the streets in like manner, but with my child in my arms—without the child I would not in my arms—without the child I would not die. Oh, if only the cab-driver would drive faster, that I could get to my boy. I took hold of my husband's arm and pressed it convulsively. He took my hand

"Must we also dis?" I asked quit!

wildly.
"Yes, thank Ged," he answered quickly. I drew my hand away; he would be glad I did so; he had only stroked it to soothe me as a doctor does his patient. We hate each other, of course, or has the shadow of that death which seems now so near us changed our feelings toward one another?

"I cab stopped before our house. Louis helped me out, and then turned to get in again.
"You aren't coming with me?" I asked.
"A patient of mine has been waiting for me for the last half hour?" He drove off.
"I couldn't help for a moment administration."

"I couldn't help, for a moment, admiring him going on calmly discharging his duties, and thinking only of others; but then came him going on campy discover; but then came and thinking only of others; but then came the bitter thought, we are perfectly indifferent to him. I told the servant who opened the door to bring me a glass of water, and then I hurried upstairs to my boy, my sweet little boy! He came running to meet me, and put his arms around my neck as I knelt arms before him.

"Where have you been to, mamma?" I did not answer, I only pressed him closer to me. It did me good to feel his little warm body in my arms; yes, at such a moment I could even die, but the tears started to my eyes when he repeated, where have you been?"

With papa in the hospital."

With papa in the hospital."
"With sick people?" he ask he asked, astonish

ed, "Yes ;and I saw also a funeral,"

My little one thinks a funeral,"
My little one thinks a funeral a beautiful
thing, with all its gaudy pomp.
The servant brought me the glass of water
but I put it down untouched, though I
knew I could not, as yet, have reached that
stage of the terrible disease when one flies but I put it down untouched, though I knew I could not, as yet, have reached that stage of the terrible disease when one flies at the sight of water.

How long had I still to live? The wound and take a last look at the country."

now began to burn, and the nervous restlessness, which I had thought was only longing for my son, did not leave me. Was this
the beginning of the end? I possessed a book
about medicine, which had often reassured
me when I had been alarmed by some trifling
allment of the child. I went and fetched it.
Was I, then so afraid of dying? In fancy I
still saw the young woman with her head
fallen to one side, but I have known all
along what awaits one when life is over.
Had I not often wished to die, and felt
desperate at the thought of going on living? But my child, my child; he must die
too, for what would become of him when
both of his parents were dead? Nine days
was still left for me, nine days [of health (so I
read in the medical book), and the first
symptoms of the fearful malady would
appear. "Nine days still." I sprang up,
and felt as if I had received a new lease of
life. I must make haste now and enjoy all
happiness which this earthly life can give
and then die by my own hand. Louis would
help me. I took the child again on my knee;
here was my greatest joy, and, who knows?
perhaps the dog wasn't mad after all. Was
it this hope which suddenly calmed me?
My husband returned home later than
usual, and looking tired.

"The dog had been caught." Louis remarked, "and unfortunately killed."

"The dog had been caught." Louis re-marked, "and unfortunately killed." "Why unfortunately?"

"Because now one can't ascertain whether it was mad or not, though I do

not doubt for a moment. "Neither do I;" and again I cast that unreasonable glance at the water on the table. I had read that this dread of water

was an old wife's fable, but it was of no use.

put the little one to bed, and he begged
me to lie down too. Though I dreaded
lying down, I did so to please him, and
threw myself on the bed beside him. I did threw myself on the bed beside him. I did not dare to move for fear of disturbing him; the hanging lamp burnt with a blue light. I shut my eyes and soon I fell asleep, but not for long. When I awoke, I fancied all that had taken place was only a bad dream, but only for a moment, and then the dreadful reality overwhelmed me again. I looked at the clock above my bed. The hands pointed to 11 o'clock, so it was still the first day? I got down off my bed and stole softly out of the room. It was dark in the room adjacent, and the lights in the drawing room were put out, but across the passage I room were put out, but across the passage leaw a light burning in my husband's room

saw a light burning in my husband's room, the door of which stood open as usual. I remained standing, leaning against the doorpost, and watched him. Now he approached the lamp and examined the wound on his hand; het hen bound it up again and began walking up and down the room. After a while he sat down and began to write. I was just going to him to ask to whom he was writing, when I espled a traveling bag lying open on the floor. He was going away, then! Perhaps with her who had destroyed my wedded happiness! This thought drove me mad. I ran across the passage and into his room; at sight of me he changed color. changed color.

"Where are you going to? Where, and why are you going? Because I am going to die?"

die?"
"Because I can't stay and see it," he replied, looking me ful in the face with an almost defiant expressior.

1 took up the sheet of paper on which the pen had been dropped; it was evidently addressed to me and ran, "You are quite safe till next Sunday, then take these drops, they will act quickly and painlessly I am writing to your brother; he will be here in three days."

"I won't have it!" I cried. "I won't see any one, no one shall know it, or even

see any one, no one shall know it, or ever guess it, till all is over." guess ib, till all is over."

"You are right, Anna. Why make partings still harder? but—" He stood up. Was his composure only feigned? "I can't remain here—"

"You have been called away, then?" I

"You have been called away, then?" I asked distrustfully.
"Very likely," he answered mockingly;
"but come, we have now more important things to consider—our child. I have long ago made my will."

"The child will die with me," I inter-

rupted him.
"'Anna!" he exclaimed, horrified,

you know that would be a crime?"
Now I was calm. "Louis," I said, "the happiest life on this earth is not worth living, and our little orphan boy's life would not be of the happiest. Some day he must die, and I feel I cannot part from him, dreadful though it may sound

"The child can't die; be reasonable, Anna. Life is not so bad as you think, over again; and I will not allow my son to be murdered.

"Your son? The child is mine, mine alone, What have you done that you deserve to have still a voice in any matter alone, oncerning him?"

He was white with anger. Now I thought at last he will speak out; but no, he took a few turns up and down the room, and then

said:

"In eight days we shall be both dead, so it is hardly worth speaking about; but you know that if our mutual sufferings were to be weighed in the balance mine would be to be weighed in the balance mine would be found far greater than yours. But now it is enough; it is against my nature to talk in this way. Only one thing more; I will stay here, a woman is always a woman, and I need not fear now any return of weakness on my part. Good-night,"

"Good-night; thank you for staying."

"Thank yourself," he answered shortly, and left the room.

"Thank yourself," he answered shortly, and left the room.

The day after the accident, when I stood at the window, I positively shrank back at the sight of the passer-by. This is one of the symptoms of growing mad, I thought, and when I saw the watch-dog cross the courtyard I shuddered and felt quite sick. I felt ashamed of myself, but I seemed to have lost all control over my feelings. I took my boy on my lap and leaned my burning head in the cushions, when Louis entered.

"I have settled everything," he cried, "and we start this evening,"
"We are going away?" I asked astonished.

"Yes, we will make the most of the time left us. Did you not say yourself, last night, you wished to enjoy life over again?" "Yes, but to-day I can't any more. I feel suffocating. I think I am going mad

already."
"Leave everything to me, and trust me entirely

"And we shall die in a foreign land, but f course the child with us," I added

hurt, so I followed him into his room.

"Loui, forgive me, but I hardly know what I an saying or doing; I am like in a

what I an saying or doing; I am like in a dream."

He looked at me pityingly. I felt he must deplse me, and I felt ashamed of my weaknes; I who had always imagined myself obe so brave was but a pitiful coward after all. I reproached myself also with myselfish fear, but it was all of no use. I could not feel differently; only when I had myshild on my lap and buried my face in his urls while the tears flowed freely, then I busthed easier.

then I brathed easier,
"Shal we really go away, Louis?" I asked, shyl;
"Of curse. We will take old Marjory
the child back

ed, shyl,

"Of ourse. We will take old Marjory with us, and she can bring the child back. We can rust him to her, and she has often traveledthe way we are going."

I triecto sit down quietly, but it was no use. I ad to spring up again, and always with the though I must enjoy the present and yet am not doing so.

"Cone, Anna, I will read you something aloud, a I used to in the dear old times long agg; do you remember?"

"No! can'tlisten. Come, rather, and let us ray something on the plano."

He dd as I wished, and we played one of Besheven's symphonies, but I broke down a the adagio, and leant my head against Louis' shoulder.

"I on's go on,"! whispered.

At last the evening came. It was late when we got to the station. The train was to startat 11 oclock; the child was tired and had fallen asleep in his nurse's arms. As usud, we met several acquaintances on the platorm. who all asked us where we As usus, we met several acquaintances on the platorm, who all asked us where we were going to so suddenly.

"Mywite has had some bad news from her reladons," Louis answered, "and I am taking ler to Vienna."

I wasquite silent, and felt half-stunned, or else lphink at the last moment I could not hav got into the train. Only when we began temove out of the station I cried:

"Nowwe are really off, and I shall never

see my hme again."

Louis teld both my hands tight in his Louis teld both my hands tight in his; the trainsped onward and the carriage rat-tled and shook. I lay down on the seat and closel my eyes. Louis sat opposite me, and mar him lay the child; the nurse was in another compartment of the sleeping

car.
"Why are we going to travel through Moldavia?" I asked. It had just struck me we were going to Vienna by that

Louis did not answer. Was he already dead? My brah was in a whirl. I sprang up and sezed he hand. I had roused him out of a brow study. He came and sat near me and sad:

"I was thining whether I ought to tell

you something or not. For natures like yours suspense is harder to bear than cerremember the ime when you told me this yourself, and then answered you, 'Yes, it is true; I loe another' and you bore it

quite calnly?"

Was he mocling me?—but no, his face was graveand ad, and he went on quietly:
"That is wh I told you what I believe to be true, instad of leaving you in doubt; out the dog hs not been killed, as I told you. He is eing watched, and perhaps we shall find the news awaiting us at Vienna that hwasn't mad after all."

"Unit is that possible?"

"Louis, is that possible?";
"You may vell ask," he continued, "You may tell ass," he continues, why all this time I have tormented you so unnecessarily, bu I thought you would not have minded ding, as you so often expressed a wish to lie; besides which, I can't

"Oh, can it s possible? I can't believe in so much hapiness." I oried, and threw my arms aroud his neck; I longed to wake the child and ell it him; I lenged to cry it to the four wids of heaven.

"Life is not so bad, then?" Louis asked.

"Ob, no; no now that you love me again life is worth living; but you must have thought me a great coward," I added in a

"No, I nlyfelt humiliated that my love "No, I migrate humiliated that my love had no pover over you any more."

Now I soull laugh again. "Oh, can it be true—rall; true?' I asked sgain and again in my rature. "Now I know there is a merciful cod above, but you will show me the teligram—promise me that I may see with my orn eyes that you are not deciving reason you really love me now."

ceiving means you really love me now.' Thus I chattered away in my joy; but the though would somehow come, "is he deceiving you!" but then the thought of the telegrm which I would go with him to fetch a arriving at Vienna reassured

me.

The net day after a restless night spent waching the child, I was still at my toilee, when Louis came into my room, heling an open telegram in his hand.

I read and with a joyful cry I threw myself ito his arms. "We will live, we will lip!" and I burst into a flood of

He lookd at me; he was moved and even somehat embarrassed as it seemed to me. le went up to the child's bed, who wassitting up playing with his toys. "I has only a bad cold—nothing

more,"

"You sy that as if you quite regretted not being his to try your medical skill on him," I sawered, laughing; "but anyhow we can't lave Vienna to-day."

Louis loked impatient, but saw I was right "shoild like to go home again,"

At length it was decided that we should go to Dresden; but this time the journey to which I had looked forward was not the same as our journey through Moldavia had been—something was wanting. I didn't know what, perhaps Louis' good spirits.

It was late in the evening when we reached Dresden and got to our hotel, and on Fraday morning we were wake hather small good spirits. day morning we were woke by the sunshine dooding our room and reflected brightly from

the river beneath our windows.
Only once, when Louis remarked, "Tomorrow it makes eight days since we were bitten," I felt a cold shudder creeping over

We went early to bed; my husband did not wish to go to the theater. "Tannhauser was so beautiful," he said, he did not wish the recollection of it marred by any-

hing fresh. It was almost midnight when I was awoke

It was almost midnight when I was awoke by an intense pain in the part which had been bitten. The wound had healed already at Vienns, and I had thought no more about it—but now, in this moment, I awoke to the full consciousness of my awful position and the last eight days. It is in this consciousness that I am writing to you. "One never tells the full truth, not even in the presence of death," you said to me once, and I write this to show you you were wrong. As yet I am in the first stage of the terrible disease, and while I am still able to, I will write to my sister and commit my little orphan boy into her keeping. My son shall live; I have learnt a lesson from my husband in these into her keeping. My son shall live; I have learnt a lesson from my husband in these last eight days, and I can'o express enough my admiration for how he has acted toward me. Now I understand that strange gleam in his eyes as he bent over the sick child; he thought God would lighten our parting and take him to himself. He never all the time said what was passing in his mind as I did, and he suffered much more than I. And the talse tidings we got at Vienna? He must have telegraphed at the frontier for them to be sent in order to be able to show the answer to me!

wer to me! I remember now every word I read in the medical book, and know in a few hours the medical book, and know in a few hours the disease will have mastered me; but he,my dearly loved husband, shall only know it when I ask him for the poison. I will tell him I promised my sister to send the little one to her for a few days, and under this pretext I will pass from him. It must be soon done, and I must wear a smiling face; my boy must keep a bright picture of his mother in his memory.

Afterward that nameless dread will again overpower me. I feel it already approach.

Afterward that nameless dread will again overpower me. I feel it already approaching and then death will come. Oh, my God! Death is almighty everywhere, whether on sea or land; but to me no longer fraught with pain and terror, for I take my best beloved on earth with me, yes, we are both lost, but our child will live, for life is beautiful and he is like his father.

I have seen my son for the last time. How Louis struggled with emotion as he saw the quiet parting, how hard it was for him not or yaloud, "But you will never see him again!" and he hardly let the child out of his arms. The great solemnness of approaching death gives me strength. Just new I looked out at the glittering sheet of water below, and I sank down giddy and faint. Now it is here—the terrible disease—the dog was mad, and Louis knew it—all will soon be over!

Beath of Lord Napier. The death of Lord Na

The death of Lord Napier of Magdala was announced in England on Jan. 14th. He is to be laid to rest in St. Paul's Cathedral and will be the first soldier to share the honors of the crypt there since the Duke of Wellington was interred in 1852. The dreaded influenza is responsible for the warrior's death at the age of 79. Robert Cornelius, Baron Napier of Magdala, has occupied for nearly thirty five years and and will be the first soldier to share the honors of the crypt there since the Duke of Wellington was interred in 1852. The dreaded influenza is responsible for the warrior's death at the age of 79. Robert warrior's fallure to recognize the number of the warrior's fallure to recognize the number of the care of Magdala, has occupied to encourage republics in the warrior's fallure to recognize the number of the content of the care of the engineer department of \$10. Educated at the military academy of Addiscombe, he joined the Bengal engineers in 1828 as a litestemant, In the Sutlej campaign of 1845 6 he was twice wounded and came out of it with the title of major. During the Indian affair and the title of major. During the Indian affair with the title of major. During the Indian affair in the royal palaces. The system of the content of the care of the care of the content of the care of the content of the care of the car portion of his career fast approached. In 1863 he was created commander-in-chief at Bombay, with the local rank of lieutenantgeneral. Four years later he began his celebrated campaign in Abyssinia against general. Four years later he began his celebrated campaign in Abyssinia against King Theodore. Its ostensible purpose was to rescue the Christian captives which that monarch had taken. Napier's successes made him a national hero. In 1868 occurred the battle of the Heights of Islamge) and East African question.

Our ltile boy sat between us, and Louis chatterd away and laughed. I looked at him he satonishment; for my part, I could not even smile, my heart was heavy within me and the one dreadful thought haunted me persistently. But the fresh breezs dd me good, and the pale green of early sping awakened in me the former admiration for nature's coloring. I began gradually to feel better.

"Mus you really also die?" I asked suddenly. The thought had struck me, as his bite as less severe than mine, and he bed bitten after me, perhaps he had not caught the infection. O', what relief in the thught that he would remain to look after the little one!

"World I be so happy if I were not sure of dyingsoon?' he answered. This evening we will start on our journey, which will last eight days and for these eight days you make."

"World I be so happy if I were not sure of dyingsoon?' he answered. This evening we will start on our journey, which will last eight days and for these eight days you make?"

Ou returning home we found Alice had called. I looked at Lusis with suspicion.

"Areth you sorry to have missed her?"

Our returning home we seed the days you will become mine, alone. Has life ever given me this appiness till now?"

Our returning home we seed the days you will become mine, alone. Has life ever given me this appiness till now?"

At length it was able to enjoy any. At length it was able to enjoy any. At length it was decided that we should go to Dresden; but this time the journey to what lies and he was appointed a British field marshal. What is an asving or doing I am like in a woulk you wast, perhaps Louis good spiritis.

He di not answer, and I saw he was hurt, so [followed him into his room.

"Loui, I forgive me, but I hardly know what I an saving or doing I am like in a looked forward was not the ameas our journey through Moldavia had been been some thing of the mean to a struck me, and it was decided that we should go to Dresden; but this time the journey to the mean of the care was also the care with the care, and h

Dangers of Moose Hunting.

Moose hunting is thought by the inexperienced to be rare fun. It is not always so agreeable as it seems and the hunter frequention has to "hump" himself to prove himself agreeable as it seems and the hunter frequently has to "hump" himself to prove himself the killer instead of the killed. A friend of mine was recently in Maine hunting and he tells of the experience of a companion of his there, which is rather startling. The hero of the adventure is a Waltham, Mass., sportsman who had been in camp at Alligator lake, the centre of the richest deer shooting region in Maine. More than once this gentleman, Alanson Haslam, had brought down his deer, and he was no novice. A short distance from camp the other morning he saw a handsome deer, was no novice. A short distance from camp the other morning he saw a handsome deer, but was unarmed, and stealing swifely into the cabin he caught up his rifls and started out. The deer had moved but a few rods, and Haslam, eager to add another to his list, raised the rifls to his shoulder and fired. To his great satisfaction the deer list, raised the rifl; to his shoulder and fired. To his great satisfaction the deer fell, and the Waltham man, as is customary with the sportsmen, drew his hunting knife and ran towards the spot to out the animal's throat and bleed him, letting his rifle drop as he did so. He saw as he neared the place that he had brought down a magnificant three-year-old buck, and was gloating over his triumph, when to his astoniamment the deer arose slowly, and ther, after looking at his captor, made a dash at him, head down. Haslam was but five or six feet away, and his halt stood on end as he saw the maddened animal start for him. There at his captor, made a dash at him, head down. Haslam was but five or six feet away, and his hair stood on end as he saw the maddened animal start for him. There was but one thing for him to do, however, to catch the buck by one of his horns, and he did it involuntarily, being thrust heavily against a tree by the powerful rush of the buck. That tree saved the life of a citizen of Waltham, for had Haslam fallen the strong, young animal would have gored him to death. As it was his hold was only strengthened. He had maintained his grasp on the hunting knife, and as the buck bent his head the sportsman plunged the blade in deeply be tween the forward legs of the animal. The first stab seemed only to add to his strength. Haslamhad a deadly grip upon the horn, and although his opponent was heavier, atronger and livelier, the hunter kept upon his feet all the time, using his knife with fearful effect. Back and forth they swayed, the eyes of the buck shooting firein his madness and for fully five minutesthe hunter thought for five hours they held their position, neither gaining an advantage. All the time the prongs of the deer's horns were having a great effect upon Mr. Haslam's clothing, tearing it into shreds and bruising his chost and stomach each time they struck him. Had he not seen the deer weakening from loss of blood his courage would have failed for he was becoming exhausted. Finally a plunge of his knife higher than the previous thrusts struck a vital spot and the crazy buck dropped to the ground dying. The hunter, with his clothes hanging in rags from him, dropped near the deer and lay motionless until he was recued and recovered his mind and had the supreme satisfaction of seeing the deer die before his eyes. An examination. showed the bullet from the rife had struck the deer on the horn, cracking it, but beyon knocking the deer down for a moment, did not hurth im. When the hunter arrived on the deer on the horn, cracking it, but beyon knocking the deer down for a moment, on thurt him. When the hunter arrived thespot the buck maddened by pain and cornered, was ready to fight for his life did it to the full extent of his powers. to fight for his life, and

His Reason.