

The White Cat

[BY GELT BURGESS, AUTHOR OF "VIVETTE"]
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After luncheon with Leah, we went up to Joy's private sitting-room, or study, as she called it—and it was really that, as I saw by the books which lined its walls. She had indeed time enough to read them! It was a woman's room, but it was expressive of virility as well as taste. Like most of the other rooms except the sleeping chambers and the dining-room, it was paneled to the ceiling—Joy confessed that she disliked plaster even when covered with paper. The wood here was a beautifully grained poplar and the general air of lightness and coolness was helped by the high, irregular, celled roof whose beams and ties stretched across from wall to wall. The shiplike bay window which I had seen from the outside was a nest of cushions of all colors of the rainbow—I speak literally—varying from violet, through blue, green, yellow and orange to red and purple again. There was a great table here where I saw a large microscope and case of slides. An upright piano stood in a corner. I noticed also a typewriter and a camera on a tripod. The place had an air of work and study quite different from Edna's clutter and disorder. It showed me in a glance how it had been possible for her to live alone, so far away from civilization.

Here we spent the afternoon discussing her condition and prospects. She asked me much about Edna, for, though she had always been kept informed of Edna's actions by Leah, and had attained by this time a pretty good comprehension of her alternate character, she was much interested in my opinions and conclusions, and I was able to cast new lights upon this second self of hers which gave her a new point of view. I could not yet bring myself to speak of Edna's coquettishness, for all this she had no suspicion. There had been few visitors to Midmeadows since she had lived there, only the doctor and her lawyer, I believe; for she had, of late years,

become more and more retiring as Edna's appearances had become more frequent.

Whatever indiscretions Edna had permitted herself with the doctor had been well concealed as they were so much alone. I myself would never have suspected anything, had she not been so thorough in her concealment on the watch. And all this sort of thing, too, had evidently been only of recent growth—it was coincident with Edna's increasing "strength." I don't think that either Leah or I had, for an instant, any compunction on Edna's account against informing Joy of what might be going on. We were loyal to Joy alone—it seemed unquestionable that she was the rightful sovereign self, and that the other was an interloper—our devotion did not hesitate at any violation of confidence incident to such a revelation. But we wanted to spare Joy's feelings as long as possible. For, under whatever spell, it was still Miss Fielding, whose actions we must criticize, irresponsible as she was, she could hardly bear to think of herself as appearing in such a light, knowing what the picture must be in our eyes, and her own. Indeed, it takes a more than ordinary amount of philosophy to know that one has shown a lack of taste or delicacy even under the effects of an anesthetic or an intoxicant, without suffering from mortification and shame. Her embarrassment would be quite as poignant as her sensibility was exquisite.

Joy had kept a diagram of her changes, and she got it out from her desk to show me. The first appearance of No. 2 had occurred when she was about fourteen years old; the second a month or so later, and there had been this usual interval until she was about twenty-one. From that time on, the appearance of No. 2 had increased in frequency, until for the last few years it had settled into a fairly regular average of two days in every week. There had been in her early childhood, beginning when she was seven years old, some curious abnormal tendencies that had not been recorded; it seemed, therefore, that her development was progressing, roughly, in seven-year cycles.

If that were so, the present daily alternation of personalities, seemed to predict a gradual overthrow of her normal self, the original No. 1. The more I discussed it with her, however, the surer I was that this sudden access of strength on the part of Edna was chiefly attributable to the doctor's influence. I did not say so in so many words to Joy, for I wanted first to prepare my plan, but there was no doubt, in my mind, that whatever was his object in overthrowing Joy's control, and making Edna paramount, my coming had somewhat interfered with his experiments, and he had consequently increased his energy in a determination to succeed as soon as possible in his attempt at the replacement. How terrible this slow eclipse of her soul must be to Joy, I knew well enough.

It is hardly to be wondered at, therefore, that, thrown into intimate contact with so beautiful and so rare a character, I should bend all my will and powers toward helping her in her misfortune. I had decided already to make any sacrifice and devote all my time to the task. Nor is it to be wondered at, I think, that so devoting myself to her cause, and being so privileged to study her closely, I should by this time, have fallen deeply in love with her. Her very desperation, her hopeless, futile struggle against something outside any ordinary human experience drew me to her with an ever increasing fondness. Her reliance on my aid strengthened the bond day by day, hour by hour. How much the doctor's interest in her had given me the additional fillip of jealousy, I would not care to say.

We came back to the incident of the gold chain more than once. What did that phenomenon mean? It was almost the first, and certainly the strongest and clearest symptom of a common share in Edna's life that Joy had ever had. Was it, then, Joy's dim vision of Edna's experience, or was it more sinister and significant, an evidence of Edna's ability to reject herself into Joy's waking life? Did Edna, perhaps, have a coexistent subconscious life? That it meant something, that it marked some new phase in this last cycle of development, we were both sure.

So we talked and talked that afternoon and through dinner. In the evening, exhausted with speculation, we gave it all up. Joy played her violin for me for an hour or so, and we lost all thought of the problem in our common enjoyment of her music. Then we started a game of chess, which, hard fought, lasted till bedtime. Before we retired, Joy went out to see the dogs, and on returning she

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brought in Nokomis.

"I think I'll let her sleep in my room tonight, Leah, she's got such a poor, sore head," she remarked.

Leah looked at me as if to ask my help or advice.

"Aren't you afraid that—Edna may object in the morning, if she should be there?" I asked.

Instantly her suspicions were aroused. "Object to Nokomis? Dear old Nokomis, how could she?"

Nokomis whined anxiously, stretched her forelegs and waited.

I did not know what to say. Joy knew, of course, that Edna was not particularly fond of the collier, but she had no idea of the extent of her dislike. There was, I feared, some danger if, after what had happened yesterday, Edna and Nokomis found themselves together in the same room.

Still, I wished to spare Joy, as long as possible, knowledge that would, I was sure, make her extremely sad.

As Leah had tacitly left it for me to decide, I said:

"Leah, can't you call Nokomis out early in the morning, before Miss Fielding awakes—in case—"

"Yes, I think it will be all right," she replied.

If Joy suspected anything definite in this quick exchange of glances she did not inquire. She turned to bid me good-night, and went upstairs, Nokomis with her.

CHAPTER V.

I was aroused in the night by a growling in Miss Fielding's room. Wide awake in an instant, I sat up in bed and listened intently, but I had not had time to get up before I heard a short, angry yell, and then Nokomis' footstep pattering out of the room and going downstairs in hasty jumps. I struck a match and looked at my watch. It was a quarter past two o'clock. I knew well enough then that Edna would take Miss Fielding's place in the morning. It was much as if a ghost had entered the house and lurked in the darkness. For a long time I was too agitated to sleep.

The next day was cool and cloudy. I found a fire burning in the library when I went downstairs, and Leah was there, putting the room to rights. She looked up at me gratefully, as if it were a consolation to her to have someone to depend upon.

Leah had, by this time, begun to treat me quite as if I were her master. I had always tried to meet her upon terms which would prove that I had no prejudice on account of her color, but that very attitude of mine seemed to make her more willing to do me unlooked-for service. I am told that this is not, as a rule, true of negroes, and the southerners, by her sentiment and tradition hold themselves as superior in virtue of their birth, keep the respect of colored folk and receive a willing acceptance of subservience that no northerner, capable of no such race feeling, can achieve.

The Leah's gratitude, for my consideration did express itself in such devotion proves, perhaps, only that she was intrinsically finer—that she was, as I have already expressed it, ahead of her time. There was much pathos in it, nevertheless, for I was quite ready to regard her as a social, as she was, undoubtedly, a moral equal.

"Did you hear Nokomis?" she asked immediately.

"I should say! Didn't it awaken Miss Fielding?"

"Oh, no, she sleeps heavily at these times. But it awakened me—wasn't it horrible! It was Miss Edna coming in! Think of it!"

"How is she this morning?"

"Fretful and irritable—to me, at least. She asked for you, and she has been telephoning to the doctor again. Oh, I wish you might prevent that. What does she do for, Mr. Castle?"

"He is probably making her do it," I replied. "You see, he has attained a sort of power over her. I suspect, just how much, we must try to find out. Have you any idea what she said?"

"No; she sent me out of her room. But I think he'll probably be down to-day. How I dread it! Why does he come here so often?"

"He's coming down, Leah, because he realizes that we're bound to fight him. It will be open war this time, I expect. We don't like each other, and I strongly suspect that by tonight the cards will be shown down."

"He's trying to get rid of me!" she said hopelessly, going on with her dusting.

"Well, he'll have to beat me there, first," I said. "So long as Edna does not have two days running, I think I can keep her here safely. But we must be ready for the worst. Is there any place near here where you could stay, if necessary, for a day or so?"

She reminded me of the old cabin a little way down the road, and thought it might be fitted up well enough. She said she would stay there alone, and could probably manage her meals somehow, through King, who was always ready to help her.

"Have you a revolver?" I asked.

"Miss Joy has one, and I can easily get it."

"It might be well to have it at hand," I suggested. "I'll advise you to ask Uncle Jordon to clean up the cabin for you. And be sure that the collier is fastened up, too, won't you? Where's Nokomis now?"

"Nokomis came downstairs and spent the rest of the night in the kitchen. When King opened the door, she went out. She'll not come back, I think, till Miss Joy's herself again."

(To be Continued.)

American and English women married to great Romans have done much toward refining life in the Eternal City. They discouraged the rough horseplay and the practical joking, so common under the old regime even in the best houses. They have introduced such amenities of life as open fireplaces, bathrooms and improved sanitation, and, in short, they exercised the same softening and humanizing effect upon the Roman nobility of the last half of the nineteenth century that the Greeks had upon the ancient Roman patricians.

Building contractors all over the Northwest are demanding carpenters, brick and stone masons, plasterers, paperhangers and electrical workers at wages ranging from \$4.50 to \$6.50 for eight hours work.

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FROZEN TO DEATH

ON MATTERHORN

Thrilling Story Told by the

Survivor of a Tragedy in the Alps.

Geneva, Sept. 23.—Dr. Robert Helbing, of the Swiss army, has given a vivid account of the terrible experiences which he and two friends, Major Henri Spörri, also of the Swiss army, and Herr Karl Imfeld, an engineer, underwent near the summit of the Matterhorn last week.

"We started from Zermatt with the object of passing the first night at a hut on the Lac Noir," said Dr. Helbing. "Darkness overtook us two hours from the hut, however, and we spent the night on the Col du Lion.

"We continued the ascent at day-break, but as we climbed the weather grew steadily worse. Nevertheless, after a consultation, we decided to push on. Major Spörri was especially anxious to stand on the summit of the Matterhorn. For the first and last time," he said.

"At 2 p.m. we reached the dangerous portion of the journey, where ropes are attached to rocks overhanging deep precipices. Then the storm broke.

"It is impossible to describe the fury of an Alpine storm in the higher altitudes. The hail and snow forced us to seek shelter under a ledge of rock, watch was, however, exposed to the terrific wind. There was no other shelter near.

"There we crouched all night long, while the storm raged with increasing fury. We were being gradually buried by the drifting snow and frozen by the icy wind.

"Thunder and lightning added to the horror of our situation toward morning, and although we were not actually struck by lightning, we received many electric shocks. One was so violent that Major Spörri lost consciousness.

"About 11 a.m., realizing that if we remained longer under the ledge we would be frozen to death, I persuaded my companions to risk the descent.

"Major Spörri was in a state of exhaustion bordering on collapse, and after taking a few feeble steps he fell face downward in the snow.

"Herr Imfeld and I worked for several hours trying to revive him with brandy and massage, but he died without regaining consciousness.

"Both Herr Imfeld and myself were so weakened that we could only walk very slowly. We hoped that we might meet a rescuing party, but we did not see a living creature, and so we plodded on until nightfall.

"The snow was again falling thickly, but we did not seem to mind it. We continued walking as in a dream.

"Finally we threw ourselves under a ledge on the Epaule, utterly worn out and disheartened, and hardly caring whether we lived or died. I worked hard throughout the night trying to keep Imfeld from freezing to death. His feet and hands were gradually freezing, and he begged me to let him die in peace.

"At the first streak of dawn we again started the descent, which, under ordinary circumstances, should be accomplished in a few hours. But poor Imfeld, whose legs had been badly frozen, could scarcely drag one foot after the other.

"He finally insisted that I should go on ahead to the little hotel at the Lac

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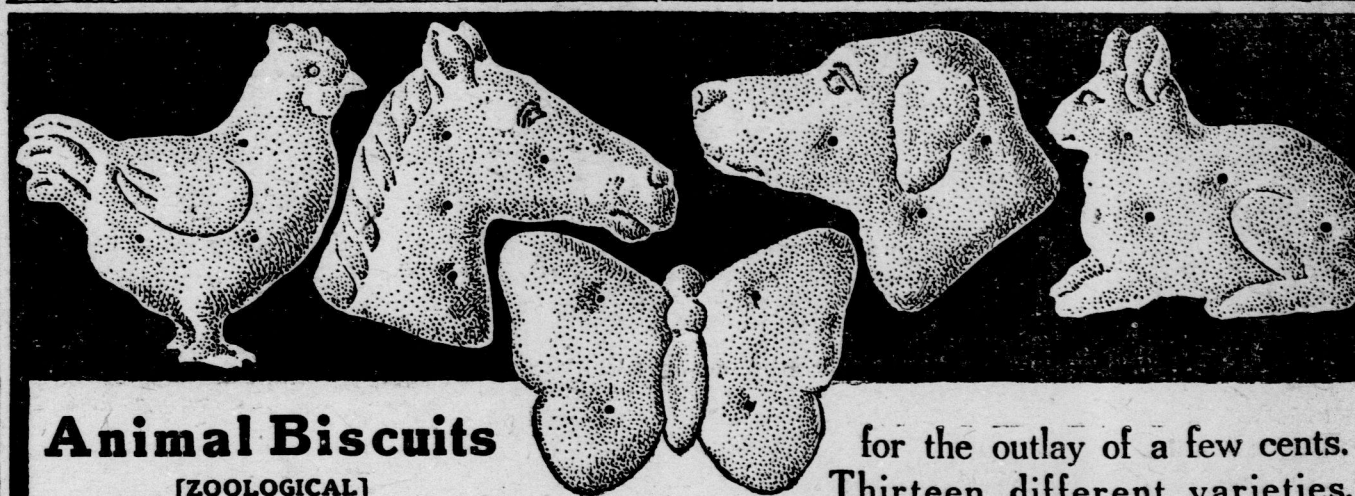
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Noir and send up guides to assist him and to recover the body of Major Spörri.

"There was no guide at the hotel, and just as I was about to start for Zermatt, Imfeld stumbled into the hotel more dead than alive. I left him in good hands and went on to Zermatt. A party of guides returned immediately, and Major Spörri's body was recovered."

Herr Imfeld is now in a Zermatt hospital in a critical condition. Both legs must be amputation in order to have his life.

Dr. Helbing has recovered from the effects of his terrible experience.

DEPOSE HARAHAN, IS FISH DEMAND

Bitterness of the War Between

Latter and E. H. Harriman Revealed.

New York, Sept. 22.—The bitterness of the personal war between Stuyvesant Fish and E. H. Harriman was revealed today. Mr. Fish seeks nothing less than the expulsion of J. T. Harahan from the presidency of the Illinois Central.

Mr. Fish's famous resolutions which were read at the directors' meeting on Aug. 23, which resulted in Mr. Fish knocking Mr. Harahan down, were made public today.

In the resolutions Mr. Fish practically accuses President Harahan of juggling the books of the Illinois Central in order to show an increase of business that did not actually exist.

Mr. Fish further accused Mr. Harahan of using the private wire of the Union Pacific to carry on a telegraphic correspondence with E. H. Harriman concerning Illinois Central affairs.

He further accuses Harahan of falsifying the records and misleading the directors of the Illinois Central in regard to the business of the company.

So far in the struggle Mr. Harahan, supported by E. H. Harriman, has been able to sit tight and defy Mr. Fish's efforts to oust him.

President Harahan replied to the charges at today's meeting of the directors, but his reply is withheld from the public.

But the charges made by Mr. Fish are so serious that even the friends of Harahan have been compelled to take official notice of them. They are under investigation of a committee of the directors, appointed on July 24. That committee, composed of Directors Cornelius Vanderbilt, J. W. Auchencloss, and Walter Lüttgen—all Harriman supporters—has not yet reported.

Although the quarrel between Messrs. Fish and Harriman dates back to a year ago, when Harriman deposed Fish from the presidency of the Illinois Central and placed J. T. Harahan at the head of the company, the

present struggle on the part of Fish to have Harahan dismissed under charges dates back only to July 24 last.

TO EXCLUDE EMMA

Goldman Woman May Not Be Allowed To Land in New York.

New York, Sept. 23.—It is declared today on seemingly good authority that the United States immigration bureau has decided to bar Emma Goldman, the high priestess of Anarchy, from the United States. She is returning triumphantly from the international congress of Anarchists in Amsterdam, and it is held that under any one of several counts she may be prevented from landing, for she is avowedly an Anarchist, a person of no visible means of support, an unnaturalized foreigner and probably would fall into the category of "undesirable citizen."

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S Dysentery Cordial is prepared from drugs known to the profession as thoroughly reliable for the cure of cholera, dysentery, diarrhea, griping pains and summer complaints. It has been used successfully by medical practitioners for a number of years with gratifying results. If suffering from any summer complaint it is just the medicine that will cure you. Try a bottle. It sells for 25 cents.

The models of the large bronze doors which the Washington sculptor, Louis Amaties, was authorized to design for the main west entrance of the capitol need only a few finishing touches before they will be ready to cast. These massive doors will be nearly eight feet in width and more than thirteen in height.

PAINS, LIKE THE POOR, ARE ALWAYS WITH US.—That portion of man's life which is not made up of pleasure is largely composed of pain, and to be free from pain is a pleasure. Simple remedies are always the best in treating bodily pain, and a safe, sure and simple remedy is Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. You cannot do wrong in giving it a trial when required.

Among the new boys who have enrolled for the summer term at Denstone College, Stratfordshire, Eng., is a son of King Lobengula, late chief of the Matabele in Africa. The lad came to Denstone under the auspices of Dr. Jameson, the Cape Premier, and it is desired that he shall be educated in the best traditions of English public school life.

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USE BIG FOR UNNATURAL discharges, inflammation, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membrane. Prevents Catarrhs, the ILLIUMS CENTRAL, C. S. A.

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