## CALLED BACK.

BY RUGE CONWAY.

CHAPTER L

IN DARKNESS AND IN DANGER. I have a reason for writing this tale, I have a reason for writing this tale, or it would not become public property. Once, in a moment of confidence, I made a friend acquainted with some curious circumstances connected with one period of my life. I believe I asked him to hold his tongue about them—he cays not. Anyway, he told another friend, with embellishments I suspect; this friend told another, and so on and on. What the tale grew to at last I shall probably never learn; but since I was weak enough to trust my private was weak enough to trust my private affairs to another I have been looked

affairs to another I have been looked upon by my neighbors as a man with a history—one who has a romance hidden away beneath an outwardly prosaic life. For myself I should not trouble about this. I should laugh at the garbled versions of my story set floating about by my own indiscretion. It would matter little to me that one good friend has an idea that I was once a Communist and a member of the inner circle of a secret society—that another has heard that I society—that another has heard that have been tried on a capital charge— that another knows I was at one time a Roman Catholic, on whose behalf special miracle was performed. If a were alone in the world and young, dare say I should take no steps to still these idle rumors. Indeed, very young these idle rumors. Indeed, very young men feel flattered by being made objects of curiosity and speculation.

But I am not very young, nor am I alone. There is one who is dearer to

me than life itself. One from whose heart, I am glad to say, every shadow left by the past is rapidly fading—one who only wishes to live her true sweet life without mystery or concealment— wishes to be thought neither better nor worse than she really is. It is she who shrinks from the strange and absurd re-ports which are flying about as to our antecedents—she who is vexed by those leading questions sometimes asked by inquisitive friends; call back old memories of joy and grief, and tell every one, who cares to read, all he can possibly wish to know, and it may be more than he has a right to know, of our lives. This done, my lips are sealed forever on the subject. My tale is here—let the inquisitive take his answer from it, not

Perhaps, after all, I write this for my own sake as well. I also hate mysteries. One mystery which I have never been able to determine may have given me a dislike to everything which will not admit of an easy explanation.

To begin, I must go back more years than I care to enumerate; although could, if necessary, fix the day and the year. I was young, just past twenty-nye. I was rich, having when I came of age succeeded to an income of about two thousand a year; an income which, being drawn from the funds, I was able to enjoy without responsibilities or anx-lety as to its stability and endurance. Although since my twenty-first birthdithough since my twenty-first birth-day I had been my own master, I had no extravagent follies to weigh me down, no debt to hamper me. I was without bodily ache or pain; yet I turn-ed again and again on my pillow and said that my life for the future would be little more than a curse to me.

Had death just robbed me of one who was dear to me? No; the only ones I had ever loved, my father and mother, had died years ago. Were my ravings those peculiar to an unhappy lover? No: my eyes had not yet looked passion into & woman's eyes—and now would never do so. Neither death nor love made my lot seem the most miserable in the

I was young, rich, free as the wind to follow my own devices. I could leave England to-morrow and visit the most beautiful places on the earth; those places I had longed and determined to see. Now, I knew I should never see them, and I groaned in anguish at the

My limbs were strong. I could bear fatigue and exposure. I could hold my own with the best walkers and the swift est runners. The chase, the sport, the trial of endurance had never been too long or too arduous for me—I passed my left hand over my right arm and felt the muscles firm as of old. Yet I was as helpless as Samson in his captivity. For, even as Samson, I was blind!

Blind! Who but the victim can even faintly comprehend the significance of that word? Who can read this and gauge the depth of my anguish as I turned and turned on my pillow and thought of the fifty years of darkness which might be mine—a thought which made me wish that when I fell asleep it might be to wake no more?

Blind! After hovering around me for years the demon of darkness had at last laid his hand upon me. After letting me, for awhile, almost cheat myself into security, he had swept down upon me, folded me in his sable wings and blighted my life. Fair former wiper tights, bright colors, was seenes wings. and dighted my life. Fair forms, sweet sights, bright colors, gay scenes mine no more! He claimed them all, leaving me darkness, darkness, ever darkness! Far better to die, and, it may be, wake in a new world of light—"Better" I cried in my despair, "better even the dull red glare of liades than the darkness of the general."

This last eleomy thought of mine shows the state of mind to which I was

reduced

The trith is that, in spite of hope held out to me, I had resolved to be hopeless. For years I had felt that my for was lying in wait for me. Often when gazing on some beautiful object some fair some, the right to enjoy which made one fully appreciate the gift of right, a whister seemed to reach my ear—"Some day I will strike again, then it will be sit over." I fried to laugh at my fears, but could never quite get rid of the presentiment of evil. My enemy had struck one-why not again?

Well tear commender his first appear-ice-his first actsoic. I remember Entithearted school-boy ar engrossed ficed how strangely dim the sight of one eye was getting, or the curious change which was taking place in its appearance. I remember the boy's father inking him to London, to a large dull-looking house in a quiet dull street. I remember our wating in a room in which were several other people: most of whom and chades or handages over their eyes. Anche a deletal mathering it wise that I felt much relieved when we were conducted to another room in which sake a king, pleasant-spoken man, called by my father Mr. Jay. This minent men, acter applying something which I know now was beliedones to my eyes, and which had the effect for a short time of wonderfully improving my sight, peered into my eyes by the aid of strong lenses and mirrors—I remember at the time wishing some of those lenses were mine—what splendid burning-glasses they would make! Then he placed me with my back to the window and heid a lighted candle before my face. All these proceedings seemed so funny that I was half inclined to laugh. My father's grave, anxious face alone restrained me from so doing. As soon as Mr. Jay had finished his researches he turned to my father:

"Hold the candle as I held it. Let it shine into the right eye first. Now, Mr. Vaughan, what do you see? How many candles, I mean?"

"Three—the one in the centre small and bright, but upside down."

"Yes; now try the other eye. How

Yes; now try the other eye. How

many there?"
My father looked long and carefully.
"I can only see one," he said, "the

large one."
"This is caused the catoptric test, an old-fashioned but infallible test, now almost superseded. The boy is suffering from lenticular cataract. This terribly sounding name took away all my wish to laugh. I glanced at my father and was surprised to no-

tice his face wearing an expression of "That may be cured by an operation."

"Certainly; but in my judgment it is not well to meddle, so long as the other eye remains unaffected."

Is there danger?" "There is always danger of the disease appearing in the sound eye; but, of sourse, it may not happen. Come to me at the first sign of such a thing.

Good-morning."

The great specialist bowed us out, and I returned to my school life, troubling little about the matter, as it caused me no pain, and, although in less than a twelvemonth the sight of one eye was completely obscured, I could see well enough for every purpose with the re-

maining one.

But I remember every word of that diagnosis, although it was years before I recognized the importance of it. It was only when compelled by accident to wear for some days a bandage over my sound eye that I realized the danger in which I stood, and from that moment that that a marrilage for was ever wait. felt that a merciless foe was ever wait-

And now the time had come. In the first flush of my manhood, with all that one could wish for at my com-

mand, the foe had struck again.

He came upon me swiftly—far more swiftly than his custom in such cases; yet it was long before I would believe the worst—long before I would confess to myself that my failing sight and the increasing fogginess of everything I look ed at were due to more than a temporary weakness. I was hundreds of miles from home, in a country where traveling is slow. A friend being with me, had no wish to make myself a nuisance by cutting our expedition short. So I said nothing for weeks, although at the end of each week my heart sank at the fresh and fearful advances made by the foe. At last, being unable to bear it, or in fact conceal it longer, I made known my condition to my comrade. the time London was reached and the long journey at an end, everything to me was blurred, dim and obscure.

could just see, that was all! I flew to the eminent oculist's. He was out of town. Had been ill, even at the point of death. He would not be back for two months, nor would he see any patient until his health was quite

I had pinned my faith upon this man No doubt there were as skilful oculists in London, Paris, or other capitals; but it was my fancy that, if I was to be saved, I could only be saved by Mr. Jay. Dying men are allowed their whims: even the felon about to be hanged can choose his own breakfast, so I had an undoubted right to choose my own sur-I resolved to wait in darkness until Mr. Jay returned to his duties.

I was foolish. I had better have trusted myself in other clever hands. Be-fore a month was over I had lost all hope, at the end of six weeks I was almost distracted. Blind, blind, blind! 1 should be blind forever! So entirely had I lost heart that I began to think I would not have the operation performed at all. Why fly against fate? For the rest of my life I was doomed to darkness. The subtlest skill, the most delicate hand, the most modern appliances would never restore the light I had lost.

For me the world was at an end. Now that you know the cause, can you not imagine me, after weeks of darkness, broken in spirit, and, as I lay sleepless that night, almost wishing that the alternative refused by Job-tocurse God and die-were mine? If you are unable to realize my condition, read the above to any one who has lost his sight. He will tell you what his feelings were when the calamity first came upon bim. He will understand the depths of my

I was not left entirely alone in my trouble. Like Job, I had comforters; but, unlike Eliphaz and Company, they were good-hearted fellows who spoke with cheerful conviction as to the certainty of my recovery. I was not so grateful for these visits as I should have been. I hated the thought of any one seeing me in my helpless condition. Day

and more desponding and morbid.

My best friend of all was a humble one; Priscilla Drew, an old and trusted servant of my mother's. She had known me from earliest childhood. When returned to England I could not bear the thought of trusting my helpless self entirely to a stranger's care, so I wrote to her and begged her to come to me. 1 to her and begged her to come to me. I could at least groan and lament before her without feeling shame. She came, wept over me for awhile, and then, like a sensible woman, bestirred herself to do all she could to mitigate the hard-ships of my lot. She found comfortable lodgings, installed her troublesome charge therein, and day and night was ever at his beck and call. Even now, as I lay awake and tossing in mental anguish, she was sleeping on an extemporized hed just outside the folding-doors, which opened from my bedroom to the sitting-room.

It was a stiffing night in August. The

singgish air which crept in through the open window made little perceptible difference in the temperature of my room. Everything seemed still, hot, and dark. The only sound I could hear was the regular breathing of the sleeper behind the door, which she had left an inch or two ajar in order that she might catch my faintest call. I had gone early to bed. What had I to wait up for now? It was sleep and sleep gone early to bed. What had I to wait up for now? It was sleep and sleep alone which brought forgetfulness, but to-night sleep refused to come to me. I struck my repeater. I had bought one in order that I might, at least, know the time. The little bell told me that it was just past one o'clock. Crawing for sleep I sighed and sank back upon my pillow.

Presently a sudden fierce longing to be out of doors came over me. It was night—very few people would be about. There was a broad pavement in front of the row of houses in one of which I lodged. Up and down this I might walk in perfect safety. Even if I only sat on the doorstep it would be better than lying in this close hot room, tossing from side to side unable to sleep.

The desire took such full possession

of me that I was on the point of caming old Priscilla and making her aware of it; but knowing she was sleeping soundly, I hesitated. I had been unusually restless, cross and exacting during the day, and my old nurse—Heaven reward her!—was serving me for love, not for money. Why should I disturb her? Let me begin to learn to help myself like money. Why should I disturb her? Let me begin to learn to help myself like others in my wretched plight. I had already acquired this much, to dress without assistance. If I could now do this and leave the room unheard, I could I

and leave the room unheard, I could I felt sure, grope my way to the front door, let myself out, and, whenever I chose, return by the aid of the latchkey. The thought of even a temporary independence was attractive, and my spirits rose as I resolved to make the attempt.

I crept softly from my bed, and slowly but easily dressed myself, hearing all the while the sleeper's regular breathing. Then, cautious as a thief, I stole to the door which led from my bedroom to the landing. I opened it without noise and stood on the thick carpet outside, smiling as I thought of the sleeper's dismay if she awoke and discovered my absence. I closed the door, then, guiding myself by the balustrade, passed lightly down the stairs and reached the street door without accident. street door without accident.

There were other lodgers in the house. among them young men who came in at all hours, so, the do always left on the latch, I had no bolts to contend with. In a moment I was on the doorstep, with the door behind me-clos

I stood for a short time irresolute, almost trembling at my temerity. This was the first time I had ventured beyond the house without a guiding hand to trust to. Yet I knew there was nothto trust to. Yet I knew there was nothing to fear. The street—a quiet one—was deserted. The pavement was broad, I could walk up and down without let or hindrance, guiding myself, after the manner of other blind persons, by tapping my stick against the curbstone or the railings. Still I must take a few precautions to enable me to ascertain my latitude and longitude at will.

I came down the four steps which led from the front door, turned myself to the right, and, by aid of the line of railings, set my face toward the end of the street. Then I began to walk and to street. Then I began to walk and to count my steps, sixty-two of which brought my right foot on to a road, which told me I had reached my limit. I turned, counted back the sixty-two paces, and then sixty-five more in the same direction before I found myself again off the pavement. My calcula-tions were verified by my knowing that my house was very nearly in the centre of the row. I was now quite at my ease; I had determined the length of my tether; I could walk up and down the deserted street, yet, at any time I wished to do so, could, by counting from either end, arrest my steps in front of my

So, mightily proud of my success, for a while I went up and down—up and down. I heard one or two cabs pass me, and also one or two persons afoot. As these latter seemed to pay no attention to me, I felt glad to think that my appearance and gait were not such as to attract notice. Most men like to conceal their infirmities.

This night excursion did me a great deal of good. Perhaps it was finding that I was not altogether so helpless and dependent that changed in a few minutes my whole frame of mind. The mental rebound took place. I went from despondency to hope extravagant hope even to certainty. Like a revelation it came to me that my malady was curable; that, in spite of my presentiment, what friends had been assuring me would prove to be the truth. So elated I grew that I threw my head back and walked with a firm quick step, almost forgetting that I was sightless. I began to think of many things, and my thoughts were happier ones than I had known for months. I gave up counting my paces. I walked on and on planning what should do; where I should go when my darkness was removed. I do not know whether I may have at times guided myself by the wall or pavement edge; but if so I did it mechanically and instinctively, without noticing the action of remembering it afterward.

I cannot say whether it may be possi-ble for a blind man, who can divest himself of the fear of encountering unseen obstacles, to walk as straightly and accurately as one who can see. I only know that, in my preoccupied and ele-vated state of mind, I must have done so. Intoxicated and carried away by the return of hope, I may have walked as a somnambulist or as one in a trance. Anyway, forgetful of all save my brighter thoughts, I went on and on, heedless of the missing sense, until coming full against a person walking in the opposite dierection recalled me from my visions and brought me back to my misery. I felt the man I had encountered shake himself free; I heard him mutter "stupid fool!" and go swiftly on his way, leaving me motionless on the spot where

the collision had occurred, wondering where I was and what I should do. It was no use attempting to find my way back unaided. Not having brought my repeater with me I could not even say how long I had been walking. It ight have been ten minutes, it might have been an hour since I gave up counting my steps. Judging by the number of things I had thought of since that rapturous exaltation of mind commenced it seemed more likely to be the latter. Now that I had come back to the earth I must be content to remain on this particular spot of it until I heard

on this particular spotof it until I heard the step of a policeman or some one else who might happen to be abroad at this unusual hour—unusual, at least in this quiet part of London. I leaned my back against the wall and waited patiently.

I soon heard an approaching step; but such a staggering, uncertain, lurking kind of step, that from the sound of the feet alone. I was able to determine the condition of their owner, and was obliged to decide that he was not the man I wanted. I must let him pass and wait for another. But the feet staggered up to me and stopped near me, whilst a to me and stopped near me, whilst a voice, jolly, but like the feet unsteady, oried:

"Nother feller worsh than me! Can't get on at all—eh, old chap? Comfort t' think some one's head 'll ache worsh han mine to-morrow! "Can you tell me the way to Waipole street?" I asked, standing erect to show

him I was sober. Walpole street—course I can—closhe

"Walpole street—course I can—closhe by—third to left I think."

"If you are going that way would you lead me to the corner of it? Unhappily I am blind and have lost my way."

"Blind, poor beggar—not screwed then. Guese I'm in nice state to lead any one. Blind leading blind—both tumble into ditch. I shay, though," he added with drunken gravity, "make a bargain—I lend you eyes, you lend me legish. Good idea. Come long."

He took my arm and we went yawing ap the street. Presently he stopped. "Walpole street," he hiccoughed. "Shall I take you to your house?"

"No, thank you. Please put my hand on the railing of the corner house. I shall be all right then."

"Wish I were all right. Wish I could borrow your legs to take me home." said my bibulous conductor, "Goodnight—Blesh you."

I heard him tack away, then turned to complete my journey.

I was not quite certain as to which end of Walpole street I was starting from that mattered little. Either sixty-

in front of my door. I counted sixtytwo, and then felt for the entrance between the railings; not finding it, I went
on a step or two until I came to it. I
was glad to have reached home without
accident, and, to tell the truth, was beginning to feel a little ashamed of my
escapade. I hoped that Priscilla had not
discovered my absence and alarmed the
house, and I trusted I should be able to
tegain my room as quietly as I had onit regain my room as quietly as I had quit ted it. With all my elaborate calcula tions, I was not quite sure that I had hit upon the right house; but if they were incorrect I could only be a door or two away from it, and the key in my hand would be a certain test.

I went up the doorsteps—was it four or five I had counted as I came out? I fumbled for the keyhole and inserte the latch-key. It turned easily, and the door opened. I had not made a mistake. I felt an inward glow of satisfaction at having hit upon the house at the first attempt. "It must have been a blind man who first discovered that Necessity is the mother of Invention," I said, as softly closed the door behind me and prepared to creep up to my own room.

I wondered what the time was. All knew was that it must be still night, for I was able to distinguish light from darkness. As I had found myself so

close to Walpole street I could not have walked for any length of time in my ecstatic state, so I fancied it must be somewhere about two o'clock.

somewhere about two o'clock.

Even more anxious than when I started to make no noise which might awaken people, I found the bottom of the staircase and began my stealthy ascent. Somehow, blind as I was, the place seemed unfamiliar to me. The balustrade I was touching and not seem the trade I was touching and not seem the wrong house! There are plenty of instances on record of a key having opened a strange lock. Could I, through such a circumstance, have strayed in a neighbor's house? I paused; the perspiration rising on my brows as I thought of the awkward situation in which I should be placed if it were so. For a moment I resolved to retrace my steps and try the next house; but I could not be quite sure I was wrong. Then I reand try the next house; but I could not be quite sure I was wrong. Then I remembered that in my own house a bracket, with a plaster figure upon it, hung near the top of the stairs. I knew the exact place, having been cautioned many timed against it. I could settle all my doubts by going on and faeling for my doubts by going on and feeling for this landmark; so on I went.

I ran my fingers softly along the wall, but no bracket could I find. My hand touched the lintel of a door instead. Then I knew, for certain, I was in the wrong house. The only thing to be done was to creep out as quietly as I had en-tered and try my luck next door.

As I turned to grope my way back I heard the murmur of voices—late as it was, there were people talking in the room, the door of which my fingers had so lightly touched.

I could not distinguish words, but I was sure the voices were those of men. I stood irresolute. Would it not be better to knock at the door and throw myself upon the mercy of the inmates of the room? I could apologize and explain. My blindness would account f the mistake. Some one would, no doubt. be kind enough to put me on my right road home. Yes, this was the best thing to do. I could not go on creeping into strange houses like a midnight thief. Perhaps each house in the row had an equally common lock and my key might open all. If so the end would be that some alarmed householder would put a bullet into me before I had time to assert my innocence.

Just as I raised my fingers to tap the door I heard another voice-a woman's voice. It seemed to come from the back room and was singing to an accompaniment played softly on a piano. I paused and listened.

I have been so occupied with com-plaining of the hardships of my lot I have not told you I had one solace to my misery; that merciful gift, so often bestowed on the blind, music. Had it not been for this I believe those weeks of darkness and uncertainty would have driven me mad. Had it not been that I could pass many weary hours away playing to myself, that I could be taken to concerts and hear others play and sing, my days would have been unbearable, and I shudder to think of what aid I might have called in to render them less burdensome.

I waited and listened to the song. It was taken from an opera recently proyet popularly known in England, and e song was one that few amateurs would dare to attempt. The singer, whoever she might be, sang it softly and under her voice, as though fearing to throw it out with full force. The lateness of the hour might well account for this restraint. Nevertheless, any one capable of judging must have known he was listening to no ordinary singer. It was easy to recognize the trained skill and dormant power, and imagine what, under favorable circumstances, that voice might accomplish. I was enchanted. My idea was that I had stumbled into a nest of professionals—peo-ple whose duties ended so late, that to enjoy any evening at all, night must be greatly encroached upon. All the better for me! Bohemians themselves, my unexpected nocturnal intrusion might not frighten them out of their wits.

The singer had now commenced the second verse. I placed my ear close to the door to catch every note. I was curious to hear what she would make of the effective but trying finale, when on horrible contrast to the soft sweet liquid notes and subdued words of passionate love!—I heard a gasp, a spasmodic fearful gasp, that could convey but one meaning. I heard it succeeded by a long deep grown, which terminated by a long deep green, which terminated in a gurgling sound which froze my blood. I heard the music step suddenly, and the cry, the piercing cry of a woman rang out like a frightful change from melody to discord, and then I heard a dull heavy thud on the floor!

I waited to hear no more. I knew that some dreadful deed had been perpetrated within a few feet of where I stood. My heart beat wildly and fiercely. In the excitement of the moment I forget that I was not like others—for-

stood. My heart beat wildly and fiercely. In the excitement of the moment I forget that I was not like others—forgot that strength and courage could swall me nothing—forgot everything save a desire to prevent the accomplishment of crime—the wish to do a man's duty in saving life and succoring the ones in peril. I threw open the door and rushed headlong into the room. Then, as I became aware of the presence of strong light, but light which revealed nothing to me, the folly and rashmess of my proceedings camefully home to me, and like a flash it crossed my mind that unarmed, blind and helpless, I had rushed into that room to meet my death.

I heard an oath—an exclamation of surprise. In the distance I heard the cay of the woman, but it sounded muffcry of the woman, but it sounded mun-led and faint; it seemed to me that a struggle was going on in that part of the room. Powerless though I was to aid, I turned impulsively and took a couple of steps in the direction whence the cry came; my foot caught in something and I fell prostrate on the body of a man. Even in the midst of the horror that awaited me I shuddered as I felt my hand, lying on the fallen man, grow wet with some warm fluid which slowly trickled over it.

Before I could rise strong muscular

Protecting Dogs and Cats.

The great vivisectionist, Dr. Claude

Bernard was married to a young wo-man who was extremely fond of dogs and cats. As may easily be imagined, the doctor and his wife did not agree. Driven to the wall, the poor doctor was obliged to choose between the wife and science. He chose the latter, and a ed life, was as dear to me as to any creature under the sun. So I cried aloud, and my voice sounded to me like separation from his wife followed. Thenceforward Mme. Bernard gathered together all the homeless and friend-less dogs and cats that she could find. A singular idea moved the wife of the illustrious apostle of vivisection in this peculiarity. She wished to protect as many dogs and cats as her husband killed, so that when she would meet him in the other world she could dis-The hands pinning me down did not for an instant relax their grasp; yet play the superiority of her work. After the death of her husband Mme. Bernard continued her labor of love. She retired to Bois-Colombes, and sheltered in her house all the vagrant dogs and cats of the neighborhood. The neighbors were highly amused at first, but finally they began to think the thing was a nuisance. They complained to the Mayor, who ordered the lady to close her establishment. This she refused to do. Then she was brought and helpless, the struggle would be a short one. Besides he had companions, how many I knew not, ready to help him. The first movement I made would be the end of everything so far as I was into a police court and fined five francs for a violation of a town ordinance. She appealed to a higher court, but the

Diplomatic Secretary Fish.

world.

Governor Hamilton Fish was noted for his deportment, and he took great pride in sending to the courts of Europe in a diplomatic capacity gentlemen whose dress and manners would not excite comment. He was much concerned, however, when it became his duty to commission Horace Maynard, of Tennessee, as Minister to Turkey, and Godlove S. Orth, of Indiana, as Minister to Austria. Neither one was remarkable for his observance of the social proprieties, and it was some time before Governor Fish could devise to give them a lesson in dress. At last, so the story goes, an idea struck him, and sending for Orth he said something

lleved in the possibility of people's hair turning suddenly gray. If such a thing can be I must have left that room with I can only say that even now as, after the lapse of years, I write this; even as

retary, I'll be glad to." "Thank you, Mr. Orth, thank you, sir, you are very good. Mr. Maynard, vou know, is an excellent gentleman, but he is not accustomed to the ways of society as you or I are," and the Secretary smiled pleasantly at the guileless Orth, who had on a sky-blue necktie and unblackened boots. After having clinched his point he continued: "I am afraid he will invent some startling innovation on the costume usual among gentlemen when they are out in society He may startle the foreign courts with a red necktie and a sack coat, and now what I want to ask you, Mr. Orth, is to give him a hint, as you are both going over on the same steamer, about what vou or I should wear on social occasions-the dress coat, black trousers and waist coat, and the simple white tie. You will know precisely how to do it, and you will oblige me greatly by attending to the matter of so much importance, as you, as a member of

The hint was taken, and Mr. Orth was noted among the diplomatists at Vienna for his faultless attire. Mr. Maynard, with his long black hair and Indian features, was not so apt a scholar.—Ben: Perley Poore in Boston

that three persons at least were engaged in that hushed consultation. All the while, like a dreary and fitting accompaniment, I could hear that stifled moaning-a woman's moaning. I would have given all I possessed-all save life—in exchange for a minute's sight, that I might have been able to comprehend what had passed and what

the voice of a stranger—
"Spare me! I am blind! blind!"

CHAPTER II.

DRUNK OR DREAMING.

they might safely have done so. Situated as I was I felt that my only chance

of life was to lie still and convince, if I

could, the persons in that room of the

truth of my assertion. Nothing could be gained, but everything would be lost

by resistance. I was strong, but, even if all the senses had been mine, I doubt-

ed if I could compete successfully with the man who held me down. I could

feel the nervous power of his hands and arms. Certainly, now that I was blind

I made no further attempt to rise,

Think of my situation. A blind man

but lay as still and unresisting as the

prostrate form across which I had fall-

in a strange room in a strange house-held down on the body of a man whose last groan he had just heard—held down

and at the mercy of those who it was

certain had just taken part in a black and cowardly crime! Unable to look into the faces of the murderers around

him and learn whether their looks

meant life or death to him! Expecting

every moment to feel the sharp stab of

a knife or the flery sting of a bullet

the hands upon his throat and the dead body beneath him! Even hearing noth-

ing save that stifled moaning in the dis-

tance! Can the wildest flights of fiction

Since that night I have quite disbe-

I see everything around me safe, still

and at peace; even though I know the ones I love are close at hand, my pen trembles, my blood feels chilled and a

faintness steals over me as the recollec-

tion of the most terrible moments in

annot describe.

It was well for me that I could keep

still and cry again and gain "I am blind —look and see!" My quiescence, the

tone of my voice, may have turned the

balance on which my life hang-may

have carried conviction to my hearers.

Presently the strong light of a lamp

was perceptible to my obscured vision

a lamp placed so close to me that I could feel its hot glow upon my face; and I

was aware that some one was stooping

or kneeling down and peering into my

eyes. His breath struck against my

cheek; a short quick excited breath-

in which he had just taken part?

how could it be otherwise after the deed

At last he rose; a moment afterward

the restraining hands moved from me,

and then, for the first time, I began to

hope that my life might be spared. As yet none of those around me had

spoken. Now I heard voices; but whis-

pering so softly that even my sharpened ears could not catch the purport of a

single word, although I could gather

my life comes to me with a vividness I

show a parallel to my case?

the locks of an old man.

Seeing nothing and feeling nothing save

en. Every moment seemed an hour!

concerned.

was passing around me.
Still the whispers continued. They came thick and fast, running into and interrupting each other, as from men in hot but guarded discussion. It needed little intelligence to guess the subject of that debate! Presently they died away altogether, and for a time the only sound I heard was that terrible, muffled moan-that continued with a dreary monotony.

A foot touched me.
"You may stand up," I heard some

When I burst so recklessly into the room I fancied the exclamation with which I was greeted came from foreign lips, but the man who now addressed me spoke in pure English. By this time I was beginning to recover self-posses-sion, and was able to make a mental note of these facts.

Thankful at being allowed to quit my hastly couch, I rose. As I could think of nothing better to do. I stood motion-

"Walk this way-straight on-four aces," said the voice. I obeyed. The third step brought me in collision with the wall. No doubt this was an extra test as to the truth of my statement. A hand was placed upon my shoulder, and I was guided to a chair.

and I was guided to a chair.

"Now, sir," said the speaker who had before addressed me, "tell us, in as few words as possible, who you are—how and why you came here. Be quick, we have no time to spare."

I well knew they had no time to spare. They had much to do—much to hide. Oh, for the gift of sight for one moment! I would purchase it, even if the price were years of darkness!

Shertly and simply as I could I told.

Shortly and simply as I could, I told them what had brought me into such straits. The only thing I concealed was my true name. Why should these assassins know it? If I revealed it they might set a watch upon me, and at any moment their safety demanded it I might share the fate of him who lay within a few feet of my chair. So I gave a fictitious name, but everything

gave a fictitious name, but everything else I told them was true.

All the while I was speaking I heard that distressing sound at the other end of the room. It drove me nearly mad. I believe, could I have made sure of reaching through my darkness and catching one of those men by the throat, with the certainty of crushing life out of him, I should have done so, even had such an act sealed my own tate.

When my explanation was over another whispered consultation took place. Then the spokesman demanded the key which had so nearly cost me my life. I suppose they tried it and found it acted as I said. It was not returned to me, but I heard the voice once more.

"Fortunately for you we have decided to believe your tale. Stand up." I did so and was led to another part of the

to believe your tale. Stand up." I did so and was led to another part of the room, and again placed in a chair. As, after the manner of the blind, I stretched out my hands, I found I was in a corner of the room, my face turned to the angle of the walls.

"If you move or look round," said the voice, "our belief in your blindness will wanted."

[To be Continued ].

sical Collapse, e tinue, Rheumati tarrh, Kidney Tubercular Col Ayer's

judgment of the court below was con-firmed, and all her dogs and cats were turned out upon the cold and cruel

like this to the Indiana statesman: "Mr. Orth, I have a favor to ask

"Anything I can do for you, Mr. Sec-

polite society, know."

An English and French Novelist."

Between the method of a Daudet and

a Trollope, which to choose? What is

the outcome respectively of their labers? Repelled by the English novelist's lack of all grace of form, by the slovenliness and wearisome verbosity of his style and his uniform prosaic coloring, we may be tempted to deny him his due, to refuse him the recognition of his fidelity to the truth of the average human nature which he paints. The reverse is apt to be the case with the reader of Daudet, or other of the skillful French writers of to-day. Their charm is the thing first felt; the delightful conviction that we have to do with an artist who takes himself and his creative work most seriously, and who will treat us to no slouched, roughcast, half-completed work. Only after continued perusal of these accomplished writers does the sense of something wanting make itself felt. Admirable as they are, highly as we enjoy them, we note the absence of a certain impression of reality; there has not been enough of vital sympathy in the author with the humanity he would depict to create an illusion to the reader, who feels little or no war nth of personal interest in the characters, but is rather occupied mostly in pleased appreciation of the author's cleverness of construction and charm of narrative and descriptive style. The result of Trollepe's intellectual activity is quite dis-proportionate to the effort itself. If the time spent on twenty novels had been given to the perfecting of four, the four would have been worth to us five times as much as the twenty. No wonder the man could write to order as he did, cutting off his manuscript in foot or yard lengths, according to the requirements of publishers! Does the outcome of Daudet's minute and scrupulous labor justify the theory of literary art which guides him? If we want bread a stone will not satisfy us, no matter how brilliant the crystal, nor how exquisitely cut. Yet we must acknowledge and allow the fact of every man's limitations, and perhaps comment and complaint are needless and useless. Great writers are few in any period, we know, and the giory they win is the "ery of gratitude" with

Petroleum flowing from a break in the pipe lines of the Standard Oil Company at Pompton Lake, N. J., killed twenty-nine swans belonging to Dr. Rogers. Money indemnity was refused. and the company sent to their London agent and had thirty-five swans sent to Dr. Rogers.

which mankind receives the benefit be-

stowed. When our Thackersy and

George Eliot, our Balzac and George Sand, pass, we must try to put up contentedly with the gifts of the dis minores.—September Atlantic.

Lieutenant Danenhower is reported to have won his wife as Othello did, by thrilling tales of his "most disastrous chances." He first met her during his lecturing tour and afterwards in private he narrated his adventures in the arctic seas, and so gained her heart as rell as ear.

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Ayer's Dr. J. C. Ayer [Analyt Sold by all Di

The Fic FRIDAY, S

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Pluggiu George H Y., writes t whose udder about noon. sessoned mar tapered to with fine Fa plugs are c opening of thirds their done. They are taken milking time splendidly. similar cases namely: to enough to ho stretch the

surrounds th in withdraw slowly, so t enter the udd

sure to cause Tips fe There are n horses need n and would l A horse own hard, dry ho which was dency, increa calks. For withered aw always lame. off, and tips were thin pla the toes fro frog and the ground at e able to spres tions of the action and

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