DURING THE NIGHT.

A Lodger Wakes and Smells Gas. Nobody In the House and a General Mystery.

BY NEIL WYNN WILLIAMS.

I have an affinity for awkward predicaments, and to submit to what is popularly known as an "experience" is, if not exactly my daily lot in life, my very frequent fate. For the one that I am about to describe I paid half a crown. The sensations that that half crown brought to me were in excess of what I had anticipated and strained every nerve in my body. Yet I am not a fool, and no one is in his own estima-

tion. 'Twas a November day; the time, 9 o'clock in the evening. I was in a London street and had just viewed to my satisfaction a bow window in which was hung up a card with "Apartments to Let" printed upon it. With the knowledge that I wanted a bed for the night and with the card before me, what could be more natural and within the ordinary lot of man than to ascend the flight of steps that lay before me, knock, ring, enter and secure a bed for half a crown, paid in advance? To my mind there was such a plethora of her to a comfortable bedroom on the second floor, that I was left there with pen and ink, that I called for some writing paper and was waited upon by a girl who said that she would ask her father for some, that when she had brought it to me I wrote several letters and afterward went to bed-ail this is fixed vaguely in my memory by its similitude to many another night that I have passed under a hired roof. Then there comes a blank, which grows into memory again with the lugubrious sound of a prolonged howl-a dog's.

It was dark, so dark that the curtained window of my room offered but the faintest suggestion of the fog swathed light without. Again and again the oppressive silence and heavy gloom around me were intensified to my semiconsciousness by the howl one individual's desire for knowledge without dying down to a whisper, to extinction. A nervous feeling took one else. Whether my brain and my possession of me, and, fed upon the darkness, I sat up in bed and drew a long breath to free myself of its incubus. What was there foul with the night that it came so heavily to my lungs? For the moment I was puzzled, but only for the moment, and lice station, to be detained there pendthen, half suffocated, I ejaculated: "It is gas! There is an escape of gas!"

With a wave of my arm I threw the bedclothes to one side and with an eager leg placed a foot to the floor. Then I stood up and hesitated. Should I ring, should I call? "No," I muttered to myself as I reflected that it was more than probable that the servant would strike a match in coming to my room. Besides, the escape was perhaps in my room. A step and a grope would tell me. I felt cautiously. No; the tap was as it should be!

Then thought lapsed into instinct, and action supervened. I crept quietly to the door and, turning the key in its lock with the caution of a thief and landlady, my landlord and their daughdrawing the door into the blackness of | ter had left the house No. 113 and had my room, faced the blackness that left it in the night; that they had left vaster lay outside it. Gently, gently, it in the night because they were in with a hand touching a cold wall, I debt for their furniture (which was crept onward and to my left. My fin- hired and for their rent and because, gers were caught by a projection. They passed it by and sank into a hollow-'twas a door. I turned the handle and whispered gently but distinctly through the now half opened door: "It's I, Mr. Snipe, the lodger. Don't strike a match. There's an escape of gas. The house is full of it. Are you there? Do you hear? There's an escape of gas"-

No answer, but again the dog howled, and again I felt a nervousness come over me as I entered the room to feel for the bed and found it-empty. In and out of the walled blackness, to another room and another-empty. Then up the stairs, to right and left and back again-nobody.

Down and down through the darkness, the ghost of light in a hall glass, with here a stumble and there a stumble-to the basement, warm and odor-Iferous with kitchen odors tainted with gas. Verily I, and only I, was in the house. Suddenly the dog ceased to howl, and I heard the dripping of a water tap-drip, drip, drip. And with the fall of the water came to me a measure of time, and I thought again: "What does it mean, this empty, black house? Why is this stifling gas seeth-

ing around me, and only me? Ah, there is a foul evil in the night. Away,

and out, out of the house!" With a rush I fought my way up step by step to the hall above and groped toward the dim light shining pallidly through a narrow glass window above the door. "Will it be locked?" I thought fearfully to myself. "Is there not something following on my track?" I turned the handle and pulled it fiercely toward me. The door

yielded, and I rushed into the open. "Anything wrong, sir?" And with the words came a broad flash of light which, settling momentarily on my face, dropped as quickly to my bare feet and back again. "Anything er, the light flashing past me into the dark hall behind. Then the outline of a belmet and cloak loomed darkly upon me, and I found my voice in the pres-

ence of a constable of the law. "Yes; the house is full of gas, andthey've gone. I might have been suffocated. Perhaps they wanted to suffocate me. I don't know-I"-

"Who've gone? What's their name?" the constable interrupted abruptly.

madady-the landlord-the daughter. I don't know their names, but look here, constable," and I proceeded to give my late "experience" to him in a woof of words.

The man evidently did not knew what interpretation to place upon either me or my story, and small wonder, I hardly knew myself, but extinguishing his lantern proposed that we research the house together. This we did carefully and cautiously. At the initial stage of our exploration we, or rather he, discovered that the hall gas burner was turned on full and the gas issuing from it at a high pressure. "Might have been blown out by the draft," suggested the constable as he turned into a sitting room, which I had already searched, and threw open its windows to sweeten the atmosphere. "Yes, it might," I assented, "especially if it was left lighted, by the hall door, which, by the by, was unbolted when I came down stairs."

But to make a long story a short one, there was nobody in the house. Not a living thing, with the exception of a dog chained up in the back yard, which drink. was surrounded, so far as we could see, by high walls. This was the poor brute whose mournful howling had first aroused me and that now seemed frantic with joy at the delusive prospects | drink had left him-he insisted on havof a social termination to his gloomy ing me with him, because, he said, I reflections. With the discovery of the was the only human being left who dog and the yard our search ended, cared whether he lived or died. Then and the constable intimated to me that he said that I must take the bracelet he should summon additional assist- and wear it, just as he had done ever ance. A shrill call on his whistle from the hall door translated the decision into action, and with the arrival of ber the transaction but dimly. That I another constable upon the scene I cavalry regiment then and might have was received by a landlady (she was | was called upon for a fresh explana- risen high in the army if he could on- John, "I should have been killed. You middle aged. I think) and escorted by tion. The second official head threw ly have let the brandy bottles alone. no more light upon the case than the first, but offered a suggestion. "Let's knock up the neighbors, p'r'aps they know summat about it."

the left went that constable. Rat-atat, tat-a-tat! went the knockers. Up went windows; out came heads. "Who's there?" "What d'ye want?" "What d'ye say-who's my neighbor? What neighbor-what d'ye mean?" And then doors opened, and other doors caught the infection, and they opened. In short, there was a pretty "to do," and a half dressed crowd soon shivered around the steps of No. 113. I was quite harried with their questions. I had no sooner arrived at the end of one series than I was plunged into another. I had no sooner satiated than I was called upon to feed some temper would have stood the strain for that this is a difficult question to propound even to myself. Happily I was extricated from the unpleasant situation by being led off to the nearest poing further inquiries, as the result of those just made showed the existence of a local caste feeling which took no note of the existence of the occupants of No. 113, and it appeared well to the "force" under these circumstances to hold me fast for the present.

At the station I told the inspector on duty all about myself quite like a little boy. But he did not appear satisfied and muttered some word to himself that sounded to me like "suspicious" and which resulted in my seclusion. It was but temporary, as the result of the further inquiries proved satisfactory-to me, that is to say, This was what they proved: That my presumably and by the evidence of certain tradesmen, they possessed no money to settle those vulgar claims.

To them my half a crown, paid in advance, had been half a crown, at least so it was presumed, for their whereabouts was never traced .-Speaker.

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When Trouble Threatened Its Owner, It Turned Pale. MONOMONOMONOMONOMONOMON

If it had not been that every other bed in the hotel was occupied, I certainly would not have consented to share a double bedded room with a stranger. As it was, I found when we reached a city-a considerable city in Indiana, if the reader's curiosity prompts him to ask about it-that a big political convention was going on there, and that was how I found myself with Mr. John Spears for a room-

Not that there was anything in John to which I felt inclined to take exception; on the contrary, he struck me as a very neat, prosperous looking and presentable specimen of the American commercial traveler, so much so that I congratulated myself that chance and politics had not thrown me with any

one less pleasant. By the time we both felt ready for bed John and I had become pretty good friends, and I really thought he must have told me all the stories, good, bad and indifferent, that he had to tell,

but there I was mistaken. He was making a somewhat elaborate toilet before retiring, that being, wrong, sir?" And the voice drew clos- as he told me, indispensable to his getting a good night's rest, and in the course of his ablutions his arms were left entirely bare. Then it was that I noticed his singular decoration.

shoulder John wore a superb specimen gratulating himself that he had been of goldsmith's work. It was a bracelet, in fact, exquisitely chiseled in Persian characters, very massive and con- that the turquoise always kept paletaining a turquoise which must have never got back ector after he ran away

way and an inch and a half the other. He noticed my astonishment and

"You never saw a drummer wearing a gold bracelet before?" he said. "No: it was not given to me by a lady. If it were not so late, I'd tell you all about

was rather late to begin another of his stories, so we went to sleep soon after this, John sleeping with the turquoise and massive gold still on his arm. But next day he told me the story of it.

"The person who gave me that bracelet," he said, "was not a lady. but very far from it. It was given me by a poor, broken down devil who had sold or pawned everything else to buy drink, but would not part with this while he lived.

"I needn't tell you his name. We met out west, and I had several easy opportunities of giving him a helping hand. But he was one of those cases | Baltimore and were once more occuwhere a helping hand can't help. The man was utterly broken down by

"When death came-after a magnificent spree, ending in a fight in which a bullet intended for some one else clipped short the little span of life that | pale." since he got possession of it in Afghanistan in 1878.

"He had been an officer of an Indian | seriously hurt.

"One of his native troopers took the turquoise bracelet from the arm of an Afghan warrior whom he had killed Press. in a hand to hand fight. You know, a To the right and back and then to bracelet on the arm is a common ornament for an Asiatic swell to wear. And then there is a superstition in the east that a turquoise with a text of the Koran cut into it, as this has, is a charm against all sorts of evil.

"But the eastern legend also says that when you wear a turquoise on your left arm you can always trust the stone to warn you of any evil that may be threatening you.

"It was only when he was dying that this poor fellow told me how he believed the turquoise had served him well, and I think that his taking that view of it showed there must be some good still left in his nature.

"When he went to England on leave of absence after the Afghan war, he said, he had made a strong resolution very long I can't say, but I may add never again to touch intoxicating spirits. He found himself among a number of old friends whom he had known at different times, and they were all a very convivial crowd, so he allowed himself to join in their carousings to a certain extent-just to be sociable. But one day as he was dressing he noticed that the turquoise looked very pale. That, he knew, was the sign of danger coming to him. He thought the matter over and concluded that the danger which threatened him was neither more nor less than the temptation of drink, which had always been his bugbear, and so, without a word of warning of farewell to his jolly friends, he took the train and went off to another part of the country, where he could live among associations that would not expose him to anything like the same denger. Then, he told me, the color of the turquoise deepened again, and

he felt himself quite safe. "But it was after that that he said the turquoise saved him from some-

est calamity of his life. "He was very much in love with cousin of his, a beautiful girl, he said, who lived in the north of England. She cared very little for him, as I understood, except as a cousin, though her parents would have been glad to see them marry. Well, he pressed his advantages-his military reputation and all that-as much as he could for a long time, but there was another

suitor whom the girl seemed to prefer, and he-as this poor fellow told me-'was at least a decent man'-had held the field all to himself before my man appeared.

think that, with the help of the girl's parents and one thing and another, he would end by winning her. Then the turquoise warned him again. It was turning pale once more.

"You see, he couldn't interpret it that he was going to lose this girl whom he loved, because he hadn't won her yet. So he came to the conclusion that the paleness of the turquoise must mean so great a calamity that he could not guess at. And that led him to give up the girl and leave her to his rival. He could not bear the thought, he said, of taking her with him into trouble. Don't you think it was a splendidly unselfish thing to do?

"Well, his cousin married the other man soon after, and my poor fellow actually congratulated himself that his cousin would be happy, no matter what became of him. But I believe that the evil that threatened him was simply his old enemy-drink. Perhaps, in the bottom of his heart, he dreaded making her the wife of

drunkard. "After that he went back to India, and, being, I suppose, heartbroken really and despondent, he was turned out of the army in spite of all his good service in the past. Then he drifted to Singapore and from there to Hongkong, where he got a mercantile position. When the demon of drink still pursued him releasily in the east,

he came to this country. "But the remarkable thing about it Half way between the elbow and the to me-outside of the poor chap's consaved from making his cousin's life wretched-the remarkable thing was measured. I suppose, two inches one to avoid marrying his cousin and then

got into trouble in inefa. I believe that the paleness of that confounded stone was what bounded him to ruin."

When my chance acquaintance told me this, I could not help asking him whether the turquoise had regained its color since he got it. I asked the question in mere jest, but what was There was no denying that the hour my surprise when I saw plainly by his manner, though he tried to conceal the fact, that he, too, was touched with the turquoise superstition.

"Well," he said, laughing, "it is odd that the stone should have always been a fine deep blue ever since it came into my possession, isn't it?"

"Still more odd," I said, "if an American business man should believe in such curious Asiatic fables." John and I never lost sight of each

other after that, and once at least a thing happened that might have served him as an argument for the truth of his fantastic belief.

We had met, partly by chance, at pying the same room in a hetel. John was to have taken a train that morning for Pittsburg, but while he was dressing I remarked to him as I still lay in bed: "Something's going to happen to you. Your turquoise is getting

"I tell you what," he said, "I won't go to Pittsburg today."

He put off the journey, and that evening the papers told us of a landslide which had caused the wreck of the train John had intended to take. Several lives had been lost, and more than a score of passengers had been

"If I had been on the train," said sacrifice of that poor fellow has left a blessing on this turquoise."--Pittsburg

PLANTING CHESTNUTS.

An Eastern Herticulturist's Success After a Number of Failures.

Three years ago I came into possession of practically an abandoned I knew that her fear of him was no farm, 150 acres in chestnut and pine and 100 in tillage, with many hillsides and places which could not be cultivated. I wished to get trees growing on these places; how to make them grow from the seed I did not know, nor could I find anyone who did! so I went to work planting chestnuts in different ways, to see which would succeed, writes a contributor to Country Gentleman.

I first took a six-tined fork, forced it into the turf two inches deep and say four inches forward, threw a chestnut under and drew out my fork. I saw that one man was working at a disadvantage, so calling a man, I did the lifting of the turf and he threw the chestnuts. The result was that every chestnut grew, and they are now two feet high. then plowed a half-acre, dropped chestnut every two steps and stepped | whole affair. Of course the blackupon it. Not one of the chestnuts grew. I plowed a furrow on another piece, every four feet, dropped a chestnut every four feet on the edge of furrow, and back-furrowed against this. Not 20 trees started on the whole piece; those which did start were where they were covered lightly and nature's conditions were complied with. It is so simple and quick to plant a seed with man and fork, that I shall do more of it in the future.

Raising the Dairy Calf.

To make a good cow from a good calf two things must be guarded in love with the wrong one-that's all." against, and they are, a lack of food to make a proper growth, and the use of such food as will fatten instead of building up the frame and thing that would have been the great- muscular system. The skim milk fed calf will usually make a better dairy cow than one that is allowed to suckle the old cow, if sufficient pains is taken to give the skim milk at the right time and of proper temperature, for two reasons; it does not put on so much fat while young, and it does not feel the change so much when the milk is taken away, and it is made to live upon grass or hay. The latter is, however, in part due to the fact that, as the skim milk is thought of little value for other purposes, its use is generally continued until the calf is three or four months old, when it is well able to eat and digest other food, while those who let the calf cantinue suck-"However, he was beginning to ing its mother, feel that it is costing too much, and want to wean it at six weeks old, or sooner.

If the calf lays on fat while young, it seems to acquire in some way the peculiarity of the digestive organs changing all the food to fat, and when it becomes a cow it cannot be fed liberally for the purpose of increasing the milk without fattening up at once and giving less milk than before. In this respect at least the overfed calf is likely not to make as good a cow for milk as the one that has been underfed. But the latter is likely to be undersized, and with digestive powers weakened by the course of starvation, and it is only by a long course of judicious and careful feeding that it can be brought to the form it should have

Powerful Road Engines. Mr. John G. Thornycroft, an Eng-

lish authority on steam engines, recently maintained before the British Association that road steam engines, by a slight alteration of the laws, can be so constructed as to be of the highest value to trade. He affirmed they could be made to carry loads of 12 tons at four miles an hour, and that with tires of 18 inches width they would not injure the roads more than horses do, as they would act as steam rollers. Mr. Thornycroft expressed no doubt of the practicability of his plan and claimed that clergy. They are a hard workin lot, it would work a revolution in agriculture, as it would allow of the free transmission of lime, manure and heavy timber to points where they might be needed. The only unsettled point in the problem is the substitution of some other material for rubber in the tires, as rubber costs too much. It is believed, however, that this can be done by some different give a whistle if I see any one comini treatment of wood.

LIFE'S POSSIBILITIES

(Concluded from last week)

much in her life. But now the struggle is over, and I can give her about what she wants, thank God. 1 tell CONSULTED FOUR DOCTORS, BUT you. Ned, it's a pity you let one disappointment spoil your life. There's nothing so sweetens existence as the companionship of a good woman." "And nothing poisons it like a bad

one," said Frink bitterly. "But surely the good ones outnumber the bad. Forgive me, Ned, but Co, N.S., is now one of the hardie isn't it rather narrow to let one woman prejudice you against the whole sex? Of course I don't know your story"-

"It's not pleasant," said the other appeared to be an incurable trop man, knocking the ashes from his conversation lately with a News re cigar with nervous fingers. "It all Mr. Wright said:-"I am indeed happened the year I left college. I that the trouble which bothered met a girl in Denver. She was beau- many years is gone, and I am quite tiful and clever, and you're right about to give you the particulars for public my being sentimental, Teller. I fan- It is a good many years since my cied because her eyes were pure and first began, slight at first, but late bright as the stars in heaven that she sely severe pains in the back. It must be an angel. She was poor too. pains attacked me when workingo Her father was a drunken, good for but often when not at work at nothing fellow, and she was very un- every attack the pains seemed happy, and I pitied her. Ah, I was worse, until finally I was confine very far gone indeed. We were going house, and there for five long m to be married when I had made mon- bed-ridden, and much of this time ey enough, and meantime I was happy not move without help. My wife as-well, as happy as a fool. "And then one day as we were walk-

ing down the street together we met a man, a low fellow, with a dyed mustache. I knew him. He was a shoestring gambler who came down sometimes from the mining camps and as vile a cur as ever breathed. To my amazement he stopped and spoke to 'What are you doing with my wife?' he asked angrily. I supposed he'd been drinking and was about to brush him aside when I happened to look at her, and what I saw told me all. She was cowering before that beast, with every vestige of color gone from her face and her eyes fastened on his with such a look that in a flash new thing with her.

"'Great God, Lucy,' I cried, 'tell me this isn't true!' But she only gave a little moan, and so I turned away and during that time I have never left them there. I never saw her attack of the old trouble, and I a again."

ing of the marble stairway was play- mended them to several people for ing an air from "La Boheme," re- ailments, and the pills have always peating the refrain over and over successful." again with passionate insistence.

mistake?" asked Teller at last, a little build up the blood, and strengt awkwardly.

"Her father came to see me after that every box you purchase is en ward. She was getting a divorce a wrapper bearing the full trade quietly, he told me, and they had Williams' Pink Pills for Pale Peo agreed to keep me in ignorance of the guard threatened to shoot me if I didn't marry his daughter, but when he saw I was not afraid of him he let me alone. They came east after that,

I believe." "Perhaps she wasn't as much to blame as he," observed Teller thought-

"Perhaps-she was very young. But such training in deceit doesn't turn out the women who make good wives, and divorced women are hardly in my line. No, there was no excuse for her, and it was only my luck. You fell in love with the right woman, and I fell

A weman came down the corridor as he spoke the last words, a tall, elegant woman, in a modish gown, whose gleaming folds clung closely to her slender figure. A boy of 8 or 9 years held her by the hand, and both looked out on the world with the same eyes, great, beautiful, gray eyes, at once proud and sad.

As the woman's eyes met Frink's they dilated suddenly, and he started with a sharp pain at his heart that caught his breath. How had she come there just then-

the very woman of whom he had been talking? As he started up Teller glanced around and then rose also with a happy smile. "Ah, Lucille," he cried, "I have met an old friend, Ned Frink! He must be

your friend also. Ned, this is my wife." The joyous pride in his friend's voice made Frink wince inwardly as

he bowed ceremoniously. "I'm very glad to meet Mr. Frink," she said calmly. How well he knew

her voice. "You'll dine with us, I hope, Ned?" called Teller over his shoulder as he A good whip started on with the boy.

"Thank you, no. I leave for Denver in half an hour," replied Frink. Then a sudden surge in the crowd brought some one between them for a moment, and the woman turned to him | 42 clothes pins

abruptly. The pitiful appeal in her eyes went straight to Frink's heart, and he felt his own eyes grow dim with tears.

"He does not know," she said sim "He never shall," cried Frink.-Chi

Awakening of Conscience.

cago Herald.

First Tramp-Look, Tom, this is the minister's house. The window's open and all the folks are at church, and they don't keep no dorg, so that we couldn't have a easier job.

Second Tramp (with suppressed emotion)-The minister's house, do you say? Ah, Bill, I have been a bold, bad man, but I have never yet robbed the an their pay is small; besides, some of the tenderest recollections of an innercent boyhood is coupled with my Sunday school (wipes away a tear). But, Bill, you haven't got the same feeling in the matter I has, an if yer've made up yer mind to enter the place, why, I'll stay outside an keep watch, an I'll -London Telegraph.

A TRYING EXPERIENC

A Nova Scotia Farmer Suff for Fifteen Years

ONLY RELIEF THEY GAVE HIM HROUGH INJECTIONS OF PHINE-DR. WILLIAMS' PINK B Polume RESTORED HIM TO HEALTH

From the News, Truro, N.S.

Mr. Robert Wright of Alton, Col Nev hardest working farmers in this s But Mr. Wright was not always with perfect health; as a matter of some fif. een years he was a martyry Handse Lovely to stay with me constantly, and nearly exhausted.

Wea

During the time I was suffering was attended by four different Some of them pronounced my lumbago, others sciatica, but the cure me, nor did they give mear save by the injection of morphi years I suffered thus, sometimes, to bed, at other times able to gos work, but always suffering from until about three years ago when i, a new lease of life, and a freedom pains that had so long tortured me at this time that Dr. Williams' for Pale People were brought to m tion and I got two boxes. Theeffee marvellous and I got six boxes me before they were all used I was healthy man and free from tail about three years since I was co fore strongly testify to the sterling There was a moment's pause. The of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. orchestra from its perch on the land- did such good work for me I ha

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure "Isn't it possible there was some to the root of the disease. They re nerves, thus driving disease fi "No," said Frink in a hard voice. system. Avoid imitations by

WRITTEN ON BIRCH BA

The legend is that once when Orphess Deeming a finer dress would better Withdrew, and, while she tarried, on The lute's last echo vanished from the

Expectant still, she patiently awaits Good . But, ah, the gods, with their large Their joys, their cares, their tun Boys

Are gone forever from the paths of

Tommie Spoke.

If it's

per sty.

OV

Minister-If any one pr snow cause why this couple s become man and wife, let his now or forever hold his peace. lats, h Tommy-I kin, mister. aunty's only 25, and she's nderv State Journal.

Goods

Brooms.... Brushes from IO bars soap..... 3 boxes shoe blacking ... 6 knives and forks..... 6 cups and 6 saucers.... Clothes baskets..... Clothes lines..... Big tin pail Big dish pan I hand lamp..... Tea pots.... Egg beaters......5, 10 4 spools thread 4-bladed pocket knife...

WWWW ALSO A FULL STOCK AND SEGOND FURNITURE

Bedroom Sets, Springs, 1 Chairs, Tables, Lounge and Stovepipes, Crocker, ware and Tinware. Will trade you new in old furniture. second-hand turniture

at OPPOSITE THE BENSON All Kinds of Feathers