An Unfair Exchange.

BY ETHEL WATTS MUMFORD.

By this time I was so interested that I forgot my sham sleep and was staring, open-eyed, at the speaker.

"Did—did—Jerrold operate that case at his private sanitarium?" I demanded.

"Yes," said the doctor, surprised.

"Was it—h—e his name Lloyd Callandar?"

'I believe it was.'

"O Lord!—O Lord!" I groaned. "What in thunder can I do?—and he may not recover, you say—Good heavens, man—don't say that!"—and I sat up, for I was stronger now.

"Come, come," said Benson cheerily. "Don't feel that way. Because one case of appendicitis turns out badly it doesn't mean yours will too. You're almost well now—don't work yourself up, my dear."

"But he mustn't die!"—and here again I cried bitterly, and felt better for it. I thought in despair of what to do. I had evidently located my lost body—but the occupant was killing it—this girl soul, who had usurped my place—or, I hers. Now was it? Anyway she had no right to murder me. I had done the best I could for her body; I hadn't lost her reason for her—confound her—and there she was fretting my poor sick hulk to death. I hated her!

An immeasurable pity and affection for my lost carcass invaded me, and I cried some more. Then I reasoned that I must reach her some way—must give her a star to steer her benighted and tempest-tossed course by She must know that I had her body in charge, and would be only too glad to give it back to her—but how! There I was stumped; but then, that could be attended to later. The thing was to stop her before she killed me. Heavens! then her released ego would come and oust me, or insist on inhabiting this single shell together—and then what could we do!

I saw madness staring me in the face! but I gripped myself and waited for Dr. Jerrold. He came. He was mightily interested. I begged to see him alone. He sat beside me as I talked.

"I hear," I said, "that you have a similar case to mine that you are treating. A loss of identity, accompanied by hallucination of change of sex."

"You put it well, Miss Delano.'

"May I ask you what you have been able to do for your patient?'

"Not much," he answered. "I'm sorry to say we have a very stubborn case."

"You know this Mr. Callandar well—he is a friend of yours, is he not?'

'Yes; that makes it more distressing."

"Would you recognize any of his peculiarities if you met them elsewhere? For instance, he has a knack for drawing—give me a pencil, please.'

He handed me one.

I tried to sketch with my former facility but the hand I now owned would not obey. I shook my head.

"I know his style well,' said Jerrold; "but what has that to do with the question?"

I was baffled. "You will be surprised," I said, "when I tell you that Callandar and I are old friends, unknown to any one. For instance, you remember the incidents of the night you spent together at Tunicliff, with young Trainor, and the confession he made when he died?" Jerrold was startled this time. "You think that is known to none save you and Callandar, but you see I know too.'

"But you are engaged to some one else?" I saw a suspicion dawn in his eyes, but I did not stop to care.

"You see," I continued, "I know him well. Now, will you take a note from me to him—and not read it? It is for him alone—it may help.'

Jerrold bowed in silence.

I took up the pencil and a sheet of note paper and began:

Miss Delano:—Don't trouble; I am in charge of your body. Believe me, it will all come right. Don't fret; try to accommodate yourself to your new home until we can meet and talk it over. You must first get well. Remember I hold you accountable for my body—I have done my best for yours—and you owe it to me to save mine

From the soul in your body to the soul in mine.

LLOYD CALLANDAR.

I folded this extraordinary letter and directed it to myself. "There may be an answer," I added; "will you bring it to me to-morrow? And say nothing to any one, please.'

He went away, and in a fever of anxiety I awaited the reply I knew would come.

Jerrold called the next day about noon.

"Your note seemed to quiet my patient wonderfully," he told me. "Here is your answer."

I tore it open; it ran:

Thank God! I thought I was mad! Then it's true—all true. I will get well, Mr. Callandar, indeed I will. I won't fret any more. I shall do all in my power to make your body sound and whole for you—and then we must find some way to exchange our egos. I could laugh, I am so happy to know I'm not insane. Write me again, and tell me how all my people are.

From the soul in your body to the soul in mine.

I wrote in answer a description of all the family and what they did and said. I dwelt upon Tom's jealousy of the doctor, and Jerrold's mystification I told her of her new horse, of her mother's delight in my—her—rapid recovery. I told all my difficulties in assuming her position and name.

In exchange, she told me how my mother was tending her; and how Fred brought her, every day, the most extraordinary bits of gossip from my various clubs. How she was coming to have a very different idea of men in general and certain of her acquaintances in particular I shuddered at the thought of my innocent brother and his yarns. However, she was beginning to see the humor of the situation, particularly of my troubles with Tom—that seemed to delight her immensely. She mended daily. Jerrold was almost ill himself of curosity as to what our letters contained. That he had a notion of some intrigue—a secret marriage, perhaps—was evident. He even threw out hints that I was not treating Tom fairly.

As for Tom himself. I must own that with returning strength a spirit of mischief possessed me to make his life a burden to him—he certainly made mine a trial. I badgered him mercilessly, I showed him by my inferences that I knew of many little trifles in his past of which his Polly might well be in ignorance. He spent a very miserable month. I fear. He often said to me sadly: "Polly, you are greatly changed," and every time I laughed.

The letters from the real Polly were a delight to me, and I grew to watch for them with more anxiety. But, most of all, I wanted to see her. At this time I would sit for hours before the looking glass admiring the curve of my—her—lips. I mean, and the beauty of her hair. I took great care of that hair for her sake; I knew she would wish to find it well groomed and fine. Her eyes were lovely. I caught myself gazing at my reflection with lover-like intenseness till I blushed violently—which was very pretty to watch. I was charming in a white cashmere wrapper, and my hands were beautiful, though too thin and transparent now.

I got on splendidly with the family; there were occasional relapses, of course, but on the whole I did very well indeed, Polly coaching me by letter.

The day came at last when I was taken for my first drive since my illness. Polly had informed me the day before that she expected to be taken home—my home—on that day, and I managed to be driven in that direction, in hopes of seeing myself and Polly.

We met! I was in her new landau, well wrapped up in her furs. She was with Fred in a hansom. I started when I saw my old self. I was so white and thin. But lo! and behold! up came my long arm and my paw of a hand, and threw a dainty kiss at me. It was Polly, rejoicing to see her old self again. I had to laugh. I threw back my head and ha-ha'd! I made a dive at my hat to wave it—and found it fastened to my back hair with a lot of long pins. Polly almost fell over the apron of the hansom, she laughed so heartily, and Fred drew her back and looked hopelessly puzzled and anxious.

As for Tom, who was driving with me, he was hot. "I did not know that you knew Callandar, Polly; but even if you do, it's mighty bad form for both of you, let me say, to carry on like that. I wish you would remember that you are not only engaged, but engaged to be married to me!"

I awoke suddenly to realization and turned on him raging. He going to marry me!—Polly, I mean!—not if I could help it! He wasn't worthy of her, that I knew; and, well—I would not have it. Polly and I were bound by too close a tie to allow that cad of a Tom Tregenna to come between us. I pulled off my glove in trembling haste. I dragged at the old-fashioned solitaire.

"Take it back," I said hoarsely. "The engagement is broken!"

"I won't believe it, Polly," he said, with a look in his eyes that made me feel like a brute. He took the ring and gazed at it, heart-brokenly. "It was my mother's!" he choked.

It broke me all up, but I stood my ground.

"Polly! Polly!" he urged. "You're not well—wait, think it over. You're not your true self now."

I shook my head. "I know," I answered. "But everything is changed since I was ill, everything—please don't make it hard for me."

We drove on in silence. He helped me up the steps when we reached home, and left me in charge of "Mother!"

"Was it a pleasant drive, dear?" she asked.

I nodded. "I've broken my engagement," I said bluntly, "and don't want any one to speak to me about it"—and fled.

When I reached my room—full of feminine fripperies—I gasped with relief. Polly shouldn't marry Tom anyway—but—but—what a base advantage I had taken of my tenure of her will! I hated myself while I rejoiced. I spent a restless night.

The next day came a note, this time by post, from Polly, saying:

I'm now installed in your rooms. They smell horribly of tobacco smoke and I have had to get a barber to shave you, as I didn't know how. You had a full beard, as you—I mean I—may have noticed when we met. All this by way of saying that I'll be allowed to go about soon, and if you will name a day next week, I might call and see you—think of that! We have a very great deal to say to each other now. You don't know how fond of you I've grown. I look at myself all day. You must have a fine figure when you're well. I haven't learned to allow for your big shoulders or long legs yet. Indeed, I don't know that I want to swap back to my old self. I'm having a beautiful time with your friends; there are packs of them up to see me all the time. You're awfully popular, you know. They are teaching me poker; it's one of the things I forgot during my illness. Well, so-long, old man—You see how adaptable I am—I'll look you up as soon as the mater lets me out.

Your affectionate Tenant.

This letter worried me—not a little. Suppose, as was more than possible, she should insist on—on retaining my body. How could I evict her? And I was not all pleased in my new shape, now that health and strength were returning. I found a whole volume of rules and regulations—things I must and mustn't do. I was nagged continually on a thousand small matters. My language, my manners—everything. I couldn't move unattended. I couldn't move freely. In short, I foresaw that when I finally resumed my health, life would hardly be worth living. My books were all selected for me, and I missed sorely some steady occupation. Charities and embroidery did not interest me, though my fingers seemed willing to tackle the latter.

Now, suppose through the refusal of Miss Delano to come to her own again, I should be condemned! Oh, heavens, no! I wrote and appointed the earliest possible date. I informed all the family that I insisted on seeing Mr. Callandar alone, or I'd make a scene. Tears I found at my disposal and an excellent argument.

At last—Oh, what a weary week it was!—the day, the hour came. I had dressed myself very carefully in Polly's prettiest tea-gown. I listened eagerly for the door-bell for hours—at last it tinkled. I saw my familiar bulk in the doorway. I ran down the stairs—ran against the startled maid coming up with my card—and bounded into the parlor, regardless of the fact that the doctor had forbidden violent exercise.

Polly was standing by the fireplace, shyly, looking very big. She sat down, caught my feet in the rug, and bumped my shoulders on the sofa back, after first hitting my head on the chandelier. "Oh! Oh!" said Polly ruefully. "That's always the way! How well I do look, Mr. Callander!"

Then she looked at me. It was my face, but it was Polly, my Polly I had grown to love by letter, that looked at me from my eyes. My heart swelled to bursting beneath the pink tea-gown, and I came across and kissed myself right on the moustache that she hadn't shaved off after all.

A moment of utter bliss!—and then!—I found myself sitting in the chair, and Polly—Polly's soul in Polly's body this time—standing beside me—with her face very close to mind. We had exchanged again!

"Oh! Oh!" cried she. "What have I—what have you—what have we done?"

"It's all right. O Polly, Polly, dear! we're all so—mixed up—do let's get married, and—I love you—sweetheart!"

I stood up and kissed her again. This time we did not swap souls, though it felt very much as if we might.

Then suddenly, "Oh, gracious!" she exclaimed. "I'm engaged — to Tom Tregenna—what shall I do?"

"Oh, no, you're not. I broke it off for you!"

"What made you take such liberties," she inquired hotly. "I'd like to know how you knew I'd allow it—that's just like you men!"

"What do you know about it"? I spoke rashly on the old lines of defence—and then we looked at each other and laughed.

So we were happy, but Dr. Jerrold continues to think Polly the worst coquette on record, and so, I fear, does Tom Tregenna.

Plain Truth Plainly Told

By plain, everyday people who believe in Dr. Chase's Remedies because they have been actually cured by using them.

The persons who wrote the following letters did so in order that you might profit by their experience. If you want further particulars regarding any case here mentioned, the writers will gladly answer your enquiries. A test of any of Dr. Chase's Remedies will convince you of their merit.

ITCHING BODY SORES.

Mr. Chas. K. Moss, Berlin, Ont., writes:—"My child, six months old, was a terrible sufferer from itching sores on her body. The doctor called it salt rheum, but could not cure it. We tried many remedies recommended but they had no effect. Having read of Dr. Chase's Ointment, I decided to try it, and am happy to say that she was completely cured before the first box was all used."

CONSTIPATION.

Mrs. W. H. Fisher, Preston, Ont., states:—"I can recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for Constipation. I was troubled for about nine years, and have spent hundreds of dollars with doctors and for remedies I heard of, but they failed to even give relief. Hearing of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, I procured a box, and they have cured me of this long-standing complaint. I don't have to use them any more at all, which goes to show that the cure is complete and permanent."

WEAKNESS.

Mr. W. H. La Blanc, Bonfield, Ont., writes:—"I was once a sufferer from catarrh, and while using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure I was recommended to use also Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to build up the system. I have found it the best preparation for strengthening the body that I ever used. My nerves were exhausted, and I was too weak to do a day's work when I began using it, and now am strong and healthy, and feel real well. I am perfectly sure that anyone who uses Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will believe as I do, that it is the best strengthener and restorative obtainable."

Imitators of Dr. Chase's Remedies do not dare to reproduce his portrait and signature, which are to be found on every box of his genuine remedies. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

IN DUE FORM.

Mr. Nevergo, the young woman said, suppressing a yawn, when the business of a meeting is ended what is the parliamentary form for bringing the proceedings to a close?

Somebody moves that the meeting adjourn, replied the young man, and then—

Well, if you'll move, she interrupted, we'll adjourn.

HE CONSIDERED HIMSELF.

Why did you encourage your wife to leave for her mother's on Friday? Don't you know it's unlucky?

Not for me.

UNDERMINED BY EDUCATION.

The average graduate always pretends to know it all.

Yes, and sometimes, he doesn't get over the tendency even when he gets to be a college professor.

AN OPEN LETTER

TO ALL SUFFERERS FROM ANAEMIA AND KINDRED TROUBLES.

Mr. Wm. Wilson, of Sarnia, Tells How He Regained Health After an Illness of Over Two Years.

Mr. William Wilson, who is well known to the citizens of Sarnia, Ont., writes: "It affords me much pleasure to be able to add my testimony to the great benefit that I have derived from your famous Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It is now a little more than two years since I became afflicted with anaemia. During that time I have received almost continuous treatment from medical men of the highest rank in their profession, yet apparently deriving no benefit. Indeed I continued to grow worse until I became unable to walk. I came to the conclusion that I was deriving no benefit from the treatment and decided to give it up. It then was the question, what shall I try? Having read the testimony of so many who had suffered in a similar manner and who had received great benefit from your Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I decided to give them a fair trial.

"It is now about three months since I commenced to take your pills and to-day I feel almost completely restored. Two weeks after I began to take the pills I felt a decided improvement. Three months ago when I began to take your pills my flesh looked like wax, and my face, feet and legs were badly swollen. These conditions have all disappeared and to-day my color is natural and my blood vessels full of good rich blod. It will afford me pleasure to recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to any one suffering from anaemia or kindred ailments."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are praised amongst the highest in the land, as a strengthening and tonic medicine, whether for men, women or children. They are not like other medicines, nor can they be imitated, as is sometimes dishonestly pretended by dealers who offer substitutes. See that the package bears the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and in case of doubt send direct to Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., who will supply the pills post paid at 50c. per box or $2.50 for six boxes. These pills cure all disorders which arise from impoverished blood, such as muscular weakness, loss of appetite, shortness of breath, pains in the back, nervous headache, early decay, all forms of female weakness, hysteria, paralysis, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism and sciatica.

DRUNKARDS IN DENMARK.

When the police in Denmark find a man helplessly drunk in the streets they drive the patient in a cab to the station, where he sobers off; then they take him home. The cabman makes his charge, the police doctor makes his, the agents make their claim for special duty, and this bill is presented to the landlord of the establishment where the drunkard took the last glass that did the business. No wonder that certain landlords protest, saying that proofs are insufficient, and that some alleged victims sham intoxication to get into trouble landlords against whom they have a spite.

RAILROAD SLEEPERS.

Experiments are being made in Germany with beech as a material for railway sleepers. It has been found that without preservative treatment such sleepers are apt to rot internally though they may be apparently sound on the exterior. On the Alsace Lorraine lines favorable results have been obtained with creosoted beech sleepers, which have shown an average life of 19 1-2 years, while others preserved with zinc chloride have proved still more satisfactory, their life being 21 1-2 years.

GROUNDS OF HIS COMPLAINT.

This is the third time you have come to me with a complaint about the coffee, said the steward of the steamer. What's the matter with it? Isn't it strong enough?

"Oh, yes," responded the kicking passenger. It's strong enough to do what it ought to do—walk up to the captain's office and settle.

THE CZAR'S SUITE.

The Czar of Russia's suite consists of 173 persons, of whom 73 are general and 76 extra aides-de-camp. To the suite belong 5 members of the imperial family, 17 Princes of not imperial birth, 17 Counts, nine Barons and 111 other noblemen.