

Ruse Contre Ruse

A bevy of girls and boys on a lawn. "By the way, Miss Dot, I am going to do myself the honor of calling upon you to-morrow," said Mr. Jack Stephens.

"You speak as if that were an unusual occurrence, when every one knows that six times per week for the last month has not been too often for you to call on Dot," chimed in Miss Nancy Jeffrey.

"But this time I am going to take a friend with me."

"Rather dangerous, my dear lad, especially if the friend is a better looking fellow than yourself," suggested Tom Graham.

"Which he isn't."

"Not good looking?"

"I did not say so, I simply said he was not better than myself."

"It amounts to the same thing," said this rude Miss Nancy.

"Well, how long are you going to keep us in suspense before you tell us his name," cried the impatient girl, Nell Black, "Dot of course, has not sufficient interest to ask, so some one else must do it for her."

"George Terril," was the brief reply.

"George Terril, horrors, Dot, why don't you faint?"

"I did not know you expected me to faint at that point," said Dot, in an injured tone, "You should have given me warning sooner."

"You forget Miss Cunningham is a comparative stranger and must therefore be excused if she fails to appreciate this joke," said the thoughtful youth of the crowd, Isaac Turner.

When the excitement caused by the mention of Mr. Terril's name, had somewhat evaporated, Nancy must needs renew it.

"Well, of all the brainless fops it has been my misfortune to meet this season, he is the worst," she said.

"Miss Nan, please don't, it hurts me to hear you make such remarks, I quite understand your feelings, but you know they," with a wave of his hand towards the other fellows, "really cannot help being void of brains," interrupted Jack Stephens.

"I take back what I just now said about George Terril being the worst I had met, this season, for the moment I had forgotten his 'friend.'"

"Miss Nancy, I really must go, if you persist in making such rude remarks, they are not fit for ears refined," said Jack in a shocked tone.

"But who is Mr. George Terril," asked Dot.

"No person in particular," replied Jack.

"That accounts for him being your friend, I suppose."

"What a nasty speech for you to make, but that is just the result of being so much in Nancy Jeffrey's company. You know what our copy books used to say, 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.'"

"Well, why do you not answer my question?" replied Dot.

"Well, you see it is this way, Terril has but recently come to town, nevertheless he has been here sufficiently long for every one to know all about him, in fact, by using a little tact and diplomacy, before you are in his presence five minutes, you will have learned the number in the family to which he belongs, the respective ages of the various members, the color of hair and eyes, and anything else which may happen to interest you. Well, as I said, he came to town, and as he appeared to have plenty of the needful at his disposal, our club took him up, as it was in need of just such a person, one who had no objection to paying a high price for the honor of being in 'our set.' And now comes the interesting part; for some time he has been satisfied to worship you afar off, but growing tired of such a proceeding he has had the presumption to ask me to present him to your Highness, which I have consented to do—provided I have your sanction."

"Then you cannot blame me if I fall in love with him."

"I have no fear of such a catastrophe."

"In the first place he is not 'eligible,' as the matrons say."

"You forget to consider any man eligible who has a sufficiently large bank account."

"It would be nonsense for any girl to marry a man merely for his money when she could have brains and wealth combined," said Jack.

"Might one ask what your rent roll is?" asked Dot very innocently.

"Of course I was not thinking of myself, it was of these other fellows."

"But, why don't you speak for yourself, John," put in Nancy.

"These other fellows ought to be greatly obliged, you seem always to be thinking of them, such generosity in this selfish age is startling. But I must go," and Dot rose.

"With your permission I shall accompany you," and Jack also rose.

The group behind watched them depart, then one of the youths said: "Quite a handsome couple, I suppose we are safe in saying that will be a match."

"Is it true," asked one of the girls, "that the owner of 'Dunseith Hall' is coming to take possession next week?"

"I believe so."

"What is he like, young or old?"

"My informant tells me he is on the shady side of forty, but he is a bachelor and wealthy, so which of you girls intends being the mistress of 'Dunseith Hall?'"

"Why, of course each one of us intends to be mistress of 'Dunseith Hall, it's a fair field, you know."

"Well unless Morgan is a heathen, some of you must look out for pas-

tures new," answered Tom Graham, "and then the company began to disperse."

Dot Cunningham had, as has already been said, been in town about a month. She had come to pay her cousin, Mrs. Herbert Mason, a visit. And town, she had with very little exertion on her part, made fools of the idle youth of town, but fortunately, for their peace of mind they were blissfully unconscious of themselves. The favored of this renowned class was John Stephens, who, on account of his art was able to outshine all the rest. When this fact dawned upon them, the lesser fools meekly retired into the background.

The next day John called on his lady love and according to promise brought his friend. Now this friend deserves a word of description. As to face and form they were all that could be desired, but when that had been said, the list of his favorable points has been finished, unless, perhaps one might add, he was perfectly harmless. He was awkward and to merely direct a glance in his direction was to embarrass him for the remainder of the day, and should any one be heartless enough to deprive him of his name—which was his companion on all occasions—meant courage to seek Dot was a conundrum to himself as well as all who knew him. Now as he and Stephens stood waiting for Dot, he positively trembled, his face flushed crimson and had the imbecile expression of one trying to smile and look grave at the same time. Then Miss Cunningham appeared, the introduction was gotten over somehow, and then began an attempt at conversation, Dot trying to keep it within the limit of Terril's understanding. It was certainly encouraging for Dot, as every time she made a remark for which she had intelligence from her, then when he had mastered his surprise he would call up a sickly grin, until Dot's laughter jumped up and rushed over to the window, exclaiming as she went: "Oh, do look at that little bird."

"A bird did you say, I am fond of little birds," he excitedly cried, following her.

"Yes, but you are too late now, it has gone."

"Too bad, but that is just my luck, the poor little thing." This last in such a sympathetic tone that Dot was almost convulsed, till Jack taking pity on her, carried his friend off, but not before he managed to impart the wonderful news to Dot that he would call again.

"Do," said she, "I do not know when I have so much enjoyed a call," which was the simple truth.

He did call again and continued calling so often that he began to be in Jack's way, he seldom being able to see Dot alone. So he began racking his brains for some means of riding himself of this obnoxious person. At last he hit upon what he considered a brilliant scheme and forthwith carried it to Dot for her sanction.

Terril to be at the large boat house at four o'clock, well we will start at three, consequently we will be conspicuous by our absence by the time he gets down there, but we will obligingly station a boy there to send George to the ground which will be up at the Mountain, there is an encampment of gypsies there, who will give him a warm reception I assure you, when he goes tumbling into their domain."

"But where shall we go?" inquired Dot.

"Why, to the grove, of course. Won't he curse the day he was born when he finds you a precious fool he is."

"More likely he will curse the perpetrators of such a plot."

"All for the good of the cause, my dear young lady."

"He would be a most consummate ass if he ever came back."

"Well, when is it to be?"

"Let me see, this is Friday. Say next Tuesday. How does that suit?"

"That will do as well as any time. The sooner the better I suppose."

Tuesday came, Stephens and his party were at the rendezvous, awaiting rather impatiently for Dot, who had not yet arrived.

"She should be here now, if she does not make haste Terril will be here before we start and spoil the whole affair," said Stephens.

"Dot is never in a hurry," said one of the girls, "she thinks time was made for her."

"Here she comes," exclaimed some one.

"That's not Miss Cunningham, my idiot, it's a youngster," snapped Stephens, growing cross.

The boy came up and handed Jack a letter and a paper. He at once tore the letter open and read:

"Mr. and Mrs. G. Terril Morgan will be at home, Dunseith Hall, to their friends, after Sept. 1st."

"What the dickens does this mean anyway. Why are they sending me this?"

"The paper, sir," reminded the boy, "what about the paper, you rascal," demanded Mr. Stephens.

"I thought it might explain," said the rascal, meekly.

"Lads like you should not think for your superiors." Nevertheless, he opened the paper and his eye at once detected something heavily pencilled and he read:

Married—At the home of the bride's cousin, Mrs. Herbert Mason, by the Rev. Dr. Arnold, George Terril Morgan, of Dunseith Hall, to Dorothy Cunningham, only daughter of Mr. S. Cunningham.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan left on the 9.30 train for the continent, where they will spend the next two months, after which they will take up their abode at Dunseith Hall.

"Thunder," ejaculated Mr. Jack, too amazed for further comment.

"Has anything happened," inquired one of the girls.

"Happened," said he, "I should think something had happened, look there if you want to know what has happened, where's that boy?" But that boy was well enough, he deemed it wisest to retreat while he could do it gracefully, well knowing that there must always be a slaughter of the innocent when man has been baffled.

In a few minutes the news was common property.

"The deceitful, mean thing. What a shame, after all our kindness to her to repay us in this fashion." These and similar other remarks from the girls.

"But how came she to know this?" Morgan, inquired Tom Graham, who to tell the truth was secretly enjoying the joke seeing it was not played on him personally.

"Confound your stupidity, can't you see Terril and Morgan are the same fellow," was Jack's ungracious answer.

"Then Terril was not such a fool after all," ventured Tom pleasantly.

"Not such a fool as some other people I know," said Jack becoming savage.

"Don't say nasty things, it is not becoming."

"I suppose we will have our picnic just the same," inquired Nancy.

"Picnic be hanged," muttered Jack, as he strode away.

When he reached his room he found a letter awaiting him. It ran as follows:

Dear Mr. Stephens:—

You will doubtless be surprised at the turn events have taken, but a word or two of explanation will clear all mysteries. Miss Cunningham and I have been engaged for about four months now. We were to have been married in the Autumn, but owing to circumstances we deemed it advisable to be married at once.

I came down here to look after my property, and to humor a whim of mine, we met as strangers. Then I noticed the way you treated your English at the club, keeping him as long as his money flowed freely, then giving him the cold shoulder. I thought I needed a lesson in etiquette, and determined to give it you in my own way, with what result you already judge a dog by his bark. I think I have now explained everything satisfactorily, but should there still be anything you do not clearly understand, do not hesitate to ask. Considering your recent friendship with my wife I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you often in our home.

Hoping your picnic will afford you a few pleasant hours, notwithstanding the proximity of the 'encampment of gypsies.'

Yours till death,

G. Terril Morgan.

"Unmitigated impudence," was all Mr. John Stephens said, he looked unutterable things.—Sam Bowden.

DANGER AND BENEFIT OF CYCLING.

A Scientific Review of the Causes of Each and the Classes to Whom It is Injurious.

The views of Dr. Mendelssohn, an instructor in the University of Berlin, on the benefits and evils of bicycle riding, as set forth in a paper read before the Society for Internal Medicine, and extensively published, have become a general topic of discussion, by the German press. The chief points of Dr. Mendelssohn's paper were:

"The advantages of wheel riding may be inestimable if practised intelligently and with moderation, but harmful, absolutely dangerous, if carried to excess, or in cases where contra-indications to riding may exist.

"The advantages accruing to riders are obvious, since the wheel affords gymnastic exercise and recreation, especially to the mentally overworked, and it is ideal because of the independent and inexpensive means of locomotion.

"Two classes of danger are assigned to the use of the wheel: 1, mechanical; 2, excess.

"To the mechanical class belong injuries from accident, inflammation of the knee joint resulting from overwork, inflammation of both male and female, pelvic organs resulting from pressure of the saddle and useless articles of dress, such as the corset.

"The excess class is more serious. Constant excessive exertion produces an increased atomic and molecular change throughout the body, especially in the vital organs, to the degree of effecting a general weakening of the individual, and can produce an especial susceptibility to infectious diseases.

"The tendency to sickness produced by cold-catching is proved by experience to be great.

"The heart is subject to the greatest dangers in cases of excessive cycle riding. A large number of sudden deaths have already been recorded due to excessive strain on the heart.

"The contra-indications to cycling are: 1, existing heart lesions; 2, arterial calcification; 3, albumenuria; 4, old age; 5, childhood.

"The indications are: 1, cases of excessive uric acid and gout have been known to benefit by cycle riding.

"In certain mild forms of chronic disturbances in the pelvic organs, which are thereby subjected to a certain degree of exercise, which works similar to the gymnastics and massage of the Thur Brandt method.

"3, Slight disturbances in the respiratory organs excepting absolutely lung dilatation, are sometimes benefited by wheel riding.

"Wheel riding, like many other things, if carried to excess, results in harm, while if indulged in mildly might be innocent or indeed productive of good.

"The use of the wheel should be forbidden only in especially contra-indicated cases."

THE ORIGIN OF THE TALE.

The Farmer—Yes; I know the spot. It's about five miles up the road, and they call it 'The Lovers' Leap.'

Summer Boarder—And there's an old tradition about an Indian girl who sprang from it.

The Farmer—Yes'm; it's a pretty old tradition. I reckon it must 'a' begun to take summer boarders.

ONE DRAWBACK.

What do you think of the proposition to begin the new century with years of 13 months instead of 12?

I strongly disapprove. Just think of 13 days in each year for bills to come in!

STEADY EATERS OF POISON

THEY COME TO A POINT WHERE TO STOP OR GO ON IS DEATH.

The Arsenic Eaters of Lower Austria—Had to Have His Daily Corrosive Sublimated—All Persons Are Regular Consumers of Poison.

Poisons are poisons the world over but people can insure themselves to the use of them and absorb them in seeming safety for a long period, although eventually they never fail to exact the penalty that their consumption invariably commands. There is an interesting article on this subject in an old copy of Harper's Magazine, bearing date of 1854. It was based upon the fact that an interesting trial for murder had taken place in Austria. The prisoner, Anna Alexander, was acquitted by the jury, who, in the various questions put to the witnesses in order to discover whether the murdered man, Lieut. Matthew Warsel, was a poison eater or not, elicited some very curious evidence relating to this class of persons. It is not generally known that eating poison is actually practised in more countries than one. At the time of the trial referred to much interesting information regarding poison eating was gathered by a physician, Dr. T. Von Tschudi. He prepared an account of his investigation in part as follows:

"In some districts in Lower Austria and in Styria, especially in those mountainous parts bordering on Hungary, there prevails the strange habit of eating arsenic. The peasantry in particular are given to it. They obtain it under the name of hedri from the travelling hucksters and gatherers of herbs who on their side get it from the glassblowers or purchase it from the cow doctors, quacks, or mountebanks.

THE POISON EATERS

have a twofold aim in their dangerous enjoyment, one of which is to obtain a fresh healthy appearance, and to require a certain degree of ebullition. On this account, therefore, gay village lads and lassies employ the dangerous agent, that they may become more attractive to each other; and it is really astonishing with what favorable results their endeavors are attended, for it is the youthful poison eaters that are, generally speaking, distinguished by blooming complexions and by an appearance of exuberant health.

Out of many examples I select the following: A farm servant who worked in a cow house was thin and pale, but nevertheless well and healthy. This girl had a lover whom she wished to enchain still more firmly; and in order to obtain a more pleasing exterior she had recourse to the well-known means, and swallowed every week several doses of arsenic. The desired result was obtained, and in a few months she was much fuller in the figure rosy-cheeked, and, in short, quite according to her lover's taste. In order to increase the effect she was so rash as to increase the dose of arsenic, and fell a victim to her vanity. She was poisoned, and died an agonizing death.

"The number of deaths in consequence of the immoderate enjoyment of arsenic is not inconsiderable, especially among the young. Every priest who has the cure of souls in those districts where the abuse prevails could tell of such tragedies, and the inquiries I have myself made on the subject have opened out very singular details. Whether it arise from fear of the law which forbids the unauthorized possession of arsenic, or whether it be that an inner voice claims to him his sin, the arsenic eater always conceals as much as possible the employment of these dangerous means. Generally speaking, it is only the confession of death that raises the veil from the terrible secret. The second object the poison eaters have in view is to make them 'better wined,' that is to make their respiration easier when ascending the mountains. Whenever they have far to go and to mount a considerable height they take a minute morsel of arsenic and allow it gradually to dissolve.

THE EFFECT IS SURPRISING.

and they ascend with ease heights which otherwise they could climb only with distress to the chest. The dose of arsenic with which the poison eaters begin, consists, according to the confession of some of them, of a piece the size of a lentil, which in weight would be rather less than half a grain. To this quantity, which they take lasting several mornings in the week, they confine themselves for a considerable time, and then gradually and very carefully they increase the dose, according to the effect produced.

"A peasant living in the parish of A—g, a strong, hale man of upward of 60, takes at present at every dose a piece of about the weight of four grains, for more than forty years he has practised this habit, which he inherited from his father, and which he in his turn will bequeath to his children. It is well to observe that neither in these nor in other poison eaters is there the least trace of an arsenic cachexy discernible; that the symptoms of a chronic arsenical poisoning never show themselves in individuals who adopt the dose to their constitution, even although that dose is considerable. It is not less worthy of remark however, that when, either from inability to obtain the drug or from any other cause, the perilous indulgence is stopped, symptoms of illness are sure to appear, which have

the closest resemblance to those produced by poisoning from arsenic. These symptoms consist principally in a feeling of general discomfort, attended by a perfect indifference to all surrounding persons and things, great personal anxiety and various distressing sensations, arising from the digestive organs, want of appetite, a constant feeling of the stomach being overloaded at early morning, an unusual degree of salivation, a burning from the pylorus to the throat, a cramp-like movement in the pharynx, pains in the stomach, and especially difficulty of breathing. For all these symptoms there is but one remedy—a return to the enjoyment of arsenic."

According to enquiries made on the subject, it would seem that the habit of eating poison among the inhabitants of Lower Austria has not grown to a passion, as is the case with the opium eaters in the East, the chewers of the betel nut in India and Polynesia and of the coca leaves among the natives of Peru. When once commenced, however, it becomes a necessity. In some districts sublimate of quicksilver is used in the same way. One case in particular is mentioned by Dr. Von Tschudi, a case authenticated by the English Ambassador at Constantinople, of a great opium-eater at Brusso, who daily consumed the enormous quantity of forty grains of CORROSIVE SUBLIMATE

with his opium. In the mountain part of Peru the Doctor met very frequently with eaters of corrosive sublimate; and in Bolivia the practice is openly sold in the market to the Indians. In Vienna the use of arsenic is of every-day occurrence among horse dealers, and especially with the coachmen of the nobility. They either shake it in a pulverized state among the corn, or they tie a bit the size of a pea in a piece of linen, which they fasten to the curb when the horse is harnessed, and the saliva of the animal soon dissolves it. The sleek, round, shining condition of the carriage horses, and especially the much-admired foaming at the mouth, is the result of this arsenic feeding. It is a common practice with the farm servants in the mountainous parts to strew a pinch of arsenic on the last feed of hay before going up a steep road. This is done for years without the least unfavorable results; but should the horse fall into the hands of another owner who withholds the arsenic he loses flesh immediately, is no longer lively, and even with the best feeding there is no possibility of restoring him to his former sleek appearance.

The writer of fifty years ago in Harper's Magazine, after giving the results of the findings of "a contributor residing in Germany" regarding poisons of a peculiarly quick and deadly nature, used these blunt words: "Our ordinary intemperances in this country are the same in kind, though not in degree, for we are all opium eaters. To say nothing of our opium and alcohol consumers, our teetotalers are delighted with the briskness and sparkle of spring water, although these quantities indicate the presence of carbonic acid or fixed air. In like manner few persons will object to a drop or two of brightly corrosive sulphuric acid, vitriol, in a glass of water, to which it communicates an agreeably acid taste; and most of us have, at some period or other of our lives, imbibed prussic acid, arsenic, and other deadly poisons under the orders of the physician, or the first of these in the more pleasing form of confectionery. Arsenic is said by Dr. Pearson to be as harmless as a glass of wine in the quantity of one-sixteenth part of a grain; and

IN THE CURE OF AGUE

it is so certain in its effects that the French Directory once issued an edict ordering the surgeons of the Italian army, under pain of military punishment, to banish that complaint among the vast numbers of soldiers who were languishing under it in the marshes of Lombardy. It would seem that no poison taken in small and diluted doses is immediately hurtful, and the same thing may be said of other agents. The sap of a fan for instance, is a blow and so is the stroke of a club; but the one gives an agreeable sensation, and the other tells the recipient to the ground. In like manner the analogy holds good between the distribution of a blow over a comparatively large portion of the surface of the body and the dilution or distribution of the particles of a poison. A smart thrust upon the breast for instance, with a foil does no injury; but if the button is removed and the same momentum thus thrown to a point, the instrument enters the structures and perhaps causes death. But the misfortune is that poisons swallowed for the sake of the agreeable sensations they occasion owe this effect to their action upon the nervous system, and the action must be kept up by a constant increasing dose till the constitution is irretrievably injured. In the case of arsenic, as we have seen, so long as the excitement is undiminished, all is apparently well, but the point is at length reached when to proceed or to turn back is alike death. The moment the dose is diminished or entirely withdrawn symptoms of poisoning appear, and the victim perishes because he has shrunk from 'killing himself.'"

MEN WHO WEAR VEILS

According to the French traveler, M. Felix Dubois, the Tourages, one of the African races whom he describes in his book about Timbuctoo, wear veils. The rearing of horses, oxen and goats is their chief industry, the milk and flesh of these animals, with the addition of dates, furnishing their principal nourishment. For the protection of eyes and lungs they adopt a head-dress of two veils. One, the "nikab," is rolled front to protect their eye; while the other, the "litham," reaches from the nostrils to the edge of their clothing. The veils are never removed, even at meal times, and the garb has become so much part of them that any one being deprived of it is unrecognizable by friends or relatives.

Sufferer

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