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FEAR CAUSED DEATH.

GLENN'S DREAD OF HYDROPHOBIA PRODUCED ALL ITS SYMPTOMS.

He Had Been Bitten by a Dog Which Was Not Rabid—After Six Weeks His Fears Mastered Him and He Died Frothing and Barking.

Thomas Glenn of Belleville, N. J., died in St. Michael's hospital, Newark, the other day. It was reported then that he was the victim of hydrophobia. But he was not. He had simply frightened himself to death. A dog had bitten him. The fear of hydrophobia completely possessed his mind. He talked of hydrophobia, he dreamed of it, the dread of it became his mania. He was the victim, not of the disease, but of his own diseased imagination. Finally Glenn died because he was hydrophobia mad, not because he had hydrophobia—died fearing to taste water, died barking like a dog.

"Stimulated hydrophobia, complicated by pneumonia," was the doctors' final verdict on his case. Glenn was a Hercules and never knew what illness meant. Six weeks before his death he was twice bitten on the hand by a large dog owned by a Jeolomon, a Belleville butcher. A physician cauterized Glenn's wounds and he continued to work. He complained to Justice Cornell that the dog had rabies, was mad and should be shot. Jeolomon insisted that the dog had not rabies, but the dog was killed.

From the very moment he was bitten dread of hydrophobia took possession of Glenn. He could talk of nothing else to his friends. If they laughed at his fears or called them childish, he became angry. Glenn's mania quickly became morose. If a dog passed him in the street, he shuddered. If a dog barked, he hurried away. He awoke in the morning trembling and shouting:

"I'm done for, I'm dying. I know I shall have hydrophobia before night." He often asked concerning the Pasteur treatment for hydrophobia which prevents the full development of the disease just as vaccination prevents smallpox. At the same time the morbid state of Glenn's mind was proved by the eagerness with which he listened to tales about mad dogs, to stories of men bitten by dogs with rabies. At one moment he wished to know how to cure hydrophobia, at the next he deliberately excited his own fears that he would die from it.

Finally while Glenn was at work an unexpected draught of air struck him, and he began to shiver. The doctor heard the history of the case, learned of the dog bites, learned that six weeks had elapsed since they were inflicted. Then he examined his patient, whom the lightest breeze threw almost into convulsions, who was beginning to have a rigidity of the jaw and pharynx, who could with difficulty swallow water. But Dr. Clark's patient was cunning, as all such madmen are. Glenn did not tell his physician of the fears that had tortured him. Dr. Clark knew that cases of real hydrophobia are infinitely more common than cases of simulated hydrophobia. So Dr. Clark said:

"This looks much like a case of hydrophobia. It has many of the symptoms." That sounded like a death knell to Glenn. But what man, mad or sane, abandons hope of living? Next day Glenn called in Dr. P. H. Winaus of Washington avenue, Jersey City. By that time Glenn was frothing at the mouth and barking like a dog. To place a glass of water to his lips was to throw him into a fearful convulsion. Dr. Winaus got a complete history of Glenn's illness from his friends. He learned of the man's intense fears and how they grew upon him and mastered him. He found, too, some symptoms of pneumonia that were not serious, and that certainly had nothing to do with hydrophobia, real or simulated.

"This man has not hydrophobia," said Dr. Winaus, "but he thinks he has, and in this case it is as bad. He is in the deepest mental depression, and he is sure he will die of hydrophobia, and he will unless the thought can be driven from his mind. Send him to a hospital. The change of scene may act favorably." Glenn at first refused to go to the hospital. But at last he consented and was taken to St. Michael's hospital. There for awhile he showed all the symptoms of the disease that existed only in his mind. As he sank the symptoms of pneumonia became more plain. But there can be no earthly doubt that this Hercules frightened himself to death.

There were rumors in Belleville that Jeolomon's dog had bitten a number of persons, and threats against vagrant dogs have been uttered. But now it is certain, as always, that there will be no hydrophobia in Belleville unless dogs go mad and unless men's fears drive them into a horrid similitude of the disease. —New York Journal.

Clerical Bicycle Crank. At Terre Haute, Ind., there is a Methodist church on Maple avenue, of which the Rev. Frank Gee is pastor, where it has been the practice for the minister to announce on each Sunday the midweek run of the church bicycle club. Deacon James A. Dixon, who objects to this practice and had protested in vain, one Sunday sent up a request that the person read a notice of the meeting of a card club to be held on a coming week day evening. The person refused to read it and the deacon forsook the church. The matter is not yet settled.

THE WHITE DOVE.

A FAIRY STORY BY MADIRA M'CUILLION WILLIAMS.

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There was no mistake about it—Amelia's grandmother spoiled her. Everybody said so, some under the breath, some in whispers and at one side, a few out loud. The loudest of all were Uncle Joe and his wife, Aunt Lena, who were always shaking the head and sighing over the dreadful way mother was bringing up that poor child. But most people who heard them laughed behind the hand and said, when they were out of the good grumblers' company, how plain it was they were jealous on account of their own girl, Emmy-Belle. In strict right there might have been some color of justification for the feeling that Emmy-Belle ought to have what was given to Amelia. Emmy-Belle was grandmother's name child, as well as her first granddaughter, a good year older than Amelia. Then Uncle Joe had married prudently, and so the satisfaction of father and mother, whereas his sister, Amelia's mother,



THEY HELD UP HORRIFIED HANDS.

had been wilful and up-headed, running off with a strolling artist, who had hardly a coin to bless himself with, when she might have had young George Wayne and his fine big farm.

People were hardly sorry for her when she came back three years after, widowed, scarce a ghost of herself, with Amelia in her arms. It was only when she slipped out of life, half a year later, that they felt some contrite stirrings of kindness toward her. Even then they did not wholly forgive her. She ought to have grown rosy and happy again, they thought, and ended by marrying her constant George. That would have been living romance right under their eyes—romance ever so much more satisfactory than this fading out of life with a smile and the dead husband's name the last word on her lips.

"Yes, I suppose dear mother must keep the child. I hate to think of it, such a little creature at her age—but, you see, there is no one else. I, of course, have Emmy-Belle to consider," Aunt Lena had said to her gossips as they came away from the funeral. One of them, who was childless, offered to take the little one. Mrs. Joe was all for letting her have it, but when the plan was named to grandmother—grandmother whose heart was so full of self reproach there was hardly room for grief—there came a look in her eyes which fairly frightened the other two.

"I was hard to my daughter, and she is dead," she said at last. "All that is left me is to try and make her child happy. I will do it at any cost. You may take the heart out of my bosom easier than part me from my little one."

Now, of course, you understand how the story of spoiling began, and you must know but little of human nature if you do not also understand upon what slight things it throws and fed. Grandmother Gray had her house and her fat lands in fee. When her husband died, three years back, she had wisely divided all he left, giving the ready money to the younger sons, who had chosen a city life, and the upper farm, larger than the home place, to Joseph, the eldest of them. Amelia's mother had been left out. Indeed, she had been left out of everything since the night she went away.

Equitably it appeared that her child would be entitled to receive the grandmother's part, but to Aunt Lena and Uncle Joe such an ending seemed the sum of iniquity, a defrauding not only of themselves, but of Emmy-Belle, which was infinitely worse. So they held up horrified hands when they saw Amelia careering about on her pony or rollicking with the lambs and calves in the big pastures or getting happily sun-burned riding upon the hay wagons when she ought to have been learning her lessons or stitching diligently at her sampler.

Naturally the little girl made friends of the dumb creatures. They alone were young and full of trickery, merriest to match her own; full of coaxing ways, too, that led sometimes into mischief, as when the bleating of the hungry calves made her turn them in the pasture with their mothers long before milking time, or when she let the lambs out of the small fold where they awaited shearing for no other reason than that they looked at her with such pitiful eyes. Then, too, she would let Gyp, her white pony, pillage the harvest apple tree, herself standing upon the laden boughs to bend them till the fruit was in reach. Oftentimes of all she would fling handfuls of plump wheat from the granary sacks and scatter it to the doves, who were her especial playmates.

There were 50 if one in the dovecot, bluebirds, chocolate ruffs, slate gray fellows, gay spotted ones, ring necks, a few of the purest white. Those Amelia loved best of all. Grandmother had told her how the first pair of them

had belonged to Amelia's mother, and how they had drooped and pined when she went away. When one died, of heart break it seemed, his mate flew away, but their blood and brood remained and flourished with the rest.

"You will never make me believe that white hen was not something more than just a hen pigeon," old Marian, who had nursed Amelia and her mother before her, said sometimes, shaking the head and knitting very hard. "I mind how the pair of them came to the cot from nobody knows where, and how shy they were of the rest of us, yet the friendliest, tame things with my nursing. Pretty dear! I can see her now walking about with one on each shoulder, a rose in her hair and a red apple in her hand to let the birds peck at. That is how your father saw her first. He was charmed and begged her to stand while he made a picture of her, and while she stood those pigeons were as still as still could be, yet usually they fluttered every feather at least once in the minute."

Amelia had heard this over and over until she grew to dream of her lost parents, always with the white doves about them. She was very gentle with the grandchildren who wheeled and circled about her every day or stood on the earth at her feet, preening and stretching the wings, yet somehow no one of them felt as near and dear as the mysterious lost white hen, who, if she were truly a dove, must long before this be dead of old age.

"You will see her one day. I am sure of that. She will come back, maybe in an hour of need," old Marian often ran on. When she said it, her eyes glowed. There were people who said she was a witch, or at the least a wise woman, and whispered how it was because of her love for them worldly matters had gone so well with the Grays.

Long lanes turn at last, even prosperous ones. When Amelia was 11, there came for her black days indeed. Fire broke out upon a night of storm and consumed the homestead like dry grass. The shock and fright of it were too much for good Grandmother Gray. She was speechless before they got her into her son's house and dead at morning. Amelia crouched beside her, sobbing her heart out. Old Marian bent above her mistress, trying by every means to rouse her, but all in vain. As the last breath flickered, out the serving woman turned and caught up the sobbing child, saying almost fiercely to Aunt Lena:

"I know what is in your heart—to rob my child for years. Take care! There are some things stronger even than greed."

Aunt Lena sniffed spitefully, but held her peace. She could afford to do it, knowing as she did that Amelia was at her mercy. Her husband had long ago thrifflily bought from his brothers their possibly reverent in the mother's estate. If grandmother, who had looked to be good for many years, had ever made a will, it was surely burned. The fire had been so swift and fierce not a scrap had been saved from it, and it was unlikely that the woman who had always kept her affairs to herself had put anything so important as a will in the charge of another.

With grandmother safely buried there was need to settle things.

"Understand, you have nothing, nothing at all," Aunt Lena said to Amelia. "If you are not sassy and wait properly on your cousin Emmy-Belle, you may stay here until you are big enough to go out serving. If you are smart and diligent, it is possible my daughter may take you as housekeeper when she marries. She will be an heiress and can look so high for a husband that she must train herself to high ways."

Amelia said meekly, "Yes, Aunt Lena." She was too heartbroken and stunned for anger. Old Marian's eyes flashed, and her brows drew together. But she, too, held her peace and went quietly along when Aunt Lena said:

"Come, let us get to work. Those grapes in the vineyard at the old place want picking. Get knives, all, and baskets. They must be in the wine tub tomorrow."

To reach the vineyard one had to pass through the gate beside the big barn.



"TAKE CARE! THERE ARE SOME THINGS STRONGER EVEN THAN GREED."

Storm and fire had spared that, though they had so ravaged all else. As they all came into its gable shadow, Amelia gave a little cry: "Look, look, the white pigeon! Oh, say, Nurse Marian, is it the one that so loved my dear mother?" "It looks to be," Nurse Marian began. Aunt Lena gave a scornful laugh. Emmy-Belle, at her shoulder, began to whimper. The white dove overhead cooed low and hoarse. The door into the haymow was hanging open, with wisps of dry grass scattered all over it. The bird had been scratching furiously. Now it dragged something, thin and white from underneath the hay and dropped with it to Amelia's feet.

"Oh, ho! You have found the will for us! I knew there was a will," old Marian said joyously, then crossed and snapped her fingers. At once the bird melted into thin air, but the will remained. Amelia did become a famous housekeeper, but it was for herself and in her own home.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.

From Our Special Correspondents.

Penn Yan. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Carmody spent Thursday atodus Bay where Mr. Carmody delivered an address, his subject being "A Generation of Peace."

Miss Nora L. Ryan has been on a short vacation with her parents at Belton.

Mrs. Agnes B. McAdams of Syracuse is visiting relatives in town.

Miss Alice Carroll of Rochester is spending her vacation with relatives in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hyland have returned from a trip to Crystal Springs.

Mrs. Michael Gaffney and children are the guests of Mrs. Gaffney's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Early.

James Devaney died at the home of his mother in this village on August 5th, aged 42 years. The funeral was held from St. Michael's church in this village and interment in St. Michael's cemetery.

Miss Alice Dowling has returned from a vacation spent at Clifton Station.

Miss Kate Dewan has returned from a three weeks' vacation spent with friends in Canandaigua, East Bloomfield and Rochester.

Miss Mame Caviston is visiting friends in Farmer, N. Y.

J. Creary of Rochester spent Sunday in this village.

Mrs. Thomas Coleman of Waterloo spent Sunday with relatives in town.

Savannah. Mrs. Rebecca Mesphet of Skaneateles Falls, who has been visiting friends in town, returned home Saturday.

Misses Mayme and Rita Flynn of Winona, Minn., and Mrs. Joseph Mee of Auburn, have been visiting their many friends and relatives in town.

P. Fitzsimmons and sister attended the reunion at Bonaventure, Friday.

Misses May and Nora Burke spent last Sunday in Clyde.

Sunday, August 15th, will be a day long to be remembered by the people of St. Patrick's parish, it being the occasion of a class of 11 children receiving their first holy communion. Miss Jennie Murray, a member of the class, read the baptismal vows, after which Father Gleason gave them some beautiful instructions. The altar was beautifully decorated with choice flowers for the occasion.

Mrs. Elizabeth Rogan and daughter Gertrude of Rochester were here Wednesday to attend the Gregg-Vought wedding.

Peter Corcoran returned home Saturday after spending a week in town visiting relatives.

Mrs. John Murray of Syracuse and two children are visiting her father-in-law, John Murray.

East Bloomfield. The lawn party held on the church grounds last week was a success, and all present report a good time. The proceeds of the party were about \$500, this being less, of course, than in previous years, but the donations were not as favorable, as it threatened rain most of the afternoon and it was also a very busy season.

Miss Agnes Dalton of Rochester spent a few days in town last week.

Mrs. Theresa O'Brien and Miss May O'Leary of Canandaigua were in town attending the lawn party.

Miss Margie Quinn of Canandaigua was in town last week visiting friends.

Augustus O'Leary of Washington has been at home visiting his parents.

Miss Furlong of Canada is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Hicks.

Several young ladies of this place attended the teachers' examination at Canandaigua.

Miss Mollie Turner of Canandaigua was the guest of Miss Maria Flannigan last week.

Several young ladies and gentlemen from Fairport, Victor, Canandaigua and Canastota attended the lawn party, as did also Father Donnelly of Victor and Father Clancy of Honeyoye Falls.

E. E. Rigney is preparing to move into his new store.

Canastota. The death of Miss Nellie Sheen occurred at her home in this village on Friday evening, of consumption, aged 25 years. Her death, although long expected, came as a severe blow to her many friends here and in Avon, and to her mother who has spent many weary weeks in ministering to her wants the last comes with crushing force, and to her will go out sympathy of all; also to the sisters and brothers who mourn a loved one so forever. The funeral was held on Monday morning, when solemn high mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Elster, Rev. Father Hendricks of Avon as deacon and Rev. S. Englehart of Rochester as sub-deacon. The interment was at the new cemetery.

Mrs. John McGinty, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel McLaughlin, Miss Jennie McLaughlin and the Misses Boden of Avon attended the funeral of Miss Nellie Sheen on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Farrell of Clifton Springs spent Sunday with Mrs. James Boylan.

The marriage of Peter McGinty and Miss Libbie Kregle, two well known young people of Mumfords occurred last week.

Danville. Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Hodgson of Buffalo are in town.

Miss Minnie Gallagher of Rochester is the guest of Miss Nellie Nagle.

Miss Bessie Maloney of Rochester is visiting Miss Anna Steinert.

Miss Mame Goodwin is visiting in Bath.

Miss Margaret Maloney has returned from Erie, Pa., where she has been attending a business college.

Father Dougherty has given the fair journal the title "International," and has sent to the two American and one Irish, both copies of the first edition, were distributed last Sunday. It contains a sketch of St. Patrick's Benevolent society, explanation regarding the fair, entertainment, contests, description of the booths and an interesting article entitled "Echo." The girls in charge of the dolls and flowers have elected the following officers: President, Ella Loftus; vice president, Lizzie Maloney; secretary, Bessie Ryan; recording secretary, Fannie Brown; treasurer, Mary Kelly; George Shaffer and the Driscoll brothers are at work this week building the booths. Hon. David Healey will positively be present next Tuesday, the opening night. One of our leading fellow citizens will preside and introduce the speaker. A bicycle parade is promised one evening in the interests of the fair. It is now thought advisable to run the fair over to Saturday night.

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