

## WILL GODFREY'S LAST LEAP.

It was a sultry afternoon in the middle of August. The hot air, which had a slight haze, hung like a transparent curtain of light and heat. The couch on which Will Godfrey had lain ever since his hunting accident in the spring had a view of a flower garden richly decked with scarlet and gold, and beyond it of the sun-scorched park where oaks, elms, and chestnuts spread great branches, clad in the tintless foliage of late summer. The deer were huddled together in the shade; there was little sign of stirring life, all Nature seemed asleep.

The doctor was sitting near Will. His eyes at the present moment were so full of sorrow that he dared not raise them. There had been a consultation that morning with a great London surgeon, and the result was supposed to be favorable—life might possibly be prolonged under certain conditions.

Will was a man of almost gigantic build. He looked like Goliath laid low. Goliath dying by inches instead of by one swift stroke from his own sword.

"How long will this go on, doctor?" he said, abruptly, looking at his friend with great wistful eyes.

The doctor did not speak for a moment. He raised his eyes, but not to his patient's face; they wandered round the room, the walls of which were full of pictures of hunting scenes.

"How long will this go on?" he repeated, insistently.

"It may be for months—even years. You are suffering from creeping paralysis, but that is often very slow."

"There is no hope for recovery, not even of partial recovery, doctor?"

"God knows I wish there were: that's one of the hardest parts of a doctor's life, the being unable to do more than patch up a magnificent frame like yours."

"There was a rabbit once, half-killed and quivering—we knocked it on the head and put it out of its pain; we didn't leave it in its misery; we didn't feed it up to prolong the anguish. And the very horse which fell with me, whose legs were broken, was shot, that very hour; it wasn't left to linger. Man is less cruel than God. Man understands—God does not."

"Hush," said the doctor gently. He was a man of great reverence of thought and feeling.

Evelyn Godfrey came in at that moment, a beautiful woman with a singularly young, girlish face and an extraordinary expression of vitality. She was pale, with a soft, creamy paleness and had black eyebrows and intensely gray, black-fringed eyes.

She waited till the doctor had gone, and then knelt down by her husband and stroked his hand.

"I was thought an idle man, wasn't I, Lyn?" he said, softly, smiling at her—oh, what a sad smile it was!—"but I made a business of sport and active games; there was no reason of the year when time hung heavy on my hands. There was hunting in the winter and early spring, fly fishing in May, grouse shooting in August, partridge and pheasant shooting afterward, and between whiles golf."

"Doesn't it hurt you to talk about it?" said Lyn, with a break in her voice.

"No—it's the only comfort I have. I never knew I had such a strong imagination. I shut my eyes and see the very scenes where I have been so happy—the golf links, the moor, the covers—but sometimes all the pictures run into one another like a kaleidoscope."

"Shall I read to you?" said Lyn, gently.

"No—talk to me. You're a good woman, Lyn, aren't you?"

"Do you know what I said to the doctor?"

She shook her head.

"I spoke of a rabbit that had been brought to death, whose condition was hopeless. I said if a man saw that animal he would immediately put it out of its pain; he would be thought a brute if he didn't. The mere brutes are better off than men—they're not allowed to live when existence means pain. And yet the two cases can't be compared for suffering; the brute has a certain amount of physical pain, but that's all; it has no imagination to paint pictures of never-to-be-forgotten delight, the black, strong, narrow, to increase its agony twofold."

"But the mere brutes isn't that an act, isn't it?" said Lyn.

"That's only a refinement of cruelty when there's no hope. Little woman," she went on, gravely looking at her with very sad eyes, "you married a strong man, full of sport, full of the joy of living, to whom life meant health and strength and a roaring good time; this cripple lying on a stretcher is really a stranger to you."

"Ah, don't say that," she cried, imploringly, stretching out her hand.

"It must be true. I'm a stranger to myself. I can't imagine myself chained to this stretcher, unable to move without pain. It's not Will Godfrey who is lying here—no, Will Godfrey is the man I think about in my dreams, leaping the ditches on a chilly spring morning, or marching over the grouse moors with a gun—not this corpse of a man, dead to everything he loved."

"But am I nothing to you?" sobbed poor Lyn, who felt that her cup of anguish was indeed full.

"I'm not, so to say, a good man," Will went on dreamily. Churchgoing bored me, and that's the truth; I went because you liked it, darling, and because it was the right thing for the squire at the Hall, example, and all

that; but I was confoundingly bored—I've nothing to cheer me now.

"If—if I might even go on dreaming about the sport; things are decidedly real in a dream, Lyn! I vow last night I saw the meet clear and distinct—the bare trees and the hedges standing out against a yellowish sky—and I was coming up with the rest, tearing, galloping in a mad sort of way—and it was real, Lyn, much more real than this—"

At that moment the two were interrupted by the entrance of Priscilla Stainforth, Will's aunt, his mother's sister. She was a terrible woman, with a genius for administering spiritual consolation to her relations and friends at supreme moments in their lives. With the best of motives, she made herself extremely objectionable, and in times of trouble and difficulty was avoided like the plague. She had called very often for the purpose of seeing Will, but had been refused admission. On the present occasion she entered the bedroom uninvited, and advanced to the couch.

"There had been no time to make any preparation for her arrival. The table was strewn with papers of a sporting character; a yellow-backed novel lay on the pillow.

"Will, I could not restrain myself; I was obliged to come," she said, with almost piteous earnestness. "You are my own sister's child. Could I ever forgive myself if I neglected my duty toward you at such a time? You have led a selfish pleasure-seeking life, but it's not too late to seek for mercy."

She paused, and looked at Evelyn. "Where is your Bible?" she said, sorrowfully. "I see sporting papers in profusion, but the one Book which will give your husband comfort. The river of death is very near, Will," she went on solemnly; "it flows at the bottom of the valley. Soon you will be at the margin. I hear the time is prolonged in which to prepare for the crossing. I beseech you, use it well."

"Go away, Aunt Priscilla," said Evelyn, fiercely. "Go away—leave him to me. Will, don't you remember father?"

Will looked at his wife, and his face lighted up.

"He was a good man, a saint upon earth. There's no one could throw a stone at father. I am the youngest and quite different from all the rest, and people said I was fast because I liked hunting and sports of all kinds, and some one spoke to father and said that it was a scandal that an Evangelical clergyman's daughter should care for such things. And father—Evelyn's voice broke—"he took me into his study—I was seventeen then—and he made me tell him just how I felt, and he said I had my grandfather's blood in my veins. (Grandfather had lived in the bush, and that was where father was born.) And father said it would be cruel to stifle all the desires and instincts which were mine by nature, and he saved up and bought me a horse, and, as you know, I used to go to the meets, and it was there I met you, Will."

She paused a moment out of breath, trying to choose the right words for the many thoughts which crowded in. "I want to try to remember what father said—the very words; they were something like this: He said he could understand because he was my father, and that was why God understood. He knows all about us through and through, and He wishes us to be our best selves, as we are. You are a sportsman and an outdoor man, and He cares for you like that, and He'll make you happy in your own way, not in some one else's way. And you don't want any teaching about some things."

After that Will lay quite still with his eyes half closed. In a few minutes he was fast asleep, breathing regularly like a child. It was evidently a happy slumber. He was dreaming, and the dream was vivid and intensely real. His lips were curved in an almost joyful smile.

After a short interval he began to speak.

"The mare is fresh today, Evelyn," he murmured in his sleep. "This is our first ride together since my accident. Oh, it's good to be well!"

"Yes," she answered, in a low, clear voice, which had the ring of laughter in it. "It's good to be riding together again, you and I, you and the Black Princess and I on Star."

But the radiant look vanished, a shadow crossed her husband's face like the wing of a dark cloud.

His Aunt Priscilla's words were evidently haunting him.

"The river," he murmured, in a distressed tone of voice. "I'm close to it now."

"Leap it!" she cried, suddenly. "You can do it, I'm certain. Why, I could do it, Will!"

Only for an instant did Will hesitate. Then his expression changed to a joyous ecstasy of resolve.

"By Jove! I'll have to try, Lyn," he whispered, still in his sleep.

He raised his head with eager expectancy, his left hand was outstretched, grasping invisible reins.

His pulse gave one tremendous bound. It was the last. His head fell quietly back—his left hand relaxed its hold. His lips still smiled! It was a smile of triumph.

Will Godfrey had leaped!—London Outlook.

Water With Juniper Berry Flavor. That sailors at sea find the waters of the Dismal Swamp the most potable of any to be had is not wholly explained by the fact that they have the quality of keeping sweet in barrels on ship-board longer than others. What keeps them sweet is a large infusion of juniper berries; and water with a moderate flavoring of juniper berries is better than any gin that can nowadays be bought in the open market.—Providence Journal.

Narrow minded man—The Indian.



PHILIPPINE RAT CATCHERS. reaching the wharf?—Bureau Express.

Bounty for the Capture of the Ant-mats in Manila.

The Manila rat is much more in demand than is the Buffalo rat. Since the American occupation of the Philippines rat catching has become a big industry. It has thrived so much under a paternal form of government that 150,000 of the animals were caught in Manila during the last year. Incidentally, that meant 150,000 deaths in the rat colony, for the only good rats in Manila are dead rats. This wholesale slaughter of rats is carried out under the direction of the Philippine Board of Health. It is one of the means used to prevent the much dreaded Asiatic plague.

"Although it is an established fact that rats are carriers of the infection of the dreaded Asiatic plague, yet comparatively few Americans in Manila are alive to the importance which the Board of Health authorities attach to the trapping of rodents, or are aware that the city has an organized corps of seventy-five rat catchers, and that they trap about a hundred and fifty thousand rats a year," said the doctor. "Such is the case, nevertheless, and it would be difficult to say where the pest would stop."

"The corps of rat catchers is divided into several sections, one being assigned to each of the health stations. Each man, who in turn fires small boys to do the actual work, receives a monthly salary of 10 pesos, which is \$5, and in addition, three centavos (14 cents) for every rat he catches. This bounty amounts to about six pesos a month—an average Manila clerk's salary. A rat catcher must be industrious. He is hired by the district medical inspector, and if he fails to corral a certain number of animals he is promptly suspended by a new aspirant."

"This Oriental corporation has to many ingenious ways in attempting to fool the officials and incidentally, increase its revenues. When the trapping was started the officials were none too strict, and it was soon noticed that some of the trappers were making quite an amount of money. Investigation revealed the fact that oftentimes one rat was made to do duty several times, being kept on the grounds sipping bounty for its capture until decomposed and then ready for this inspectors' use."

"The trapper brings his rats to the station every morning, and there the right front foot is chopped off, and the rat is labelled with the street and the number of the house from which it came. All rats are then taken to the crematory."

"But the clever native found a new means of evading the law. He conceals the rats in a rat farm, and before the authorities were aware of it the business of breeding rodents, in order to collect the bounty, assumed goodly proportions."

"Once a month an auditing is made, at which time all the traps which are furnished by the authorities must be accounted for by the catchers."

"One of the principal acts in this rat drama is enacted at the waterfront, where every precaution is taken to prevent rats from coming ashore from ships arriving from plague-infected ports of Asia. Carcasses are closely watched, and while they are being discharged the fumeholers are placed on the barges to prevent the rats from

strange origin of fashion.

The custom of powdering the hair dates back as far as the sixteenth century, and was first introduced by the nuns in French convents. Those who had occasion to leave the cloisters for any reason were wont to powder their hair, so as to make it appear gray and give them a venerable look. The fashionable dames were so struck with the novel effect of white powder on dark hair that they soon appropriated the device as one of the arts of the worldly toilet. Out of this grew the use of tints in the hair. The Roman women often used blue powder, and later, in 1660, Empress Regent set the fashion of using mole powder.

Rome under the empire of Greece during the time of Pericles were said to have worn a mane of golden hair. The belles and fops of the day devised several methods whereby black locks might be changed to golden yellow, but bleaching did not always succeed. Consequently, quite a trade was established with the fair-haired tribes beyond the Alps, who sold their locks to Latin merchants, so as to wear the heads of Roman goddesses.

Many a dame dampened her ravens' tresses in the strongest of mercuric acid and sat in the sun to bleach her hair to the coveted yellow, says the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

There were some cunning devices in vogue among the belles of the old world for giving expression to the eye. The most realistic of them were wont to place a single drop of their own police, prismatic acid, in the hollow of a wineglass and hold it against the eye for two or three seconds. Or, more readily still, they would take a small quantity—a piece not larger than a grain of rice—or an onion-skin containing that mortal drug, trochil, and put it on the nose. Such a device was supposed to give clearness and brilliancy, expand the pupil and impart a fascinating fulness and lowness to the eye.

Properly Destroyed by Fire.

Nearly two hundred millions of dollars' property is destroyed by fire annually in the United States.

Arrested Gentle, a French Strangler.

There was an arrest at Rome in the morning when a man was taken from the bank of the Tiber and M. Curie, the French scientist, was made to hand over his gun to the police.

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grand violon, who played the curtains of the theatre, persisted that the Frenchman, who was a Frenchman, was taken to the police station and was held there for some time.

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