













A GENTLEMAN.

I knew him for a gentleman. By signs that never fail.

RAN DOWN A SLAVER.

Sail ho! Never, surely, did the cry fall upon more welcome ears, save and except those of men becalmed in a boat upon the open sea.

"But you have no evidence of it; and you say the papers were all in order." "Apparently they were, sir."

"The hope of again encountering the Black Swan, faint as it was, caused quite a commotion in our little world."

"Signal her to heave-to, and if she does not obey, fire a shot right across her bows, Mr. O'Riley," continued the commander.

"I will, sir; I'm certain it will be all right," cheerfully responded the first lieutenant.

"Just look that up in the United States registry," said the captain to the first lieutenant.

"What have you got on board?" was the next question. "General cargo—dry goods and so on."

his eye fell on an empty scabbard hanging on the wall. It looked very like a United States service sword scabbard, and immediately the thought darted through his mind that this hypocritical young Yankee (who had been pretending to wip away a tear as he listened to the lieutenant's good advice) had been doing something worse, or at least more heavily punished than running cargoes of slaves.

"Excuse me, sir, but the joke was too good," said the Yankee, coming forward and holding out his hand. "I am the first lieutenant of the United States warship Georgia, in command of a prize crew on board this vessel, taking her to — to have her condemned. We seized her yesterday."

THE FIGHT ALL LEFT HIM.

A Bully Who Found More Than His Match in an Eighteen-Year-Old Girl. Sidney Bowen, a well-known character of Bath Hill, Pa., died lately aged 62 years.

"The girl's lover had come to by this time, and arose to his feet. Bowen lay on the ground, unconscious, and his daughter and Cole carried him into the house, where he quickly regained consciousness."

"You may imagine that, now the only being I ever loved has so disdainfully trampled on the affections I offered her, I have no wish to stay on the earth longer than I can help."

Economical.

Briggs—What has become of your new silk hat, old man? Griggs—I gave it to the porter of a Pullman car.

THE MAN WHO VANISHED.

BY FERGUS HUME.

CHAPTER III—CONTINUED.

"One secret Lal Chunder withheld from me—a secret which I ardently desire to learn, namely, how to incarnate my own soul or that of another human being's in a separate body."

"I did this as I was still an object of enmity to the priests, and although I now possessed spiritual powers equal to their own, was unwilling to come into collision with them in any way."

"I only arrived in England last year, and established myself in this house, which I found convenient to the city and also isolated enough to permit me to live my own life without comment."

"Curiously enough, in spite of my years of spiritual training, my material desires were not yet conquered, and six months after my arrival in this country I fell in love."

"You may imagine that, now the only being I ever loved has so disdainfully trampled on the affections I offered her, I have no wish to stay on the earth longer than I can help."

"Another precaution, you see said the doctor, pointing to a third spring would never guess the second. Come!"

"I thought, however, that chance might send me some one willing to do what I wanted, and the garden door was left open by me that some stranger might be drawn hither by some strong desire for his services."

"Though some weeks have passed, no one came however, but I think you presented yourself, and I think you will be an excellent subject for my purpose."

"Now I have told you my story you can ask me whatever questions you may please, but I think I have put the question plainly before you, and it remains with yourself whether you will incarnate yourself in my body or, as Adrian Lancaster, run the risk of arrest and an ignominious death at the hands of the law."

CHAPTER IV.

A Curious Transformation.

Adrian listened to this strange recital in silent astonishment, and in spite of the trouble in which he was involved, felt inclined to regard the whole as the whimsical outcome of a madman's brain.

"If I accept your offer," he said slowly, "and permit you to incarnate my soul in your body, what becomes of my own?"

"I will remain to all appearances, dead, until your soul again returns to animate it."

"I will go back to it again, then?" "Yes!—I think so. My body is sixty years old, yours is, I should say, about twenty-six years old, and as things stand now, there is every prospect that you will outlive me."

"But suppose I am incarnated in your body for years, will not my own decay?" "No—because it is not dead—only asleep. It, however, it is fated that you should die before myself, your body will begin to decay, and then you will remain in mine until the period fixed by God for solution, and your soul will then mingle in the world of spirits as if you had died in your own frame."

"I understand," said Adrian thoughtfully; "it is a curious idea."

"Where will my body remain during the time I am incarnate in yours?" "In this house said the doctor rising and going over to the fireplace."

"Where is this secret chamber?" asked Adrian, rising now more inclined to believe the fantastic story of the doctor. "Can I see it?"

"Certainly, it is important that you should know it as you will have to leave your present body in it for safe keeping."

ivory handle fixed in the wall, whereupon the whole apartment was irradiated with a powerful electric light. Adrian gave an exclamation of surprise and put his hands over his eyes, as they felt quite painful in the sudden glare after the dense darkness, only lighted by the candle.

"It was a modern-sized apartment, circular in shape, with a domed roof of pure white, painted with the signs of the Zodiac, and from the centre radiated the electric light hidden in a large semi-opaque globe. The walls were hung with strange tapestries of brilliant colors, whereon were depicted the animal gods of Egypt and the fantastic deities of India, while the floor was covered by a thick, soft carpet with a bizarre pattern in blue, yellow and red, the outcome of some opium-confused, Oriental imagination."

"The existence of this is known only to ourselves," said Dr. Roversmire, casting a satisfied look around, "and here you can leave your body until such time as it is fated mine should die, when your soul will, of course, return to its former dwelling-place, but as the body left so long without action or food will be weak, you will find the wine and bread of great service in restoring your vital powers."

"But suppose your body dies soon and I have to return to my own?" "I will then be arrested."

"That, of course, will be your own lookout," retorted the doctor, shrugging his shoulders. "I provide you with a hiding place for a time, and if my body dies and you lose your city of refuge—well, it is not my fault, but I think you can rest assured that unless some accident happens or you commit suicide, my body will continue on this earth for a few more years, and by the time it dies the whole affair of this murder will have blown over and you can reanimate your own body, go out of the country and live on my money, which I freely make over to you."

A BREACH OF MANNERS.

A Traveler's Dreadful Break at a South American Feast.

Probably there is no people in the world so uncivilized as not to have among themselves a code of manners, more or less distinctly defined. Mr. Bishop, while on his 1,000-mile walk across South America, was impressed with this fact, says Youth's Companion. He describes a rude meal which he shared with a company of cart-drivers—"almost savage gauchos"—in whose company he was then traveling.

We encamped near a swamp and supped upon sliced pumpkins, boiled with bits of meat and seasoned with salt. The meal was served in genuine pampa fashion; one iron spoon and two cow's horns, split in halves were passed around the group, the members of which squatted upon their haunches and freely helped themselves from the kettle.

Even in this most uncivilized form of satisfying hunger there is a peculiar etiquette which the most lowly poor invariably observes. Each member of the company in turn dips his spoon or horn into the center of the stew and draws it in a line toward him, never allowing it to deviate to the right or the left.

A Kind Suggestion.

Fakir. "Don't yer want to puy somedings?" Dude. "No, I've got everything I need."

Something He Could Not Forgive.

"No," said a citizen, when asked if he would contribute anything to the relief of the flood sufferers. "I don't think I will."

A Trying Time.

The devil smiles when he sees the look on the face of the woman who on Sunday morning opens the package containing her new gloves and finds that the stupid salesgirl wrapped up the wrong pair, which are three shades to light and two sizes too small.—Brooklyn Eagle.

She Cared for His Health.

Tattered Timothy—I've been tramping four years ma'am; an' it's all 'cause I heard dat der doctors recommend walkin' as der best exercise.

The End Justifying the Means.

Dr. Pienester—What! Do I see a police officer in a state of intoxication?

