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## WHO'S WHO?

BY HUGO ST. FINISTERE, M. D.

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### SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS

In order that new readers of THE ENQUIRER may begin with the following in just the same as though they had read it all from the beginning, we here give a synopsis of that portion of it which has already been published:

CHAPTER I and II.—Harmon O. Westcott, an American born to humble fortune, learns that he is endowed with the strength of Samson, but that he must not use the gift except of necessity. III.—The young Samson, who has tested his strength, meets in Harold O. Westcott, a physical double, born upon the same day. Harold is a bachelor of great wealth and without any of the usual vices. He is a man of great nerve and strength, and by way of example lifts an immense safe with ease, and taking a sword between the fingers of his left hand, snaps it in two like a pipestem. IV.—Harold is an amateur boxer, and, learning that Harmon is somewhat skilled in the art, engages him as his substitute in a match with a noted pugilist. The young Samson is an easy victor, and his double makes a contract with him to masquerade in the plumage of Harold O. Westcott for one year. He is installed in Harold's quarters with a princely bank account, while the real Harold goes to Europe.

### CHAPTER V.

#### MY FIRST DAY.

All this occurred on a Wednesday night in May. Harold engaged passage on one of the outgoing steamers for Saturday, to remain away a year, during which time I was to be to all intents and purposes Harold, instead of Harmon, O. Westcott.

Much of the intervening time was spent by him in preparing me, so far as he could, to face and dispose of the matters likely to come before me. Of necessity there would be many little things which he forgot. In those cases I must depend upon my own wit and ingenuity.

"There will be any number of persons after money. They will insist that I promised them. I may have given some of them encouragement, but every distinct promise has been kept. You will know how to dispose of them."

"I think so."

"If they become obstreperous, throw them out, for some of them were not present at the debut of yourself and Mr. Mortimer and may not be aware of your capacity as a banisher. My appearance is not calculated to strike terror to the ordinary heart, and you look just like me."

I smiled, clearly foreseeing the nature of some of the coming interviews.

A few days later I was alone in the handsome bachelor apartments long occupied by my friend, who had been so careful of his disguise in going aboard the steamer that he was sure no one suspected or dreamed of the truth. He took another name, as a matter of course, though the change was not great, being H. O. Walcott. He promised to write me monthly and to hold himself ready to give me whatever counsel I might need.

Since I was fully satisfied of the insincerity of many of the clubmen, I took no pains to keep upon friendly terms with them. When they called to congratulate me over the astounding manner in which I knocked out the famous pugilist, I gave them to understand that I knew the trick they tried upon me and that no gentleman would have been guilty of anything of that nature.

This caused a coldness between me and a number of the leading members, especially when I expressed a wish to try the same feat upon any and all of them. I was as affable as they and held my head as high in air.

"Who the deuce is this fellow?" I asked, holding the card in my hand, on which was engraved the name "Sam Johnson."

I ordered the servant to show him in, and he quickly appeared, with a loud clearing of his throat and an overwhelming manner. He was large, fleshy, dressed with dyed hair, side whiskers and mustache, an immense watch chain, slightly bald, and with the unmistakable marks of dissipation and fast living on his pimply countenance.

He strode hastily across the apartment and extended his fat hand with great effusion. I allowed him to take mine, but did not return the pressure.

"I hope you're well. By the horned spoon, I never saw you look better!" he exclaimed, as if the discovery caused his whole being to bubble with delight.

"I am well, but no better than usual. Why did you call to see me?"

He flushed under this chilling greeting, but quickly rallied.

"I've good news for you—the best of news."

"What is it?"

"We've floated the Queen. She is safe."

"I didn't know that she had been in any danger."

"How, how, how! As jolly as ever, eh, Harold, my boy? This mine is in the richest part of Colorado; 50 people were after it; had to play my points mighty fine, but I played 'em and won—enriched 'em all."

"Well, what of it?"

"That gives you the chance of your life. You'll come in on the ground floor. You'll triple your money inside of six weeks, for things are booming."

"How much did you expect me to put into this hole in the ground?"

"Why, what you said—\$20,000."

"I have made up my mind not to put 30 cents into it."

"But, good heavens, you promised!" he exclaimed, agitated and angry.

"I made no promise. I told you I would think it over. I have done so, and you have heard my conclusion."

I was self-flattered by noting that this random shaft hit the mark exactly.

"I s'pose that's true, but them words was as good as a promise. It is useless to waste time. I look upon the

whole thing as a swindle, and you don't get a penny from me."

"By—, but I will have it!" roared my caller, his face purple, as he rose from his chair. "You can't treat me that way and intimate as much as I'm a swindler."

"I don't intimate it, I say it. You are a scoundrel, and if you don't desert would be behind prison bars. If you do not leave at once, I'll throw you out."

This was too much, and the infuriated rogue made for me.

But he did not reach me. I had no right or wish to harm him. So I merely jammed him down so hard on the floor that it must have loosened several of his teeth. Then I opened the door and flung him through.

"Go in peace."

He went.

"I don't think Sam Johnson will ever give Harold much trouble after this, for even if I was gentle with him he discovered that I was his master—Hello! Come in!"

The knock was so timid that I hardly



"Why have you been so long in calling, Mrs. Murphy?"

heard it. The door was gently pushed inward, and a woman stood before me. She was plainly dressed, but neat and clean looking, with pinched face that told of much suffering. A wan smile lit up her countenance as she saluted me, and she stood trembling and apprehensive.

My heart went out to her at once. Possibly I was wrong, but I believed that whatever she represented herself to be that she was.

"Sit down," I said kindly, pointing to a chair. "Did you walk up stairs?"

"Yes, sir. There is a new boy running the elevator today."

"What of it? Didn't I tell you always to take the elevator? What is it made for if not for ladies? If the boy makes any objection, let me know, and I will have him discharged."

"Ye have always been kind to us, Mr. Westcott. What would Mike and I do if it were not for yer goodness?"

"Pshaw, there are plenty better than I, only you haven't found them!"

"Nor any one else," she said, with a flash of her Irish wit.

This was one of the cases of which I had been informed by Harold. Mrs. Murphy was a poor, industrious woman who had buried two children and had a husband in the last stages of consumption. Harold had investigated her story and found her a worthy woman.

"Why have you been so long in calling, Mrs. Murphy?"

"Well, sir, the money which ye were kind enough to give me when I came a fortnight since has kept poor Mike as comfortable as could be, and, with the washing that I had, there was no need of trispassing on yer goodness, for which heaven will reward ye."

"Nonsense! You mustn't wait until you're penniless, and why should you wear yourself out with work when Mike needs your attention? Let me see—it was \$30 I handed you two weeks ago."

"Excuse me, it was twenty-five."

"Very well. Here's \$50!"

"God bless yer!" she faltered, the tears filling her eyes.

"None of that. You know I don't like it. If you run short, come whenever you need more, and, Mrs. Murphy," I added severely, "if you don't wish to offend me, always take the elevator."

I rose and accompanied her to the elevator, ringing sharply. When the boy came up, I said:

"Tom, when this lady comes to call on me, bring her up in the elevator. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir, but I'm afeard"—

"Shut up, or I'll cuff your ears! Step in, Mrs. Murphy. Goodbye!"

I laid my hand in a fatherly way on her shoulder to help her. Before I could remove it she impulsively caught and kissed it. At the same moment a hot tear dropped on the back of my hand. And when I sank in a chair in my room—I'm not ashamed to own it—there were tears in my own eyes.

"That pays me for all, no matter what comes. If a man with wealth knew how to get the best good out of it there would be no such thing as ennui in this world."

I had no intention of staying in my rooms. It was a radiant day, with just enough coolness in the golden sunshine to make it an ideal one for an outing. I went to the stable where Harold kept his horse and had him saddled for a ride in the park.

It may have been fancy on my part, but there was something in the manner of Jack that made me half suspect he was not fully satisfied with me. It could not be, however, that his senses were so much sharper than those of mankind, and I dismissed the thought as I vaulted into the saddle and cantered off.

The pony had been standing so long

in the stable that he was fractions and caused me some concern, but after a brisk ride along the roadway he calmed down and became as tractable as a child's animal.

I continually encountered persons who saluted me and whom, of course, I saluted in return.

"Harold certainly has a large number of lady acquaintances," I thought as I raised my hat for the twentieth time. "He gave me little information about them, and I'm afraid I shall encounter some breakers before I'm through. If matters get too hot I'll take a run out of the city for a time—Hello!"

A scorching shot by me on his wheel as if challenging a race with one of the policemen who was certain soon to discover him. My horse shied a little, but not dangerously so. Just ahead of me was a carriage, with the driver on top holding the reins over two spirited animals.

The sudden burst of the cyclist so startled them that they plunged off at headlong speed. The driver tugged at the lines, but for the time they were beyond control. A scream from within the vehicle showed the terror of the occupants, and the next thing I saw was a woman that had opened the door and was trying to leap out, while some one else, evidently a female, resolutely prevented her.

I spurred Jack forward and drew up beside the vehicle.

"Don't jump, madam!" I called. "You will be killed. Keep your seat, and we'll check the team in a few minutes."

"Mother, don't you hear him?" called the one who was holding back the other. "Keep your seat. It is Harold. He will save us!"

I had to spur Jack to his best before I could place myself within reach of the heads of the terrified team, but I did it at last, and, while thus occupied, saw a mounted policeman bearing down upon us. With his help I was sure all would end well, provided the mother could be restrained.

Reaching forward, I seized the bridle rein of the near horse. In the excitement of the moment I forgot my strength and drew back so furiously that the strap snapped, and the team continued their wild flight without the slightest check.

I now determined to ride in front and round to the opposite side, so as to grasp the other rein, remembering not to break it.

But the devil got into Jack just then, and he refused to obey me. He shied to the right and came within a hair of upsetting me. I was so enraged that I twisted his head back and dug the spur into his flanks. He whinnied with pain and became frantic.

"Confound you!" I muttered. "I have a great mind to kill you! If it were not for those in the carriage, I would do it!"

At that moment the form of a man flew through the air, striking the roadway as if hurled from a catapult.

It was the coachman, flung with frightful force from his seat, while the team dashed madly on, with the strength of the daughter who was clutching her mother's dress evidently failing, for the figure of the elder was partly through the open door and gathering herself for the fatal leap.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### A LETTER.

Again my horse Jack showed his devilish temper. Urge him as I might, he would not place me beside the heads of the running horses. When at their haunches, he began falling back.

But I saw that one of the gallant policemen, who have done yeoman service so many times in similar cases of peril, was on the other side of the frenzied animals, had seized the bit of the horse nearest him and was fighting like a tiger with the furious beast.

But my interest centered in the middle aged woman, who was not only struggling to leap from the side door of the carriage but in the act of doing so.

"Save her, oh, Harold, save her, or she will be killed!" called the daughter in agony, still clinging with desperate but waning strength to the loved form.

I was directly beside the woman and, extending my left hand, gave her a shove so violent that she fell backward into the lap of the daughter, who flung her arms about her mother and held her motionless.

But in the act of leaning over to make my push effective the infernal Jack made a quick shy to the right. That brute knew that it was not his master who was in the saddle and resented it. As he swerved the girl snatched, and out I went upon the gravel with a force that it would seem ought to have driven the breath of life from my body.

And it came mighty near doing so. There was a shock as if I had been struck by an express train, and all became darkness and oblivion.

It was some two hours later that my senses came back to me. I was lying on a cot in the hospital, with my head bandaged and a fierce pain fitting back and forth down my left side. The physician who had examined my hurts was gone, but one of the sweet faced nurses was seated in a chair, looking kindly into my face. Meeting my inquiring stare, she said in her low, soft voice:

"You had a severe fall."

"Yes, it is a wonder I was not killed. Do you know whether I have any bones broken?"

"The doctor said no. You are suffering from severe bruises and the shock."

I moved my limbs. The sharp twinges made me wince.

"I would not do that," gently remonstrated my attendant. "It only adds to your suffering and can do no good."

"Tell me how the people in the carriage fared. They were in great danger at the time I was flung from my horse."

"The policeman managed to stop the carriage before anything serious occurred. The coachman had both legs broken and is in a dangerous condition, but neither the daughter nor her mother suffered injury."

"Thank God for that!" was my fervent exclamation as I settled back on my pillow.

My attendant gave me a soothing lotion, and I soon sank into a refreshing slumber, which lasted until the following morning.

By that time I was astonished at my own condition. The physician made another examination and pronounced me free from serious injury.

"I was afraid of a fracture of your left leg, but I find it all right. You have been pretty well bruised and will be stiff and sore for several days, but there is nothing beyond that. By the way, are you the possessor of a remarkable degree of strength?"

I flushed, but answered:

"Yes, I am said to be unusually strong. Why do you ask?"

"Your muscles are not abnormally large, but there is something very peculiar about them. They are literally as hard as iron. I never saw anything like it."

"I have devoted no more of my life to exercise than do many young men, but nature gave me great muscular power from the first."

"I heard, Mr. Westcott, that at your club last week you nearly killed a professional pugilist, knocking him off the stage and half way across the room."

"Yes, that was cleverly done, though it is I who say it, but there's a good deal of humbug about these professional pugilists. They acquire a certain degree of skill, and their reputation is their capital. They indulge in excess and dissipation and go back as fast as they went forward. This fellow thought he had an easy thing in me and was careless. He gave an opening, and I took advantage of it. That's all there was to it."

"Nevertheless it was a marvelous performance. I should hate to run against your fist, Mr. Westcott."

"There is no danger of that," I remarked, with a laugh, turning in bed at last, and while thus occupied, saw a mounted policeman bearing down upon us. With his help I was sure all would end well, provided the mother could be restrained.

Reaching forward, I seized the bridle rein of the near horse. In the excitement of the moment I forgot my strength and drew back so furiously that the strap snapped, and the team continued their wild flight without the slightest check.

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there to enlighten me. The direction was to Mr. H. O. Westcott, so there could be no doubt that it was intended for the owner of these rooms, who was then upon the ocean, and that it was in accordance with our understanding that the letter was opened by me and was to be disposed of by no other person.

But what in the name of the seven wonders could it mean? Except for the closing sentences, I would have been unable to make even a conjecture. The "true stuff" could signify nothing else but good money, for it was followed immediately by a demand for the remittance of a large sum.

Admitting all this, which was unquestionable, the references in the opening of the missive must be to bad money. The "farmers" were the counterfeiters that were being sent into different parts of the west, and consequently the "grasshoppers" must be to be hot on the trail of the "shovers of the queer."

Such was the interpretation I put upon this remarkable document which had come into my hand, and the more I thought of the matter the more certain did I feel that I was right, though never forgetful of the possibility that I might be wholly wrong from the beginning. Often after a theory is once formed all subsequent discoveries seem to fit it exactly, until the final discovery knocks everything to smithereens.

Here, as I viewed it, was a clear indication of some illegitimate scheme afoot in which Harold Westcott held a personal interest. No criminal would dare make so direct a demand upon him for money unless he had solid foundation upon which to base the demand. Harold was one of the principals.

All of which confirmed a shadowy suspicion that had never been wholly absent from me—namely, that the man had cogent reasons for wishing to "disappear" for a year or other than the one he gave me. Surely a person who has an abundance of money and who leads an upright life has no cause to fear a residence in New York.

My reflections awoke a resentful feeling toward Harold Westcott. His conduct was cowardly in this enticing another into a trap in order to avoid the penalty he himself had incurred.

Suppose worse came to worse and I fell into the hands of the law officers. I could not deny my identity. The only possible doubt of that was in the mind of the vicious brute Jack, and his testimony would hardly avail me.

Could it be that I was in error, and that the scheme was a lawful one? The best way out was to ascertain the truth.

"When can I go home, doctor?"

"At once if you wish, but why not remain here for a few days? You could not be in better hands."

"I will think it over."

A few minutes later he bade me good day.

I lay for some minutes in thought. Who were the ladies in the carriage? Evidently they were old acquaintances of Harold, for the younger addressed me by his name. The circumstances were not favorable, and I did not get a good view of her face, though I saw enough to show that she had an unusually attractive personality.

"It is odd that Harold told me nothing about her, but he gave little information of his female friends. The most particulars which I received were concerning Mrs. Murphy."

It was all important that I should know something about the two whom I had attempted to rescue, with the result that the job was completed by the policeman.

"It will be easy enough," I reflected as I began adjusting my garments, which the attendant, with some gentle protestations, placed within reach.

A few minutes later I went out from the hospital. I would not use a carriage, for that would have been a confession of weakness, and for the same reason I refused to accept the cane that was offered to me. It took some resolution and compression of the lips for me to walk with my usual gait and without the appearance of suffering, but I succeeded, and it was a good thing for me, for the exercise did wonders in limbering the muscles, so that when I reached my apartments scarce a trace of my hurts remained.

It was to be expected that before Harold left the country he arranged matters so as to prevent any letters falling into my hands whose secrets he wished to keep. I know that he sent out many missives which presumably were for that purpose, for it was understood that whatever missives reached his rooms were to be opened by me, and I was to do with them as I saw fit.

When I passed into the attractive apartments, I found two letters which had come during my brief absence. The writing, of course, was unfamiliar, but a glance showed that one was from a woman and the other from a man.

"That," I mused, holding off the delicate white envelope, with its pretty inscription, "is from the young lady whom I tried to help yesterday. Something tells me that it is the opening of an era in my life. I will leave it to the last, and meanwhile, find out what this fellow is driving at."

It was an ordinary envelope, the direction in an ordinary business hand, and I sat down, with my elbow leaning on the table and my side toward the light, crossed my legs (somewhat gingerly) and deliberately read the following astounding missive, which was dated two days before in the city of Chicago:

DEAR JED—All promises well, but matters are still in a delicate situation. Some of the farmers have settled in Kansas and will reap good crops if the grasshoppers don't bother them. The same is true of the Dakotas, of Texas and the southwest. Maybe the good work will extend to California. We're sure to win in the long run, but it's expensive. Only the true stuff can be used at this stage of the game. Send ten thousand by return mail to my address at the Auditorium.

I read this extraordinary missive through several times, until every word was impressed upon my memory. I turned the sheet over and looked at the other side. Not another word was written, nor was there the slightest clew to the identity of "Budd" of the Auditorium hotel, at Chicago. I held the envelope up to the light, but nothing was

there to enlighten me. The direction was to Mr. H. O. Westcott, so there could be no doubt that it was intended for the owner of these rooms, who was then upon the ocean, and that it was in accordance with our understanding that the letter was opened by me and was to be disposed of by no other person.

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## Miscellaneous Reading.

### ABSURD POPULAR BELIEFS.

The Reason Why Medical Fakirs Prosper.

"Nine out of ten people believe," said a surgeon to the writer, "that the eye can be taken out for repairs, just like the works of a watch, and again replaced in the socket precisely as it was before. A moment's reflection to show anyone how impossible this would be. As a matter of fact, the eye is held in place by no fewer than six stout muscles, and, in order to turn it out of the socket, at least four of these would have to be cut through. Besides, it is connected with the brain by a thick nerve which cannot be stretched, and it is also connected with the inside of the skull by blood-vessels, and if these were cut they could never be reunited: Perhaps a time will come when a dead man can be re-stored to life; but you may feel perfectly sure that the removal and restoration of the eye is a surgical feat that will never be performed."

"Another extraordinary popular belief is that respecting the nature of a common cold. You will hear the most intelligent men saying that it is due to an excess of cold inside your body, and they will advise you to use a mustard plaster to draw out the cold. In reality the cold is simply an excess of heat inside, and the mustard plaster is intended to draw out the heat. What happens when you get a cold is that the cooling of the outside of the body squeezes the blood-vessels, and forces a lot more blood into the lungs than can be accommodated. They become regularly flooded and gorged, and the result is really a fever, though we call it a cold.

"It seems a small thing to make a mistake about the value of beef tea to a sick man; but I can assure you that hundreds of lives have been lost through the popular error that beef tea is a nourishing food. It is nothing more than water in which the pleasant and stimulating salts of the beef are dissolved, and has the same effect as a mixture of whisky and China tea. But it has scarcely a particle of nutriment, and both doctors and public have starved to death more people than I'd like to state through believing that it has.

"Very similar is the belief that an egg is as good as a pound of meat. If you feed yourself on eggs according to this absurd theory, you will simply shrivel up into skin and bones. The real value of an egg is its weight in good beef; so that it would take eight eggs of the average size to supply the place of a pound of meat.

"Then there is the universal fallacy about the liver. I daresay that a million of money is spent every year on the livers of Great Britain, and about nine hundred thousand of that sum does harm instead of good. The liver is subject to about one hundred diseases, and the cure for any one of these may intensify any other of the ninety-nine. To take one case as an example: The liver may be making too much bile, or it may be making too little. Obviously, the remedy for one of these disorders would make the other worse than ever. So that when a person recommends something as being 'good for the liver,' just think that it may be good for his liver, but not for yours.

"Women are far worse than men in their beliefs about the body and its ailments. I am quite sure that out of every hundred children who die under one year old, fifty are actually killed through the mother's belief that food is not nourishing unless it is solid. They don't understand that milk has an immense amount of solid matter dissolved in it, as sugar is dissolved in water; and so they give the unfortunate children cornflour and bread, which they can no more digest than they could digest iron nails. The result is a short life of misery and then death, while those of us who manage to survive are made martyrs to dyspepsia all our days.

"Many beliefs are merely absurd without being dangerous. Hair, for instance, is composed of almost the same material as the finger nails, and it is perfectly dead. Cutting the ends of it cannot possibly make it grow, although it does prevent the hair from splitting up; nor can the hair become white in a night, any more than a wig. When novelists, too, by the way, describe a person's hair as standing on end, they speak of a phenomenon that is perfectly impossible. Many of the lower animals have little muscles attached to the hair by which they can erect them; human beings have no such muscles, nor any other means of making the hair stand on end except their hands or a comb and brush."

"Ah, now we shall see what the grateful young lady has to say!"

"I would write to 'Budd,' telling him that before complying with his request I must have more particulars."

I pondered for a few minutes, and then wrote such a telegram. The only way to address it was to 'Budd, Auditorium Hotel, Chicago.' It was so addressed and asked him to give more particulars. With some hesitation, I appended the following: 'Have met with an accident; brain hardly clear; instruct me how to address you.'

The message was gone, and, reflecting but a moment upon it, I awoke to the fact that a second letter lay before me awaiting attention.

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