

ACCIDENTS.

A vision seen by Plato the divine:  
Two shuddering souls come forward, waiting doon  
From Rhadamantus in the nether gloom.  
One is a slave—hunger has made him pine;  
One is a king—his arms and jewels shine,  
Making strange splendor in the dismal room.  
"Hence!" cries the judge, "and strip them! Let  
them come.  
With naught to show if they be coarse or fine,"  
Of garb and body they are swift bereft:  
Such is Hell's law—nothing but soul is left.  
The slave in virtues glorious, is held in fit  
For those blest isles of peace where just kings go.  
The king, by vice deformed, is sent below  
To herd with base slaves in the wailing pit.  
—John Hay, in the Century.

THE BUSINESS OF MADAME JAHN.

The following extract is taken from a powerfully written story by Vincent O'Sullivan, in the Senate:—

How we all stared, how frightened we were, how we passed opinions, on that morning when Gustave Herbout was found swinging by the neck from the ceiling of his bedroom! Only last week he had inherited all the money of his aunt, Madame Jahn, together with her house and the shop with the five assistants, and life looked fair enough for him. Besides, his aunt's death had happened at a time when Gustave was in sore straits for money. To be sure, he had his salary from the bank in which he worked; but what a mere salary to one who, like Gustave, threw off the clerical habit when working hours were over, to assume the dress and lounge of the accustomed boulevardier.

Gustave strolled along the Boulevard des Capucines in a study. When he had passed through the deserted Faubourg, and had come to the house behind the shop, he found his aunt only very pleased to see him, and a little surprised. So he sat with her, and listened to her gentle, homely stories, and told lies about himself and his manner of life, till the clock struck eleven. Then he rose; and Madame Jahn rose too, and went to her writing-desk and opened a small drawer.

"You have been very kind to a lonely old woman tonight, my Gustave," said Madame Jahn, smiling.

"How sweet of you to say that, dearest aunt!" replied Gustave. He went over and passed his arm caressingly across her shoulders, and stabbed her in the heart.

For a full five minutes after the murder he stood still; as men often do in a great crisis when they know that any movement means decisive action. Then he started, laid hold of his hat, and made for the door. But there the stinging knowledge of his crime came to him for the first time, and he turned back into the room. Madame Jahn's bedroom candle was on a table; he lit it, and passed through a door which led from the house into the shop. Crouching below the counters covered with white sheets, lest a streak of light on the windows might attract the observation of some passenger, he proceeded to a side entrance to the shop unbarred and unlocked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

Then, in the same crouching way, he returned to the room, and started to ransack the small drawer. The notes he scattered about the floor; but two small bags of coin went into his coat. Then he took the candle and dropped some wax on the face and hands and dress of the corpse; he spilt wax, too, over the carpet, and then he broke the candle and ground it under his foot. He even tore with long, nervous finger at the dead woman's bodice till her breasts lay exposed; and plucked a handful of her hair out by the roots and threw it on the floor to stick to the wax.

When all these things had been accomplished, he went to the house door and listened. The Faubourg is always very quiet about twelve o'clock, and a single footstep falls on the night with a great sound. He could not hear the least noise, so he darted out and ran lightly till he came to a turning. Then he fell into a sauntering walk, lit a cigarette, and hailing a passing *cabriolet*, directed the man to drive to the Pont Saint-Michel. At the bridge he alighted, and, noting that he was not eyed, he threw the key of the shop into the river. Then, assuming the swagger and assurance of a half-drunken man, he marched up the boulevard and entered the Cafe d'Harcourt.

On the night after the funeral, Gustave was sitting alone before the fire in Madame Jahn's room, smoking and making his plans. He thought, that when all this wretched mock grief and pretence of decorum was over, he would again visit the cafes which he greatly favoured, and the little Mademoiselle with yellow hair would once more smile on him delicious smiles gleaming with regard. Thus he was thinking when the clock on the mantel-piece tinkled eleven; and at that moment a very singular thing happened. The door opened: a girl came in, walked straight over to the writing-desk, pulled out the small drawer, and then sat staring at the man by the fire. She was distinctly beautiful; although there was a certain old-fashionedness in her peculiar silken dress, and her habit of wearing her hair. Not once did it occur to Gustave, as he gazed in terror, that he was gazing on a mortal woman; the doors were too well bolted to allow anyone from outside to enter; and besides, there was a

strange baffling familiarity in the face and eyes of the intruder.

It might have been an hour that he sat there; and then, the silence becoming so horrible, by a supreme effort of his wonderful courage he rushed out of the room and upstairs to get his hat. There in his murdered aunt's bedroom—there, smiling at him from the wall—was a vivid presentment of the dread vision that sat below; a portrait of Madame Jahn as a young girl. He fled into the street, and walked perhaps two miles before he thought at all. But when he did think, he found that he was drawn against his will back to the house to see if it was still there; just as the police here believe a murderer is drawn to the Morgue to view the body of his victim. Yes, the girl was there still, with her great reproachless eyes; and throughout that solemn night, Gustave, haggard and mute, sat glaring at her. Towards dawn he fell into an uneasy doze; and when he awoke with a scream, he found that the girl was gone.

At noon the next day, Gustave, heartened by several glasses of brandy, and cheered by the sunshine in the Champs-Elysees, endeavoured to make light of the affair. He would gladly have arranged not to go back to the house, but then people would talk so and he could not afford to lose any custom out of the shop. Moreover, the whole matter was only an hallucination, the effect of jaded nerves. He dined well, and went to see a musical comedy; and so contrived that he did not return to the house till after two o'clock. There was some one waiting for him, sitting at the desk with the small drawer open—not the girl of last night, but a somewhat older woman, and the same reproachless eyes. So great was the fascination of those eyes that, although he left the house at once with an iron resolution not to go back, he found himself drawn under them again, and he sat through that night as he had sat through the night before, sobbing and stupidly glaring.

And all day long he crouched by the fire shuddering; and all the night till eleven o'clock; and then a figure of his aunt came to him again, but always a little older and more withered. And this went on for five days, the figure that sat with him becoming older and older as the days ran; till, on the sixth night, he gazed through the hours at his aunt as she was on the night he killed her. On these nights he was used sometimes to start up and make for the street, swearing never to return; but always he would be dragged back to the eyes. The policemen came to know him from these night walks, and people began to notice his bad looks; they could not spring from grief, folks said; and so they thought he was leading a wild life.

On the seventh night there was a delay of about five minutes after the clock had rang eleven before the door opened. And then—then, merciful God! the body of a woman in grave clothes come into the room, as if borne by unseen men, and lay in the air across the writing desk, while the small drawer flew open of its own accord. Yes, there was the shroud of the brown seapular, the prim white cap, the hands folded on the sunken breast. Gray from slimy horror, Gustave raised himself up and went over to look for the eyes. When he saw them pressed down with pennies, he reeled back and vomited into the grate. And, blind and sick and loathing, he stumbled upstairs.

But as he passed by Madame Jahn's bedroom the corpse came out to meet him. Then at last, reeking and dabbled with sweat, with his tongue lolling out and the spittle running down his beard, Gustave breathed:

"Are you alive?"  
"No, no!" wailed the thing, with a burst of awful weeping, "I have been dead many days."

About Journalists.

In this country where the leisure class hardly exists the pursuit of literature is confined almost wholly to journalists and college professors. The exacting duties of the former leave him with little or no leisure for outside work. A magazine article now and then or an address before a society are all the discursive efforts that time and strength permit. So this path for making money is practically closed to him. As for accumulating a competence from his regular salary, the chances can be judged from the fact that the journalists who has been able to buy himself a house is considered especially fortunate. And yet to do the best work in journalism today requires an ability, a length of training and a breadth and fulness of information that no other profession requires. A fisherman recently told the Lewiston Journal that he and each one of his crew made more money than the average pay of a college professor. And there are other trades demanding little or no training which bring in larger money compensation than the pursuit of literature.—Philadelphia Press.

Little Boy—Mayn't I be a preacher when I grow up?

Fond Parent—Of course you may be, my pet, if you want to.

Little boy—Yes I do. I s'pose I've got to go to church all my life, anyhow, and it's a good deal harder to sit still than to walk around and holler.—Sel.

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Newfoundland and Canada.

For some time past communications have been passing between the government and the colony of Newfoundland, and the result is the announcement now made that a delegation is coming to Ottawa to talk over terms of union. The agitation for entrance into confederation has, according to the latest advices received here, taken a strong hold on the people of Newfoundland. It has been stated in the Island press that the Canadian Government is unwilling to discuss terms of union until it emerges from the approaching general election. But the fact that delegates will shortly be on their way here, doubtless with the knowledge of our government, is a sufficient contradiction to that statement. What is hastening the negotiations is the desire of Newfoundlanders to know the terms on which they may enter confederation. The Island papers are full of the subject. The Harbour Grace Standard declares that under the present Canadian tariff the amount of taxes to be paid by the colony would be \$50,000 less than is collected by the present tariff of Newfoundland. "Besides this, if we remain out of confederation," it adds, "our duties will have to be enormously increased, consequently the prospect of enjoying the comparatively low tariff of Canada is proving attractive to Newfoundlanders, over burdened as they are." Says a recent writer in Newfoundland: "Canada is one of the freest, the most prosperous, and best countries in the world, and its people are an honourable and noble race. To be united to them would be an honor to us, and in their prosperity we should share." Public discussion of the question of confederation turns, however, entirely upon the question of terms. The organ of the Whiteway Government declared a few days ago that Canadian statesmen have always been ready, if not really anxious, to receive Newfoundland into the great Dominion. But it adds: "A great deal can be said for and against confederation. Of course much depends upon the terms Canada is prepared to offer. Until they are available it is hardly worth while to discuss the subject at all." Thus it will be observed that Newfoundland is ripe for the discussion of the terms of union. The programme is that after these are known the people of the Island colony will be asked to say whether or not they will accept them.—Mail and Empire.

My Daughter's Cure.

Mrs. George L. Hicks, 76 McGill St., Toronto, Ont., writes: It is with pleasure that I testify to the wonderful merits of K. D. C. My daughter has suffered severely at intervals for the past two years and was steadily getting worse. She tried three of the best doctors in the city, but obtained no relief, also every remedy that friends would recommend with the same results and continued to grow worse all the time. She was recommended by a friend to try K. D. C. and sent for a sample package. Before taking all of the sample the symptoms of dyspepsia were gone, and though she has since taken only one \$1 package the symptoms have not returned. She has also gained considerably in weight, and her friends are surprised at the change in her appearance. If any person in Toronto suffering from the same disease would like to call on me, I could tell them more fully what K. D. C. has done for my daughter.

Big as the United States.

Great Britain owns in Africa an area of 2,570,000 square miles, almost equal to that of the United States.

Young John Jacob Astor, in his new house facing Central Park, has carved in marble on the outside his own bust, his wife's, his baby's, his father's, his grandfather's and ever so many more. Another queer feature of the Astorial architecture is the capital A's which dot the house in every direction, like the Napoleonic N's on the old French Empire furniture.—San Francisco Argonaut.

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