

TOMMY BROWN.

"I'm just discouraged," said Mr. Brown to his wife one day as he came from town; "I ain't no use sendin' our Tom to school, he'll never be nothin' but a fool."

"Tom may be dull," said Mrs. Brown, "but he's the staidest boy in town; 'Tain't always the brightest that wins the day."

So Mrs. Brown she had her say, and womanlike, she carried the day. Tom stuck to his books with dogged vim and mastered each with a purpose grim.

Then down beside the meadow stream For days and days he would sit and dream, And the house was filled with models and plans.

One day the papers were made to ring With a great invention, a wonderful thing; They called the inventor a model of a hero, And said that his name was Thomas Brown.

"I allers told ye," his father said, "That Tom was a genius born and bred, And anybody could plainly see, With half an eye, he was like me."

"That's why you called him a tarnation fool!" —L. C. Hardy, in Farm, Field and Fireside.

DEMON.

A LOST SOUL. "How now, Horatio! you tremble and look pale; Is not this something more than fancy? What think you on't?"

It was a chance remark, and one that is often made concerning an intelligent animal, but its effect upon my friend, Sidney Darrow, was singular.

His shoulders twitched nervously, and his hand went up to his throat as though something choked him.

I have a large English mastiff that I call Wodan. A moment before he had left his accustomed place on the rug in one corner of the room, and had come to my side to receive the caress which, at intervals through the day, he seems to find necessary to his happiness.

As I smoothed his wrinkled forehead and patted his soft, large ears, I observed with what trustful affection his great eyes beamed upon me.

It was then that I remarked to Sidney Darrow, who sat near at hand, carefully watching us through the smoke of his pipe:

"Does it not seem to you sometimes that Wodan has a very human look?"

And my friend made answer with the peculiar motions which I have described.

Wodan left my side and walked slowly back to his rug. Darrow watched his movements with half closed eyes, his hand still clutching his throat.

When the dog had lain down my friend turned his gaze upon me.

"Don't don't ever say that about Wodan again! It will make me hate him."

He was plainly much stirred and the seriousness of his appeal was not to be doubted.

Presently, before I was ready to make any reply, he separated the heavy beard that covered his chin and neck, disclosing a deep zigzag scar.

"See here," he said, "I never showed you this."

"What made it—a burn?"

"No. Let me tell you the story."

There was a period of my life, some years ago, that I spent on my uncle's ranch near San Juan Capistrano. At that time the raising of sheep was one of the chief industries of Southern California, and much of the land in our vicinity was devoted to pasturage.

ard he certainly was. At frequent intervals he appeared in the town with a large black demijohn, which he carried away filled with liquor of the sort that makes maniacs.

One afternoon as I came down the canon I heard the yelping of a dog, approaching the hut of the Basque I beheld a sight that filled me with anger and distress.

The fellow had hung up the dog by the hind legs against the side of the house and was beating him with a large knotted stick.

I did not stop to think much of consequences. I did as you or any man who has ever known a dog would have done. I jumped from the saddle, and, drawing my knife as I ran, cut the animal down. Then I turned and faced the Basque.

I suppose he thought I was armed—which I was not—for he did not take up the gage of battle, but stared at me fiercely out of bloodshot eyes. The dog hobbled away to a short distance, shook off the rials with which its legs were "ensnared, and crouching low, watched us.

"Come," I said in Spanish, "why should you kill your dog? You have drunk too much aguardiente. Tomorrow you will be glad that I saved his life."

He emitted a strange sound through his teeth and lips. It was very much like the snarl of a wolf.

"If you do not care for the dog, will you sell him?" I asked.

"No," he replied, with an oath, "I will not sell him. I mean to kill him."

"Very well," I said; "if you wish to take the animal's life, shoot him; but you shall not beat him to death."

The Basque turned toward the hut, muttering imprecations alternately against the dog and myself. When he came to the door he called the dog:

"Demon! Come here!" The animal eyed him, but did not move. Then the herder disappeared from view in the dark interior of the hovel.

I remounted and continued on my way down the trail. I had gone about a hundred yards when suddenly there was a crashing in the chapparal behind, and I wheeled hastily around to discover the dog. He had followed, evidently for the purpose of making acquaintance and to thank me for the rescue.

I called to him and patted the side of my saddle, meaning that he should come where I might touch him. He started to obey, but as he approached nearer my horse gave a violent snort, and began to shy away from him. The act surprised me not a little, for the animal was a stolid old bronco that rarely started at anything, least of all at dogs. The dog stopped his advance and watch us, while I struggled to bring the horse nearer to him and to calm his very evident terror. But my efforts were unavailing, though I used whip and spur and threw all my strength on the bridle. The horse would not allow the dog to touch him. For some strange cause he even trembled in his presence. At last I gave up the undertaking and examined the Basque's companion from a little distance.

He was considerably larger than the average collie. I imagine that he must have had some Newfoundland or perhaps St. Bernard blood—the sheepdogs of California are rarely of pure breed. His hair was short, curly, and black as night. He squatted on his haunches and looked steady at me during all the time that I was occupied in making this survey; and when at last I spoke to him, he lifted his ears a little, but made no other movement.

"Demon!" I said, is that your name?

At first I thought that the same had been given him because he was dark in color as the popular belief paints an evil spirit. But a moment later, when my eyes rested upon him, I saw—or perhaps I should say I felt—that there might be some further reason. I scarcely know how to describe the effect that his steady gaze produced upon me. It was at first merely an impression that this dog was different from any of his species that I had ever known before—then a conviction that something was wrong—and, lastly, an uncontrollable terror. These sensations followed one another in quick succession—almost in a flash; and without stopping to ask myself any questions, I gave my horse free rein, and we went plunging headlong down the trail.

Once again in the open plain, I tried to deceive myself into thinking that my terror had only been apprehension lest the Basque should come upon me from behind. The rapid descent of the twilight and the peculiar behavior of the horse had, I assured myself, served to heighten the effect of this dread.

A few days later, when I passed the hut, the herder and his dog, in their usual attitudes, stared at me, sullen and silent. I looked closely at the dog's face, but could see nothing but keen animal intelligence.

Several months passed. One morning, as I went out toward the corral, one of the men employed on the ranch came to me and said:

"I believe that something has happened to that crazy Basque sheep herder. His dog came here last night and would not go away."

"What demon," I said and as I spoke the animal came running up. I patted his head and talked to him, but he jumped uneasily about, as though he were anxious to be gone.

I suggested to the men that we should ride to the canon, and mounting, we followed the dog out in the road. He ran along several rounds in advance of us, looking back occasionally to make sure that we were coming.

When the canon was reached his pace slackened, and some distance from the hut he stopped and fell in behind us.

"He dreads a beating," said I.

From the trail we called to the hut, and receiving no answer, we rode to the door and looked in.

There lay the Basque in the middle of the floor, his arms outstretched and his head thrown back—dead.

An uncared for corpse is always a disagreeable object to look upon, but dissection had happened to this one that rendered it impossible for me to give it more than one quick glance. I hastily turned my horse's head toward the spot where the dog was crouching. The man, more resolute than I, dismounted and went into the hut. When he came out he said:

"I covered it over with one of those sheepskins, so it wouldn't scare any one else. His bottle was lying near him, and I guess he must have drunk himself to death. That was probably done by coyotes, or maybe a mountain lion."

We rode to town, where we gave notice to the authorities of the man's death, and also to several of his countrymen. In talking with one of the latter, I asked what disposition would be made of the dead man's sheep and of his dog.

"The sheep," answered the man, "were not his; he had sold them. As to the dog, nobody wants the brute, I imagine."

"Why not?"

The man shrugged his shoulders and looked askance at Demon, who had followed me.

"Very well," I said, "then I will take him."

No objection was made, and Demon passed into my possession.

My uncle had several hundred sheep, which were tended by an old native Californian and his son. I took Demon to them and offered his services in the care of the flock. To my surprise they refused. I urged the matter, and finally demanded the ground of their opposition. At last the old man said:

"He looks like a sheep-killer."

This accounted for the refusal of the Basque shepherds to take the dog; they, too, suspected him. Knowing how prone such men were to superstitions and prejudices, I would not allow the animal to be condemned without a cause.

"Do you know that he kills sheep?" I asked the old man.

He shook his head. Then I asked if anyone had ever seen the dog prowling around at night or behaving in a suspicious manner. Again he shook his head.

"It is all nonsense," I said, finding myself fairly forced into the position of the dog's defender.

"Now, I tell you," said the old shepherd; "I know that dog; I think him a bad dog. I will show you something."

He went into his hut and brought out two half-grown puppies—lively, wriggling little fellows—and put them down on the ground before Demon.

"You see," he said; "puppies always try to play with strange dogs—never afraid of them. Look! I told you he was a bad dog."

The infants waddled up to Demon, who approached them, wagging his tail, good humoredly. The instant they got a good view of his face, they whirled about and went off flying at a great rate of speed.

The performance struck me as amusing, and I laughed, but the old shepherd looked very grave.

"A bad dog," he reiterated, slowly; "very bad."

"Well," I said, "if I will take him myself, since you will not. But if I ever learn"—here I instinctively looked down in the dog's face, as though speaking to him—"if I ever learn that he has killed a sheep, I shall have him shot."

The dog's eyes looked up into mine with a keen intelligent gaze; and I could not resist the belief that he had understood.

It is not improbable that my prejudice against the animal was even stronger than that of the shepherds; but, as I was an educated, reasoning man, proud of my freedom from every form of superstition, how could I bring myself to entertain such irrational fancies? On the contrary, my duty seemed to lie in the opposite direction—to defy this prejudice and to protect and defend the object at which it was leveled.

Besides, I had come to feel a powerful curiosity with regard to this creature which, though apparently inoffensive, was so generally hated and feared. What was it that inspired all other animals with such distrust of him? Not my horse alone, but every quadruped on the place manifested a very evident unwillingness to have him about. The other dogs would not associate with him. Yet he was never quarrelsome or ill tempered.

One thing he did, which, though not a serious fault, was often annoying. He had a habit of watching closely every motion of the person nearest him—usually myself. Sometimes I almost imagined that I could feel his eyes, when I did not see them—his gaze was so constant and intense. This habit, I thought to myself, was acquired during his life with the brutal Basque, who might be expected at any moment to inflict some undeserved blow upon him. Despite this explanation, there were times, when we were alone together, and I looked up to find him watching me, that I felt the chill of an unreasonable dread.

Demon had been in my possession several weeks, when all at once I began to hear complaints about the killing of sheep. Every morning a fresh victim was found dead—now of one flock and now of another, yet all within a limited range. They were all mutilated in the same way, and the work was plainly that of a dog practiced in sheep-killing. As I had expected, suspicion immediately fell upon Demon; and one morning when I came out of the house, I found a couple of herders waiting to see me.

They had no evidence against the dog, yet they demanded that he should be put to death. The injustice of it roused my indignation, and calling Demon up to me, I said:

"I want you to look at him. You say that a sheep was killed last night.

Where is there any signs of blood about his jaws?"

One of them examined Demon's mouth, but found no mark of the slaughter. The other said:

"That dog does not prove anything. A regular sheep killer does not spill much blood, and sometimes he learns to wash it all off."

This sounded improbable to me, but I did not argue the matter.

"Very well," I said, "to-night Demon shall be shut up in the corral, and if a sheep is killed we will know that he is not the guilty dog."

They shook their heads. "He will find some way to get out of the corral," said one of them.

"Then he shall sleep in my room along with me," I said; "and the door and blinds shall be closed. Does that suit you?"

This arrangement seemed to satisfy them and they went away to the door.

That night I took Demon to my room and gave him a mat in the corner for a bed. His only possible means of escape was by the door or window. I locked the door and drew the blind of the window shut and hooked it in place. Then I went to bed and almost immediately fell asleep.

In the morning when I woke Demon lay upon his mat apparently in sound slumber.

I began to dress. When I was nearly done my uncle rapped on the door.

"Have you Demon in there?" he called out.

"Yes," I answered, opening the door.

He exhibited much surprise. "Another sheep was killed last night," said he.

"Well," I replied, "that merely proves what I've said; that Demon is innocent."

"Yes, of course," said my uncle, looking doubtfully at the dog. He went over to the window and inspected the fastening.

"Impossible!" he said. "For him to open it?" I asked, of course.

My uncle threw the blind back and pointed significantly at the flower bed below. The plants had been crushed down and the earth displaced, and round about were numerous dog tracks.

"That was not there yesterday," said he.

My room was on the ground floor, and from the window to the earth was only two or three feet. Had the blind been open, the dog might easily have climbed out and in again, but it had been locked all night.

I turned and looked at Demon. He was watching us stealthily with the expression in his eyes that I knew and dreaded.

My uncle made another examination of the fastening of the blind. At last he said: "I am convinced that the sheep-killer is not Demon. There is no dog in existence that could manipulate that crooked hook to open the blind. Those footprints were left there by some stray animal."

The conviction seemed inevitable, and I agreed with him.

At the same time I was resolved to try the experiment again and watch the dog more carefully.

That night I shut Demon in as before, and closed and fastened both door and blind. There was a full moon which made the landscape bright as day without, and it occurred to me, just as I was about to put out my lamp, that I could throw open the upper section of the blind and admit the light. It fell in a broad, wide square, directly across the mat where the dog lay, and after I got into bed I found I could watch him easily, without turning my head upon the pillow.

Then I discovered that he was watching me. There was nothing unusual about that—only his eyes were strangely bright.

I tossed about in the bed for a time, but he never moved.

At last I determined to deceive him in the belief that I was asleep. I closed my eyes, and presently by a careless movement, drew the lace edge of the pillow slip across my face. Thus I could watch him and yet conceal the fact that my eyes were open.

When I had lain in this position motionless for perhaps ten minutes Demon suddenly lifted his head and turned it on one side. Plainly he was listening—for what I could not imagine. He put his head down, and for another ten minutes did not move. Then gradually and noiselessly he rose to his feet and came toward the bed. A little distance away he stopped and listened again. Evidently he did not hear what he had expected, for after standing a moment he returned to his corner and lay down.

Suddenly I found the explanation of his strange conduct. He had listened to my breathing that he might determine if I slept.

Resolved to deceive him if possible, I began slowly to lengthen my respiration and to expel it with more sound and force.

At the end of a few minutes I saw that I was succeeding in my design. A second time he rose with perfect stillness and came to the bed. His face wore an expression of devilish cunning, so utterly foreign to his customerly men that under ordinary circumstances I should have failed to recognize him. A swift flash of satisfaction in his eye showed that he turned to the window to make his escape.

His motions were slow and cautious, reminding me of a cat rather than a dog. I had expected him to make some slight noise in unhooking the blind, for I doubt if I myself, with my life in hazard, could have accomplished it inaudibly. But there was no sound to be heard in the room, except that of my own slow, steady respiration.

I think it must have taken him five minutes to draw the hook. Then the blind was swung back quietly inch by inch, and his way was clear. He stood a moment with his forepaws on

the window sill and looked back at me. As he did so, I again felt the same strange impression of terror that had overwhelmed me the first time my eyes had met his in that lonely canon. For an instant I held my breath, and had he continued to look, he must have discovered that I was not asleep. But now with a sudden yet noiseless leap he went out of the window—gone on his murderous quest.

It was several minutes before I ventured to move. At last I rose and went to the window. Far away where the bright moonlight fell upon the side of the hill, I could see a small piece of darkness scudding swiftly along. It was Demon on his way to the sheep pen.

I scarcely knew what impulse sent me, but I went to the closet in my room, took down a large navy revolver and when I got back into bed, slipped it underneath my pillow. I did not then, and I will not now, confess to any real fear of the dog—that is to say physical fear. There was dread—a vague, indistinct horror—at something unexplainable that I seemed to see in his eyes. But had I really feared him, I should have closed the blind, rendering his return impossible.

I lay still and watched for an hour. The nearest flocks I knew could be reached in a few minutes, and his return might be expected at any time. I drew the lace over my eyes again, and listened for the sound that should indicate his approach. Suddenly a great black head appeared at the window—without the warning of a footfall—materialized, as it seemed, out of the darkness of the night. Its two round red lights gleamed like coals of fire. The moon shone clear and full on his face, and I could plainly see the blood and foam with which his jaws were covered.

He climbed slowly into the room. Then, with an ingenuity that was even more than human, he drew the blind shut—noiselessly—and fastened it in place.

He gave one quick glance at me, and went over to his corner. Through the net work of the lace I watched him, while he licked the blood-stains from his feet and washed his face and neck, with the motions and attitude of a cat.

I grew faint with the horror of it all, and at last forgot the part which I was playing, and ceased to counterfeit the respiration of one who sleeps. Even when Demon suddenly started up, looked at me and listened, I did not notice my mistake.

Then he came nearer to the bed—a few feet away—and glared at me out of those terrible eyes.

That was the moment in which I saw the thing and understood it all. You will not believe it—I don't ask that you should—but I saw through that creature's eyes down into the lost human soul that occupied its body.

It was the soul of a murderer—the destroyer of the drunken Basque in his lonely hovel, the slayer of the sheep—now, at last, throwing off all disguise.

With a strange half-human cry, the thing sprang at my throat. I threw up my hand and it missed its aim, the teeth closing on the skin. The next instant I fired the revolver, and it rolled over dead.

The wound was not serious but, it left that ugly scar. There is another scar that the experience left, which is probably much larger—if one could see it. I mean on my memory.

CHARLES DWIGHT WILLARD.

Breaking a Trance. A woman stood at the door as I rode up to the humble mountain cabin, and after he had passed the time of day and I had quenched my thirst she inquired:

"Stranger be yo' doctor 'nuff to tell when a man's dead?"

"Yes, I think I am."

"Well, I'd like yo' to cum in and see the ole man."

"Do you think he's in a trance?" I asked as I got down.

"He may be. 'It's like this: When he can't hev his way 'bout things, he threatens to die. This mawnin he had a row, and he throwed himself down on the arth to expire. He's bin lyin' out thar six hours, eyes turned up and mouth open, and I'm beginnin to git a little skeered. 'It's the longest he ever laid around."

I found the man under a tree back of the house. His fingers were clutched, his mouth open and his eyes rolled back, but he didn't look at all like a dead man. I bent over him and felt his pulse going good and strong and said to his wife:

"He appears to be stone dead, but perhaps hot water will restore the spark of life. Bring out the teakettle full of boiling water and pour the contents over him."

"Yes, I reckon he's gone for good but we'll try it," she replied as she entered the house.

She was scarcely inside when the dead man opened his eyes, scrambled to his feet and said to me in a whisper:

"Stranger, I'm 50 y'ars ole and hev met a meah man regularly every day since I was bo'n, but of all the dog gone meah men I ever met I never cum across one so pizen meah as yo' ar! It's bin which and 't'her be-tween me and the ole woman fur the last y'ar, and jist as I had her skeered to death and ready to git down and ax me to boss the roost 'o' cum 'long and spile it all and gin her new hopes and ambishuns. Say, yo' orter be bit to death by polcats!"

He shook his fist at me and dodged into the brush, and when she came out with the teakettle he was nowhere to be seen. She put down the kettle and extended her hand. I grasped it and turned away to resume my journey. A quarter of a mile below the house some one rolled a big rock down from the hillside at me, but it was a miss.

Do you read the WATCHMAN.

For and About Women.

Miss Ella L. Knowles, of Montana, the young lawyer who lately came within a few votes of being elected Attorney General of the State, has just received a fee of \$10,000 for effecting a settlement in an important lawsuit involving large mining interests. The matter has been in litigation for two years. Miss Knowles finally arranged a compromise satisfactory to both sides. Her fee is probably the largest ever received by a woman attorney.

It is important to remember that the flat end of a cork is the very handiest thing one can use for scouring steel knives and forks. Dampen the cork slightly, dip it in the powdered bath-brick or fine coal ashes, and the scouring will be so quickly accomplished that you will never return to the old method of using a cloth.

There are more radical changes in shoes this season than in any other article of feminine wear. The out-of-door shoes, like the coat and vest of the up-to-date girl, are fashioned after the foot-gear of the lords of creation. The long-pointed toe, the patent-leather tip, the buttons for ornament, are all masculine—and not in good form. What a terrible calamity it would be if any of our feet were shaped like these shoes, and still we wear them and are happy. The French heel has given place to a low, broad heel. That is something like the common-sense heel. Congress gaiters, with a row of useless buttons on the outer side, with patent-leather tip and trimmings, are shod. Women being so not like rubbers and feel that some extra protection is necessary in cold and damp weather, wear shoes with thick soles, finished with a coating of rubber.

No wardrobe is now complete without a cape. Even the young girl has gone in for this stylish, useful and comfortable garment. Mouse-colored and de vivre with applique trimming of the same was chosen in making an exceedingly pretty wrap displayed at one of the stores. The cape has two parts, the shaping in the under-cape being accomplished by darts upon the shoulders, and the upper cape is separated in two at the centre of the back. The garment is lined throughout with gay plaid silk and is finished with a turn-down collar.

A very pretty cape, charmingly suited for traveling in all forms of weather, is of gray Glasgow frieze, with an applique design of black broadcloth arranged in deep Vandykes across the shoulders and laid in three bands around the lower edge. A natty turn-down collar is trimmed similarly, and the garment falls gracefully in military effect over the figure. It is lined with garnet taffeta silk.

A new costume of basket cloth has leg-o'-mutton sleeves, short basque-fitted waist, and extravagantly wide revers faced with moire. There is a collar and vest of moire; and the moire belt has a rosette and long ends of ribbon falling to the hem of the skirt.

One of the famous couturiers of Paris showed in his establishment a gown which, on account of its simplicity, merited much attention. It was composed of lavender cloth and was made as follows: The flaring skirt was fitted closely over the hips and laid in box plaits in the back, but so great was its fullness that it hung in folds also at the sides, and, in a more moderate form, in the front.

The very bouffante gigot, or leg-o' mutton, sleeve was box plaited into the armhole and finished at the hand without a cuff. The bodice had a French front, but was plain and tight fitting in the back. The full chiffon vest was of the same width at the waist as at the neck, and was laid in tiny tucks to form a round yoke. The cloth fronts of the bodice concealed the edges of the vest, but were loose from the shoulder to the waist, thus giving almost the appearance of a jacket over a full chiffon blouse, but with this distinction, namely, that these cloth fronts were confined by the girdle, over which they drooped in blouse fashion. The edges of these were admirably finished by three plaits, running parallel with the vest.

A round cloth collar, cut in three large scallops in the back, extended in front as far as the vest, thus completing the round yoke of the latter. A large soft bow of lavender surah, several shades lighter than the cloth, was attached to the yoke at the right side of the vest. A similar bow also embellished the front of the neck. The full girdle of surah to match the bows had several large standing loops at the back. The loops were rendered stiff by a fine silk wire sewed in a tiny tuck, forming a cord on either side of the loop. Over a full collar of chiffon an inner collar of surah falls in two large points in the front.

This is one of the most choice plain gowns shown this season, and is suitable for either plain or novelty cloth. If made of the latter it may be garnished with silk to match one of the colors introduced in the latter. It would also be an appropriate model for a velvet gown. A black velvet gown could be garnished with collar, bows and girdle of cerise velvet or silk, and a deep collar of black guipure, while it would retain the chiffon vest.

It is important to remove tar, wheel-grease, etc., from wash goods before placing in the suds, and soap should not be rubbed first, on any satin, as it will tend to set it. To remove the tar or grease from white goods rub with oil of turpentine and soap, alternating with streams of water. For colored cotton and woolen goods rub lard thoroughly into the spot, and let it lie until the tar seems loosened, then treat alternately with oil of turpentine, soap and water. Silks may be treated carefully in the same manner, using benzine instead of oil of turpentine.

The correct way to tie a sash-ribbon, whether at the back or at one side, is in very short loops and very long ends. The short loops give a pretty rosette effect, and the ends should reach the hem of the dress.