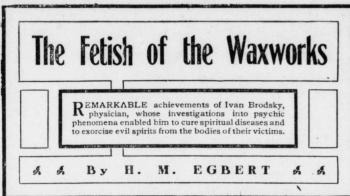
## CAMERON COUNTY PRESS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1910.



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UL DUPUY. Frenchman | any of naval officers up to a few weeks ago. Then came Dewey's vic-tory over the Spaniards and naval and patriot, more Yankee than the native born, men became the rage. Mr. Margotson is always looking out for something since he took out naturalization papers, wears the British flag in his buttonnew, so he says to me, 'Dupuy, let's have a few statues of naval officers of hole on Independence day. history. Do you remember any?' Sure!' said I, 'there's Villeneuve and St. Page and—' 'Quit talking French,' said Mr. Margotson. 'What about John Paul Jones and Nelson?' So I story hangs upon this, the story of a dead hero to whom the presence of Paul became an outrage and abomination. And it was Brodsky who set to work and made replicas of them. The one of Jones was fair, but saved Paul from his post-mortem ven-

the Nelson statue was first-rate. I did

it all from his portraits, and there he

stands in the gallery with one arm

"Ah, you've had trouble with Nel-

"Mon dieu!" said Dupuy, lapsing

The man broke off and eyed us fur-

"It must have been a week ago that

the first thing happened. I was adjust ing the scabbard of his sword-we use

real swords in our scabbards—and the point flew through and went right into

my wrist-just missed a large artery.

He held his hand up for our inspec

healed, along the base of the hand.

There was a ragged cut, half

'And I'll swea, that the figure

pushed the sword through the scab-bard—pushed it violently, for it cut

clear through the leather. But I didn't

catch on just then. Then, four days

afterward, as I was passing it, the thing flew from its pedestal and keeled

me over. My head just missed the iron radiator by two inches. And I tell you,

it didn't fall, it fairly threw itself at

"He laughs," answered Dupuy. "I asked him to let me melt it up to-day,

but he refused. But there's worse to come. Yesterday, when I was passing

by, I felt all at once the most peculiar sensation of sleepiness come over me.

I remember stopping and passing my hand over my forehead; an instant

later my wife's voice seemed to ring in my ears. 'Paul, wake up for God's

sake!' she cried. I opened my eyes

and I was standing in front of the wax

figure, with the naked sword in my hand, pointing at my heart. And yet

I have no memory of it all. But when

looked up the face was leering a

"A figure of wax-" I began incredu-

Then the man shot his final bolt,

which he had kept in reserve, with

all the dramatic power of his race. "It isn't wax!" he screamed, and fell

"It's turning into flesh and blood,

'What does Margotson say to that?'

"He laughs at me. I don't know what to do. I've half a mind to melt if

and let Margotson discharge me; and

yet I have my wife to think of, and

there's no demand for such men as me.

to shaking from head to foot.

'What?" I cried.

that?" asked Brodsky.

"What does Mr. Margotson say to

into his native tongue as he wiped his

tively. I had long learned to keep

guard over my face, but incredulity was in my heart. As for the doctor, he said nothing, and the man contin-

forehead, "he's trying to murder me.

son?" cried Brodsky.

ued

Look!

tion.

me

me.

sir

lously.

geance A story hangs upon this, the story of a dead hero to whom the presence of Paul became an outrage and abomand one eye, and everybody who comes in recognizes him at once. And that brings me to the point." ination. And it was Brodsky who saved Paul from his post-mortem vengeance.

The psychical investigations of Dr. Ivan Brodsky, and the marvelous re-sults which he had obtained in his warfare against the hosts of evil. some of which I have previously recounted, had by this time made him known to a large circle of those to whom such things as spiritual pos-session are facts rather than theories. In hospitals, in prisons, wherever we find pain and sin congregated, occult manifestations are a commonplace of xistence, though fear of ridicule debars the inmates from making any mention of them. It was in such in-stitutions that Brodsky's reputation spread broadcast. But there are prisons for the dead as well as the living, as I shall show

Neither Brodsky nor I was greatly surprised when a visitor entered his study one evening and implored his aid in the unraveling of a mystery which had, he was convinced, a su-pernatural explanation. "At least, I can't help thinking so myself, sir, said the man, speaking fluently, but with a slight foreign accent. "Al-thonugh I am not a believer in such things myself."

Brodsky's brows clouded; that was the stock phrase that he detested. "If you do not believe in such things, how dare you make the sug-gestion that they exist?" he cried. "Be honest with yourself and with man, or go elsewhere. Do you

believe in them or do you not? "Yes, sir, I do," repiled our visitor, "But when one makes such an admis-sion one is ridiculed—it's hard—" "Humph!" grunted the doctor. "Go ahead with your story."

'he visitor sat down and fingered his hat nervously. He was apparently a man of the laboring class, to judge from his appearance; yet he showed signs of intelligence superior to that of most of his kind. I could account for his mental disturbance only when he had finished his story.

"I'm a Frenchman by birth, sir," he began, "and I've been seven years in this country. I'm a naturalized citizen and proud of my adopted country. I dearned my trade in Paris; it's a queer trade, and there's not many throughout the whole world follows it, so that it pays well, especially as requires a certain amount of artistic ability, though less than you would suppose. I am a maker of wax figures the Waxworks theater on Fifth cet. You may not know the place, for gentlemen, for people seem somehow to have lost interest in that form of entertainment, though it used to be the craze in years gone by. My task is to model life-size wax figures of all cople of prominence. We've got the famous murderers, of course, and the presidents, and the heroes of the rev-olution, and all the famous kings and queens of England, the great soldiers sailors-Wellington, Napoleon, Nelson-

I read there. "Mr. Margotson-these are two gentlemen who are interested in what I told you about the statue," Dupuy stammered. Margotson's face grew black with rage. 'Newspaper writers, eh?" he shout ed. d. "Come to write up my museum, suppose! I don't want your adver-

tising; I've got all the customers J want and you can't do me no good. Damn your curiosity; this fool's been telling you some of his silly yarns about the Nelson statue, I suppose!" This rage appeared so abnormal that my medical training induced me

blank face and blotted out some curi-

ous emotions which I had thought that

to examine Margotson from the patho logical standpoint. But Brodsky look ed into his face steadily and laid his hand upon his shoulder. Margotson's anger seemed suddenly to evaporate

"They're only interested in the statue's turning into flesh and blood, sir," said the Frenchman.

Unluckily these words brought about a return of Margotson's frenzy. "Flesh and blood? Rubbish!" he shouted. "Arrant nonsense, that's what you're talking, Dupuy. What's the matter with the statue? It's a very good statue, one of the best you've made. It's new wax-green wax, we call it in the trade—and it ought to have had time to mature, only the public were so crazed over the naval officers I didn't have time to let it lie. That's why it's harden-ing-because of the fumes from the leather factory across the street. They drift in here something terrible.

But the proprietor seemed still more makes me feel so good. He wants me confused than his assistant. He came to do something for him and I'll find forward sheepishly, and a mask seemed to have descended upon his

out what it is and do it." "You've given him a body and he's getting your reason, my friend," said Brodsky, somewhat shaken by this unexpected outburst.

"Come away, come away, gentle-men," cried the Frenchman, pulling us by the arms. "He's mad, God help him. I should have told you he'd been acting queer, but last night, when he laughed at me ca much when he laughed at me so much. I thought that it was only overwork. He's as mad as a loon."

We did not need to be urged, nor was there necessity of excuses. Margotson had already forgotten us and was standing before the statue alternately capering and grimacing.

"Now, I'll give you my advice and shortly, and you can follow it or not at your peril," said Brodsky. "Get your employer home in safety and then slip back and chop the thing to pieces before a tragedy supervenes. No, that's all I've got to say to you except just this: Give up your trade and learn something that won't bring you into conflict with all these vital forces that hang round such places. And with these words he fairly hurled himself out of the place, leaving me to follow him as best I could. I think I mentioned once how sensitive the doctor always was to the morbid things of life. Perhaps it was a certain sensibility to those invisible influences which accompany moods and invest those places where any violent emotions have been at play. At any rate, having seen so much of the darker side of life, Brodsky was strenu-

ously insistent upon cleanliness and wholesomeness. "We've got to leave such things alone and work in the sun," he used to



That's all that's the matter with it. Look!

He switched on an electric light upon the wall behind him, and for the first time I saw clearly the face of caught the inspiration of the painting from which he modeled it, there seemed to be something more, some hardly defined vein of cruelty, of caprice, that actually gave the face the property of seeming to reflect a certain change ough the thing ssed son scious life. And the skin-surely that was the skin of a man, with the blood mantling in the flesh beneath. Dupuy started back with a wild cry. "Look at him! Look! I swear I never put that smile upon his face, "He's changing. he screamed. "He's changing. He's changing, I tell you. Lord preserve He's us all! Get rid of it, Mr. Margotson.

"This is our working day: when the night comes at last, may our good deeds be our protective armor against all the host of devils, on the night "You believe we have to pass

"We'll have to clean up somehow, in this life or the next," he answered.

So, on this occasion, I forebore to question him when we got home. Brod-sky went to a closet where he kept many relies of his earlier came out with a small Union Jack upon a moldering staff.

the tool by which it means to wreak its enmity upon Dupuy."

"But why does it hate the French man so much?" I asked. "Do you not recollect Nelson's mot-to?" the doctor asked—'hate a Frenchman as you would the devil?' This elemental being that has attracted these emotions that made up the great admiral's soul body has neces-

sarily the identical feeling. What does it know of the time that has elapsed, or the changes of history? There is the Frenchman, and it will have his life-by itself, if possible. If it cannot kill him, as it tried, it will certainly do so through Margotson. Well, it's none of my business,' said. "I've warned Dupuy." And he went to bed, while I forgot to ask the said. purpose of the Union Jack, which I saw him stuff into his pocket.

But I knew that Brodsky could not dismiss his own responsibility SO easily. He did not undress, for, from my room, which adjoined his own. I heard him pacing the floor with short, quick footsteps, the greater portion of the night. I fell asleep at last, and had hardly closed my eyes two minutes, as it seemed, before I heard the front door bell jangled violently. I started up in bed, filled with horrible presentiments of evil, and began to dress myself hurriedly. A few ments later Brodsky tapped loudly upon my door.

"Dress yourself as quickly as you can," he called. "There's work on foot for both of us before the morning.

As I hurried on my clothes I heard an agitated voice in the sitting room outside, which I had little difficulty in recognizing as that of the assistant. My judgment was correct; when I emerged I found him seated in a chair in a condition of collapse, and Brodsky standing over him, holding a glass of some stimulant to his lips. The doctor was fully dressed, even to his hat, and from his pocket there protruded a small corner of the Brit-We went out together with ish flag. out any explanations. Luckily the cars ran at intervals, and we saw one approaching us when we reached the corner of the main street. We clambered in; it was empty, and, during the ride, I learned in broken ejaculations from the man the cause of his visit

He had halted irresolutely at the entrance to the Waxworks theater after we left him. Then he retraced his steps, determined to carry out the doctor's instructions as soon as he could get Margotson away. He saw his employer standing before the statue, regarding it silently, as though in a trance. Dupuy crept up to him, passing the statue of necessity upon the opposite side. And then he realized that Margotson had been ob-serving him. Margotson had drawn the sword from the scabbard of the admiral and stood in such an attitude that Dupuy could neither advance non retreat

At the same time he experienced a return of that deathly faintness that had possessed him on a previous oc casion, as he described to us. As in a trance he saw Margotson advance stealthily toward him, while he re-mained incapable of resistance; then, once again, he heard his wife's voice ring in his ears and recovered his senses. He leaned aside as Margotson thrust, and, running like the wind, gained the street outside, and had presence of mind enough to lock the door behind him.

"But I don't come in," he insisted, as we gained the side door. "No, sir, I've seen enough for to-night. I don't go in.

It took all Brodsky's resolution to persuade Dupuy to come. Without his presence, the doctor said, he would be powerless. With him, he might still break this spell and bring back Margotson to sanity. And at last, very timidly, Dupuy crept in be hind the doctor. As Brodsky un



tically I switched on an electric light. Then I perceived Margotson, his face aflame like a madman's, thrusting at Brodsky's with the admiral's sword while the doctor parried him with admirable grace and ease. Dupuy

came running up to me. "He rushed at me," he cried," with his sword drawn, and Dr. Brodsky snatched a sword from Paul Jones' replica and met him. Look! The doctor wins!"

Like every Polish gentleman, Brodsky was an adept with the foils. Certainly a clumsy mechanic such as Margotson could not have expected to overcome him. Yet, as I watched the tense interchange of sword play I was amazed at the skill shown by Margot-son. It seemed as though the courage and provess of the great admiral had descended upon him. Twice he lunged so fiercely that the point grazed Brodsky's arm; then, with a sudden trousky's and, then, whith a sudden twist, he sent the weapon fly-ing from the doctor's hand, and rushed—not at him, but straight to-ward Dupuy. So swift was the impetus, he was upon us before we could stir. And then, just as the blade seemed about to pierce the French-man's heart, something came fluttering downward over his head and the sword fell from Margotson's hand and he stood still, his eyes fixed upon vacancy, his body immobile, while Dupuy released himself from the folds of the union jack that Brodsky had so admirably thrown over him. "And—you think I can go back to my job?" asked Dupuy the next morn-

ing. "By all means," answered the doc-"Margotson will remember nothing whatever of his insanity. So you'd better hurry up, or he will want to know why you are late. You need You need not fear the statue. It will have re-sumed its natural aspect, and, in case any remnants of its power remain, a small British flag in your buttonhole, especially on holidays such as Inde-pendence day. Yes, that's your penalty, Dupuy, patriot as you say you are; the only alternative being the destruction of the statue, which Margotson won't allow. And, when you can, try to get another occupation."

"It was a desperate chance," con-fided Brodsky to me afterward. "Still, one can deal with these elemental forces much as with lunatics; the mad impulse of national hatred was shattered instantly when it perceived the flag of its country. When Margot-son wakes up upon the floor of the gallery he will think that he got drunk the night before." "But tell me," I cried suddenly,"

why did you make me wait till I found the key?" Then the solution came to me. "You knew our lives were in danger and wished to save me from the possibility of injury," I cried. "Pshaw!" muttered the doctor.

"Just accept facts and don't put senth mental interpretations upon them."

## "FOR VY?" ASKS THE DUKE

Customer Indignant at Treatment Accorded Him When He Visited Swell Barber Shop.

The duke of Essex came to Frank's bootblack stand in front of the Essex

"Vy is it a swell barber is so fresh?" The stand inquired to know, the

New York Sun says.

"To-day I have been by one to get me a shave and haircut. Which was all I wanted-no more. No sooner do I get in the chair comfortable and feeling slick than he grabs my cheek by two fingers and looks awful at it. 'Wass isst?' said I. 'For vy do you look like that at my face? Vat's de matter vit it? Ain'd it a good face?' Oh, meestair,' says he 'you need a mass-arge.' 'Nix on that,' say I, 'I don'd need nothin' more expensive than a shave and haircut,' I nearly was shampooed and had to fight off a boy that would shine my shoes, a rathaired swell manicures, and a whisk broom kid. And besides it cost me 40 cents and five cents for the barber. Vy is it 'It's business,' ventured Able Solpeek "Business not!" snorted the duke "Ven a man comes to my office an' says 'I vant my will drawn,' do I say to him. "Sure, but you also want to get a divorce from your old woman and a warrant for de little boy of your neighbor?' Ven I go to buy a hat does the man say to me, 'Ve have hats dat'll fit you, but if you let us hammer down your head a little it would help some.' Or I go to buy a necktie an' do dey try to sell me rocking horse and a barrel of her-rings and den say, 'if you take our swell choking treatment your neckties will look bedder?' I guess not! "Barbers," said the duke, depart-

the great English hero. There were the irregular, thin, homely features, lit by a flame of patriotic enthusiasm. Yet, admirably as the artist had of emotions, an instability of mind as

say. shores that we shall pass through. through some place of purgation?" I asked.

finger-nails.

'We can't get into heaven with dirty

'Faugh!" said the doctor. "Let the dead rest in their graves. Don't you know that every time you set up an



image of the dead you form a focus in which all that remains of his per-conality on earth concentrates? That commandment against making repcommandment against making replicas of life in stone-which would have included wax, my friend, had -011.

siness having fallen off so. And if I stay there, one day the thing will kill me.

'Enough," said Brodsky. "We'll go there at once. Can we get in?" "I have the key," answere answered the Frenchman, putting on his hat.

We three left the house together. We caught a car on the main road which ran past us one block away, and half an hour later, stepped out at the entrance to the waxworks theater which stood in what was now heart of the business section of the city, and was, in consequence, almost completely deserted at this hour of the vening. Our companion pulled out key and opened a side door. We evening. went up into a great hall, round which were ranged statues of celebrities, lifesize figures of strikingly human as pect

"And yet," mused Brodsky, stopping to regard a group of cleverly arranged heroes of our civil war, "the men who erect these think they have nothing more than the external shells. How ignorant they are of the psychic qualities of their actions! Indeed, what do they dream of anything beyond the material? Yet this gallery is almost a breeding ground of souls. Who can measure what influences such beings draw down to them? draw down to them? Well, at least no evilspirit would be attracted hither among these men who offered up their lives for their country!

Dupuy led the way toward an end of the great hall. Here I saw a group of figures attired in Georgian dress, ev; dently Nelson would be found among these. One of them, however, seemed wax figures been known-was the singularly incongruous and out of wiscast and most spiritual of all. Go place. It was a short, thick set man in singularly incongruous and out of the costume of a mechanic of to-day. It Well, sir," said our visitor, "as I seemed to move; I started; then I dis-

told you, I'm constantly at work fash-fooling these figures for Mr. Margot non, the proprietor. We didn't have confusion.

"If you hand me out any more of that nonsense I'll fire you on the spot," shouled the enraged proprietor. "You're going daffy, Dupuy, that's what's the matter with you. He's always had that smile. Examine the wax, gentlemen; it's hardened, that's all.

With horror and repulsion I laid my finger on the smooth surface of the cheek. So life-like did it appear that I could have sworn the blood faded out of the arterioles beneath the pressure, blanching the surface of the skin, And yet it was of wax. It was not flesh and blood. But flesh and blood differed less from it than it differed from the unreal and waxen figures around it. It stooped half forward, it seemed instinct with slowly dawning vitality. And surely expression had changed; it had not smiled thus, with the cold mallence of a conqueror, when first I had

Then suddenly Margotson seemed transformed. As though he adapted his mood to suit his mind, he burst into a wild peal of laughter.

"Good old Nelson," he shouted; and the sounds re-echoed from the roof and rang through the hall, while for one dreadful moment 1 could have sworn than an answering emotion flitted across that waxen face—"good boy, Nelson. A miracle of art, Dupuy. I can't tear myself away from watching him.

"The flag of the vessel that bore me from Poland, where the Czar's emissaries were seeking my life," said sadly. "To what better use can it be put?"

Then he explained the mystery. "It is a fetish," he said filling his pipe and puffing at it slowly. "It is exactly similar, in every particular, to the idols of the West Africansor, for that matter, to any idol. The savage makes some dreadful idol to worship, sacrifices to it until the thing ecomes instinct with life and filled with all the passions of the worship pers; then a devil has been called into existence whose evil influence is incalculable. I tell you, it was no mythical devil that the early Christisionaries had to face, nor those of to-day.

"After death the pure spirit flies to its appointed resting place, leaving its two bodies moldering behind One is that earthly body that all know; the other is the soul body, the body of desires, a semi-conscious force that survives for months or or years, according to the condition of the dead being. Do not mistake me; this is not Nelson. That great ad-miral is unconscious of this replica of his there in the Waxworks theater. It is a group of emotions such as possessed Nelson, a man of strong feel ings, yet not necessarily warm enthusiasm of the crowds that have visited that place have focus these emotions, much as the burning glass focuses the rays of the sun. Re member, as yet this creature is only half conscious. It vaguely, as in a dream, feels this life within intself: it is rising toward a conscious ex-



"Stood still, bis eyes fixed upon vacancy'

locked the door the key fell from his fingers.

The key! You must find it," he cried to me. "Under no circum-stances may you follow us without it. To do so may be fatal. Remem-ber!" And before I had time to an-swer I saw him spring lightly up the stairway, dragging the unwilling Frenchman with him. My immediate impulse was to dash after him; then discipline came to my aid and-1 stooped for the key. The night was dark, and it was two minutes before I found it. Then suddenly, from with-I heard wild shouts and a stam

I sprang up the stairs and along the hall, running with sobbing breath and elenched fists till I gained the end, I'll raise your salary. He listence. And that fool Margotson is where I saw shadows hovering. Fran i on card games,

ing, "is anudder word for rascals. wish I had not given de swell barber dat nicktie."

## Origin of Binocle

The word binocle is spelled in many different ways, all of which are, however, phonetic equivalents of the cor rect one. The word is evidently the Latin binus, double, and oculus, an eye, and was probably adopted on ac-count of the importance of the double combinations which are the chief counting element of the game. In all German works on card games, and according to Hoyle, the name is spe elled as we give it; but the pronunciation of the initial "b" in German is so near that of "p" that "pinochle" is nearer the correct spelling than any other form. There is no authority for the introduction of the "h," which has led some persons to think the word a ompound of "bis" and "knockle," and has given rise to the forms, binochle pinochie, pinuchie, pinuele, penucle, penuchie, penuckie ani pinuckel, all ef which may be found in various works