

THE WITCH AND THE WICKED DUKE. ERNEST H. HEINRICHS.

THE DISPATCH.

power to change people into animals. No sooner was I in her house than she gave me a draught of very peculiar liquor. From the moment I swallowed it I felt my form change, and in about five minutes I looked like a deer. Then I was brought here and chained to this granite block, where I have ever since. The Duke comes here once a day and feeds me. He always asks me again whether I am willing to marry him. That is the only condition on which he promises to liberate me. But I will sooner die than consent.

"Now, I want you to assist me in getting away from here, and your fortune shall be the reward I will make you." "Tell me what to do," replied Peter Plumpkin, and I'll do it.

"The old witch," said Wanda, "has a draught which will undo the effects of the liquor. If you get that for me and I drink it, I will be the same I used to be, Wanda the beautiful princess."

"Peter at once went away to search for the draught of the old witch. For many days of wandering through the forest he at last discovered a dilapidated shack under a cypress oak tree. Peter walked in without any fear, his faithful dog at his heels. Like that, when a man has to have his hat and his boots off, he can enter the place. Still I don't know what is to be done at present. Let me try to get to the top of the mountain. Something turns up to better our position."

Eliza promised his wife, and Peter Plumpkin raised his dog. When he was walking along he kept thinking of what his wife had told him. It worried him a great deal, and he more than once uttered the wish that he might only get rich like so many other people. While he was thus engrossed in his thoughts he forgot all about looking for any game, and had it not been for his watchful dog, nobody knows what might have happened on that eventful day. However, the dog suddenly set up a very loud bark, awakening Peter from his reverie.

When he looked around he noticed a very pretty little deer about 20 feet away from him. The animal did not make the least attempt to run away. Not even when the dog ran up to it, did it try to get to the feet of the man. Peter went to the same place and position where Peter had first seen it.

"H'm!" muttered Plumpkin, raising his gun to his shoulder. "You will be an easy prey to my ball and powder, if you keep quiet like that. Won't Eliza be glad when I bring her home a deer, and she can eat venison?"

Just at that moment when he had his finger against the trigger and he was about to bang away at the animal, he was startled by a voice shouting in a hoarse voice: "Put that gun down, you scoundrel!"

Persons Who Were Warned in Sleep of Approaching Illness. Some writers admit that there is a type of dream in which coming physical disease or disaster is shadowed forth—some bodily sensation, perhaps too slight to be noticed by the sleeper, or some symbolic form to impress itself in a certain manner on the sleeping mind. The more striking instances of this sort may serve to explain how, in some lesser degree, certain symbols are likely to attach themselves to certain painful sensations or conditions, until at last they are finally accepted as mysterious presages of evil. Conrad Gesner, the eminent naturalist, dreamed that he was bitten on the side by a venomous serpent. In a short time a very severe canker appeared on the very spot, terminating his life in the space of three days.

Another scientific man dreamed of being bitten by a black cat, and suffered in the same way. A learned Jesuit saw, one night in his sleep, a man laying his hand upon his chest, who announced to him that he would soon die. He was then in perfect health, but a few days after he died of a pulmonary disorder. A lady, who dreamed in which she saw all objects dim and obscure as by a mist, was soon afterward attacked by a disease of the eye of which she died. In some of these cases, the dreams may be traced to occurrences outside the body, but which affect the senses, it is believed that many of these unpleasant dreams are of a symbolic nature, and are produced by impressions which, in the ordinary way, we are unconscious of. It is in this way that the subconscious mind is so fruitful a cause of unpleasant dreams.

AN UNSOLVED PROBLEM. Why Do All Snake Beauties Exhibit a Tendency to Become Stout? Boston Herald. What is it about the stage that has such a fattening influence on its divinites? I believe if a walking skeleton should get stage-struck and make the drama a profession, in six months' time the said skeleton would be a plump, rosy-cheeked, and well-to-do man. As a matter of fact, the noblest and the most beautiful of the nobles from far and near come to our court and all of them fall in love with me. But I feared for none of them. There was, however, a young page boy in my father's retinue, who was very poor, still he was a noble, handsome youth, and him I loved with all my heart. When my father heard of my attachment to the poor page, he was a little while, but he soon realized that my happiness depended upon his consent to my marriage with the page boy. All arrangements were made for the wedding, and I was to be married to the page boy with an exquisite bouquet of flowers as a wedding gift. I went into the park to meet the old lady, but no sooner had I set my foot into the garden when the most beautiful soldierly jumped out of the bushes. They immediately bound me, gagged me and carried me away out of the town. I was unconscious until I arrived at a castle, that belonged to a duke in my father's kingdom. Who was the richest man in the land. I had always hated him from my days of childhood. When I was in the castle the Duke said to me and he said: "Now, Wanda, you will either marry me or else go into banishment for the rest of your days."

"Of course I refused, not only once, but a hundred times. At last I was taken away from the castle again, and I was led into the home of an old witch. This woman had the

THE THIRD DEGREE. How Inspector Byrnes Secured Two Important Confessions. A MODERN TORTURE CHAMBER. One of the Shrewd Devices of New York's Famous Detective.

WHY MR. JONES CONFESSED HIS GUILT. (WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) Among the manifold fine touches employed by Chief Inspector Byrnes in his detective work, no touch shows the handiwork of a great artist so markedly as the "working of the third degree." To catch a thief is one thing, to convict him is another. A thief may be set to catch a thief, but the evidence of a turncoat evil doer is not always successful in convicting his peer.

In olden times the "third degree" was frequently called into service to supply the missing link in the chain of testimony, but the methods of the inquisition and of the torture bore the same relation to the Inspector's system that the club of a Zulu warrior does to the keen-edged stiletto of the Corsican bandit. The one is vulgar and savored of the shambles. The other, equally crude perhaps, is as refined as the stroke of a surgeon's lancet.

How is the "third degree" worked? The methods are devious and vary with each candidate. The master of ceremonies is a master of his mysterious art and seldom fails to make the initiation a success. The following incident will reveal how the degree was recently worked by the famous detective.

Two men were mysteriously arrested not long ago and taken to the marble headquarters of the police department. One of the prisoners was a man of about 30 years of age, bound transatlantic steamer. His ticket had been bought. His baggage had preceded him, and he carried a large leather valise in his hand. As his boot stepped upon the pavement he was met by a man in a dark, buttoned coat, who stood in a dignified manner, touched him on the shoulder. The would-be tourist started, and, for a moment only, turned pale.

HIS TRIP DELAYED. "Mr. Frisbie Jones?" observed the former deferentially. "I replied the latter curtly. "I want to see you a minute." "Can't wait, dear boy," he replied affably. "My boat is about to sail, don't you see?"

"Never mind that," returned the middle-aged man reassuringly. "You are not going to Europe on this steamer." "No?" "But my trunk!" "Never mind them, I have ordered them put aboard, and I want you to go up to police headquarters with me."

Mr. Jones' face became ghastly in its pallor as he saw that the man in the dark coat was not a stranger, but a man in a dark, buttoned coat, who stood in a dignified manner, touched him on the shoulder. The would-be tourist started, and, for a moment only, turned pale.

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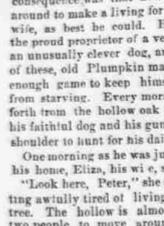


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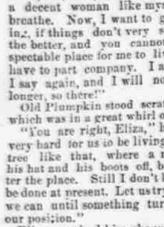


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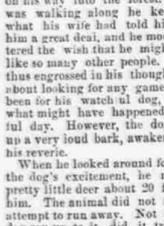


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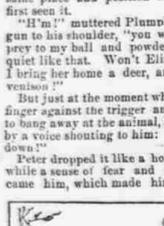


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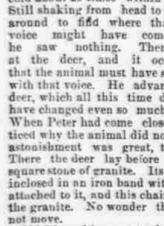


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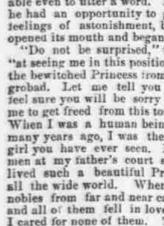


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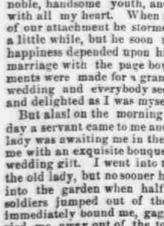


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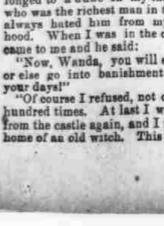


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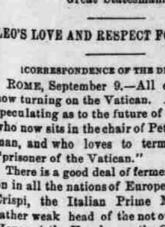


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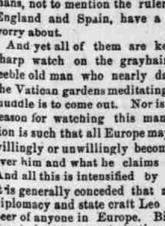


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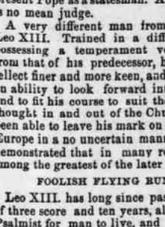


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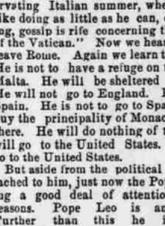


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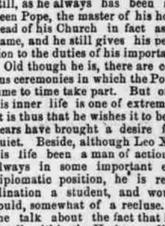


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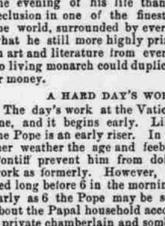


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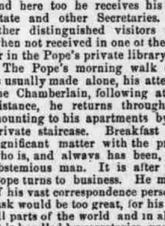


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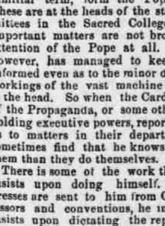


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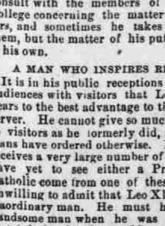


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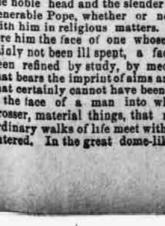


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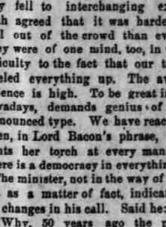


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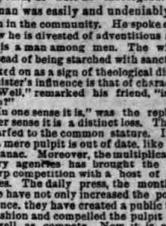


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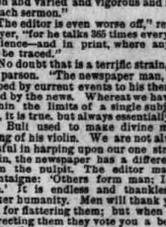


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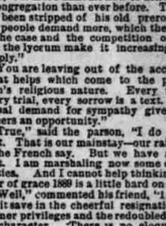


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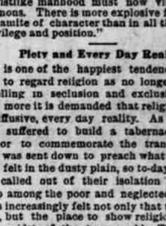


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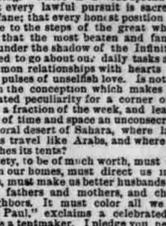


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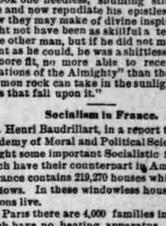


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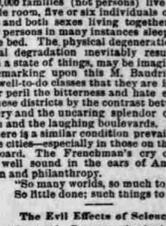


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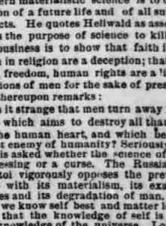


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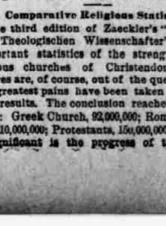


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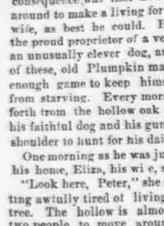


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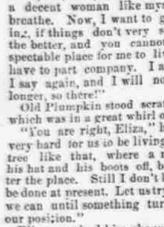


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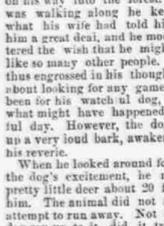


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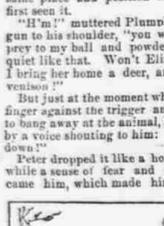


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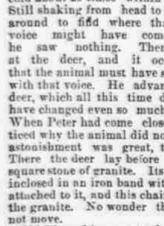


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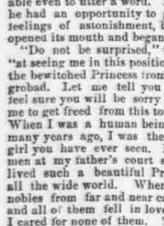


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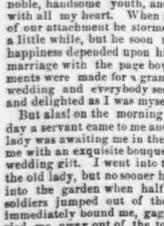


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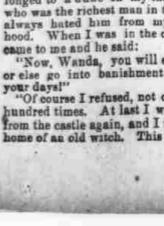


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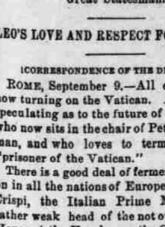


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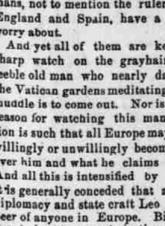


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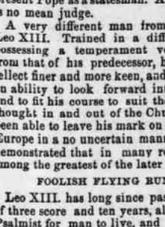


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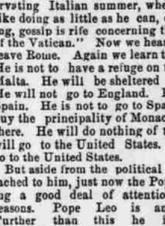


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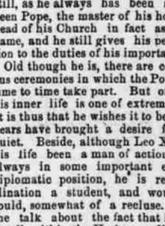


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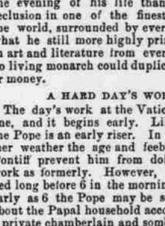


Illustration of the man in the dark coat, looking mysterious.

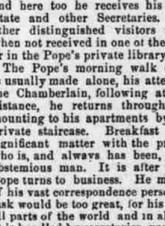


Illustration of the man in the dark coat, looking mysterious.

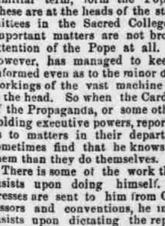


Illustration of the man in the dark coat, looking mysterious.

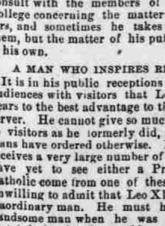


Illustration of the man in the dark coat, looking mysterious.

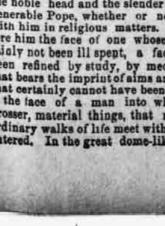


Illustration of the man in the dark coat, looking mysterious.

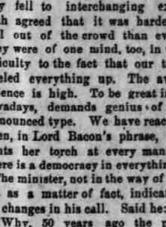


Illustration of the man in the dark coat, looking mysterious.

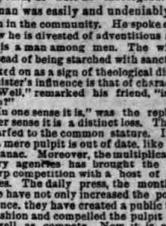


Illustration of the man in the dark coat, looking mysterious.

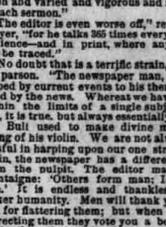


Illustration of the man in the dark coat, looking mysterious.

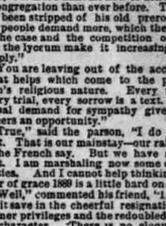


Illustration of the man in the dark coat, looking mysterious.

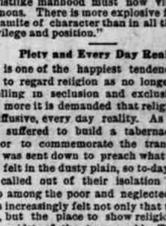


Illustration of the man in the dark coat, looking mysterious.

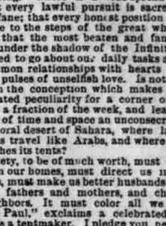


Illustration of the man in the dark coat, looking mysterious.

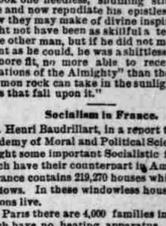


Illustration of the man in the dark coat, looking mysterious.

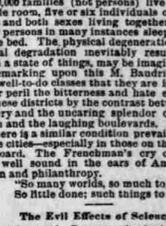


Illustration of the man in the dark coat, looking mysterious.

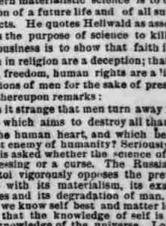


Illustration of the man in the dark coat, looking mysterious.

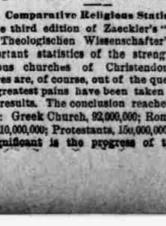


Illustration of the man in the dark coat, looking mysterious.



Illustration of Peter Plumpkin, a man in a suit, looking thoughtful.

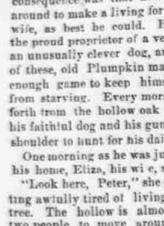


Illustration of the Duke, a man in a suit, looking stern.