SCENES FROM LIFE'S STAGE

BEING TEN ORIGINAL STORIES, WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

BY SIR GILBERT E. CAMPBELL, BART.

"and so the poor dear was drowned. I don't wonder at your being upset a bit." "Stop a moment," broke in her husband,

you don't know what has knocked me over

They suppose, for it is all guess work, of course, that a horseshoe which had evidently come of the hoof of some cart horse, had given the bicycle a sudden cant over, and precipitated the poor old fellow, who could not swim a stroke, into the river."

"Dear, dear," cried Mrs. Dawson, "I had alreasy hought that finding a horseshoe was

always thought that finding a horseshoe was

a bit of luck; and in one sense you may say it has turned out so for you."

Dawson cast a half angry glance at his wife. "You forget that a horseshoe didn't bring Uncle Bob much luck, and that the

Dawson, a plain, practical woman of busi-

"A nice cottage at Marlshire, with thr

acres of ground, and £600 in cash, and so we can leave London as soon as you like."

Mrs. Dawson made no objection, and in a fortnight's time the village, which was only situated about half a mile from Slowchester

-the principal town of Marlshire, received

At first both Dawson and his wife were de-

lighted with their new property, and were never tired of inspecting it, and rejoicing over the fresh discoveries which each day

were made by them.

After, however, the novelty had to some

extent died away, time began to hang heavy on their hands. Mrs. Dawson found her

poultry anything but a success, and her husband complained that stooping over the garden work made his back sche.

"I tell you what it is, my dear," said the

"But won't it take you away from home a good deal, Jim?" asked his wife anxiously. "Of course, I can't do my business by stopping at home," answered he, "but you shan't be lonely. I want you to send for your sister I wait of the company of the course of

your sister Lizzie, to come and stay with us; the change will do her good, and who can say if she may not pick up a good match here, for she is a pretty girl, and as good as

she is pretty."

Mrs. Dawson ran over to her husband

and kissed him. "You are a dear, good fellow, Jim," cried she. "You know how fond I am of Lizzie, and how happy it will

"And my good fortune will enable us to

keep a servant, so that you need not muddle your little head over the poultry and egga." Lizzie arrived in due course; a pink, rosy-

cheeked girl, who was delighted to get out of London smoke, and looked upon the

James got the post, and in a smart little trap which had been placed at his disposal, he drove over the country, extolling the

merits of Stimpson's ales.
He was a good-hearted, merry fellow, and

was a great favorite with everyone except

to them by insisting on the most careful ex-amination of the horse's shoes before start-

ing on one of his trips.
One day he came home in high spirits.

"Old Stimpson," said he, "is going round to see all his customers, and is going to

take me with him in that splash dogeart of his. I shan't have a penny to pay any-where, and shall live like a fighting cock

lighted with the idea, and James Dawson

started on his trip, promising that he would be back about 11 o'clock on the night of the

"I expect I shall have to foot it from Slowchester, but it is only a half-mile tramp

and I shall not be long in getting over the ground, so have something nice for supper,

and the next morning we will start for

On the appointed evening Mrs. Dawson and her sister were all activity, and a succulent meal was in course of preparation, in which three at least of Mr. Dawson's favor-

ite dishes had a place.

"It is a quarter to eleven now," remarked Lizzie, "and Jim ought to be on his way. It is a lovely moonlight night. Suppose we go out to the garden gate and try if we can see him? There is not a bend in

Mrs. Dawson agreed to the proposal, and the women passed through the little garden which lay in front of the cottage, and opening the wicket gate, gazed up the lane which led to Slowchester. The moon on the cottage and opening the wicket gate, gazed up the lane which led to Slowchester.

that particular night shone forth with surpassing brilliancy, and every object upon the broad, white road was distinctly visible. There were no trees to cast a shadow across

it, and the hedge rows, with an occasional gate here and there, could be as plainly discerned as if it had been broad daylight.

"How deliciously fresh the evening air smells," said Lizzie, as she stood in the gateway and gazed out into the calm still-

ness of the night.
"Ah, that is because you have been

mewed up for so long a time in town," answered her sister. "To me the evening seems rather a sultry one."
"You contrary dear," exclaimed Lizzie.
"I know what will change all your ideas in a very short space of time."

a very short space of time."
"And what may that be?" demanded her

"Why, the figure of Jim as he comes along the road, hurrying home, not for you, of course, but for his supper," returned Lizzie,

Both women laughed, and at that moment

the clock from some church tower in the neighborhood struck the hour of 11.

"Jim is not punctual," remarked his wife.
"It is too had of him, after all the trouble

we have taken."
"I dare say old Mr. Stimpson kept him later than he expected," rejoined Lizzie; "but, surely, I can hear the sound of wheels, though I can see nothing either way. It is

Both women listened intently, and the sound of wheels, as if some vehicle was rapidly approaching, became distinctly audible.

ble, though it sounds as if the wheels were

Meanwhile the sound had come so near that it seemed as if the vehicle had reached the gate, and in a few seconds it stopped as though the horse had been suddenly pulled up abreast of the two frightened women.

up abreast of the two frightened women.

For a few minutes the sound ceased entirely, then there came the noise of wheels, rapidly revolving, and the tramp of horses' steps galloping at a furious pace, but this time unaccompanied by any clink of a loose shoe.

Lizzie turned in terror toward her sister, and had only time to catch her in her arms, and save her from falling to the ground in a dead faint.

James Dawson did not return to his home

very strange.

second day.

Sandybeach."

make me to have her with me."

ountry as a perfect paradise.

Author of "Detective Stories From Real Life," "The Avenging Hand," "The Mystery of Mandeville Square," Etc.

THE CLINK OF THE SHOE.

So many old families have legends of the strange portents which herald the approaching dissolution of one of their members that it is strange to find a similar experience among the ranks of the middle class, and yet, though this curious instance has no romantic old family mansion to act as a background to the scene, no long backward fortunes may have been the cause of the portent, yet the story is equally true, and known by as many credible witnesses as same thing may serve me an ill turn as it has done to my dad and uncle."
"Well, what has he left you?" asked Mrs.

legends. The scene of the strange occurrence is at essentially unromantic one, it being a street, which, for the sake of a name, may be termed Dumtries street, situated within the immediate vicinity of Finsbury Park. No. 34 Dumfries street was occupied by a young couple who had only entered the bonds of matrimony some eighteen months. James Dawson, the husband, was a smart

ever stood sponsors for more antique

young fellow, employed as canvasser for advertisements by a firm in the neighborgood of Fleet street, which made that branch of business a speciality. James Dawson had returned from his work after a long and wearving round,

which, however, had not proved unsuccessful, and he consequently was in high spirits. Mrs. Dawson, a pretty little brown-eyed woman, had prepared something comforta ble for supper, and, as they were partaking of it, amused her husband by repeating to him the adventures of the day.
"Do you know, Jim," said she, "that I lost sixpence to-day?"
"Dear me, little woman," laughed he, as

he filled himself a glass of ale from the brown Toby jug, "that is a terrible loss. Fortunately I made a good many sixpences this morning, which will balance the ac-

"I was going down Westgreen road," continued Mrs. Dawson, "and had a sixpence in my hand, with which I was going to buy a bottle of vinegar for the cucumber, when, all of a sudden, a horse in a hansom cab, which was walking slowly along the road, tripped and fell. It startled me so that I dropped the sixpence out of my hand, and it rolled down a gulley hole."
"What made the horse fall?" asked Mr. Dawson, who appeared to be very little in-terested in the loss of the money.

"I am sure I don't know," answered his wife, "though I did hear some men say shat a shame it was to drive a beast about with a loose shoe,"
"A loose shoe," repeated Mr. Dawson,

growing suddenly pate. "Did you hear it clink, clink, as the animal walked "I cannot say that I did," returned his

wife. "Thank heaven!" muttered Dawson, and returned with fresh vigor to the discussion Mrs. Dawson was not an unobservant lit-

tle woman, and had noticed her husband's the stablemen, who lives he made a burden momentary unensiness. Why, Jim," observed she, "you seemed to be quite frightened at the idea of a loose

"And well I may be," answered he, "for it is a sound which always means ill luck to me and mine. Do you remember how my "Yes, he was killed in a railway accident on the Underground, poor fellow," replied

Mrs. Dawson. "Yes, but don't you know what took him into the Underground, a mode of traveling Won't that be jolly?"
which he always hated. He had an imporBoth Mrs. Dawson and Lizzie were detaut engagement in the city, and was driving to it in a hansom cab, when all at once the driver opened the trap, and said, 'I beg pardon, guv'nor, but would you mind tak-ing another cab, one of my nag's shoes is loose, and I'm afraid of laming her.' My father was a bit impatient at times. I see I am just opposite Farringdon street station, said he, so I will go by train, and not

trust myself to any more improperly shod horses. He did so, and met his death on his way to Moorgate street."
"How sad," returned his wife. "But I can't for the life of me see that the loose shoe had anything to do with it." "Why you are quite a wicked little unbeliever," retorted Dawson, "Didn't I lose a splendid chance of an engagement with Jenkins and Riddles, because I was late for my appointment owing to one of the bus horses falling down, and my being pitched off the roof into a scavengers' cart. Well, that horse tripped because it had one of its you."

shoes loose." Lor', Jim," said Mrs. Dawson, opening her eyes in extreme wonder, "I never heard of such a thing as that before."

"It's true, for all that," replied her husband, "but remember, I ain't proud of it a bit. Great swells may be precious proud of their omens and warnings, but to the honest workingman, who has his living to get, and a good little wife to provide for, such things come uncommon uncomfortable, I can tell you."

Mrs. Dawson thought so, too, but being a wise little woman in her way, she endeavored to turn the conversation, and began to talk about some of her neighbors in Dum-

talk about some of her neighbors in Dumfries street, whose sayings and doings did
not meet with her approbation.

"I dare sny they are a bad lot, little
woman, answered her husband, "and if I
could only manage it, I'd like to clear clean
out of London, and have a nice little place
in the country, with a garden, and chickens
and pigs. I can't tell you how tired I am
of this blessed town, where everybody
seems trying to take the bread out of everybody else's mouth." body else's mouth."

"Oh, wouldn't that be lovely," exclaimed Mrs. Dawson, clasping her hands in ecstasy, "but don't you think you would find it a bit dull, Jim, after your clubs, and your concerts, and your I don't know whats?"
"Not 1, my dear," returned Dawson, "I should soon find something to do in the should soon find something to do in the country, and if Uncle Bob would only do half of what he has often promised, the thing would not be impossible after all." Some two days after this conversation Mr. Dawson returned home with a face in which a decorous feeling of sorrow was mingled with an expression of exultation. "It has come at last, my dear," he said,

sinking into a chair. "What has come, Jim?" demanded his wife, turning paic with apprehension. "A horse shoe hasn't got you turned out of your place I do hope."

"No, no, it is quite different from that," noswered her husband. "Poor Uncle Bob

"Why, where on earth can the carriage be?" continued Lizzie. "I can see for half a mile each way, and there is nothing visinear at hand."
She turned to her sister as she spoke, and has gone—quite suddenly, too, and has not forgotten me."

"Poor dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Dawson.
"Why, the last time he was here he was

was terrified at the ghastly expression which had spread over her countenance. "Listen!" murmured Mrs. Dawson, hoarsely, "Do you not hear it?" "Hear what?" asked Lizzie. "The clink of a shoe—a horse's loose quite hale and hearty, and ate, I remember now, a shilling's worth of muffins and four pennyworth of shrimps, to say nothing of watercress and bread and butter." shoe," answered Mrs. Dawson, her voice sinking to a terrified whisper.

"Ah, well, he won't eat any more muffins, returned her husband; "the poor fellow was taken off quite sudden like."
"Tell me how it was Jim," said Mrs. Lizzie listened, and, sure enough, above the sound of wheels she could distinctly make out the clink, clink of a loose shoe striking against the hard road.

Dayson, with that appetite for horror which women of her class usually evince. Why, you know, my dear, that Uncle Bob was a great bicycle rider, and, to tell you the truth, the manner of his death has upset me a great deal," answered Dawson. "It happened in this manner. He was riding to market, and had to cross the little bridge over the Swire, which is rather a bridge over the Swire, which is rather a deep and rapid stream, close to uncle's place in Marlshire. The parapet of the bridge is rather low, and no one exactly knows how the thing happened. But poor Uncle Bob was found in the stream, with the bicycle leaning against the parapet at an angle."

"I do hate the nasty things," observed Mrs. Dawson, raising her apron to her eyes; that night, nor did he ever cross the thresh-old again alive, for the next morning Mr. Stimpson came over to communicate the sad intelligence of a sudden and totally unex-

pected catastrophe.
"We had done all the business," said the old gentleman, "and were on our return home, when I perceived that one of my horse's shoes had by some means or other worked itself loose. I never saw any man

horse's shoes had by some means or other worked itself loose. I never saw any man in such a nervous state as your husband was when he heard the clinking sound which announced this slight accident. He trembled violently, and insisted on at once alighting from the vehicle. 'Don't be foolish,' said I, 'but get down and look at the horse's foot, there is a smithy only a mile-and-a-half further on. Better pull off the shoe entirely, if it is very loose.' He got down, and taking up the animal's foot, began to examine it, but he trembled so violently and seemed to go about his work so clumsily that I lost patience, and began to descend myself. As I was in the act of doing so, something alarmed the horse, and he started away at a mad gallop, finging me into a ditch by the roadside. I was not hurt, and as I scrambled out I saw the horse and dogcart tearing down the road, the wheels rattling and the loose shoe jingling against the hard road. As I turned my eyes from it I saw Dawson stretched on the ground. I called to him, and on receiving no reply attempted to raise him up, but the moment I did so I felt that all hope was at an end and that I was holding a corpse in my arms. When the horse started it must have knocked him holding a corpse in my arms. When the horse started it must have knocked him

down and the wheel of the dogcart passing over his neck caused instantaneous death."

And so the clink of the shoe had proved as fatal to James Dawson as he had teared it would some day do, and the strange pre-vision which he felt upon the subject was fully verified. fully verified.

Mr. Stimpson behaved liberally to the widow, who still retains the cottage near Slowchester, but the sound of a loose shoe drives her into a state of hysteria, and if it

occurs when she is in bed at night she pulls the clothes over her head, and lies panting and sobbing until the ominous sound has passed away. [THE END.] Copyright, 1852, by Tillotson & Son. NEXT WEEK,

A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR. BURDETTE'S fun in THE DISPATCH

"I tell you what it is, my dear," said the husband; "I must get some kind of employment, or I shall go mad, or take to drink, or do something awful. To-day I have heard that they want a traveler for Simpson's brewery, and I think, after the experience I have had in wheedling people into giving me advertisements, I am just the sort of man to do their business for them."

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lad to contribute their mites in acknowledgmen of his services to the public. Every Dartmouth nus of more than ten years standing remer ers the awe in which he held the keen observer whose name appeared in the college catalogue next to that of the president, as Edward Elisba Pheips, M. D., LL. D., professor of materia medica; and every younger graduate has admired the complete useum of medical botany which Dr. Phelps gave But it was the world-famed discovery of Prof.

to the world, and made his life an era in the practice Prof. Phelps was born in Connecticut in 1803. He graduated from the military school at Norwich,

Phelps of an infallible cure for those fearful ills

that result from an impaired nervous system and



EDWARD E. PHELPS, LL., D. Nathan Smith of New Haven, Conn., and grad

uated at medicine at Yale in 1824. His unusual talent soon brought him reputation and prominence among his professional brethrer In 1835 he was elected to the Professorship of Anat omy and Surgery in the Vermont University. In 1841 he was appointed lecturer on materia medica and medical botany in Dartmouth College. The next year he was chosen professor to the chall then vacated by Prof. Robby, and occupied the chair, the most important one in the country, until

a few years before his death in 1880. He had for years foreseen the dangers of the American way of living. He went about to find a non evils that, under one name and another, result from an unhealthful state of the nervous system and within a score of years have seemed to b weeping over the country like an epidemic,

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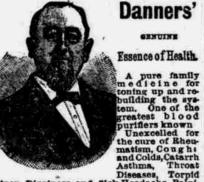
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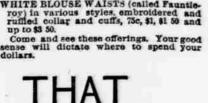
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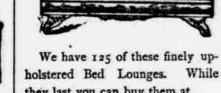
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TINWARE. 2c 1-pint Tin Cups.

4c Large Bread Pans. 5c Jap. Dust Pans.

5c Large Wash Basins. 8c Large Coffee Pots. 10c Brass Trays, round or square.

69c Large Wash Boilers-the dollar kind.

WOODWARE.

5c Useful Towel Rollers. 10c Large Chopping Bowls.

10c Large Knife Trays.

10c Good Rolling Pins. 10c Fine Salt Boxes.

MILLS.

15c Wood Buckets. 49c "The Best" Ironing Board. 44c Covered Hopper COFFEE

FURNITURE.





Washstand; beveled mirror.





blacks, rich navies. The sorts, the shapes, the styles, the varieties, congregate in too many clusters to name in a dozen \$14 For a large Sideboard, antique finish, large drawer, double cupcloak chapters.

"Little Prices" Is First Lieutenant.

\$3, \$3.50, \$4.50, \$5, \$6, \$7.

IN OUR BASEMENT YOU'LL FIND

CHINA.

1C Each for fine CUPS and 2 SAUCERS.

39^C Rogers' Triple-plated Sugar Shells and Butter Knives.

TERMS CASH, OR EASY TERMS OF CREDIT.

24^C Rogers' Triple-plated After-Dinner Coffee Spoons.

\$9.50 Fine COOK STOVES.

OPEN SATURDAY EVENING.

635-637 SMITHFIELD STREET.