

# The Cat and the King.

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

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"Not dead yet?" the King said.  
"No, sire."  
"No, sire."  
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"Then begone, or stay!" Henry cried.

voice that seemed to come from his heart.  
"But still, courage!" the king cried.  
"Courage man! A dose that would kill a cat may not kill a man. Do you feel ill?"  
"Oh, yes, sire," La Trape moaned.  
"What do you feel?"  
"I have a trembling in all my limbs, and an—ah, my God, I am a dead man! I have a burning here—"

"I have a burning here—pain like hot coals in my vitals!" And, leaning against the wall, the unfortunate man clasped his arms around his body and bent himself up and down in a paroxysm of suffering.  
"A doctor! A doctor!" Henry cried, thrusting one leg out of bed. "Send for Du Laurens!" Then, as I went to the door to do so, "Can you be sick, man?" he asked. "Try."  
"No, no; it is impossible."  
"But try, try! When did this cat die?"  
"It is outside," La Trape groaned. He could say no more.  
I had opened the door by this time and found the attendants, whom the man's cries had alarmed, in a cluster round it. Silencing them sternly, I took one of my M. Du Laurens, the king's physician, while another brought me the cat that was dead.

The King sent his page out, and bade me sit by him. "I have had a bad night," he said, with a shudder. "Grandmother, I doubt that astrology was right, and I shall never see Germany, nor carry out my designs."  
Seeing the state in which he was I could think of nothing better than to rally him, and even laugh at him. "You think so now, sire?" I said. "It is the cold hour. By and by, when you have broken your fast, you will think differently."  
"But, it may be, less correctly," he answered, and he sat looking before him with gloomy and bright; the huge figures on the tapestry looming huger from a drab and melancholy background, and the chamber presenting all those features of disorder that I show themselves in a more vivid shape in the morning.

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him to bring it in, and ordering the others to let the doctor pass when he arrived. I closed the door upon their curiosity, and went back to the king. He had left his bed and was standing near La Trape, endeavoring to hearten him, now taking him to tickle his throat with a feather and now watching his sufferings in silence, with a face of gloom and despondency that sufficiently betrayed his reflections. At sight of the page however, carrying the dead cat, he turned briskly, and we both examined the beast which, already rigid, with staring eyes and uncovered teeth, was not a sight to cheer anyone, much less the stricken man. "La Trape, however, seemed to be scarcely aware of its presence. He had sunk upon a chest which stood against the wall, and with his body strangely twisted, was muttering prayers, while he rocked himself to and fro unceasingly.  
"It's stiff," the king said in a low voice. "It has been dead some hours."  
"Pardon, sire," the page, who was holding the cat, said: "I saw it after midnight. It was alive then."  
"You saw it?" I exclaimed. "How? Where?"  
"Here, your excellency," the boy answered, quailing a little.  
"What? In this room?"  
"Yes, excellency. I heard a noise about—I think about 2 o'clock—and my majesty breathing very heavily. It was a noise like a cat splashing. It frightened me, and I rose from my pallet and went around the bed. I was just in time to see the cat jump down."  
"From the bed?"  
"Yes, your excellency. From his majesty's chest, I think."  
"Are you sure that it was this cat?"  
"Yes, sire; for as soon as it was on the floor it began to writhe and roll and bite itself, with all its fur on end, like a mad cat. Then it flew to the door and tried to get out, and again began to writhe furiously. I thought that it would awaken the king, and I let it out."  
"And then the king did awake?"  
"Yes, sire," I said, smiling, "this accounts, I think, for your dream of the house that fell, and the beam that lay on your chest."  
It would have been difficult to say whether at this the king looked more foolish or more relieved. Whichever the sentiment he entertained, however, it was quickly cut short by a lamentable cry that drove the blood from our cheeks. La Trape was in another paroxysm. "Oh, the poor man!" Henry cried.  
"I suppose that the cat came in un- seen," I said, "with him last night, and then stayed in the room?"  
"Doubtless."  
"And was seized with a paroxysm here?"  
"Such as he has now!" Henry answered; for La Trape had fallen to the floor. "Such as he has now!" he repeated, his eyes flaming, his face pale. "Oh, my friend, this is too much. Those who do these things are devils, not men. Where is Du Laurens? Where is the doctor? He will perish before our eyes."  
"Patience, sire," I said. "He will come."  
"But in the meantime the man dies." "No, no," I said, going to La Trape, and touching his hand. "Yet, he is very cold." And turning, I sent the page to hasten the doctor. Then I begged the King to allow me to have the man conveyed into another room. "His sufferings distress you, sire, and you do him no good," I said.  
"No, he shall not go!" he answered. "Vente Saint-Gris! man, he is dying for me! He is dying in my place. He shall die here."  
Still I satisfied, I was about to press him farther, when La Trape raised his voice, and feebly called for me. A page who had taken the other's place was supporting his head, and two or three of my gentlemen, who had come in un- hidden, were looking on with scared faces. I went to the poor fellow's side, and asked what I could do for him.  
"I am dying!" he muttered, turning up his eyes. "The doctor! the doctor!"  
I feared that he was passing, but I bade him have courage. "In a moment he will be here," I said; while the King in distraction sent messenger on messenger.  
"He will come too late," the sinking man answered. "Excuse me."

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"He will come too late," the sinking man answered. "Excuse me."

"Yes, my good fellow," I said, stooping that I might hear the better.  
"I took ten pistoles yesterday from a man to get him a scullion's place; and there is none vacant."  
"It is forgiven," I said, to soothe him.  
"And your excellency's favorite hound, Diane," he gasped. "She had three puppies, not two. I sold the other."  
"Well, it is forgiven, my friend. It is forgiven. Be easy," I said, kindly.  
"Ah, I have been a villain," he groaned. "I have lived loosely. Only last night I kissed the butler's wench, and—"  
"Be easy, be easy," I said. "Here is the doctor. He will save you yet."  
[To Be Continued.]

**WONDERS OF ELECTRICITY.**  
The Electric Heating Principle Applied With Great Success in Hospitals—An Electric Motor For Dentists.  
From the Pittsburgh Times.  
A valuable utilization of the electric heating principle has been made in hospitals and sick rooms. The electrotherm, or electric heating pad, has been devised to take the place of the various troublesome methods hitherto in vogue for applying and maintaining artificial heat in local applications. The electrotherm is a flexible sheet or pad, containing wires imbedded in asbestos. When these wires are connected to the socket of an electric lamp or the terminals of a battery sufficient resistance is offered to the current to produce a constant and uniform degree of heat. There are many cases demanding a steady local heat, in which it is of the first importance that the patient should remain undisturbed. Under such conditions there is often serious risk in the movement of a patient, in changing the hot water bottles ordinarily used. In addition to this there are always the factors of the latent heat of the bottle, and the varying sensitiveness of different persons to be considered. Frequently it is most difficult to preserve exactly the right degree of heat without burning the skin of the patient. Here the electrotherm is manifestly of great utility. The heat can be kept at the uniform point for any length of time, and its temperature can be regulated with the utmost accuracy. A regulating switch is attached to the wire, and will give any heat from 120 degrees to 220 degrees Fahrenheit. A higher temperature can be obtained, if need be, by the use of additional covers. The electric heating pad is made in different shapes to suit the ordinary uses, and as a foot mat, covered with wicker-work; and as a species of overcoat for entirely swathing and heating the neck and the upper part of the body. The cost of its operation is extremely low, and the work of about twice the number of bottles. The effect of a poultice or moist heat can be obtained by increasing the pad in one or more thicknesses of wet flannel. Thorough tests have been made for ordinary use, and the results realize that in this new electrical device it has secured a greatly improved method of applying artificial heat.

**IN A WESTERN COURT.**  
By Mutual Agreement Judge and Jury Give Up Their Shooting Pieces.  
The Judge of a western court, in order to secure a safer and more civilized condition of affairs in the court room, asked the twelve jurors and the ten attorneys present to place their pistols in a pile in the corner of the room, but there seemed to be some hesitancy in complying with the request and the judge insisted.  
"If your honor will put his down first," suggested the foreman of the jury, "I guess the balance of us will follow suit."  
"Twenty gents," replied his honor, and laid his gun down in the corner.  
In a few minutes all the others had done the same, excepting the sheriff and his deputy, who were not included, and twenty-three pistols were reposing peacefully on the floor.  
"Now, gents," said his honor, suddenly whipping out a gun, "the first man that gets near that pile gets it in the neck."  
In an instant every man's hand went to his pocket, and as his honor divided behind the desk twenty-two bullets went through the window back of where he had been sitting, and twenty-two men were waiting for him to stick his head up, but he did nothing so rash. "Put up them guns," he yelled, "put up them guns, or I'll fine every d— one of you for contempt of court!"—New York Sun.

**MESSAGE OF THE TOWN.**  
Look up to the stony arches  
Where Art and Mammon meet;  
There's a sound where traffic marches,  
A call in the city street.  
For a voice is ever ringing:  
"Gird up thy loins and flee;  
I will harden your heart or break it  
If you will abide with me."  
Go forth with a noble yearning,  
Olive heed to the griefs of men,  
And the years will find you turning  
To that mocking voice again.  
Which ever recurrent whispers,  
Like the chant of the restless sea,  
"I will harden your heart or break it  
If you will abide with me."  
No time for the touch of gladness,  
Nor yet for the boom of leas;,  
We toss in a cloud of madness,  
Whirled round by the whirling years,  
And an echo lingers always,  
From which we are never free:  
"I will harden your heart or break it  
If you will abide with me."  
Aye, carve it in iron letters  
High over your widest gate,  
Since we all must wear the fetters  
Who seek the appointed fate:  
And the winds shall bring the message  
Through all of the days that are;  
"I will harden your heart or break it  
If you will abide with me."  
—Ernest McGaffney.

**THE SAME WAY HERE.**  
Hear the bells, bicycle bells,  
What words of wild profanity their clang-  
ing, banging tell,  
How they're made to jangle, jingle,  
Made to tangle, intramingle,  
By the fiends on mass and single  
Of the bells.  
Men and women, maids and swells, "wot  
it!"  
Means this jargon of the bells, Daisy Bell;  
Why should we be kept from sleeping,  
Spending our nights in walling, weeping,  
While ten thousand souls are keeping  
Up the yell?  
Let us join hand in hand and ring the  
knells  
Of the fellows that insist on ringing bells.  
Let us banish them forever,  
Heads from bottles let us cover;  
"Self-defense" shall be our "Reverer,"  
Shoot the bells.  
—New York Sun.

**DR. LOBB'S BOOK FREE.**  
To all sufferers of ERRORS OF YOUTH, SOFT FLIGHT AND DISEASES OF MEN AND WOMEN, this book is sent absolutely free. It contains the most complete and reliable information on all the above mentioned ailments, and is a most valuable and interesting work. Write for it at once. No matter how long standing, it will positively cure you. Write or call.  
DR. LOBB'S 30 YEARS' CONTINUOUS PRACTICE.

**FRENCH INJECTION COMPOUND.**<