# The Cat and the King.

By STANLEY J. WEYWAN. (Copyright, 1805, by Irving Bacbeller).

"Not dead yet?" the King said.

"No. sire." "Then begone. Or stay!" Henry con-tinued. "Throw the rest of this stuff ill?"

but I have no mind to drink it by mis-La Trape emptied the cup among the green boughs that filled the hearth, and hastened to-withdraw. It seemed to be too late to make further inquiries that night; so after listening to two or three explanations which the King hazarded, but which had all too fanciful an air in

my eyes, I took my leave and retired. Whether, however, the scene had raised too violent a commotion in my mind, or I was already sickening for the illness I have mentioned, I found it impossible to sleep; and spent the greater part of the night in a fever of fears and forebodings. The responsibility which the King's presence cast upon me lay so heavily upon my waking mind that I could not lie; and long before the King's usual hour of rising I was at his door inquiring how he did. No one knew, for the page whose turn it was to sleep at his feet had not come out: but while I stood questioning, the King's voice was heard, bidding me enter. I went in, and found him sitting up with a haggard face, which told me, fore he spoke, that he had slept little better than I had. The shutters were thrown wide open, and the cold morning light poured into the room with an effect rather sombre than bright; the huge figures on the tapestry looming huser from a drab and melancheoly ground, and the chamber present ing all those features of disorder that in a eleeping room lie hid at night, only

shape in the morning. The King sent his page out, and bade me sit by him. "I have had a bad night," he said, with a shudder. "Grandmaster, I doubt that astrologer 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 differ-

"But, it may be, less correctly," h answered; and as he sat looking before him with gloomy eyes, he heaved a going to die.

"Of what?" I asked gally. "I do not know; but I dreamed last him; now telling him to tickle his throat alight that a house fell on me in the Rue with a feather and now watching his

tase, as your majesty need never pass with staring eyes and uncovered teeth

"Perhaps it may not happen there-in that very street," he answered. "And perhaps it may not happen yet," rejoined. And then, more seriously, "Come, sire," I continued, "why this dden weakness? I have known you self to and fro unceasingly.

face death a hundred times." he said, with a grimaceyet I could see that he was already comforted. "I thought that I was passing along that street in my coach, and sudden, between St. Innocent's shurch and the notary's-there is a notary's there?"

"I heard a great roar, and something truck me down, and I found myself to seemed to burst in my head ,and

"I have had such a dream, sire." said, dryly.

"Last night?" "No," I said, "not last night."

He saw what I meant, and laughed; and being by this time quite himself, left that and passed to discussing the strange affair of La Trape and the milk. "Have you found, as yet, who was good enough to supply it?" he asked. "No, sire," I answered. "But I will see La Trape, and as soon as I have

learned anything, your majesty shall

"I suppose he is not far off now," he suggested. "Send for him. Ten to one he will have made inquiries, and it will

I went to the door and .opening it a triffe, bade the page who waited send La Trape. He passed on the message to a crowd of cleepy attendants, and quickly, but not before I had gone back to the king's bedside, La Trape

ntered. Having my eyes turned the other way, I did not at once remark anything. t the king did; and his look of asless than the exclama-



which accompanied it, arrested my sention. "St. Gris, man!" he cried. hat is the matter? Speak. Trape, who had stopped just withthe door, made an effort to do so, but sound passed his lips; while his paland the fixed glare of his eye filled with the worst apprehensions. It impossible to look at him and not tre his fright, and I stepped forward a cried out to him to speak. "Anter the king, man," I said. "What

pe made an effort, and with a ghastly mace, "The cat is dead," he said, for a moment we were all silent. Then oked at the king, and he at me, with my manning in our eyes. He was first to open, "The cat to whom in the call." It was a mannered in a said.

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

"Oh, yes, sire," La Trape moaned into the fire-place. It may be harmless. "What do you feel?" "I have a trembling in all my limbs, nd ah—ah, my God, I am a dead man! I have a burning here—a 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 parox-

ysm 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

"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 bade one go for M. Du Laurens, the king's physician, while another brought me the cat

The page who had spent the night in the king's chamber fetched it. I told



him to bring it in, and ordering the others to let the doctor pass when he deep sigh. 'My friend," he said, arrived, I closed the door upon their mournfully, "I want to live, and I am curiosity, and went back to the king. He had left his bed and was standing near La Trane, endeavoring to hearten de la Ferronerie, and I cannot help sufferings in silence, with a face of thinking that I shall die in that way."

"Very well," I said. "It is well to betrayed his reflections. At sight of the page, however, carying the dead the property of the page, however, carying the dead to be the page. the page, however, carying the dead He asked me peevishly what I meant. cat, he turned briskly, and we both ex"Only," I explained, "that, in that amined the beast which, already rigid, through that street, you have it in your was not a sight to cheer anyone, much hands to live forever." was not a sight to cheer anyone, much less the stricken man. La Trape, howless 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 him-

"It's stiff," the king said in a low "But not after such a dream as I had voice. "It has been dead some hours." Along the sea's low southern edge, "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 an-

swered, qualling a little. "What? In this room?" "Yes excellency. I heard a nois about-I think about 2 o'clock-and his

about—I think about 2 o'clock—and his majesty breathing very heavily. It was a noise like a cat spitting. It frightened me, and I rose from my pallet and the bar of the second me, and I rose from my pallet and the bar of the second me, and I rose from my pallet and the bar of the second me, and I rose from my pallet and the bar of the second me, and I rose from my pallet and the bar of the second me, and I rose from my pallet and the second me, and I rose from my pallet and the second me, and I rose from my pallet and the second me, and I rose from my pallet and the second me, and I rose from my pallet and the second me, and I rose from my pallet and the second me, and I rose from my pallet and the second me, and I rose from my pallet and my pallet and me, and I rose from my pallet and my pallet and me, and I rose from my pallet and my went around the bed. I was just in time to see the cat jump down."

"From the bed?" "Yes, your excellency. From hi

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 spit furiously. I thought that it would awaken the king, and I let it

"And then the king did awake?" "He was just awaking, your excel-

"Well sire." I said, smiling, "this acounts, 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 When songs are given in the night 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 par-"Oh, the poor man!" Henry oxysm.

"I suppose that the cat came in unscen," I said, "with him last night, and then stayed in the room?"

"And was seized with a paroxysm

"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

"Patience, sire," I said. "He will

"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 to hasten the doctor. Then I perged the King to allow me to have he 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. "Ventre Saint Gris! man, he is dying for me! He is dying in my place. He

Still'HI satisfied, I was about to press him farther, when La Trape raised his roice, and feebly asked 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 unbidden, 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 hade him have courses. "In a monant bade him have courage. "In a moment he will be here," I said; while the King

"Yes, my good fellow," I said, stoop-ing that I might hear the better. "I took ten pistoles yesterday from a there is none vacant." Electric Motor For Dentists. "It is forgiven," I said, to soothe him From the Pittsburg Times.

"And your excellency's favorite hound, Diane," he gasped. "She had three puppies, not two. I sold the oth-"Well, it is forgiven, my friend. I

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, "Be easy, be easy," I said. "Here i

## the doctor. He will save you yet." [To Be Continued.] LINES TO THE SEA.

Lover whose vehement kisses on lips irre sponsive are squandered. Lover that wooest in vain Earth's imper turbable heart;

Athlete mightily frustrate, who pittest thy thews against legions arms of the sky; Sea that breakest forever, that breakes

and never art broken. Like unto thine, from old, springeth the Nature's wooer and fighter, whose years

are a suit and a wrestling. All their hours, from his birth, hot with desire and with fray; Amorist, agonist man, that pining and striving.

and from war; Man that, reloicing in conflict, like the when precipitate tempest.

Charge after thundering charge, clangs Seemeth so easy to shatter, and proveth so hard to be cloven; Man whom the gods, in his pain, curse

with a soul that endures; whose deeds, to the doer, come back as thine own exhalations Unto thy bosom return, weepings of moun

tain and vale; Man with the cosmic fortunes and starry vicissitudes tangled, Chained to the wheel of the world, blind with the dust of its speed, Even as thou, O giant, whom trailed it

Night's sweet despot draws, bound to he ivory car; Man with inviolate caverns, impregnable holds in his nature, Depths no storm can pierce, pierced with

izes that in this new electrical device a shaft of the sun. Man that is galled with his confines, and burdened yet more with his vastness. Born too great for his ends, never a peace with his goal;

Man whom Fate, his victor, magnanimous, element in triumph, Holds as a captive king, mewed in a pal-

Wide its leagues of pleasance, ample of purview its windows; Airily fails, in its courts, laughter of fountains at play:

untimely reminds him of durance; None, as he sits at the feast, whispe Captivity's name;

But would he parley with silence, with draw for awhile unattended, Forth to the beckoning world 'scape for an hour and be free, his adventurous fancy coercing a

once and provoking, the unscalable walls, built with word at the prime; immobile as statues, with pitiless faces of iron, Armed at each obstinate gate, stand the

impassable guards,
-William Watson. IN GEORGIA ISLANDS.

From the Independent The singing angel, Israfil,
The leader of the heavenly choir, Stood silent on his shining hill

Relinquished at his feet the lyre. Up from the brake of tangled cane,

In plaintive minors rose a strain. Low breathings from the heart of toll, Of souls that pant in seething suns,

Unheeded as the stream that runs Its sluggish current through the sand. And sinks, the useless journey done, Beneath the barren, fruitless land

That thrives no better for the boon, To change this sighing breath for song, Heaven peeds not music all day long. High throned from pain and mortal ill.

The singing angel took his lyre, And floated downward where the day Had paled in night its searching fire And the low world in silence lay.

There stole the song of Israfil; He sang of that high world apart Where morning stars together still

Sing of the land without a night, Which feels no heat of earthly sun, Where all stand white in God's clear light With tears and toil and parting done! Now chants of labor all day long

Float up from ditch and field and fen, The note of hope is in the song, As hand to hand the dusky men Fill their low calling with their might; The light heart gilds the empty lot,

The ills of day are counted not.

The leader of the golden choir. Sings with them on his beauteous hill, Triumphant in his hands the lyre!

WHO

Why, the wise mother. Because, when taken internally it cures in a few minutes Cramps, Spasns, Sour Stornach, Heartburn Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache Diarrhosa, Dysentery, Summer Complaint, Colic, Platulency and all internal pales. DOSE-Half a teaspoonful in half a tumb

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RADWAY'S PILLS

### WONDERS OF ELECTRICITY.

gus academic degrees, chiefly medical, a few years ago, it was supposed that sort of imposture had died out. It has been revived under the revived folly of aspir-ing but not conspicuous institutions which, as a means of free advertising, are The Electric Henting Principle Applied With Great Success in Hospitals-An

A valuable utilization of the electric for the ridicule the business brings conferrer and the conferree alike. heating principle has been made in ospitals and sick rooms. The electro-There may be justification for college or university that follows the post-graduate career of a bachelor or master therm, or electric heating pad, has been devised to take the place of the various trophlesome methods hitherto in vogue who completed a regular course, and, by distinguished talents and honestly earned for applying and maintaining artificial heat in local applications. The elec renown, earns the supplement of a su-perior degree in sequence without exami-nation. Unearned and promiscuous be-stowal of masterships, doctorates and trotherm is a flexible sheet or pad, containing wires imbedded in asbesto 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 ocal heat, in which it is of the first importance that the patient should remain andisturbed. Under such conditions there is often serious risk in the move ment 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 perons 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 the greatest 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 130 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 -as a pad for ordinary sick room uses; as a foot mat, covered with wickerwork; and as a species of overcoat for entirely swathing and heating the neck and the uper part of the body. The cost of its operation is extremely low, and a given number of pads will do the work of about twice the number of bottles. The effect of a poultice or moist

method of applying artificial heat. for the purpose of safely and conveniently adapting the power of electricity to the uses and requirements of dentismotor enables the dentist to dispense with the foot lever commonly used, and to concentrate all his attention on the to his other hip pocket, and as his honor work in hand. In the filling and stopping of teeth the electric dental engine is specially serviceable, as the various nallets used can be run from a slow to the very highest speed. It was noted as curious that a large number of the early orders for this device came from seaside places. Upon inquiry it was found that many city people realize heir need of a dentist only after they have left their homes. As soon as they reach the seaside their teeth begin to throb with pain. The reason given by he dentists is that the change of air and the invigorating outdoor life which the summer idlers lead, strengthen and stimulate them. Their hearts have a stronger beat, and if there is a weak spot anywhere about them the pressure of the quickened circulation finds out. Thus it happens that teeth which gave no trouble in the city bring grist to the mill of the seaside dentist.

heat can be obtained by increasing the

pad in one or more thicknesses of wet

flannel. Thorough tests have been

made, and the medical profession real-

COLLEGIATE DEGREES.

From the Chicago Times-Herald.

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FLOUR

## TO OUR PATRONS:



Washburn-Crosby Co. wish to assure their many patrons that they will this year hold to their usual custom of milling STRICTLY OLD WHEAT until the new crop is fully cured. New wheat is now upon the market, and owing to the excessively dry weather many millers are of the opinion that it is already cured, and in proper condition for milling. Washburn-Crosby Co. will take no risks, and will allow the new wheat fully three months to mature before grinding.

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up them guns, or I'll fine every d-d of you for contempt of court!"-New York Sun.

MESSAGE OF THE TOWN.

willing to make themselves laughable by dubbing "honorary" titles on Tom, Dick and Harry, without the slightest regard for the ridicule the business brings on the Where Art and Mammon meet; There's a sound where traffic marches, A cail in the city street, For a voice is ever ringing:

To that mocking voice again.

ye, carve it in iron letters

"Gird up thy loins and flee; I will harden your heart or break it If you will abide with me." Give heed to the griefs of men.

Like the chant of the restless sea,

"I will harden your heart or break it

groundlings laugh and the judicious grieve. For such things ought to be held in respect by at least those having the assumed or legal right to bestow them. Nothing can be more reprehensible, as nothing is more ludicrous, than to find No time for the touch of gladness. Nor yet for the boon of tears; We toss in a cloud of madness, 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."

THE SAME WAY HERE.

Hear the bells, bleycle bells, What words of wild profanity their clang-

Men and women, maids and swells, "wot

Means this jargon of the bells, Daisy Bell

Why should we be kept from sleeping,

Spend our nights in wailing, weeping, While ten thousand souls are keeping

Let us banish them forever, Heads from bodies let us gever;

"Self-defense" shall be our "keyver."

PENNYROYAL PILLS

ALTHILENE BLODD

-New York Sun

ing, banging tells. How they're made to jangle, jingle,

Made to tangle, intermingle

Up the yell?

Shoot the bells.

If you will abide with me.

which the honorary degree honors that which gives and him who accepts it. The High over your widest gate, since we all must wear the fetters exception serves to make the rule more Who seek the appointed fate: What man of self-respect wants to wear And the winds shall bring the message title or degree which he did not earn as Through all of the days that be: others have to earn it? What essentia conorary degree of civil engineer be given -Ernest McGaffney, as readily as the honorary degree of doctor of laws? Would not the one be as

IN A WESTERN COURT.

ational as the other ninety-nine times in

me academy or college, little in all that

f "Doctor of Laws" as travellers through

to dusky children hovering around rail

onstitutes greatness, scattering

by Mutual Agreement Judgo and Jury Give Up Their Shooting Pieces.

The judge of a western court, in or ler to secure a safer and more civilized condition of affairs in the court room, asked the twelve jurymen and the ter attorneys present to place their pistols n a pile in the corner of the room, but there seemed to be some hesituaccy is complying with the request and the

"If your honor will put his down Let us join hand in hand and ring the first," suggested the foreman of the jury, "I guess the balance of us will Of the fellows that insist on ringing bells. foller suit."

"Certainly, gents," relied his honor and laid his gun down in the corner. it has seezred a greatly improved In a few minutes all the others had done the same, excepting the sheriff and his deputy, who were not included, and A new machine has been introduced twenty-three pistols were reposing

peacefully on the floor. "Now, gents," said his honor, suddealy whipping out a gun, "the first try. The operation of a small electric man that gets near that pile gets it in the neck.

In an instant every man's hand went dived behind the desk twenty-two bullets went through the window back of where he had been sitting, and twentytwo men were waiting for him to stick his head up, but he did nothing so rush "Put up them guns," he yelled, "pu

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AMHERST. MASS., Feb. 8, 1895.

THE NARCOTT CHEMICAL CO..

Byringfield, Mass.

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W. N. WAITE,

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ing to directions.

ingredients.

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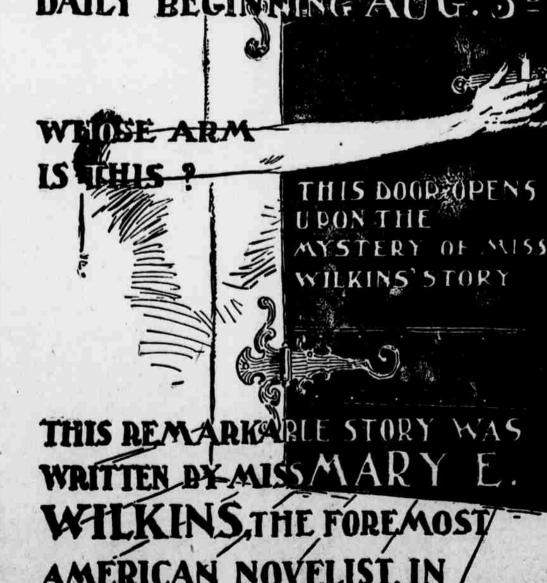
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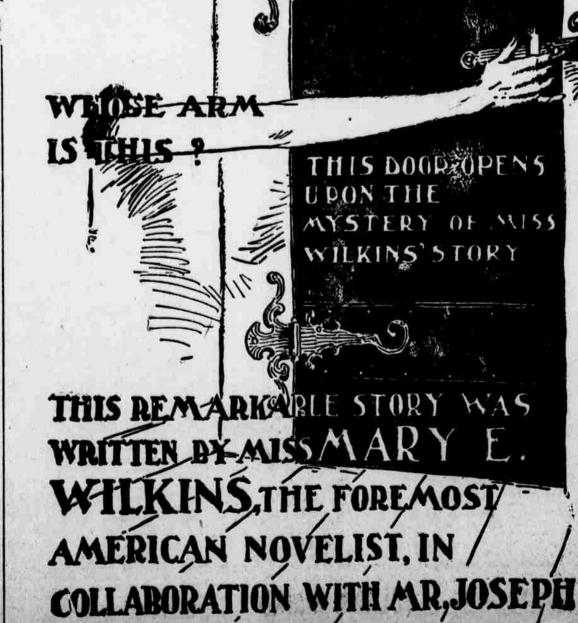
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