

The Home Reading Circle

THE ACTOR'S DOUBLE.

We were talking about spirit manifestations at the Thirty-nine club, and Dr. Macpherson, who had been a ghost himself, and I can tell you that the sensation is a very curious one. It was a good many years ago, during my examination days, and I had been sitting up until the early hours 'ramming everybody in the house had long since gone to bed, where I ought to have been myself, so I was rather surprised when I glanced up from my book to see somebody sitting at the table with me. I had been a few moments before writing. I felt quite startled for an instant, until I recognized the intruder. He was a little hazy, but I could see plainly enough who he was.

"A dead relative," asked Major Dennett, who was a firm believer in the good old-fashioned ghost.

Macpherson answered in his peculiarly quiet way.

"No; it was myself. The appearance of someone whose shadow is not altogether unusual, I believe."

"Now, I do not think your experience was half so remarkable as one of mine," said Gilbert Dane, the well-known actor and manager of the Howard theater, who happened to be there that night. Dane is not a member of the Thirty-nine, but had come with Macpherson. Most of the brain specialists' friends are in the profession, a fact which is well known to the year which he himself spent on the stage as a young man.

"My story begins prosaically," said the actor, when we began to hear it. "I lost the latch-key with which I let myself into the theater, and took somebody else's to the locksmith's to have a duplicate made. I agreed to call for it the following morning, as I was going up town for rehearsal. I was living at Putnam then, and we were actively preparing a play which deserved a better fate than it received, if thought and preparation go for anything, for I came near making myself ill over it. I was feeling out of sorts on the morning that I had called for the latch key and when the locksmith swore positively that he had given me the thing already—that less than ten minutes previously I had come in for the key, paid for it, and taken it away with me. I confess that I lost my temper and stormed at the fellow, but I could not get him to budge a line from his story. He seemed to have an idea that I was playing a practical joke, and the only result of my talking with the nearly lost key to Waterloo. It was moving when I reached the platform, and I had to run for the only compartment of which the door was open, near the end of the train.

The compartment contained two other passengers, but if I glanced at them at all, I noticed nothing except that each was pretty well hidden behind a daily paper. I had fortunately bought my own paper before calling at the locksmith's and especially followed their example. So far, the story is painfully commonplace. Now comes the truly remarkable experience which has stamped the doings of that day indelibly on my memory."

The actor paused to strike a match and light his cheroot, which he had allowed to go out, and we all watched him in silence, wondering what was coming. Macpherson only had the air of a man who had heard the story before.

"I had become rather interested in my paper," Dane went on, when the clear was alight again, "and did not notice my companions talking, until one of them started telling an anecdote. Then it gradually dawned upon me that the story he was telling was one that I consider my own particular property, and when I listened it struck me that the story was being told, not only in my exact words, but also in my own voice. They say that many do not recognize his own voice—when he hears it in the phonograph, for instance; but that is possibly the fault of the phonograph, and, in any rate, I know that I recognized mine instantly."

"The story and the voice startled me, and it is difficult to describe my feelings when I put down my paper to glance at the narrator."

"It was yourself," asked Major Dennett, excitedly, as the actor paused, and Dane nodded.

"Yes, gentlemen, I saw seated at the other end of the compartment by the window, opposite his companion, a figure that was an exact fac simile of the reflection which I see in my glass every day when I have dressed for the part of a respectable citizen. It was myself, complete in every detail of face and attire."

"An optical delusion, I suppose?" I suggested, and the actor shook his head.

"No, that was the first idea that occurred to me—that I had been working and worrying too much over the new play, and my brain had played me a trick. The unaccounted way in which the third man glanced at me encouraged me in the belief, for the likeness, unless I was imagining it, was enough to attract instant attention. I won-

dered whether there was actually a man sitting and talking where I saw and heard my fac simile; for the third man, an ordinary, every day individual, had not spoken a word to him, and might, from his expression, have been listening to his anecdote or simply thinking. I was relieved when he laughed at the point when my double, as I began to call his companion, came to the joke of the story; but when he opened his mouth it was only to increase the mystery of the affair, for it showed me that my double possessed my name, as well as my voice, my dress, my face and figure.

"I began to wonder then, not whether the man at the window was the actor, but whether I was really myself, and it really would not have surprised me if I had looked in a mirror at that moment and found it reflected back a face that was strange to me. It is strange how quickly a single phenomenon will sometimes change all one's fixed opinions on the subject of the supernatural. I felt that I must speak to the men, if only to prove whether I was awake or dreaming, and I seized the opportunity of introducing myself offered by hearing 'my double' called by my name.

"Excuse me," I said, addressing him, but I heard your friend just now call me 'Mr. Dane.' I wonder whether you know the actor and manager of the Howard theater, who happened to be there that night. Dane is not a member of the Thirty-nine, but had come with Macpherson. Most of the brain specialists' friends are in the profession, a fact which is well known to the year which he himself spent on the stage as a young man.

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Stories Told of Famous Men.

and that, I should hardly think the result was worth the trouble."

Macpherson, who had been sitting quietly in the background, surprised us by replying for his friend:

"Excuse me, Major," he said, "his usual quiet way, but you're a mistake there. Any man would have been glad to give a hundred pounds down for the engagement which Dane offered me straight away. It cost me more than £10 for my clothes and about a month of study, and my time was not worth £50 a month then, or I should not have thought of giving up medicine and taking to the stage."

Herbert Flowerden, in the Fall Mall Budget.

Hot Weather Dyspepsia.

Thousands Suffer from It at This Season of the Year.

Hot weather dyspepsia may be recognized by the following symptoms: Dizziness, irritability, nervousness, weakness, loss of appetite, loss of flesh and taste in the mouth, especially in the morning, wind in stomach and bowels, irritable disposition, nervous weakness, constipation, headache, palpitation, heartburn. It is a mistake to treat such troubles with "tonics," "blood purifiers," "cathartics," "pills," because the whole trouble is in the stomach. It is indigestion or dyspepsia and nothing else.

All these symptoms rapidly disappear when the stomach is relieved, strengthened and cleansed by Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. They should be taken after meals and a few carried in the pocket to be used whenever any pain or distress is felt in the stomach. They are prepared only for stomach troubles.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are endorsed by such physicians as Dr. Henderson, Dr. Jenkinson, and Dr. Mayer, because they contain the natural digestive acids and fruit essences which when taken into the stomach cause the prompt digestion of the food before it has time to ferment and sour, which is the cause of the mischief.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are pleasant to take and unequalled for invalids, children and every person afflicted with indigestion. It is safe to say they will cure any form of stomach trouble except cancer of the stomach.

Nearly all druggists sell Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, full sized packages at 50 cents. A book on stomach troubles and thousands of testimonials may be had by addressing Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

A famous artist, and they attract much attention. A prominent senator's wife was escorting a visitor from a distance across the city one day, when she was as they started to go out, she remembered this room and halted.

"You haven't seen the three P's," she explained to the prince, who had just returned. Reaching the room she pointed to the portraits and remarked on their excellent likenesses.

"The three P's," repeated the visitor, "I don't understand. Oh, you mean the three portraits."

"Yes, the three P's," said the senator's wife. "Don't you see? The president, the pope, and the plutocrat."—New York Tribune.

When the Prince of Wales visited Canada thirty-seven years ago the lumbermen and raftsmen of the Ottawa valley presented to him a petition which contained the words, "Long may you remain the Prince of Wales." The lead- ing lumberman, Alan Mason, afterwards explained to the prince that this doubtful compliment was no slip of the pen, as might be supposed. "We are perfectly loyal to the queen," he said, "and we want her to remain on the throne as long as she can." The other day Mr. Mason wrote to the prince, reminding him of his promise to him on that occasion, and royal sentiments, and he will not fail to make them known to the queen."—The Tribune.

The gatekeepers of the exposition have strict ideas of duty, which they carry out to a T. Professor Barnard, the airship expert, testified to this, as he has had an experience.

When he made his first ascent several weeks ago he got within eight miles of Nashville, when something went wrong and he came to earth. He unjostled his machine and packing it into a farm wagon, drove to the station, and presented himself confidently at the gate and was stopped by the guard.

"Where's your ticket?" asked the guard, and he replied, "I have a pass."

"Well, where's that?"

"I haven't it with me; it's in my other coat," he said, and he went up to the guard's room and returned with the ticket. "There's no use explaining; you'll have to get a pass."

"But you don't seem to know who I am," said Barnard, the airship man. "I went up from the grounds and left my car on the inside."

"Why didn't you come down on the inside? Then you wouldn't have had to buck against me," growled the guard.

Despite the long argument which ensued, Mr. Barnard insisted that he would either have to buy a ticket or climb back on his wagon load of bamboo sticks and wait for some one to get his pass.

It is said that the little man was furious, and threatened to use his airship hereafter to carry people over the fence free of charge just to spite the guard.—Nashville Tennessean.

In his new lecture on the house of commons, Mr. Bignar, the Prince of Wales and a select party of noble lords turned out of the house. "In some way or another," said Mr. Bignar, "I shall have the opportunity of having his revenge. A few days later, however, the prince was in a business which had reference to the breeding of horses. Just before the matter came on for discussion the Prince of Wales and a following of peers whose names were well known at Epsom and Newmarket entered the house and took seats. Mr. Bignar, however, was not there, and then the speaker said: "I understand the honorable member to persist in his reference to the presence of 'strangers' if I do not please sir," replied Mr. Bignar with perfect gravity. There was nothing for it but to enforce the usual order and to put the speaker on his feet. "The Prince of Wales," the German ambassador and some of the proudest peers of England were compelled to scuttle."—New York Tribune.

Senator Caffrey is very proud of the length and breadth of the Mississippi river, and he is proud of the fact that the Democratic party of that State is the largest in the Union. He is proud of the fact that the Democratic party of that State is the largest in the Union. He is proud of the fact that the Democratic party of that State is the largest in the Union.

TRUE COURAGE, THEIRS.

Stories of Brave Surgeons Who Nobly Did Their Duty.

Persons who glorify military operations do not always stop to think that they could scarcely be undertaken without the aid of the medical staff. Here are men who must be consulted at every turn; who constantly suffer toil and anxiety in order to keep the troops at their fighting best, and who, in the day of action, risk their lives as truly as if they were heading a column. Blawie's tells the story of the English surgeon who was mortally wounded at Mauba Hill, and who yet performed an act worthy to be mated with that of Sir Phillip Sidney on the field of Zutphen.

The agony of death was closing in upon him. He had succumbed to his own hurt and weakness, but just at that moment he heard a wounded man shrieking in an extremity of pain. That was enough, and he crawled to the spot where the soldier lay, gave him an injection of morphia and died.

During the Ashanti war in 1874, the English force was hotly engaged at Amoaful, and one regiment was gallantly fighting its way through the bush. Several men had fallen and every surgeon connected with the fighting line was fully occupied, when suddenly two Highlanders appeared, bearing between them a gallant old officer who had been shot in the neck. The arterial blood was spurting like a fountain from the wound, and the principal medical officer at once recognized the danger of the case.

"If that man is not attended to," said the doctor, "he will be dead in five minutes."

And though they were at the moment in an open space exposed to almost inevitable death, he stopped short and applied himself to his task. He extemporized a support for the poor fellow's head and laid him down. Then, while the ugly "phit! phit!" of bullets sounded about them, he tied the carotid artery with as steady a hand and as unshaken nerve as if he had been in an operating room.

One brave man had done his duty with the simplicity of true heroism, and another brave man had been saved for the service of his country.

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Ever seen in Scranton. Silver Gilt and Silver set with Amethysts, Carbuncles, Garnets and Turquoise, mounted on Silk, Leather and the latest Thing, Leather covered with silk.

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Peaches, Cherries, Pineapples, Plums.

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For Sale by Hill & Connett, Protheroe & Co., and A. E.

A Sufferer Relieved.

A Tale of Suffering and Subsequent Relief.

From the Press, Columbus, Ohio.

One of the many persons in Columbus, Ohio, who have been benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is Miss Jerusha McKinney, of 70 South Centre Street. Miss McKinney is well and favorably known, especially in educational circles, as she has been for a number of years a faithful and progressive school teacher.

For some time she has been very ill and the sufferings and tortures endured by her for months have been unusually severe.

The tale of her sufferings and the subsequent relief and final cure which she derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, aroused considerable agitation among her many friends and others.

A reporter was detailed to obtain a reliable account of this marvelous case, and when he called he found Miss McKinney at her comfortable and cozy home where she cheerfully complied with his request. She said:

"The first indication that I had that anything was radically wrong with me was about three years ago. I suffered the most excruciating pains in different parts of my body and was almost crazed at times. My sleep was disturbed by horrible dreams and I had begun to waste away to almost a shadow. To add to my other afflictions the malady assumed a curving turn and I soon a victim to that horrible as well as disgusting disease. I consulted the family physician who gave me some kind of a nostrum and I was foolish enough to imagine that it benefited me. I followed the advice of the physician but noticed no perceptible improvement in my condition and was about to despair of ever becoming a strong and well woman again.

"Some of my lady friends were calling on me one afternoon when I happened to mention my troubles, when one of them recommended that I try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

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READY CURE TREATMENT for torturing, itching, itching, burning, and scaly skin and scalp diseases with ease and safety. Formulas with Dr. J. C. WOOD'S SCALP, scalp applications of CUTICURA, (specially adapted for itching scalp), and CUTICURA, (specially adapted for itching scalp), and CUTICURA, (specially adapted for itching scalp).

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