

The Dead Man's Hand.

SAMMAMAMAMAN SAMMAMAMAMAMAN &

story writer and a novelist with a future. Although he made a good income from his pen he had some relatives on his hand; so he kept less than half his earnings for himself, and lived in second-rate lodgings, sharing his sitting room with another man

-Tolson West. West was a journalist, a man of considerable learning and ability; on artistic matters an authority; but he was nature unobtrusive and retiring. and to us The Pioneer, apart from his excellent work, he was chiefly noteworthy for his undisguised admiration for Kelsall and his tales. It was a pleasure to see a man so appreciative of They lived together some four years, and then Kelsall was struck down with fever. He took a chill when he was recovering and died; and there was no one who knew the man personally or through his writ-

It was a terrible blow to West. I'c had nursed Keisail with more than a woman's care all through his illness. and he was nearly heart-broken when he died. Some of us tried to chehim, but our visits were not welcomed and never repeated. And so he lived a lone and solitary man, nursing his

grief-and drinking Then a most singular thing happened. West, who went in for solid truth, or what he took for it, and who we did not think capable of writing a line of fiction to save his life, sudden ly came out as a story writer and In a very short time bid fair to equal Kelsall in reputation. And he didn't seem a bit proud of it, but was mor annoyed than anything else when it was referred to: as a matter of fac: he published his tales under a pseu donym. This did not insure secrecy, and a month after his first story appeared we of The Pioneer knew that "Caleb Hardcastle" and Tolson West were one and the same man.

Before long West threw up his journalistic work and confined himself to his tales. They were just the antithesis of Kel-

sall's bright writings; and yet there were those who knew of the relationship of the two men, who said they detected Kelsall's influence in them, and even his humor, thrugh most gruesomely metamorphosed. Some indeed went so far as to say that West was palming of Kelsail's unpublished work as his own; in no other way could they account for his outburst as a

All the while, West, instead of being elated by his sudden good fortune. seemed to grow more depressed and reserved, till at last he became absolutely misanthropic. He would shut himself up in his sitting rooms for days at a time. His meals were left outside his door; he slept in the room; nothing was seen of him, and nothing heard but the interminable "click" of his typewriter.

But his tales! They fairly carried you away with them. Never since Swift was there such caustic wit and since Poe such al andonment to the gratesque and the terrible. His plots were daring to temrity, and before long it was rumored that on this account some of the magazines were refusing them.

was sitting in my room one night when a note was brought to me For God's sake come.-T West.

was somewhat surprised; as much to receive the note itself us at its emotional wording, for I searcely reckoned mys if among his friends-indeed, f did not know he had any.

Fenring he had met with an ascident straight for his rooms. His landlady mer me at the door.

"I was to take you up directly you came, sir," she said; and then confidentially, "and I'm more than glad Mr. West has sent for you. I don't know what has come over him of late."
Is he ill, then?"

No, sir: leastwise not as I knows of, but I haven't seen him for a week. He | I was scared, and I stood that with hasn't been out of his room since last Thursday," By this time we had reached West's

door. Mrs Parper knocked and called

"Mr Bethell, sir." The deer was flung open and West stood on the threshold. He almost dragged me in and then slammed the door in his landlady's face. He looked at me for a moment in a nervous, hesliating way, then sat down, buried his face in his hands and burst into

Come, come, man." I said, "what the dickens is up's You've got a beastly fit of the blues, anyway. You've been

overworking yourself." He made no reply; so to give him around the room, noting details as I The place was dirty and undently served as a living and sleeping room for some time. Unwashed plates and the fireplace was chaotic with cin- all that night in marveling over the

West had somewhat recovered by this time and came toward me. He was terribly changed. Never robust at his best, he now looked like a face; his eyes glittered with an unnatural light; his hair was streaked with gray. His clothes were dirty and disheveled, and I doubted if he

"Bethell," he said, as he came up to "I'm glad you've come. I don't

"Stood what, old chap? Your room? I don't think I could either. Why don't you open the windows and have the place cleaned? You ought to get for some fresh air."

He looked at me in a piteous way. 'I can't, Bethell; I can't. Would 2 could.

"Nonsense man!" I said in as cheery a tone as I could assume: "come out You can tell me about ! then," and I made as if for the down. "Don't leave me, Bethell," he cried, "Don't leave me,

for pity's sake! I can't go out. Sit down with me here." Seeing it was useless to do anything

ELSALL was a brilliant short | He seated himself opposite on the sofa and when he spoke he toyed aimlessly with the rugs and blankets. "Now West," I said, "tell me about

No humbug, you know. He glanced fearfully around. "Do you think we are alone?" he

"I'd stake my last dollar on it." I

West leaned forward. "You're wrong,

hoarsely, "Kelsall's here." I don't know whether it was the gruesomeness of the thought or the man's way of saying it that affected me, but I felt a cold shiver run down my back.

"Nonsense, West," I said, after a moment's pause; "you mustn't get ideas like that into your head. You ought not to have kept this room on; ou brood too much."

He got up from the sofa and stood ever me with the unearthly light in

"I tell you, Beihell, Kelsall's here Don't contradict me," he said flercely. Then he resumed his seat. I saw it was no good irritating him.

"Well, I'll take your word for it. West. But why should you be unhappy if it is so? You liked Kelsall bet-

er than any other man. He sat there fingering the rugs. His face twitched spasmodically and he stared at the wall behind him. At

last he spoke: "I'll tell you, Bethell, I think I should go mad if I kept it to myself any long-You never looked upon me as a likely believer in ghosts, did you " "No. You always seemed matter

of fact enough." West laughed harshly

"So I was till Keisall died. Do you have human endurance. Yet if I try to esdied for him when he was living: now hate the very thought of him, but I am literally dying for hom today,

He hissed out the last words and then sat glowering at the dead fire, eemingly unconscious of my patience. "Go on, West," I said at length, "I'm waiting."

He looked up dazedly, and then passed his hand over his forehead, as f to gather his thoughts.

"Yes, yes: I remember, n this room, on this very sofa, and alone was with him. In his last days, when he knew he was going, we discussed the future, and I begged him to come back to me from the grave. He promised, and he made me swear by all I held sacred that when he came would do his bidding. I swore and

Again he glanced furtively around

"You have seen him then and spoken to him?"I asked "No. I have neither seen him nor spoken to him.

"Then how in the name of fortune do you know he is here?" West sprang up.

"Know he is here man," pointing to Do you see that pile of typed stuff? Every word of it was written today by Keisail."

He was mad-stark mad: I could not doubt it. Yet possibly I might do something to restore his reason. 'How do you make that out, West ?"

said as calmly as I could, "if you tave never seen him?" He was now quite composed and reamed his old seat.

"It was about a month after Kelsail's death," he went on, "that I first knew it. I was working at the type writer which he had left to me, making out my first notice of the academy for the Pioneer. Feeling thirsty, I got up for a drink. I walked across to the sideboard there, and while I was standing by it, 'click, click' went the typewriter. I turned around amazed and there were the letters dotting down one after the other, just as though some one was working it. I tell you my eyes like to burst from their sock. On it went, line by line, and then suddenly stopped. It was some time before I had courage to go near it, but when I did and looked at what had been written, I was stunned. I just went to the window and opened it: for following on my report was the be-

ginning of a tale written by that type writer, a tale the like of waich no one living could have written. You know it: it was 'The Dead Man's Hand "" I knew it well. It was the one that had started West on his career. When I had in a measure recovered

took out the sheet and read it, and as wondering what on earth, or under it, it all meant, when a few impatient 'clicks' of the machine made me look time to recover himself I walked up. It was instinct, I suppose, or was if some uncontrollable impulse that made me insert another sheet? I did tidy to the last degree, and it has eyl- 80; on went the typewriter, guided by a muster hand, and the next folio of that tale was typed. By that time I and cups were scattered among the had grown used to the situation, and books and papers, empty spirit bottles as fast as the sheets were finished I were thrown about the floor, and a inserted others, and within the hour I tumbler beside it. By it was the types held in my hands the manuscript of writer with a blank sheet of paper in the best short story that was ever and all around were innumerable written. When it was finished the masheets of type-written copy. On the chine refused to write more; and I sofa were pillows, rugs and blankets, spent the remainder of the evening and

strange occurrence "I will admit that when I had got over my first fear of the supernatural element in it, my feelings were of un bounded satisfaction. That it was Kelbroken-down old man. All life seemed | sail's tale I was firmly convinced, for to have left his drawn and bloodless he had promised to communicate with me, and this, I gathered, was his only means of doing so. Likely enough h would again show his presence in th same way; and it seemed he intended doing me a good turn by providing me with literary matter which would en able me to earn money and renown think I could have stood it for a day On the other hand, did he intend me to ise this for publication; and, if so, was I justified in attaching my own name

> "After much thought I sent it to Cur liffe, with whom I had been in deep orrespondence for Kelsall when he was ill. He liked it, and asked for more of my work, which I was able t send; for during that fortnight another tale had been written by the type writer, and one quite as strong as th

"Here was a stroke of unexample zood luck; and after I had convinced myself that it was likely to continue threw up my Pioneer work and de voted myself entirely to the typebut humor him. I did as he asked me. | writer, But before long I was con-

scious there was a terrible obligation attached to Kelsall's bequest. I could ot leave the machine when it was writing or about to write. Some invisible influence constrained me to stand by it; whenever I essayed to leave the room or lie down to rest I was held back by an unseen, all-comupon me that I was Kelsall's slave. "About a month after I left The Pio

terr I became conscious of an added horror. Kelsall's presence gradually made itself felt. Before then I was able to move freely by the typewriter, even when it was working, and could use it at other times if I wished, but slowly an ley-cold horror has crept into that chair; and there it sits. I know it is there, though I can see nothing. Bethell, I tell you it is a living hell for me to feel that shadow from the grave, and never to be able to leave its side when it wills. It is there now

I did not believe him, for I felt convinced he was suffering from a terrible monomania; so I went to the chair, determined to show him how groundless were his fears; yet his words had made such an impression on me that I approached it with a certain amount of hesitation. I sat down in it; there was nothing.

"There, West," I said. "It's all pure imagination on your part. Come and

try it yourself." "No, no!" he almost shricked. "I tell you he is there. He is there to me if to no one else. I would not sit in that coffin-chair for heaven itself. Kelsall's

I shrugged my shoulders and resumed ny former seat 'Yes. Bethell," West went on, "Ke!-

sall sits there and writes, and with an ever-increasing demand upon me-and what he now writes isn't fit for print. Read that." He grabbed hold of a handful of copy

and gave it to me. I read a page, and that was enough It simply made my flesh creep. It might have been written by a soul in purgatory, for of all the fiendish horrors the

brain of man ever conceived this was surely the most terrible. To think such things was awful; but to read them impossible. I let the paper fall from my hands in sheer terror. "And I have to stand by for days at time and see that, and worse than that," continued West, "It's beyond

cape, this invisible power holds me back. Good God! what shall I do?" I must say I felt for the man. Intedible as it may seem, I was beginning to believe in his story, for the evidence he had just showed me seemed insurmountable. Could any living being have written what I had just read? They were indeed the thoughts of one from the nether world; and every word West had spoken seemed to come from his very heart. Yet, how could I help him in his terrible position?

"What do you want me to do?"

"I don't know, Bethell," he said wearily; "but it has eased my mind to tell you all. Surely you, with your cool head, can devise something. Think it presence might counteract Kelsail's ininfernal spell. Will you "

"I cannot, I haven't the strength for the struggle. I'm dead beat. I haven't knew Kelsall was there. I could feel slept two hours at a stretch for a week. his presence; cold, cold in death; and the litter of copy on the table. "Know I feel better now, though, after this the invisible fingers moved and the

> Right you are. West. I'll come as leave you now, but for the office work, but I'll not go till you've had a good as West had done, by that icy horror, square meal. You'll let me ring for and read what mortal man had never Mrs. Harper, won't you."

West nodded listlessly, The landlady came in reply to the sitting down before a substantial meal. But he wouldn't eat. He took a few mouthfuls and then pushed the tray away impatiently; and nothing I could say would induce him to have more. He drank off some brandy and then threw himself on the sofa. I saw a sleep, and though vague thoughts of good fre made, arranged his pillows and wraps, and then left him, reluct-

antly enough. It was 2 o'clock before I left The Pioneer office. I was more than half inclined to return to Mr. Harper's, but hesitated to disturb the house, and possibly West, at that time of the night. So I went back to my rooms and tried to get a few hours' rest. But I could not sleep, for my mind was

Now that I was away from his personal influence the utter improbability of his story forced itself upon me. Yet after death was firmly believed in by visited West would be have troubled and tortured his friend in this way? He was the kindest of men when living and I knew he was attached to West and much appreciated his devotion. And could be possibly have writhad not written them who had? Could West have done Impossible. After had learned only confirmed what some believed-that the tales were really Keisall's. If it were not so, what could be done. The mereforcing of West from his room would not break the sp-il. Kelsall would follow him-and what then? How would it all end? West

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would go mad under the strain-if h were no so already.
With my brain full of these conflict-

over. Yet, stay; I was forgetting. It ling and distressing thoughts, I at last did not occur to me that if you came in dozed away. I dreamed I was in when the typewriter was working, your | West's room. There was no one there but myself-myself and the typewriter. fluence. At any rate, you might try. As I looked at it the keyswere protection in tomorrow morning and drag down by the invisible hand, and the me out by main force, and break this letters struck the paper. I was drawn "Certainly I will, West. But why not | had mastered West. I tried to hold back; but it drew me like a magnet and as I came near the machine read what they were writing; and as I read my heart seemed to stand still, on as I can temorrow. I would not and I shricked aloud. But I could not move away. Then I had to stand, just read before. Then I could bear it no longer; I was going mad! With a ter rible cry I burst from the flendish ell; in a quarter of an hour West was room-and awoke; and found myself

standing by my bedside, trembling in every limb, with sweat upon my face. I went into my sitting room and stirred up the dying fire, made myself a stiff glass of hot spirit and then turned West and Kelsall flitted across my brain I slept long after my usual hour.

It was eleven o'clock when I reached "Well, how is Mr. West this morning? Did he have a good night?" I

Mrs. Harper shook her head, 'Deed sir, I don't know how he is His breakfast has been standing outside his door since \$ o'clock, and he won't come for it; and it's little enough he slopt. I'm sure. Likely he had an hour or two after you went; but he was at it again soon after I went to could I say it was impossible? The bed, and I don't think that horrid typer appearance of a friend in spirit from of his has stopped once before daybreak. I'm used to it now, many. But even if Kelsall could have doesnt' worrit me; but I could hear it in my sleep, and on it went, "clicketyclack' the whole blessed night.

> I went upstairs and knocked at the "West," I called out. "West, let me

in It's I-Bethell." Ther was no reply. I repeated this and hammered loudly; still without response. I burst open the door and entered. The room was in semi-darkness-the blinds down and the curtains drawn. The candles on the table had burnt out, and the grate was full of dead ashes. And West-he was sitting at the table in the very chair he said he dared not use, bowed over the typewriter, his fingers still on the

"Wake up, old man." I said, touching He did not move. I put my fingers

THE GREATEST CHESS PLAYER. Paul Morphy and His Achievements at Home and Abroad.

Fudor Jenks in St. Nicholas. The greatest of chess players was et a boy when, having easily won the championship of America, he crossed the ocean to meet the experts of the old world. Before the end of his twenty-first year he returned in triumph, having defeated all who ventured to meet him on even terms, and having in vain offered a challenge to meet any player at odds,

When, in 1858, the American chess dayers wrote to the holder of the hampionship, the Englishman, Howard Staunton, and invited him to visit

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feeling was partly amus ment, it was dent of the London Chess club seven partly irritation. Staumon printed a games out of eight, the first having brief note in a London paper, for which he edited the chess column, saying

ocean and enter the lists. The Americans had confidence in their player, and raised money to pay in Paris his bust was crowned with his expenses. They nad learned of his laurel, and everywhere he was halled exploits from Paulsen, a noted chess as the unquestioned champion of the player of Iowa, and had seen Paulsen's world. After his return to America prediction-that Morpay would win the proud chess players of his native the American tournament-more than land gave him a resewood chess board fulfilled. Before that contest little was with gold and silver chessmen. known about the Louisiana boy.

Morphy's grantfather was Spanish

a native of Madrid, who had emigrated

to the United States. Paul's father was a successful lawyer and became a on his hand; it was stone cold. He judge. Paul learned chess at ten years of age, and by the time he was thirphy, and was glad to test the skill of the infant phenomenon. They played three games. Paul won two, and the "You are all wrong," said the gentlethree games. Paul won two, and the grown-up expert could secure only a draw game. But he did not care to and I fancy it would be about as hard be a professional player. He went to school and college until he was eighteen, and played chess only as an intued, "for it is too hot to be worn with amusement, until there was a tournament in New York during 1857. Like a tiny Julius Caesar, Paul came, played and conquered. No one could stand against him. * * *

Much good ink and paper has been wasted upon the question why Staunton and Morphy did not play, and that Staunton, for one reason or another, avoided a match. The Birmingham tournament was won by Lowenthal, who beat Staunton twice. So it may be argued that Morphy was more than

ran Brian de Bois Gilbert. While their turning to England, he beat the prestbeen a draw.

Having thus scored a victory like that if Mr. Morphy were "desirous to that of Admiral Dewey at Manila, win his spurs among the chess thiv- Morphy played no more serious alry of Europe" he must cross the matches. The rest of his tour abroad other individual in the world. was merely one of triumph and sightseeing. At a banquet given to him

A HAT OF SPUN GLASS.

A guest at one of the leading New Or leans hotels put in an appearance in the office wearing a very peculiar-looking hat. A letter of the machine still touched the paper. I looked at what he had been writing. Great heavens! it was a continuation of the horrors he had shown me the night before.

The was winning many games finely woven brown straw, but closer seruting showed that the material was evidently something else. It was passed to be made to

> much comfort. It was made several years ago by an old Alsatian at Pittsburg. Pa., who invented a process for spinning and weaving glass, his idea being to pro-duce a non-inflammable fabric for win dow curtains and other drapertes. It was found, however, that the stuff couldn't be made attractive to the eye. It was too stiff and ungraceful and the expense was prohibitive for theatrical drop curtains-the one purpose to which it might have been adapted. Anyhow, he gave up the undertaking and this hat was one of the last things he made. I had backed the enterprise to a small extent, so the hat stands me in about \$1,300. It is the most expensive article of attire that I pos-

CLIMBED MILLIONS OF STEPS.

You know how tiring it is to climb up a flight of steps, even when they are well made and nicely upholstered, but the chances are that you have never given the 'bus conductor a thought, although he probably climbs more stairs than any the matter, and, being an adept at fig-ures, as the majority of bus conductors are, he quickly evolved the following interesting facts: "There are," he said, "nine steps from

the platform to the top of the 'bus, and it is rather underrating it to say that I climb that flight of steps twelve times an hour during the fifteen hours I am enduty every day; twenty would be near r the mark, but to be on the safe side we

will put it down as twelve.
"Nine steps at twelve times an hour, fifteen hours a day, seven days a week, 45,360 a month, or 589,680 a year. The number of times I step off the 'bus and on again and the incidental number of steps I climb like any other individual in the ordinary course of life brings the

annual total up. I reckon, to 690,000 steps working this route just twenty-one years, so that I've climbed quite 12,600,000 steps during that time. I don't notice it now. out I did at the first go off."-New York Telegram.

The Boy's Wishes. Hoys haven't always a great imagina tion, but most of them have a good deal of tenacity. A man wishing to make himself pleasant to the little brother of

his betrothed, told him to wish for some thing and he would give it to him. "A hox of chocolates," said the boy. "What clse?" asked the generals lover. "Another box of chocolates." "Oh, but wish for something else. Your little stomach couldn't hold all these

"Well, then," answered the boy, "an-other stomach."—Household Words.

RUBY LIPS-And a clear complexion the pride of woman-Have you lost these