

NOT LIKE OTHER MEN

By Frederic Van Rensselaer Day, Author of "The Brotherhood of Silence," "The Quality of a Sin," Etc.

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER X.

"YOU ARE A WOMAN—A WOMAN LIKE ME."

HERE are times when tears are appropriate; there are moments when a gush of them will perform miracles which nothing else can do. Being in themselves the extreme of weakness, it is nevertheless certain that they often impart unexpected strength.

Erna Thomas' attention of crying when she hastened to the bedside of Lisle Maxwell. There existed no logical reason why she should cry unless to shed a few sympathetic tears after the manner of women generally. There was every reason why she should not do so. Her most not continued after the manner of women generally. In any sense of the word, for herself was a typical western girl, who, bereft of her mother in her infancy, had reared her father and his household with a rod of iron ever since her birth. But she was superlatively feminine in all things, deliciously feminine in most things, strikingly so in the fact that nobody could tell, herself least of all, what she would do next. Frank, generous, open hearted, impulsive and headstrong, her rod of iron was increased in volume and her most imperious commands purged themselves into favors bestowed.

She was fond of excitement and mastery. What woman is not? She was conscious that for the first time in her life she was part and parcel with a romance and that she stood upon the very verge of a precipice that would lead to a mystery of the most remarkable kind. Her heart bled for the girl upon the bed whose father, yesterday a strong and vigorous man, was now a corpse, and she was dismayed by the magnitude of the task that confronted her. Think what she had to do! The measure of consolation which it was her duty to administer to the orphan paled into insignificance in the presence of the revelation for which fate had destined her to be the medium. The young girl whose form was stretched upon her bed believed that she was a man; had been taught to despise all women; had been educated to regard them as inferior creatures. She must be told, and at once, that she belonged to that despised class, and the knowledge promised to impart to her as a woman as had that other event which had left her fatherless.

It was possible that the disappointment and dismay occasioned by the revelation might neutralize the agony occasioned by the death of her father; it was possible that it might augment her grief; no one could forecast the consequences to her of this unprecedented chain of events; but whatever those consequences might be they must meet, and the only human being in all the world who by reason of the sudden knowledge thrust upon her was competent to meet them was a young girl, just past 18, whose understanding of the questions with which she had to cope was limited to the experiences of a maiden whose life had been surrounded by every safeguard that a doting father could marshal to his aid when circumstances had compelled him to rear and to bring to maturity a motherless daughter. Erna's innocence and ignorance, however, rendered her strong for the task. She took up the burden all the more readily because she did not realize what it involved. Her innocence was as complete as Lisle's, her ignorance as profound. Solitary speculation had carried the latter into gloomy trains of thought, but Erna had never regarded as worthy of exploration. She had lived all her life in such near proximity to the mysteries of creation that she had been unconscious of their existence. Lisle had been isolated so far away from them that when the knowledge came to her that they did exist she had striven with all her soul, eropingly, in the dark, but certainly in search of light, and the two girls stood upon equal ground, half way to the goal to be attained, but widely separated by their journeys. Like two men, having started at the same point, but in opposite directions, to meet again at the other side of the world, pause when only half the journey is made, neither one wiser than the other. One had searched through the darkness for the light eagerly; the other had wandered with the light without being aware that the night dwelt anywhere upon the earth, until across that infinite space which separated her from the other that still voice called to her for aid.

Therefore when Erna, having put her father from the room, turned and beheld Lisle's eyes fixed upon her, she hastened to the bedside, dropped upon her knees and did the very thing that she was resolved not to do—burst into tears; and while she cried she put out her arms and wound them around Lisle's neck, laid one of her cheeks against the cold, white face of the orphan and so compelled the one who should have received consolation to administer it to her.

Lisle Maxwell's masculine training served her best. She scorned all unnecessary exhibition of emotion. Her woman's heart had fluttered and faltered beneath the sudden blow of her father's death. Nature had proved her herself stronger than the education of years. But it was different now. The shock had come, the blow had fallen. She had yielded to the overwhelming effects, but she would not falter again. "Why do you cry?" she asked, rising to a sitting posture and looking at her firmly disengaging the clinging arms around her neck. "It is my father, not yours, who is dead. I do not cry. Why do you weep? For me?" "For you, Lisle. It was so sudden, so awful!" Erna's tears ceased to flow. She brought herself under control of the situation. Lisle, habited as a man, beholding herself to be one, sitting upon the edge of the dismounted bed; Erna upon her knees before her, scantily clad, with her disheveled hair like spun gold distributing its mazes over her bare shoulders and upon her forehead; Lisle, with her companion; the morning sun streaming in through the window, gilding the scene with glory, bestowing its warm approval upon a scene before which a reformed beholder would have recoiled in dismay. The girl who believed herself to be a man, profoundly ignorant that such things as conventional proprieties existed, realized nothing unusual in the situation. The girl who had been taught to observe them

with religious care realized its absurdity. Her face flushed scarlet. Her eyes danced with unbridled mirth, and a smile crept stealthily to her lips and softened and parted them while Lisle stared upon the posture in her eyes like a stambour kissing the sea. She started to her feet and took a step or two backward, and Lisle, being free, also rose. They stood facing each other, and Lisle, for the first time, discovered that her flannel shirt was open. She did not blush. The circumstance affected her only as it would have affected a child.

"How came I here in this room?" she asked wonderingly. "Did I swoon? Did I lose consciousness? Did you bring me here?" "I have not answered any of your questions," replied Erna. "You were unconscious so long a time that I thought it best. Sit down again. I wish to talk with you."

"You do not look strong enough to carry me," murmured Lisle slowly, conscious that she was amazed that Erna should have carried her, yet wondering. "How came I here in this room?" she asked wonderingly. "Did I swoon? Did I lose consciousness? Did you bring me here?" "I have not answered any of your questions," replied Erna. "You were unconscious so long a time that I thought it best. Sit down again. I wish to talk with you."

"You wish to talk with me?" she said, going over to the window and looking out upon the new day striving hard to keep down the tears that rose unbidden to her eyes. It was a struggle, but she conquered. "Presently she turned and retraced her steps to Erna.

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cover that I am a woman? How may I know that I am one?" "I believe," replied Erna, "that your own heart has told you already that you are not a man. Don't you see that you are like me?" "Like you? No, I do not think that I am in the least like you. I am taller, broader, bigger in every way. I am not at all like you. You are very different."

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you so very uncomfortable?" "I feel as though I were in a vise. Must I wear clothing like this always?" "Always," with a vehement nod. Then, with sudden emphasis and wisdom, Erna added: "But not at once. The people on this ranch must not know of the discovery we have made—at least not until you must be to them as you have always been."

"Because you would not be safe here if they knew that you are a woman?" "Why? Do all men hate women?" "Would they seek to kill me?" "Kill you? No; but you would not be safe."

"But I do not fear them." "Of course not. That isn't the question. I do not exactly know what is the question, only that it would not be just the thing to do now. When Craig Thompson comes, we will take him in to our confidence. He shall tell you what to do; papa shall tell you what to do."

"You are sure, very sure, that I am a woman, Erna?" "Goodness gracious, yes! I hope so. Heavens, you almost frightened me! Don't you see that, as small as I am, my instruments of torture needed but a very little letting out in order to reach you like this?"

"Well, don't that settle it?" "Yes, I suppose that settles it," said Lisle slowly. She stood for a moment as though turned to stone, but her eyes became fierce and her lips drew together or ominously.

"Yes, I am a woman, one of the outcasts of the world—the cursed of all mankind! Oh, God, how I hate myself; how I loath myself; how I despise everything about me that makes me a woman! My father is dead. So be it. I am glad that he is dead. He knew, and he deceived me. I asked him, and he lied to me. If he were not dead, I would kill him. I would kill him, I say, as I killed Jim Cummings—as I could have killed others had they dared to call me a woman. I—I, Lisle Maxwell, am that despicable thing called a woman. My God! You, Erna, do not know the horror of it. You have never known what it is not to be a woman. You have done me a service, and I thank you, for I would not live a lie any more than I would tell one. Right now, I feel as though I were a woman of him as my father again. Perhaps he also lied to me about that; perhaps his whole life was a lie, like the one that he made me live. It may be that my name is not Lisle Maxwell. I do not know who I am. I only know what I am not. You thought because I was calm that my heart was not breaking; I only waited for proof, for I suspected before you spoke. Now I know! Take off these garments or I shall tear them off and ruin them. Quick! I am going mad. I think I'll kill you with them. I will not live to walk forever with my hand with my own shame. I will kill myself, as yesterday I would have killed a man who had dared to tell me what I now know to be the truth: 'You are a woman!'

CHAPTER XII. "HE MADE ME LIVE A LIE." FOR a moment Erna was stricken by the outbreak of passion from Lisle. She had been going to think that her new friend would accept the change in her destiny as a matter of course and that in fact she was secretly glad that fate had treated her so well. She had stood a woman who could endure with enthusiasm agony that was consuming her like fire within, and instead of assisting Lisle, as she had been requested to do, she stood with clasped hands, parted lips and bated breath, terror-stricken by the revelation of a truth of passion which she had not believed existed.

BARNSTABLE'S PLAN. CAPE COD TOWN SOLVES THE GOOD ROADS PROBLEM. Will expend \$75,000 on Stone Roads in a Term of Three Years—Debt to Be Paid in Seven Annual Payments of \$7,500.

A matter of vital importance to the residents of Cape Cod and one which is at present holding the attention of the taxpayers in many towns is good roads. There is perhaps no section of the state where the natural conditions for the construction of roads are as poor as on the cape, says the Boston Globe. For years experiments have been conducted along one line or another looking toward the building of roads and their maintenance, but little success was obtained until the state came to the rescue before tried in this region, and the work was viewed with the keenest interest by the old roadbuilders and highway surveyors. While the contributions received from the state each year helped materially to put the roads on the cape on the map of progress, the process was necessarily slow, and years would have to elapse before such roads could predominate.

Most of the towns on the cape did not feel that they were able to expend the vast sums that would be required to build stone roads, and they sought to appropriate the usual amount each year as in the past, but they barely kept the old roads in condition. By the old method of making appropriations for roads is employed by the towns on the cape, the progress was made in the construction of new roads, and matters were not getting any better, while the demands for good roads were increasing each year.

To build stone roads required the outlay of large sums of money, which many of the towns could not afford without increasing the tax rate to such a figure that it would deter persons who might wish to take up a residence on the cape from coming hither. The residents of the cape agreed that to promote a healthy financial growth in the towns on the cape, the progress would have to be made in the construction of new roads, and matters were not getting any better, while the demands for good roads were increasing each year.

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PLACEBO PRESCRIPTIONS. An Old Doctor Tells a Secret of His Profession. "Never tell a patient that there is nothing the matter with him," said the old doctor, who was revealing the secrets of his profession. "If you do, you make a lifelong enemy and lose your patient, who sends for another doctor. Give him something, if it is only flavored water. If the disease is only imaginary, cure the imagination with a harmless dose, and your patient gets well. In the profession we call such prescriptions 'placebos,' and more wonderful cures are effected by placebos than the world works of. So, also, when you run across a patient who announces the first thing that he cannot take certain sorts of medicine, don't tell him he must. Agree with him and give him the medicine, if he needs it, in a disguised form.

"There are thousands of people who labor under the conviction that they cannot take quinine and will tell you that they have never taken it in their lives, while at the same time they may be taking large doses of it. The taste of quinine is hard to disguise, but if administered in a pill the patient can be made to take it and never suspect what he has swallowed. The trouble is the patient is apt to recognize a quinine pill by its appearance, to suspect, like into the pill and thus discover your ruse. To obviate this difficulty druggists now have pills of quinine in odd shapes and colors. Pink pills, containing nothing but quinine and a little harmless coloring matter, are the form for use in cases where an imaginary crank has been medicated. In giving a placebo it is not wise to have it taste too well. The patient is apt to suspect if you do. And be sure that you gravely impress upon the patient that only a teaspoonful is to be taken at a time and that at regular intervals. The whole virtue of a placebo exists in the solemnity and importance with which you surround it."

FLOWER AND TREE. Salpigdis is a pretty, showy animal, easy to raise and worthy a place in the garden. The birch grows farther north than any other tree. Next comes the Siberian larch and then the fir. The dark spot in the center of a bean blossom is the nearest approach to black that occurs in any flower. Sunflowers may be transplanted quite easily if the work is done on a rainy day or in the cool of the evening. Preserve a green lawn in the center of the garden, however small. This is needed to get off the flowers and for purposes of relief. Mignonette is so unobtrusive that its presence is often betrayed by its sweet scent merely, but a large bed of mignonette should be in every garden. Dissolve fresh lime in water, allow sediment to settle and saturate earth in which small, white worms have been noticed with the clear solution thus made. That "it is never too late to set out roses" is a true word about gardening. But "the earlier the better, so long as the frost is off the ground," is a maxim no less worthy of dependence.

A Spiny Monster. For sheer ferocity of appearance, unredressed by any milder facial attributes, a lizard called "Molech horrid" is probably the most horrid of all. The body of this Australian reptile is so covered with spines that, as it has been put, nature seems to have endeavored to ascertain how many spines could be inserted on a given area. But, unlike its tawdry detractors, this monster really to have spoiled himself Molech, the lizard does not demand the blood of children. It is, indeed, vegetarian and only flies in that it has a curious faculty of absorbing and drying up water. A specimen placed in a shallow dish was observed to attract the water like a piece of blotting paper. Westminster Gazette.

A Bad Breath. A bad breath means a bad stomach, a bad digestion, a bad liver. Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache. 25c. All druggists.

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