

Woman vs. Woman.

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She opened his note mechanically. In the dim light it was difficult to trace the writing, but a second glance left no room for doubt.

"The Societies Office, Stellenbosch. To Mrs. de la F.:

"Have you procured the dispatch case carried by the officer, J. B. yet? If so, the bearer of this is to be trusted; give it to him. If you have not yet secured it, tell him when to see you again. "J. X. de W."

Muriel drew her breath sharply. She sat motionless, her brain busy. She realized at once that she had been mistaken for somebody in the pay of the Boers; a plot was hatching, and she—

At that moment she heard footsteps hurrying down the pathway. She thrust the note in the bosom of her dress. Suppose the messenger had discovered his mistake, and was returning? Her heart beat wildly. With sudden resolve Muriel had made up her mind. The summer house had an inner room, to which a small doorway gave admittance. Opening the door she plunged into the darkness. Holding her breath, she peered through the half-open door, not daring to close it for fear of making a noise. A man entered the summer house. A quick sigh of relief escaped Muriel's lips. It was not the messenger. She glanced at the man's face; she started back in horror. She recognized him as a man she had frequently seen in the hotel; his expression wild, his manner distraught.

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"Oh! stop, stop!" she cried. "You can't know what you are doing."

John Beresford stared at her as though she were a ghost. He stood motionless, his arms hanging limply by his side, his wild eyes searching her face.

"Can't I help you?" whispered Muriel, gently, all the sympathy of her nature going out toward him. "Please let me try."

"Help! I am beyond help!" echoed the man, struggling with the words. "Leave me, for pity's sake, Mrs. Molyneux." There is only one way out of this."

"How do you know my name?" asked Muriel, in surprise.

"Molyneux was an old pal of mine," answered the other. "He would not speak to me now."

A sudden inspiration flashed across Muriel's brain. "What is your name?" she asked.

"John Beresford. For pity's sake leave me."

"Your initials are J. B., then? Have you—the dispatches—"

"How do you know about that?" said John Beresford, raising his head with a gleam of hope in his eyes. "Not a soul but myself and the thief knows that it was stolen from me within the last 24 hours."

Mrs. de la Fane glided down the footpath leading toward the summer house. She was dressed in white. As she drew near she caught the sound of voices, and walked slowly past the doorway.

She gave a little dry cough when she recognized John Beresford and Muriel Molyneux.

She seemed annoyed to find the summer house occupied at that moment. She paced the footpath for a few moments and then returned to the hotel. She went to the pigeonhole where she generally found her letters and telegrams. It was empty. Soon after midnight she went to the pigeonhole again. There was a sealed packet waiting for her. With a sigh of relief she carried it hastily to her room and read:

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Mrs. de la Fane slept the sleep of the just that night.

On the following evening she kept the appointment. She was again dressed in white. Punctual to the moment she heard a man's footstep on the path outside, and a tall, bearded man stood in the doorway.

"Mrs. de la Fane, I presume?" He spoke in a deep, gruff voice.

She handed him a carefully sealed packet, saw him place it inside his breast pocket and waited till he disappeared. The next morning she received an invitation from Capt. Beresford to dine with him that evening. She handed the note to Mr. de la Fane and remarked, caustically:

"What nerve the man has. Surely, he knows there is nothing for him to do but shoot himself. * * * He's ruined * * * silly creature."

Mr. de la Fane laughed harshly.

So that evening a cheerful party assembled in the private dining room. Mrs. Molyneux and Mrs. de la Fane were the only ladies present, but some half-dozen men made up the party. With the dessert, John Beresford looked around at his guests, and placed a leather case on the table.

"I've had the queerest adventure since I've been in the hotel," he said laughing. "It's too rich to keep to myself; it might amuse you."

"Fire away," said one one.

Mrs. de la Fane turned very white, but Muriel, watching her every movement, felt no pity.

"You know, of course," Beresford continued, "that I was sent down on special service to deliver some dispatches to Gen. G.—, who arrives here this evening. Like an ass, I made no secret of my errand. I shall be wiser another time. Well, two days ago the case with the dispatches disappeared. You can imagine what felt like. After wild searches for 24 hours there was only one thing to be done."

He then described his meeting with Muriel in the summer house, and her adventure with J. X. de W.'s messenger.

"I wrote a note," he continued, "and inclosed it with the original letter, addressing it to a certain lady, whose name does not matter, asking her to meet J. X. de W. a messenger last night. In disguise I myself represented the messenger and received my dispatch back into my own hands."

"The sequel, too, may be interesting," said John Beresford, coolly. "A couple of detectives are at this minute collaring J. X. de W.'s man."

"What about the lady?" he was asked.

"Well, I fancy you'll hear that she and her husband have been presented with tickets to Europe by the next boat."

A little choking cry came from Mrs. de la Fane's lips. She had fainted.—The Onlooker.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A costly marble monument stands in a fashionable cemetery at Seattle, Wash., sacred to the memory of a faithful horse. The animal's owner was himself buried beside the horse recently.

The other day James Pelter, who lives near Winchester, Va., killed a bald eagle, whose spread of wings was seven feet. Mr. Pelter had lost several lambs and thought it remarkable that the thief left no tracks nor other sign of his visits to the farm, but when the eagle tried to carry off a dog which followed him, he concluded that the bird was the robber.

The snakes are also very susceptible to the kind of food given them, and they prove extremely fastidious creatures when held in captivity. It is impossible to supply some of the reptiles with the special food they like, and substitutes are not taken kindly to at first. Thus the big cobras in their native haunts live chiefly on other snakes—the small harmless varieties. Now it is manifestly impossible to secure sufficient small snakes to supply these voracious eaters at all seasons of the year. Nevertheless, the keepers of the Central Park menagerie and the Zoological park in the Bronx make great efforts to collect small snakes for the valuable cobras. These come from different points in considerable numbers, shipments often amounting as high as 150 at a time. Fed on these live snakes the cobras thrive in captivity and appear satisfied with their lot; but it becomes necessary to appease their appetite with rats and mice when snakes are scarce. While new cobras will not touch these rodents when they are first placed before them, they can sometimes be enticed to swallow them when tied to the tail of a small snake or even when stuffed in the skin of a dead reptile.

The other snakes are fed mostly on toads, mice and rabbits. Even English sparrows are purchased in considerable numbers for the reptiles. The average price paid each year for these snake foods are 2 cents each for sparrows, 4 to 5 cents each for toads and mice, and 2 to 3 cents each for live frogs. At these quotations many boys make quite a little pocket money, and the Zoological park managers find the supply at times greater than the demand, so eager are the youngsters to feed the snakes. In the winter season, however, it sometimes becomes a question of considerable importance how to secure fresh food for the reptiles. At one time more than a dozen rattlesnakes had to be killed because of the keepers' inability to find plenty of live mice to keep them from starvation.

The wild carnivorous animals of the jungle need a certain amount of meat each day, and if they had their tastes always gratified they would accept nothing else; but stale bread is fed them in addition to the meat. The bears, monkeys and other beasts of the jungle learn to eat bread with evident relish, but the lions and tigers look forward eagerly to their fresh meat, and are not satisfied until it comes. About the usual feeding hour each day these creatures grow restless and pace anxiously up and down their cages. The appearance of the keeper with their dinner is a signal for whines and growls, and when the fresh meat is thrown to them they snap and snarl until they have disposed of it. Horse flesh has been found an excellent food for these animals, and a

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FEEDING WILD ANIMALS

IT HAS BECOME A GREAT SCIENCE IN MODERN TIMES.

Thirty Thousand Dollars Spent for the Food of the Living Curiosities Maintained by New York City—Snakes Are Most Fastidious Creatures in Captivity.

The feeding of wild animals in captivity, so that they will thrive and grow contented in their confinement, has become a pretty accurate science in modern times, and the keepers of wild animals in zoological parks, menageries and circuses, have attained such success in this direction that it is rarely an animal dies because of improper feeding. Twenty-five years ago this was not the case. The mortality among menagerie animals was considerable, and the losses were so great that a systematic inquiry was made in regard to the feeding of wild animals in captivity. Partly as the result of that inquiry, and partly because of the accumulating experience in handling the animals, present methods of feeding have practically eliminated all danger to the animals from the food they may get.

The feeding of wild animals, birds, and fish in any large park or menagerie is consequently of scientific interest and value. Something less than \$30,000 worth of food is needed annually for the animals, birds and fish in the public parks, menageries and aquariums in the limits of Greater New York. A close analysis of the food purchased by this considerable sum shows that the largest amount of the money is spent for meat, fish and fowl. There are altogether some 40 to 50 different kinds of food used, and all of it is as good as the market affords. The common idea that scraps and waste food can be fed to wild animals is hardly consistent with modern menagerie experience. Such food would in a short time cause sickness and disease among the animals in captivity. Hence all the food is carefully selected, and is of the very best. In feeding the animals fish the greatest danger comes from ptomaine poison. Several fine otters and seals have been lost through feeding them with fish that had become tainted. The seals, sea lions, otters and pelicans are great consumers of fish, and they are fed every morning with medium sized herring, packed fresh in ice and delivered daily at the Zoological park. When it is impossible to secure good herring, other fish are procured and cut up, if too large to suit the fastidious creatures who live on a fish diet. These fish eating animals and birds are very susceptible to poor food, and any violent change in the quantity or quality of it almost instantly causes sickness. Probably more sea lions have been lost to zoological gardens in the past through insufficient knowledge concerning their food than any other class of valuable specimens. The slightest taint of the fish produces symptoms which usually terminate in sickness and death.

The snakes are also very susceptible to the kind of food given them, and they prove extremely fastidious creatures when held in captivity. It is impossible to supply some of the reptiles with the special food they like, and substitutes are not taken kindly to at first. Thus the big cobras in their native haunts live chiefly on other snakes—the small harmless varieties. Now it is manifestly impossible to secure sufficient small snakes to supply these voracious eaters at all seasons of the year. Nevertheless, the keepers of the Central Park menagerie and the Zoological park in the Bronx make great efforts to collect small snakes for the valuable cobras. These come from different points in considerable numbers, shipments often amounting as high as 150 at a time. Fed on these live snakes the cobras thrive in captivity and appear satisfied with their lot; but it becomes necessary to appease their appetite with rats and mice when snakes are scarce. While new cobras will not touch these rodents when they are first placed before them, they can sometimes be enticed to swallow them when tied to the tail of a small snake or even when stuffed in the skin of a dead reptile.

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How do you know about that? said John Beresford, raising his head with a gleam of hope in his eyes. Not a soul but myself and the thief knows that it was stolen from me within the last 24 hours.

Mrs. de la Fane glided down the footpath leading toward the summer house. She was dressed in white. As she drew near she caught the sound of voices, and walked slowly past the doorway.

She gave a little dry cough when she recognized John Beresford and Muriel Molyneux.

She seemed annoyed to find the summer house occupied at that moment. She paced the footpath for a few moments and then returned to the hotel. She went to the pigeonhole where she generally found her letters and telegrams. It was empty. Soon after midnight she went to the pigeonhole again. There was a sealed packet waiting for her. With a sigh of relief she carried it hastily to her room and read:

The Societies Office, Stellenbosch. To Mrs. de la F.:

Have you procured the J. B. documents yet? If so, the bearer of this is to be trusted. Give them to him. If you have not yet secured them, tell him when to see you again. J. X. de W.

A second note in another handwriting was inclosed:

Madam—Not finding you this evening at the appointed place, I am leaving this note for you at the hotel. I shall be there tomorrow evening at 8.30 to receive your answer. J. X. de W.'s Messenger.

Mrs. de la Fane slept the sleep of the just that night.

FEEDING WILD ANIMALS

IT HAS BECOME A GREAT SCIENCE IN MODERN TIMES.

Thirty Thousand Dollars Spent for the Food of the Living Curiosities Maintained by New York City—Snakes Are Most Fastidious Creatures in Captivity.

The feeding of wild animals in captivity, so that they will thrive and grow contented in their confinement, has become a pretty accurate science in modern times, and the keepers of wild animals in zoological parks, menageries and circuses, have attained such success in this direction that it is rarely an animal dies because of improper feeding. Twenty-five years ago this was not the case. The mortality among menagerie animals was considerable, and the losses were so great that a systematic inquiry was made in regard to the feeding of wild animals in captivity. Partly as the result of that inquiry, and partly because of the accumulating experience in handling the animals, present methods of feeding have practically eliminated all danger to the animals from the food they may get.

The feeding of wild animals, birds, and fish in any large park or menagerie is consequently of scientific interest and value. Something less than \$30,000 worth of food is needed annually for the animals, birds and fish in the public parks, menageries and aquariums in the limits of Greater New York. A close analysis of the food purchased by this considerable sum shows that the largest amount of the money is spent for meat, fish and fowl. There are altogether some 40 to 50 different kinds of food used, and all of it is as good as the market affords. The common idea that scraps and waste food can be fed to wild animals is hardly consistent with modern menagerie experience. Such food would in a short time cause sickness and disease among the animals in captivity. Hence all the food is carefully selected, and is of the very best. In feeding the animals fish the greatest danger comes from ptomaine poison. Several fine otters and seals have been lost through feeding them with fish that had become tainted. The seals, sea lions, otters and pelicans are great consumers of fish, and they are fed every morning with medium sized herring, packed fresh in ice and delivered daily at the Zoological park. When it is impossible to secure good herring, other fish are procured and cut up, if too large to suit the fastidious creatures who live on a fish diet. These fish eating animals and birds are very susceptible to poor food, and any violent change in the quantity or quality of it almost instantly causes sickness. Probably more sea lions have been lost to zoological gardens in the past through insufficient knowledge concerning their food than any other class of valuable specimens. The slightest taint of the fish produces symptoms which usually terminate in sickness and death.

The snakes are also very susceptible to the kind of food given them, and they prove extremely fastidious creatures when held in captivity. It is impossible to supply some of the reptiles with the special food they like, and substitutes are not taken kindly to at first. Thus the big cobras in their native haunts live chiefly on other snakes—the small harmless varieties. Now it is manifestly impossible to secure sufficient small snakes to supply these voracious eaters at all seasons of the year. Nevertheless, the keepers of the Central Park menagerie and the Zoological park in the Bronx make great efforts to collect small snakes for the valuable cobras. These come from different points in considerable numbers, shipments often amounting as high as 150 at a time. Fed on these live snakes the cobras thrive in captivity and appear satisfied with their lot; but it becomes necessary to appease their appetite with rats and mice when snakes are scarce. While new cobras will not touch these rodents when they are first placed before them, they can sometimes be enticed to swallow them when tied to the tail of a small snake or even when stuffed in the skin of a dead reptile.

The other snakes are fed mostly on toads, mice and rabbits. Even English sparrows are purchased in considerable numbers for the reptiles. The average price paid each year for these snake foods are 2 cents each for sparrows, 4 to 5 cents each for toads and mice, and 2 to 3 cents each for live frogs. At these quotations many boys make quite a little pocket money, and the Zoological park managers find the supply at times greater than the demand, so eager are the youngsters to feed the snakes. In the winter season, however, it sometimes becomes a question of considerable importance how to secure fresh food for the reptiles. At one time more than a dozen rattlesnakes had to be killed because of the keepers' inability to find plenty of live mice to keep them from starvation.

The wild carnivorous animals of the jungle need a certain amount of meat each day, and if they had their tastes always gratified they would accept nothing else; but stale bread is fed them in addition to the meat. The bears, monkeys and other beasts of the jungle learn to eat bread with evident relish, but the lions and tigers look forward eagerly to their fresh meat, and are not satisfied until it comes. About the usual feeding hour each day these creatures grow restless and pace anxiously up and down their cages. The appearance of the keeper with their dinner is a signal for whines and growls, and when the fresh meat is thrown to them they snap and snarl until they have disposed of it. Horse flesh has been found an excellent food for these animals, and a

she gave a little gasp and sat down. The hotel porter discreetly looked the other way; he was enjoying the little scene greatly; the Mt. Seymour Hotel provided many of them. The girl was young and pretty; the hand which toyed with the letter before her was studded with valuable rings, among them a narrow one of gold. It was evident that she was a wife. There was no husband to greet her, though the car with her luggage from the mail boat was standing at the door. Muriel stammered hastily, "Tomorrow? No; the day after," and the next moment she was alone again. Bewildered, she turned the note over in her hand. There was no address upon it. She rose hurriedly and hastened to the door of the summer house. A man's figure, evidently that of a gentleman, was disappearing out of the garden gate on to the high road. It was too late to recall him.

She opened his note mechanically. In the dim light it was difficult to trace the writing, but a second glance left no room for doubt.

"The Societies Office, Stellenbosch. To Mrs. de la F.:

"Have you procured the dispatch case carried by the officer, J. B. yet? If so, the bearer of this is to be trusted; give it to him. If you have not yet secured it, tell him when to see you again. "J. X. de W."

Muriel drew her breath sharply. She sat motionless, her brain busy. She realized at once that she had been mistaken for somebody in the pay of the Boers; a plot was hatching, and she—

At that moment she heard footsteps hurrying down the pathway. She thrust the note in the bosom of her dress. Suppose the messenger had discovered his mistake, and was returning? Her heart beat wildly. With sudden resolve Muriel had made up her mind. The summer house had an inner room, to which a small doorway gave admittance. Opening the door she plunged into the darkness. Holding her breath, she peered through the half-open door, not daring to close it for fear of making a noise. A man entered the summer house. A quick sigh of relief escaped Muriel's lips. It was not the messenger. She glanced at the man's face; she started back in horror. She recognized him as a man she had frequently seen in the hotel; his expression wild, his manner distraught.

John Beresford (for it was he) drew a revolver from his coat and raised it against himself.

Muriel waited no longer. With a little cry she flung open the door and threw herself upon the man. The revolver fell from his hand.

"Oh! stop, stop!" she cried. "You can't know what you are doing."

John Beresford stared at her as though she were a ghost. He stood motionless, his arms hanging limply by his side, his wild eyes searching her face.

"Can't I help you?" whispered Muriel, gently, all the sympathy of her nature going out toward him. "Please let me try."

"Help! I am beyond help!" echoed the man, struggling with the words. "Leave me, for pity's sake, Mrs. Molyneux." There is only one way out of this."

How do you know my name? asked Muriel, in surprise.

Molyneux was an old pal of mine, answered the other. He would not speak to me now.

A sudden inspiration flashed across Muriel's brain. What is your name? she asked.

John Beresford. For pity's sake leave me.

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