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will leave Charlottetown for BOSTON every Tuesday at noon (Standard Time) calling at Hawkesbury and Halifax.

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Top Market Prices and prompt Returns Guaranteed.  
Mar. 2nd—1900

—THE—  
**PHANTOM RICKSHAW.**

—BY—  
**RUDYARD KIPLING.**

Even as she spoke her horse, swerving from a laden mule, threw himself directly in front of the advancing rickshaw. I had scarcely time to utter a word of warning when, to my unutterable horror, horse and rider passed through men and carriage as if they had been thin air.

"What's the matter?" cried Kitty. "What made you call out so foolishly, Jack? If I am engaged, I don't want all creation to know about it. There was lots of space between the mule and the veranda, and if you think I can't ride—There!"

Whereupon willful Kitty set off, her dainty little head in the air, at a hand gallop in the direction of the band stand, fully expecting, as she herself afterward told me, that I should follow her. What was the matter? Nothing, indeed, either that I was mad or drunk or that Simla was haunted with devils. I reined in my impatient cob and turned round. The rickshaw had turned, too, and now stood immediately facing me, near the left railing of the Combermere bridge.

"Jack! Jack, darling! There was no mistake about the words this time. They rang through my brain as if they had been shouted in my ear. 'It's some hideous mistake, I'm sure. Please forgive me, Jack, and let's be friends again.'"

The rickshaw hood had fallen back, and inside, as I hope and pray daily for the death I dread by night, sat Mrs. Keith Westington, handkerchief in hand and golden head bowed on her breast.

How long I stared motionless I do not know. Finally I was aroused by my syce taking the waler's bridle and asking whether I was ill. From the horrible to the commonplace is but a step. I tumbled off my horse and dashed, half fainting into Peliti's for a glass of cherry brandy. There two or three couples were gathered round the coffee tables discussing the gossip of the day. Their trivialities were more comforting to me just then than the consolations of religion could have been. I plunged into the midst of the conversation at once, chatted, laughed and jested with a face (when I caught a glimpse of it in a mirror) as white and drawn as that of a corpse. Three or four men noticed my condition and, evidently setting it down to the results of overmany peeps charitably endeavored to draw me apart from the rest of the loungers. But I refused to be led away. I wanted the company of my kind—as a child rushes into the midst of the dinner party after a fright in the dark. I must have talked for about ten minutes or so, though it seemed an eternity to me, when I heard Kitty's clear voice outside inquiring for me. In another minute she had entered the shop, prepared to roundly upbraid me for failing so stupidly in my duties. Something in my face stopped her.



The stories of slaughter that the old soldier could tell his little son are so awful that they would make a sensitive child weep with horror and pity. But all the stories of war on sea and land shrink into insignificance before the dreadful massacre of men and women, for which that relentless enemy of life, consumption, is each year responsible.

Scientists state that one-fourth of the adult men and women in the civilized world have in their bodies the seeds of this grim destroyer. A single grain of dirt taken from a city street, under the microscope sometimes reveals as many as a million of the minute but murderous bacilli of consumption. There has never been but one medicine discovered that will prevent and cure this disease. It is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It acts directly on the lungs, driving out disease germs and building new and healthy tissues. It allays inflammation of the mucous membranes. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder and nerve tonic. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption and diseases of the air passages. All medicine dealers sell it.

Mrs. Louisa Steinmann, of 67th St., Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "Three years ago I was so sick I could not eat, sleep or walk, for I coughed all day and night. My weight was reduced from 150 to 127 pounds. The first night that I slept, four hours at one time, was after I had taken three doses of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The offensive matter expectorated grew less every day and when I had taken the whole of one bottle I could sleep all night without coughing, and have been well ever since and weigh 175 pounds."

"Why Jack," she cried, "what have you been doing? What has happened? Are you ill?" Thus driven into a direct line, I said that the sun had been a little too much for me. It was close upon 5 o'clock of a cloudy April afternoon, and the sun had been hidden all day. I saw my mistake as soon as the words were out of my mouth, attempted to recover it, blundered hopelessly and followed Kitty in a regal rage out of doors amid the smiles of my acquaintances. I made some excuse (I have forgotten what) on the score of my feeling faint and cantered away to my hotel leaving Kitty to finish the ride by herself.

In my room I sat down and tried calmly to reason out the matter. Here was I, Theobald Jack Pansay, a well-educated Bengal civilian in the year of grace 1885, presumably sane, certainly healthy, driven in terror from my sweetheart's side by the apparition of a woman who had been dead and buried eight months. These were facts that I could not think. Nothing was further from my thought than any memory of Mrs. Westington when Kitty and I left Hamilton's shop. Nothing was more utterly commonplace than the stretch of wall opposite Peliti's. It was broad daylight. The road was full of people, and yet here, lo! you in defiance of every law of probability in direct outrage of nature's ordinance there had appeared to me a face from the grave.

Kitty's Arab had gone through the rickshaw, so that my first hope that some woman marvelously like Mrs. Westington had hired the carriage and the coolies with their old livery was lost. Again and again I went round this treadmill of thought and again and again gave up baffled and in despair. The voice was as inexplicable as the apparition. I had originally some wild notion of confiding it all to Kitty, of begging her to marry me at once, and in her arms defying the ghostly occupant of the rickshaw. "After all," I argued, "the presence of the rickshaw is in itself enough to prove the existence of a spectral illusion. One may see ghosts of men and women but surely never of coolies and carriages. The wailing thing is absurd. Fancy the ghost of a billman!"

Next morning I sent a penitent note to Kitty imploring her to overlook my strange conduct of the previous afternoon. My divinity was still very wrong, and a personal apology was necessary. I explained with a fluency born of a night long pondering over a fat-chose that I had been attacked with a sudden palpitation of the heart, the result of indigestion. This eminently practical solution had its effect, and Kitty and I rode out that afternoon with the shadow of my first lie dividing us.

Nothing would please her save a canter round Jakko. With my nerves still unstrung from the previous night, I feebly protested against the notion suggesting Observatory hill, Jantogh the Boheennunge road anything rather than the Jakko road. Kitty was angry and a little hurt. So I yielded from fear of provoking further misunderstanding, and we set out together toward Choti Sirala. We waited a greater part of the way and according to our custom cantered from a mile or so below the convent to the stretch of level road by the Sanjowie reservoir. The wretched horses appeared to fly and my heart beat quicker and quicker as we neared the crest of the ascent. My mind had been full of Mrs. Westington all the afternoon and every inch of the Jakko road bore witness to our old time walks and talks. The bowlders were full of it, the pines sang it aloud overhead, the rain fed torrents giggled and chuckled unseen over the shameful story, and the wind in my ears chanted the iniquity aloud.

As a fitting climax, in the middle of the level men call the Ladies' mile the horror was awaiting me. No other rickshaw was in sight, only the four black and white jhampanies, the fellow panted carriage and the golden head of the woman within, all apparently just as I had left them eight months and one fortnight ago! For an instant I fancied that Kitty must see what I saw—we were so marvelously sympathetic in all things. Her next words undeceived me. "Not a soul in sight! Come along, Jack, and I'll race you to the reservoir buildings!" Her wiry little Arab was off like a bird, my waler following close behind, and in this order we dashed under the cliffs. Half a minute brought us within 50 yards of the rickshaw. I pulled my waler and fell back a little. The rickshaw was directly in the middle of the road, and once more the Arab passed through it, my horse following. "Jack, Jack, dear! Please forgive me!" rang with a wail in my ears and, after an interval, "It's all a mistake, a hideous mistake!"

I spurred my horse like a man possessed. When I turned my head at the reservoir works, the black and white liveries were still waiting—patiently waiting—under the gray hillside, and the wind brought me a mocking echo of the words I had just heard. Kitty bantered me a good deal on my silence throughout the remainder of the ride. I had been talking up till then wildly and at random. To save my life I could not speak afterward naturally and from Sanjowie to the church wisely held my tongue.

I was to dine with the Mannerings that night and had barely time to canter home to dress. On the road to Ely-sium hill I overheard two men talking together in the dusk. "It's a curious thing," said one, "how completely all trace of it disappeared. You know my wife was insanely fond of the woman—never could see anything in her myself—and wanted me to pick up her old rickshaw and coolies if they were to be got for love or money. Morbid sort of fancy I call it, but I've got to do what the mensahib tells me. Would you believe that the man she hired it from tells men that all four of the men—they were brothers—died of cholera on the way to Hardwar, poor devils, and the rickshaw has been broken up by the man himself? Told me he never used a dead mensahib's rickshaw. Spoiled his luck. Queer notion, wasn't it? Fancy poor little Mrs. Westington spoiling any one's luck except her own!" I laughed aloud at this point, and my laugh jarred on me as I uttered it. So there were ghosts of rickshaws, after all, and ghostly employments in the other world! How much did Mrs. Westington give her men? What were their hours? Where did they go?

(Continued on page 5.)

**A WRONG IDEA OF... DYSPEPSIA**

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