

A Lawyer and A Simpleton

By M. QUAD

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When old John Cairnes, villager, had left his son, Peter, twenty-five years old, the wife and mother had been dead for many years. Old John was not exactly a miser, but he was known as a money saver. From the day of ten, when he met with an accident, Peter was the simpleton of the village and a butt of ridicule, though he had been known as a bright child for the first few years. The doctors said there was something pressing on the brain and that an operation would be things all right, but the father balked at the cost, and so Peter remained a simpleton. It was only when the old man came to die that he regretted his stinginess and neglect and said to the lawyer who drew the will:

"Everything goes to Peter. He's simple minded, but he will get along. I want you to advise him and be a sort of father. People think I've got a lot of money, but that's all gone. You can tell Peter, however, that there's something hidden away in the house that he'll come across some day and appreciate it." Lawyers are entirely human outside of a courtroom. That hidden treasure had the same effect on Attorney Henderson as it would have had on a plumber or blacksmith. Just where in the house was it concealed? Was it gold or greenbacks? Was it \$10,000 or double the sum? And wasn't it a shame that it should go to a simpleton, whose wants were already supplied?

The more the lawyer argued and reasoned with himself the more reasonable it looked that he should come into possession of that treasure. He felt that he could even convince a judge and jury of the fact. Within three months he was scheming. He called of the house now and then to see Peter. The young man seldom left the premises. He made garden, chored about the place and went to bed with the hens. It was easy to make an excuse to get him out of the house for an hour or two. Then the lawyer instituted a search. He made three of them and found nothing—not that the treasure wasn't there, but because there are scores and scores of hiding places in any house. These vain searches convinced Mr. Henderson that he should come into legal possession of the house, so that he might pull it to pieces if necessary.

In killing it there would be work provided for the simpleton. The lawyer would give him a certain sum of money and a gravel pit to boot. The money would draw interest and every head of gravel dug out would bring Peter a cent. Killing two birds with one stone, you see. Attorney Henderson even got the credit of being a philanthropist and humanitarian.

Of course the simpleton was clay in the hands of the potter. He went to live with family at so much per year and he went to work in the gravel pit. The lawyer didn't rush things in making other searches. He waited for weeks. Then at odd times he systematized his quest.

"Was a queer thing that happened after a while. Attorney Henderson read a treasure story in a magazine. It had many points similar to his. The heroes were an old house down piece by piece in search of a miser's loot and then found it in the old clock on the mantel. The idea took root. None of the old furniture had been removed. The searcher went at it to inspect and overhaul. It took three more searches to bring success. Under the ragged cover of an old lounge on which Peter had sat and slept for years was found a tin type of the young man's mother. It was in a cardboard box, and in the handwriting of the father were a few lines explaining the identity of the picture, and adding that it was a treasure to be valued more than money. After reading the lines the lawyer could not doubt that the find was what the old man referred to when on his dying bed.

Queered His Grandfather.

Peter Augustus had a foolish, fond old grandfather. The grandfather was housing to a visitor one day, as grand fathers will, about the family he had raised.

"My daughter Martha is a fine young woman," he said, "and her little boy Peter Augustus, is a fine lad. But the finest thing about that pair is the affection that exists between them. They never exchange a cross word. They're more like two young lovers than mother and son. It's beautiful to see them together. Hold on a minute, and I'll call Peter Augustus in. Then his mother will come down, and you can see their relations for your self."

The old man rose and ambled heavily to the door. There was a beautiful smile on his old face. Little Peter Augustus was playing with the cat in the garden.

"Peter Augustus!" he shouted. "Peter Augustus! Your mother wants you!"

The little boy dropped the cat and fixed a searching glance on his grandfather.

"Your mother wants you, Peter Augustus!"

"Does she want to warm me? Peter Augustus cautiously demanded.

"Really Worth While.

Eben Pratt of Marshby had sent two sons to Boston and knew he had reason to be proud of them. One day a summer visitor lingering in Mr. Pratt's grocery, provision and dry goods establishment mentioned some of the shining lights who had made their names remembered in and near Boston and others still to be found there.

"We've had a good many smart men and women in and around our city," said the visitor, "and there are a number of them left. We've got scientific men and writers and artists and musical clubs and."

Mr. Pratt's dry goods broke in on the list. "If ye call these folks smart," he said, "ye want to go down near the water to an address I'll give ye and see the way my boys, Ed and Sam, can open oysters! I guess that'll give ye something to go by when ye're talking of smartness." Exchange

Willing to Be Honest.

Phil May, the great English artist earned his first four in Australia. One day a broken down calculator applied to him for charity, and May engaged him as a model. As a joke he also demanded that his eighty-year-old pensioner agree to leave him his skeleton when he died. When May left Australia he called his model in. "You've played me a dirty trick," said May, "by selling me out of that skeleton I would have bought one in sound order and condition for half the money you've cost me." The old fellow, conscious of his base ingratitude to his best and most patient friend, answered: "Don't be angry with me, Mr. May. It's not my fault. I meant to keep my word. Stay in Sydney a few months longer and give me another chance to show you that I am a man of honor."

Rednet Plays.

"It is a tremendous undertaking to get a new play accepted and produced," once said the late Clyde Fitch to a friend. "So many are written, and so few ever see the light of day. An English playwright with a gift of humorous exaggeration illustrated this fact to me once. He told me how he submitted a play to a celebrated actor and how in the course of the conversation the actor remarked: "Don't you think it is growing chilly in this room?" "Yes, it is rather," the young playwright admitted. "Then the actor rang a bell, and a servant forthwith appeared. "James," said the actor, "this room is rather cold. You may put three more manuscript copies on the fire."—Lippincott's.

A Complacent Critic.

A famous actor at an elaborate entertainment at a Fifth avenue millionaire's palace in New York rose to address Mrs. Brown's "Dead Pan." As he announced his subject and prepared to begin he heard a lady near him say distinctly: "What is the next piece? Something funny, I hope. Oh, yes—The Dead Pan? Dear me, how odd! Of course it must be funny—something about bad cooking, I suppose."

Playing Her Cards.

Tommy—May I stay up a little longer? Ethel—What do you want to stay up for? Tommy—I want to see you and Mr. Green playing cards. Mr. Green—But we are not going to play cards. Tommy—Oh, yes, you are, for I heard mamma saying to Ethel that everything depended on the way in which she played her cards tonight.

Cautious.

The young housekeeper was looking at some soft shell crabs squirreling and wriggling in their bed of seaweed. "They're very nice," said the dealer. "Shall I send you a dozen?" "Yes," answered the innocent, "if you are sure they are fresh."—New York Journal.

Trials and Temptations.

Every man dreams that he has precisely the trials and temptations which are the hardest of all for him to bear, but they are so because they are the very ones he needs.—Richter.

Fly Time.

Howell—What is the best time of day to go up in an airplane? Powell—Well I've always been a believer in early rising.—New York Press.

They can conquer who believe they can.—Dryden.

Return Favors

By KATHLEEN J. M'CURDY

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Lord Lytton came over to New York in search of a wife. He brought letters to me, and I put him up at those clubs to which I belonged. I didn't need to introduce him to our set because it was known he was coming, and all the women with marriageable daughters—I mean those who are looking for foreign titles—hooded him with invitations as soon as he arrived.

I had a matrimonial scheme on hand myself. I didn't need money, you know, having a couple of hundred thousand income, but I liked Miss Auchincloss, who had as much more. There are those of us well to do people who don't wish to be bothered making more money. We usually marry among ourselves, so you see it was possible for Miss Auchincloss and me to consider love just like ordinary people. Well, I introduced the Englishman to her, and what did he do but make up to her and offer himself.

The first I knew of it Miss Auchincloss sent for me and told me mind you, I hadn't proposed to her that she was intending to accept my lordly friend.

"Surprise?" I asked, controlling my surprise.

"Non-sense!"

"Title?"

"Of course. We all wish to get up in the social scale, and say what you like, a title is always a step higher than no title."

"How about the man you have to take with it?"

"Lytton is passable."

"Well?"

"What do you think of it?"

"It'll be a good thing for me. I don't see how a man can put another more under obligations to himself than by introducing him to a girl he hopes to get for his wife and giving her up to him. When I go to London I'll have some one to do a lot for me. Does he know of my pretensions?"

"Not if I told him."

"Well, goodbye. You have accepted him, I suppose."

"Yes, but we're not to be married for a year. I'm to go over and have a look at the castle. He says \$100,000 for repairs will be required."

"Well, I wish you joy in your title. I bid her goodbye and, going to my club, I found Lytton.

"Hello, old chappie!" he said. "Glad to see you."

"Accept my congratulations upon your engagement."

"She's told you, has she? Well, old fellow, she told me she has turned you down for me. Deuced poor taste, you know. Don't see how she could have done it. By the bye, you couldn't let me have a matter of \$10,000 or so for a few weeks? I'm getting real tired of rents from my agents due month from today."

"Certainly. Two thousand if you like."

"Well, make it two while you're about it."

I wrote him a check for \$10,000 and before he left the country I had lent him \$10,000 more. This giving up my girl to him and lending him these sums I think was, to say the least, magnanimous. I told him I should be over the water soon after his arrival, whereupon he said perhaps I wouldn't mind waiting payment till I reached there. I told him it wouldn't trouble me at all.

Of course the first thing I did on reaching London was to notify him of my arrival. He came right down to my hotel and shook both my hands heartily.

"There's one thing about it over here," he said, his exuberant welcome sobering down, "our clubs don't allow introducing strangers at all. It's awfully disappointing not to be able to put you up, old chappie, but I can't, you know."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," I said. "I suppose I'll meet some nice people in other ways."

"So you will; so you will. But why didn't you come in the season? Most of my friends are out of town."

"You mean at their country places. Aren't they to be seen there?"

"Certainly, on invitation. But you know, their guests are all booked for the season. It's awfully awkward, you know."

"I see. Don't feel bad about it."

"I must be going now. I have an appointment with Colonel De Grandville, one of the king's equerries. I'll telephone you as to my plans for you."

That was the last I saw or heard of Lytton, and as for my loans they are loans yet.

I was about to return to America when I received a note from Miss Auchincloss asking me to come to see her. She was at a hotel, which surprised me.

"Having a pleasant visit?" she asked.

"Fine."

"Seeing lots of the aristocracy?"

"Loads of them."

"She broke into a laugh."

"Got the money you loaned Lytton?"

"How did you find out about that?"

"She laughed again. "A little bird told me."

I sat tapping my foot with my cane. "It's all off between Lytton and me. I never intended to marry him without an investigation. I've made it."

Miss Auchincloss and I went home on the same steamer and when we arrived were engaged.

Spider racing.

Lord Devon's property was greatly impoverished by the twelfth earl, who squandered nearly all his fortune on a terribly embarrassing and entailed property. He was addicted to a most peculiar form of gambling, namely spider racing, which he played with the last Marquis of Hastings and the eighth Duke of Bedford. Each player selected a spider, which was placed on the table, and then the latter was gently beaten from underneath. The warmth caused the insects to run, and the spider which got to the edge first won. But spiders are curious creatures, and it would frequently happen that a spider which was near the edge and looked like winning would double back, traverse the table in all directions and lose its backer the thousands of pounds so nearly won. Lord Devon, Lord Hastings and the Duke of Bedford each of them squandered enormous sums on this game, which contributed in no small degree to the ruin of the two former.—New York Tribune.

Inn Names in Germany.

Germany probably holds the record for out of the way signs and fantastical inn names. The most absurd results are usually obtained by the name of some animal with a more or less suitable object. The comfortable Chicken and the Cold Frog, both of them in Berlin, are certainly left in the shade by the Angry Ant (east, in Westphalia) and the Stiff Dog (Berlin). The latter house is an inn in a suburb of Berlin, and not far from it is the Thirsty Icterus, The Dirty Parrot, the Bloody House, the Musical Cats, the Four-and-twenty Man, and the Boxes. These are all in Berlin or the neighborhood, and the Old Straw Bag in Leipzig. The Open Banquet is in Staden, in the Palatinate, and the Shoulder Blade in Jerichow. The Last Tear is a landlord's notion for the name of his inn situated near a grave yard, visited by returning mourners and is of frequent occurrence throughout the fatherland.

A Strange Colony.

The Colonia Coerata on the Paraguay above Asuncion, is one of the most curious in the world. The members of the colony make or grow everything they want and import nothing. The workmen have seven hours work a day and earn not money but time. Their wages are hours and half hours. These they sometimes save up till they have a week in hand and then go off on an excursion. If a man wants a chair or table he pays for it in hours of work, which are deducted from the balance to his credit. Three men went off up the river in a canoe for a three weeks' holiday. They sold their canoe at Asuncion for a pound and came home overland in ten days, lodged in the best houses in the villages on the way and yet had some money in hand at the end. London Spectator.

Dogs in Ecclesiastical Decorations.

The stained glass representation of the "Peddler and His Dog" was removed from Lambeth church a quarter of a century ago owing to the alleged incongruity of introducing the figure of a dog in a church window. Quite recently Chancellor Prescott of Carlisle refused a faculty for a stained glass window in a Westmorland church because the design included a dog, and perhaps the only existing examples of dogs used for ecclesiastical decorations are to be found in Lord Browlow's private chapel at Ashridge. In this church one stained glass window depicts Tobias and Sam in bed and a dog sleeping on the quilt, while in another window Job is shown being mocked by three men, one of whom is holding a dog by a chain.—Westminster Gazette.

The Giant's Staircase.

One of the most widely known geological curiosities in the vicinity of Cork is a series of knobs or knobs projecting from the face of a cliff. There are sixteen of these huge projections all together, all regularly set in the face of the cliff, one above the other, forming a series of such uniformity as to give the general appearance of a staircase. Since time out of memory this queer ascent and its projecting "steps" have been known as the Giant's Staircase.

How He Won.

A rich old man was asked how he made his money. "Simplest thing in the world," he said. "I always did the reverse of what everybody else was doing. If everybody bought, I sold—prices were high. If everybody sold, I bought—prices were low."

Prepared For the Worst.

Husband Goodby, my dear. A pleasant voyage. I have taken every precaution in case of accident. Wife—What do you mean? Husband—Insured your life in my favor.—Journal Amuseant.

Her Dear Friend.

"I have declined marriage proposals from five men," said the fair widow. "Have you? Her friend asked. "I didn't suppose your husband had been as heavily insured as that."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Jiffy.

Tommy (who has been told to go to bed)—Pa, how long is a jiffy? Father—It's just about the length of time you've got to go to bed without a licking.—Boston Transcript.

The Last Dance.

He—May I ask you for a dance? She—Certainly, the last one on the list.

He—But I'll not be here then. She—Neither will I.

AN IMPORTANT SEARCH

By ALENE EDNA MAY

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"Those cases of poisons found in the stomachs of the dead," said the detective, "with the consequent conviction of some one who is charged with murder, have resulted in the hanging of many an innocent person. The prosecuting attorney whose business it is to convict those brought up for trial by the state has only to prove a motive for wishing the deceased out of the way and presence of poison in the stomach to win his case. Another matter strengthens it; that is, proving that the accused bought the poison though there are instances in which this is not considered absolutely necessary to swing the accused.

"I work largely for attorneys. Bates, Wakeley & Scribner have given me a lot of work to do, and I have furnished them with facts that have enabled them to win a number of cases. They are criminal lawyers, and most of the evidence I have given them has been used. I am happy to say, to secure the acquittal of persons accused of crime. I don't know any thing that gives me more satisfaction than saving an innocent person from punishment.

"One day Mr. Scribner sent for me and said:

"We have been retained to defend Mrs. Edith Townsend, charged with poisoning her husband, a man she was induced by her parents to marry when she was eighteen years old. Townsend was very rich and a miser. His wife who is only twenty-four years old, is a beautiful woman. At the time of her marriage she had been engaged to a young man not able to support her and she loved him instead of her husband. Her husband's relatives, who would like to secure his property, have worked up the case against her. A note she wrote the man she had been engaged to, Horace Truesdale, telling him she would not see him so long as her husband lived, is all the evidence they have been able to adduce to prove her intimacy with him during her married life. But they have proved that on one occasion a month previous to her husband's death she bought a drug that was found upon analysis in her husband's stomach. She said that when she bought this drug her husband sent her for a prescription the nature of which she knew nothing. I believe that he was taking a drug for a stimulant and that it eventually killed him. Here is your king now living has it was his name a slip of paper. I wish you to discover if he was not in the habit of buying it. Remember that a woman's good name, perhaps her life, depends upon your efforts."

"I went at the matter systematically. I first procured a list of the drug stores within reach of Mr. Townsend's residence. He had lived in his country place surrounded by villages in which there were drug stores. If he wished to conceal the fact of his purchases he had only to drive to one of these towns sufficiently distant that he should not be known there, buy his drug and carry it home himself. Though it was a poison when taken in large quantities, it was prescribed by physicians, and an order for it was not in all cases essential.

"I visited every drug store within a radius of twenty miles from his home and talked with every proprietor and clerk in all of them. Not one of them could remember any person answering to my description of Mr. Townsend, and all declared that no such person had ever to their knowledge visited their store. I hit upon the place where his wife had bought the poison she was charged with having procured, but this had all been worked up by another detective.

"I went to Mr. Scribner and reported my failure.

"Try the wholesale druggists," he said.

"Why should the man have bought the drug at wholesale?" I asked.

"He was mean enough to buy his table salt at wholesale," he replied.

"To make a search of the wholesale drug stores was quite another proposition. It was equivalent to a hunt in every wholesale drug house in the United States, and Mr. Townsend might have bought the drug in Canada. Indeed, if he wished to conceal his purchases Canada would be the better field. I first looked into the express offices in the places where packages might have been delivered to him. Nothing sent him that could have been a drug appeared on the books of the express companies, nor was any such receipt on file.

"The only hope left for Mrs. Townsend was that her husband had ordered the drug sent by mail. I procured a list of all the wholesale drug houses in the United States and Canada and sent a letter to each asking if they had ever filled orders for the drug found in his stomach, giving also the reason why I wished to know. It was an enormous work for them to hunt the matter up, but since a life might hang upon their efforts nearly all replied that they would make a thorough search.

"Do you know that three different drug houses, two in the United States and one in Canada, wrote me that on several occasions they had sent Townsend pound packages of the drug in question.

"That settled the matter. Mrs. Townsend was discharged."

Women on Warships.

In the British navy of Nelson's day it was not uncommon for wives to live aboard men-of-war with their sailor husbands. Scarcely one of England's "walls of oak" in Nelson's time but had some woman aboard who braved the perils and hardships of the sea in order to be with her husband. In nearly every one of the twenty-seven line of battleships under Nelson's command in the great battle of Trafalgar was one or more women, wives of sailors. Surprise may be expressed that English men-of-war's men were permitted to have their wives aboard. It was only by special permission of the admiralty that this could be done—and then permission was granted somewhat in the light of a penance for some failing of the press gang system, which was largely in vogue at that time. Men were seized in the streets and other public places and compelled to serve in British warships because "the king needed men." Some of the men thus seized had political influence and, being unjustly compelled to serve in the navy, were permitted to have their wives share their involuntary servitude.

A Mean Advantage.

In a breach of promise case the barrister who held the brief for injured beauty arranged that his fair client should be so placed that her charms should be well under the observation of the jury. He began a most pathetic appeal by directing their attention to her beauty and calling for justice upon the head of him who could wound the heart and betray the confidence of one so fair, concluding with a peroration of such pathos as to melt the court to tears. The counsel for the defendant then rose, and after paying the lady the compliment of admitting that it was impossible not to assent to the encomiums lavished upon her face he added that nevertheless he felt bound to ask the jury not to forget that she wore a wooden leg. Then he sat down. The important fact of which the fair plaintiff's counsel was unaware was presently established, and the jury, feeling rather sheepish at their tears, assessed damages at the smallest amount.

The American Baby.

The American baby has a fine, strong ancestry. The young men of England who were impatient of religious restraint and of physical oppression, the young men of Germany touched with the dream of democracy, the pick of northern Europe, the strong, the fair, the self-reliant, the conscientious English at bottom, but with a dash of the best blood of other races—this is the American baby, and no king and no lord ever had a better heritage. Take it as it goes in Massachusetts, in Ohio, in Michigan, in Washington, in California, the average American baby has in its veins more of the blood of the Plantagenets than that of the king now living has. It was his fortune to have come from the daughter lines and the line of the younger sons, not from the elder son, whom British custom has marked for the aristocrat.—David Starr Jordan.

The Young Man's Tact.

The man who was having his picture taken in the photograph gallery was an innocent listener to the conversation between two young ladies on the other side of the screen. "You know, Kate, I sometimes wear a long curl hanging down the back of my neck?" "Yes." "Well, when Phil was calling on me the other evening he asked me if he might have that curl, and I jokingly said yes. Before I knew what he was about he had taken a little pair of scissors out of his pocket and clipped it off close to my head." "Why, the idea! Didn't that make you furious?" "Not for the smallest fraction of a second. I thought it was splendid of him that he didn't seize and pull it off."

Net His Fault.

A doctor was summoned to attend the miller's little boy. He wrote out a prescription, which was promptly made up and administered in due form. The next day he called again to see his patient and found the whole family in tears. "Alas," said the mother, "I shouldn't have thought that my poor child would have died of the measles!" "What?" exclaimed the doctor. "He had the measles, and you never told me?"—Paris Journal.

The Soft Answer.

Irritated Frenchman to Yankee, who had taken him for a waiter)—Sir, you have grossly insulted me. There is my card. My seconds will wait upon you, sir. Yankee—Never mind your seconds, Frenchy. You can wait upon me just as well. Pass me the sauce, and be quick about it.

Shopping by Mail.

Not long ago in a little town in one of the prohibition states a young man entered the postoffice and asked the postmaster for a postoffice order. "For how much?" asked the postmaster. "Two gallons," was the prompt reply.—National Monthly.

A Real Surprise.

Mamma—And you say your Uncle Thewald gave you a penny, Tommie? Tommie—Yes, mamma. Mamma—And what did you say? Tommie—I was so surprised I couldn't say anything. Mamma.—Yonkers Statesman.

Life, that ever needs forgiveness, has, for its first duty, to forgive.—Dewey Lytton.