

# In Chancery

By WILLIAM D. CARTER

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When the storm of the civil war broke over the country in 1861 John Abercrombie, a young man of twenty-two, who had been preparing himself to take his father's place as president and owner of the controlling interest in the Abercrombie Manufacturing Company, like most young men of spirit at that period, insisted on joining the Union army. His father, who was preparing to retire, was so disappointed and angered at this course that he told his son to go to the war and he hoped he would never come back.

"I shall keep Jane Wetherell here with me," said the old man, "to take care of the house and be a comfort in your stead and shall leave her every cent of my property."

"Do so," replied the son, "and you may count on me not trying to break the will. I shall claim nothing of you or what you leave behind you."

Jane Wetherell was not related to the Abercrombies. She was a connection of Mrs. Abercrombie, who had brought her into the house for a companion and nurse, and when Mrs. Abercrombie died her husband had continued to rely on the girl for various comforts, including reading to him, since his eyes were weak. When the old man saw John's name published among the killed at the battle of Antietam his heart softened, and he regretted his past action toward his son. For twelve years Jane Wetherell took care of the old man. He would make her comfortable after his death and she was generally supposed that she would inherit all his property, though no one knew of the parting scene between him and his son and the father's threat.

There were indications that Jennie Wetherell had had a love affair. She never accepted any marked attention from any young man, and she appeared to have suffered a blight. These were the principal reasons why those who knew her said that she had been rejected in love and would not marry. When Mrs. Abercrombie died every one was surprised at two things: first, that she left a much larger estate than was supposed she had possessed and secondly, that she had made no will. The latter of these surprises was the more a surprise because by not making a will he left his estate to be contested for by a host of relatives, in none of whom he had taken any interest, while Jennie Wetherell, in whose veins there was none of his blood, was left out by the law of inheritance entirely.

At the account of this condition of things got into the newspapers and among other things stated was that the body of John Abercrombie had never been recovered and was supposed to lie either in a trench or under one of the mounds of headstones marked "Unknown." Instantly there sprang up as if from the grave three different men who claimed to be the body of John Abercrombie. One said he had been badly wounded, taken to a hospital and recovering, had deserted another that he had been hit in the head by a mine ball and the memory knocked out of him till recently. The third declared that he had been captured, taken to a southern prison and on being exchanged had gone west, where he had since lived inconspicuously.

Any one of these men if he could have established his identity with that of John Abercrombie would have inherited the whole estate. But they were all working on a very small prospect. None of them had any papers to show that he had been in the army, and only one manifested any familiarity with military affairs. Jane Wetherell at once pronounced them all impostors. Had she had any legal claim on the estate her word would have counted for little or nothing. As it was, it counted for a good deal.

Since the settlement of the estate was in a jumble Jane Wetherell was left by the chancery court in charge of the house in which she had so long lived. A year elapsed at the end of which 107 names of relatives of the deceased Abercrombie were handed in to the court as claimants for a share of the estate, and there were more to come. It began to look as if no one would be rich from the estate unless the man who had been taken for dead could prove himself to be John Abercrombie.

One day there was a wedding at the Abercrombie house. Jennie Wetherell was the bride. Who the groom was no one seemed to know. There were no cards, no invitations. Only a few waiters were present, and they were servants. As soon as the ceremony had been performed the groom went to the chancery court and presented discharge papers from the Union army and other proofs that he was Sergeant John Abercrombie.

The case of the relatives collapsed. John Abercrombie had come to the war early because, Jennie Wetherell had refused to marry him. After his departure she had discovered that she loved him. Finding his name had been reported among the killed after the battle of Antietam, he had taken advantage of the error to disappear from the world. Being badly wounded, he was discharged and went to a newspaper where he had lived till the summer of his father's death, when he returned and learned from Miss Wetherell of her mistake in refusing him.

## SOUTH SEA FASHIONS.

The Dusky Native Belles Have Queer Ideas About Dress.

It would be hard to find a spot where the subject of dress does not sway the feminine mind. To the world at large, however, the observation causes either a great deal of pleasure or a good store of amusement. In the category of amusement may be placed the proceedings of the "Dusky Belles" described by Beatrice Grimshaw in her book, "In the Strange South Seas."

A lace trimmed garment of minute size worn at night under the shelter of sheets and quilts, went to the Sunday morning church as a best dress in the opinion of the person of the land. The dress intrusted with my wash the dusky side was so conspicuous that she never got the reproach she deserved.

A certain flower torque made of pearls, a blue unknown in 1880, the first drove the women of the island hand-distracted with excitement, then led thirty-six native ladies to appear at a ball in a dance wearing excellent copies of my Paris model done in double-waist bibulous from the beach.

A wedding from which unfortunately I was absent furnished the finest display of native dress that took place that year. The bride wore fourteen silk dresses, not all at once, but one after another, changing her dress again and again during the reception until the white spectators were fairly sick.

## JOY IN THE SCHOOL.

How Infant Classes in Some Foreign Countries Are Handled.

The man in the club had been talking politics with the school inspector until that gentleman declined to discuss the subject any more.

"Well, talk about the youngsters themselves for a change," he said, "Do you know that both in France and Belgium reading, writing and arithmetic are being omitted from the subjects taught in infant schools? The children are simply taught to be happy. And when they bring their dresses to school the food has, under the official regulations, to be put into a basket, which must be labeled at the school and set on a special shelf in a clean, airy place. Fancy such regulations in England! Any old newspaper and any cupboard in good enough for our children."

"In Germany toys are provided for play time, and all little children are compelled to bring clean pocket handkerchiefs to school, and they must have both once a week."

"In Finland the infant children are taught to wash dolls, dust, sweep, look after flowers, and so on, and in some Japanese schools a reading room, with a book is provided, so that overworked children may have a nap."—London Answers.

Bill and His Watch.  
"Bill, can you give me the correct time?" says one of Bill's friends.  
"Sure," says Bill, dragging out his watch. "My watch was just broken several days ago at twenty minutes of the day before yesterday afternoon, and I don't believe it's varied more than a quarter of a second since. It's now twenty-two minutes and seven seconds past 5."

"Thanka, old man," says Billy, friend who then drops his own watch into his pocket and goes on his way.

Really he wasn't so particular about knowing the time himself as he is about giving pleasure to Bill, for he knows that Bill is one of the few million men in the world who think each that his watch is a wonder and who feel themselves shattered when their friends ask them for the correct time.—New York Sun.

Caught Her Secret.  
"Old Podkins lay back in his chair, calm content, and though his wife was quite near him, he was happy, for she had not broken the silence for nearly five minutes."

"He had been married for five and twenty long years, and Mrs. Podkins almost daily during twenty-four of them had disturbed the domestic peace by an too full exercise of her tongue."

"Body dear," broke in Mrs. P., thinking it time she said something to interrupt the quiet. "I see by the papers that a petrified jaw two yards long has been found in Cornwall."

"What?" cried Podkins, starting up. "Now I know your secret. But you never told me your ancestors came from that part of the world!"—Dublin Advertiser.

There was a traveling man once who found himself short of funds. His first thought, of course, was to write his wife, which he did. In a slight list for his wife he explained the situation and asked:

"How shall I act?"  
"The next morning he got a day's answer which was nothing if not dilatory:  
"Act as if you were broke."—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Uplift.  
"Is she a help to her mother?" asked one woman.  
"Yes, indeed," replied the other. "She's taught her to say 'culinary art' instead of 'cooking.'"—Exchange.

The Division.  
"He—So young March and his father are carrying on the business? She—Yes. The old man runs the business, while young March does the carrying on."—New York Globe.

The most changeable things in the world are the course of waters and the humor of women.—Pittacus.

## WASHING AWAY THE LAND.

Evolution of the Drainage Basins of the United States.

Investigations by the United States Geological Survey of the erosion of numerous drainage basins of the United States show that the surface of the country is being removed at the average rate of about an inch in 700 years. In the category of amusement may be placed the proceedings of the "Dusky Belles" described by Beatrice Grimshaw in her book, "In the Strange South Seas."

The rivers of the United States carry to the sea every year 270,000,000 tons of dissolved matter and 513,140,000 tons of suspended matter. This total of 783,140,000 tons represents more than 350,000,000 cubic yards of rock or 410,000,000 cubic yards of surface soil. If this erosive action had been concentrated on the isthmus of Panama at the time of American occupation it would have excavated the prism for an eighty-five foot level canal in about seventy-three days.

## A FAMOUS DWARF.

Berulwaski, the Pole, Was Handsome, Scholarly and Witty.

A notable dwarf, who had a long lease of life over parts of two centuries, he was born in 1739 and died in 1837, was Berulwaski, the Pole, whose debut as an interesting tale is told. As a boy of fifteen, when he was just one inch higher than a two-foot ruler, Berulwaski was presented to the Empress Maria Theresa, who was so charmed by his good looks and grace that she seated him on her lap and gave him a hearty kiss. The queen's question as to what he considered the most interesting sight in Vienna the dwarf replied, "What I now behold, so little a man on the lap of a great lady." This speech earned the little fellow a great favor.

He became a special favorite of Stanislaus II, who took him to England and introduced him to George III, and for more than half a century Berulwaski made his home at the English court.

This dwarf, who at his tallest was a yard and three inches, had a sister whose head just reached her brother's shoulders. Berulwaski was not only a handsome and courtly man, but a scholar of repute. He lived in five reigns, and when he died, lacking only two years of reaching the century mark, he was laid to rest in Dunham, near by side with the Palatinate Stephen Kemble.

A Dark Smoker.  
"Penny thing a bowl smoking! If a man were compelled to puff a good cigar with his eyes shut the operation would lose its zest. A man who had undergone a slight operation upon one of his eyes had to stay in a darkened room for a week with his optics bandaged. After a few days his doctor told him he could take a gentle smoke if he liked. He jumped at the chance and to his amazement found it afforded not the slightest pleasure. To be sure, men often smoke in the dark, but there's always the rosy glow of the lighted end to be seen and the faint outline of the cloud of smoke in the air. There's no more fun in a cigarette smoked than a saltless egg or a kiss implanted upon your own hand! What's the psychology of it?"—New York Press.

Universal Language.  
He spoke his love in German—the answerer not a word. In French he tried to woo her—the maiden never heard. He tried his luck in English, in Irish—all in vain; in Turkish, Greek and Latin, and in the tongue of Spain. And then an inspiration came to the anguished youth. "The universal language," he cried, "I'll try, forthwith. He kissed the Cleopatra maiden and pressed her to his breast. She understood that language, and you can guess the rest."—Parsons.

Thoughtful Mourning.  
Mandy, who had just become a sorrowing widow, was sorting out several suits of black underclothes. Her friend asked in great astonishment:

"Mandy, what for job does that black underclothes?"  
"Cause when Ah mourns Ah mourns."—Everybody's Magazine.

Let's Get It.  
Collector—Look here, the firm I represent wants to know when you're going to settle this Bill. Debtor—Could I get a job with the concern you work for? My curiosity and theirs seem to coincide.—Toledo Blade.

Grammar and Greed.  
Mrs. Peavish says that if she could have another chance she would rather marry a man who splits his infinitives than one who hates to break a dime.—Wolverton News.

Ballad.  
"Do you believe in hereafter?"  
"You bet. I have several enemies who are too strong for me to punish myself."—Chicago Record-Herald.

One has to spend so many years learning how to be happy.—Ellot.

# HE FOUND A BROTHER

By ARTHUR BOYNTON

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My earliest remembrance is a garret where I was kept by an Italian woman. A man came to see her occasionally, and they talked a great deal about me. One day they took me away very hurriedly to another city, where they kept me for a long while, sending me out to steal what I could get with my hands on. One day after being out on this errand I returned to the shabby room and found it empty. I must have been about seven years old at this time. At any rate, I was old enough to pick up a living as a street gambler. I didn't like stealing, but because I had been often kicked and cuffed for doing so I therefore invested the proceeds of a very successful theft in newspapers and entered upon that business. On one or two occasions I got out into the country, and longed to be there instead of in a dirty and dingy city. This threw me into the profession of tramp, but I instinctively shrank from asking people for food, therefore I made a very poor living. I noticed that whenever I asked any one for help I was always looked upon with a sort of curiosity that I did not understand.

One night, tired and hungry, I was tramping on a road. I had failed to obtain any supper, and no one would let me sleep on the premises. I was about to choose my accustomed bed on such occasions, two flat fence rails, when I saw a dim light ahead. True, I looked in at a window and saw that the room was lighted by bright coals left from a wood fire. There was a beard in a rug before the fireplace, and I longed to lie down on it and have a comfortable sleep. I tried the window sash, expecting to find it locked, but it wasn't. I could lift it easily and without making a sound, so I put my head in and listened. The house no doubt belonged to well-to-do persons. They had evidently gone to bed. I thought I might snatch a few hours' sleep and get out before any one moved in the morning. I knew it would be risky to do so, but I was desperate and ready to take any chance. So down I got on the rug and had hardly struck when I fell asleep.

I was awakened by being shaken. Opening my eyes, I perceived that the room was illuminated. A man in pajamas was stooping beside me, shaking me with one hand and holding a cocked revolver in the other. "Get up and get out of here!" he said roughly.

"All right," I replied. Raising myself I stood on my feet, and rubbed my eyes. The man asked me how I got in and what I came for. He soon saw that I was not dangerous and unlocked his pistol. When he learned that I was a tramp and tired and hungry he softened toward me. I noticed that he looked at me with that name curious gaze which others had regarded me. After talking with me a few minutes he got me something to eat and, not having the heart to turn me out, told me he would show me into a room where I could sleep all morning. I told him I would rather lie on the rug, and he said I might do so. He had come down before going to sleep to make sure the fire was in safe condition, had seen me lying before it, had gone back upstairs for a revolver and had awakened me.

In the morning early he came down, roused me and told me to follow him upstairs, showing me into a beautiful tiled bathroom and pointing to a suit of clothes, with undergarments, hanging to hooks. I bathed, put on the clothes and went downstairs. The man who had befriended me was there and, turning, gazed at me steadily and with a wondering look.

"I didn't know better," he said. "Would you think you were my own brother?"

"He led me to a pier glass, where our figures were reflected. I had never seen myself decently dressed before and was astonished at the change in my appearance. I was as much astonished as he at the resemblance between me and the man beside me. Turning to me, he said:

"You're no tramp. I saw that last night. You are or were at least a gentleman. You've got gentler blood in your veins than I. You're working some game."

I assured him that he was mistaken and during our conversation gave him the sketch of my life I have given here. From the first he seemed moved by some powerful emotion. Before I had finished he ran into the hall and called "Mother! Emily! Jack! Come here!"

When these persons came down he said to them, "Look at us two together and tell me who's what think he is?"

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed the mother. "Can he be Julian?"

In a few words it was explained to me that sixteen years before her little boy, five years old, had been kidnapped. During the negotiations for his return the kidnapers had become frightened and disappeared. The child was at last given up for dead.

No direct proof was ever adduced that I was the lost member of this family. Nevertheless the fact was corroborated by much circumstantial evidence. I am the very image of a grandfather whose portrait hangs in the house I entered and look more like my mother than either of my brothers. The grandfather I speak of was considered a thoroughbred.

## PHYSICIANS AND FEES.

A Medical View of the Doctor's Charge For His Services.

Those who discuss the physician's fee frequently miss the essence of it. As a matter of fact, under present social conditions the charge made to the wealthy and well-to-do is the normal and proper fee; the lowered charges made to those less fortunate are concessions. The tremendous field of the physician's charity is therefore usually underestimated, for it extends to a great majority of his patients.

In olden times, when medicine was nearly all art and but little science, the fee was unknown. Like other artists, the leech received an honorarium, the weight of which depended naturally upon the resources of the patient. The popular impression that physicians make the rich pay for the poor is incorrect. They extend their services to all alike, and all are supposed to pay as much as they can afford for services really priceless and impossible to represent adequately in money values.

Any attempt made to establish standard fees by law is sure to work in occasions I got out into the country, and longed to be there instead of in a dirty and dingy city. This threw me into the profession of tramp, but I instinctively shrank from asking people for food, therefore I made a very poor living. I noticed that whenever I asked any one for help I was always looked upon with a sort of curiosity that I did not understand.

## POWER OF MUSIC.

The Awakening That Came to Stephenson on Hearing Ole Bull.

Ole Bornemann Bull, who was one of the famous virtuosos of the violin in the nineteenth century, had little difficulty in swaying an audience by the magic of his wonderful performance on his favorite instrument. The great violinist was greatly admired by Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive, although the latter had little appreciation of music in his soul. A call of some nature one day took Stephenson to Ole Bull's home. After the business on hand had been transacted the inventor arose to go, whereupon the master pressed him to remain and hear the tones of a famous violin which had lately come into his possession.

Ole Bull began to explain the marvelous construction of the violin, the perfect exactness required in each minutest part. The inventor became interested in the subject. Finally Ole Bull explained how the sound waves were produced and the relation of the different parts to their production. Then, still explaining, he drew his magic bow across the strings in a burst of exquisite music. Stephenson listened, spellbound. Ole Bull played on. When the music finally died away Stephenson burst into tears and sobbed. "There has been something in my life that was lacking, and at last I've found out what it is."

## Escaped the Bullets.

Dr. James Crank, who was Washington's family physician, was with the Father of His Country in the expedition against the French and Indians in 1734, and the next year he attended General Braddock in his fatal campaign. Fifteen years later, while exploring wild lands in the western districts of Virginia, Dr. Crank encountered a band of Indians led by an aged chief, who informed the physician through an interpreter that he had made a long journey to see Colonel Washington, at whom in the battle of Mounongahela he had fired his rifle fifteen times and ordered all his young men to do the same. In fact, Washington had two horses killed under him that day, and his coat was pierced with four bullets, yet he left the battlefield unscratched.

## A Chemical Experiment.

When the genial Quaker, Isaac T. Hopper, met a boy with a dirty face, or hands he would stop him and inquire if he ever studied chemistry. The boy, with a wondering stare, would answer, "No."  
"Well, then, I will teach thee how to perform a curious chemical experiment," said Friend Hopper. "Go home, take a piece of soap, put it in water and rub it briskly on thy hands and face. Thou hast no idea what a beautiful froth it will make and how much whiter thy skin will be. That's a chemical experiment. I advise thee to try it."—Life of Isaac T. Hopper.

## Another History.

"I'm satisfied," said the young man who was just home from college, "that the science of electricity was understood before the flood."  
"Don't be a fool," sneered the old gentleman.  
"Reg pardon, but Noah must have certainly used some kind of an ark light."

## Warned.

Engaged Man—Love me? Why, she actually counts the kisses I give her! Cynical Friend—That's bad. She may keep it up after your marriage.—Boston Transcript.

## One of Those Crazy Questions.

"Well, great guns, Jones? I see you're wearing glasses. What for?"  
"For a sprained knee, you darned fool! What do you suppose?"—Toledo Blade.

## Another Trouble.

The trouble with most men is that they want to be at the top of the tree and are never willing to do any fielding.—Chicago Record-Herald.

## UNCLE SILAS SULKED.

What Aunt Melissa Had to Say When She Heard the News.

Aunt Melissa Spigot was such an exceedingly energetic talker that the youngsters of the family used to suppose that her tongue must be copper footed, because it never wore out. Uncle Silas, on the other hand, was as economical of words as a marketman is of early strawberries.

The too free exercising of this unruly member of Aunt Melissa's on one occasion gave Uncle Silas serious offense, which he manifested by a severe silence lasting for several days. At the end of that period one of the older daughters approached her mother upon the subject with the remark, "Ma, seems like you ought to make up with pa by now."

"Make up with pa?" exclaimed Aunt Melissa in great astonishment. "Make up what?"

"Why?" returned the daughter. "Don't you know poor pa's feeling bad yet? He's still sulking."

"Sulking for the land's sake! How long he been a-sulking?"

"Ever since you came down on him so hard about wasting sugar by not stirring his coffee; that's three days ago."

"Why, you don't tell me, Janie Maud!" Aunt Melissa looked amazed. "Your pore pa. Been a-sulking for three days, and I never mistrusted a thing of it!"—Youth's Companion.

## LOADED SILKS.

The Way the Fabric is Adulterated to Increase Its Weight.

If properly handled silk is the strongest and most durable of all textile materials, but the various processes of manufacture that remove much of the natural gum cause it to lose so large an amount of its weight that unscrupulous dyers and manufacturers resort to "loading," dipping the thrown silk into a solution of bichloride of tin. Some are not content with restoring the original weight of the raw silk, but "load" it until its weight is multiplied three or four fold. This operation makes the skeins more valuable, but it destroys the durability of the filaments.

Stretching the threads to their elastic limit, so that a given weight will break a greater number of yards, and steaming to give the material an unnatural luster are other processes that prove profitable to manufacturers, but costly to the consumers and that cause many people to regard silk as an uncertain and treacherous fabric, with an insupportable tendency to split, crack and fall into holes, even though packed away in drawers or hanging up.

The use of cheap, inferior and destructive dyes is another practice equally injurious and perhaps still more common.—London Family Herald.

## Driven to It.

Guy, the youngest son of Farmer Timmins, had spent two years in college during which time he had accumulated more indebtedness than education. His father paid his bills and left him to shift for himself. The boy had good stock in him, however, and managed by turning over a new leaf, practicing strict economy and doing odd jobs of work as opportunities presented themselves to pay for his tuition and stayed on.

"How's your boy doing at college?" asked the elder Timmins' next neighbor one day.

"He's getting along all right now." "I hear he's working his way through."

"Yes," grimly, but with a gleam of pride, answered Farmer Timmins. "He found he couldn't work me any more."—Youth's Companion.

## Pineapple Juice.

As an aid of digestion, a really material aid, the pineapple stands alone among the fruit. Its vegetable pepsin neutralizes, or perhaps rather digests, albuminous substances in the stomach. Fresh pineapple or, better still, the fresh juice of one placed in direct contact with eggs or gelatine or shall will prove this fact conclusively by producing a bitter tasting dish. In cases of catarrhal ailments of the throat and in its downward connection the alimentary canal or tract pineapple cannot be overestimated, and it acts with equal force in intestinal ailments.—New York World.

## Frank's Propriety.

"You started with the full coat of your shirt, didn't you? How you're crisscrossed on my shirt!" replied Beatrice. "Soberly, propriety, why experience has been on my mind like that? 'Tis a shame who got a naturally good sense, to waste a ball game."—Washington Star.

## A Matter of Pardon.

"What is Dobbler's general reputation for veracity, Biddad?" asked Hick-shoober.  
"Well, it's this way," said Biddad. "Dobbler could write the way he talks he'd have Sir Walter Scott and Alexander Dumas lashed to the mast."—Harper's Weekly.

## No Duty on Anecdotes.

This word came from the battlefield of Waterloo. An interesting anecdote goes with it.  
"It is a really interesting anecdote," said the other man, after listening carefully. "I bought the same anecdote once with an old musket."—Washington Herald.

We are put into this world to make it better, and we must be about our business.—General Armstrong.