

### THE MYSTERY OF JOHN BOUNCE

A Genius Who Was Inventive In Several Ways.

Johnny Bounce and I were schoolmates and fast friends. Johnny was younger than I, but stronger. Every boy who could lick me availed himself of the opportunity just for the fun of it. Johnny could lick most of them and, noticing that I needed a friend, began to lick every boy that licked me. This had a wholesome effect, and I was soon let alone.

When we left school to go out into the world (we were pretty big boys then) I said to John Bounce: "Johnny, I want you to understand that I owe you a whole lot. If I ever get a chance to make a stand-off for what you've done for me—I'll do it."

"Oh, you don't owe me anything, Tom," he said. "Besides, I guess we'll both get along pretty well."

I didn't see John after our parting for years. Then one day a man came into my office of very formal appearance. I put my fingers in my pocket to get out 10 cents when I noticed the fellow looking at me with a quizzical expression.

"You don't know me, Tom?"

"No, I don't."

"I'm Johnny Bounce."

My heart sank, for I knew that the world had been too much for John. However, I gave him a hand and warm grasp, asked him to sit down and tell me what he had been doing. He said he hadn't had much success thus far, but he had "ironed in the fire," some of which he thought would pan out very big. I had heard of these "irons" before in connection with men who had lost their grip on the world and knew that instead of irons they were gases. But I saw that John was sincere, so I did not discourage him.

"You can't run a thing like that, John," I said, referring to one of his schemes, "without being grubstaked. I haven't any capital to put in, but I wish you would let me lend you what you need from time to time. I've got \$10 here in my— No? Don't need it? Well, whenever you do come right in here and get it."

I knew perfectly well that he needed money, but could not bring himself to take it from me, whose equal he had been in everything except an ability to punch boys' heads, and in this he had been my superior. I was obliged to let him go without affording him relief, but I took his address, resolving to find some indirect way of giving him money. But I was very busy at the time and put the matter off. Besides, I am not an inventive genius and failed to think of any method of lending John Bounce money without appearing to give it.

One morning a woman came into my office and said she had heard John Bounce, who boarded with her, speak of me. She said that Bounce owed her \$37.45 for board, and she would like me to tell her if he had any property on which she could levy. I told her that Mr. Bounce was a perfectly honorable man, but was trying to carry through certain schemes without sufficient capital. She left with a check for the amount of her bill. A week later I received a note from John regretting that the woman had thought it necessary to adopt such strenuous measures and assuring me that one of his irons was at white heat and he would soon call and return the amount. I admired his plan of enabling me to help him indirectly.

John never came to see me. His pride, his sensitiveness, whatever it was, wouldn't let him. One day a long while after the board bill episode I received a note from an undertaker telling me that a man named John Bounce had died in a boarding house. A letter from me had been found in his room, and since there was no money to bury him it was deemed advisable to notify me. The amount required was about \$100.

I was sorry now since poor John was gone that I had not been able to do more for him. I inclosed a check for the amount and authorized a call for more. I did the latter as an excuse to my conscience for not attending to the matter personally. I couldn't bring myself to such a melancholy duty.

A few months later I received a note from one who wrote that he had been an intimate friend of the late Mr. John Bounce, the inventor. It was proposed by several of Mr. Bounce's friends to place a headstone at his grave. There were four men ready to contribute \$50 each. The cost of the stone would be \$250. Knowing that I had been a schoolmate of Mr. Bounce, he had ventured to write to know if I would make one of five. I at once sent my check for \$50.

A year passed. One morning I received a note from a lawyer stating that John Bounce had died a few days before (my hair stood on end with astonishment), that Mr. Bounce had left me his sole heir (I wondered), that Mr. Bounce had patented a mechanical toy, and that a toy manufacturing company stood ready to give \$25,000 for the right to manufacture (I grasped my desk for support).

This wonder turned out to be a reality. I accepted the offer, and when the check was paid me my eyes filled with tears. My poor, dear Johnny Bounce had succeeded after all, but too late. My thoughts were only on that genius for inventing methods by which I could give him money without wounding the feelings of either himself or me.

### Napoleon's Concentration.

The leading military principles of Napoleon were to seize the initiative by concentrating one's forces from marching into fighting order as quickly as possible and, having massed the troops as compactly as effective action will permit, to attack swiftly. This attack must be upon a portion only of the enemy's army, and the weight of one's whole force must be crowded in, so that at the point of action a decided superiority is attained. This theory of action he often explained to his generals. Moreau, in conversation with Napoleon in 1793, remarked that it was always the greater numbers that won, to which Napoleon replied: "You are right. When, with inferior forces, I had a large army before me I concentrated mine rapidly and fell like lightning upon one of the enemy's wings and routed it. Then I took advantage of the confusion which this maneuver never failed to produce in the opposing army to attack it on another point, but always with my whole force. Thus I beat it in detail, and the victory which was the result was always, as you see, the triumph of the larger over the lesser."—Edward D. Jones in Engineering Magazine.

### Animals Used to Test Drugs.

Use is made of chemical manufacturers of various animals, such as chickens, dogs, cats and frogs, to test the efficacy of drugs. Ergotine, for instance, is tested on chickens in an extremely simple way. Should it fail to turn a chicken's comb black it is at once known by the experimenter that the drug is worthless. Dogs are employed to test hashish. This is manufactured from female buds of hemp, the male buds having no particular medicinal value. Hashish administered to dogs induces a peculiar pathological condition, if the drug is correctly prepared, which is seen in no other animal save man himself. Digitalis, the heart stimulant, is best tested on frogs. Injecting a drop of the drug into the stomach of the frog, the chemist, by means of the kymograph, or heart recording machine, studies the changes of the frog's heart action, thus obtaining accurate knowledge as to the effect of that particular kind of digitalis.—St. Louis Republic.

### Why They Like to Reform.

"Train robbers, burglars, safe blowers, holdup men and, in fact, nearly all that class of professional criminals who resort to deeds of violence are greatly addicted to the use of iodoform," said a former California sheriff. "These fellows after committing some crime besprinkle their clothing liberally with the iodine smelling fluid. They also pour it on their guns and knives and the tools of their trade. The reason is that they often make hurried flights in which they are not infrequently trailed with bloodhounds. There is nothing a bloodhound hates worse than the scent of iodoform, and it has been repeatedly the cause of the dog abandoning pursuit of a fugitive malefactor. Knowing this, the crooks are liberal buyers of an article that may tend to cause their freedom from capture."

### Inside Information.

"Silk stockings must be very cheap in America. Nowhere in the world do women's slim and supple ankles gleam in trousers' silk as they do here." The speaker was an English actor. He continued: "A married man told me the other day that, going into one of your department stores, he said to a door-walker: "I'm looking for something pretty in silk stockings." "The doorwalker smiled and, with a gesture, embraced the long rows of counters, with their charming sales-women."

### Plea For Trick Animals.

No dog or horse or cat ever finds it according to its nature to jump through flaming hoops, roll barrels, walk a tight rope or do scores of other things it is forced to do by trainers. The lump of sugar or the bit of meat given deceives no one who knows anything about animals. Refusal to applaud, persuading children not to attend these exhibitions because of the cruelty that is behind them. Influencing one's friends against the whole scheme of making money through trick animals—these are some of the ways in which we may help.—Our Dumb Animals.

### Mexico's Four Nosed Snake.

The most deadly reptile in Mexico is the four nosed snake. It usually measures from four to six feet in length and from two to four inches in diameter, with sixteen great fangs, eight above and eight below. It has the ferocity of a bulldog and the venom of an Egyptian asp.

### Solar Freak.

"Leap year is so called because the earth goes round the sun for three years, but in the fourth year it leaps over it!" wrote a very youthful student in an examination paper.

### Teddy Wondered.

Teddy—Dad, what are ancestors? Father—Well, I'm one of yours. Your granddad is another Teddy—Oh, but why is it that folk brag about them?

### Luck and Pluck.

Griggs—I should say that the two keys to success are luck and pluck. Briggs—Certainly—luck in finding some one to pluck!

### Hold your temper for a moment and avoid a hundred days of sorrow.—Chas. See Proverb.

## AN INTERRUPTION

By ANNABEL BRINSMADE.

Preparations were being made for a funeral in the Margot family. The body of Betty Margot, aged eighteen, was to be buried at 11 o'clock, and it was now 10. A great deal of sympathy was shown the family, for there were very sad circumstances attending the young girl's death. In fact, it was considered a case of suicide.

About a year before Betty began to show signs of despondency. She had left school and was ready to take a social position among the young people of the town in which she lived. Her mother, partly to divert her from her condition of mind, did what she could to induce her to do so. Betty did not refuse to go among those of her own age, but when with them, instead of being the bright, cheery girl of a year before, she was listless. The young men and maidens who had grown up with her endeavored for awhile to draw her from her lethargy, but, finding their efforts futile, at last gave up trying.

The family physician was, of course, consulted. He talked with Betty, asked her a great many questions, prescribed a tonic to be taken "three times a day before meals," but told her mother that he could find no organic disease. He thought that change of scene might be beneficial, but the Margots could not afford to take the patient away. Besides, she said she didn't care to go away. The doctor suggested that there might be a young man in the case, but Mrs. Margot declared that her daughter had never shown any preferences for any of her male acquaintances. To this the doctor replied that first love on the part of a young girl from sixteen to twenty was apt to assume very singular forms. He had treated cases of supposed physical insanity which eventually had turned out to be simply love sickness. One of his patients had shown signs of a breaking down in health simply because she could not make up her mind between two suitors and had finally eloped with a third, to whom her parent had no objection whatever.

One morning when the good lady went into her daughter's room with the usual toast and coffee—she would not permit Betty to arise before 11 o'clock—the room was empty. The bed had not been slept in. The frightened matron rushed from the room, calling her daughter. "Hilly! The housemaid, Betty, excepted, responded, and eventually the whole town was roused."

The day passed with no word from the missing girl. She must have departed in the night, for no one had seen her go. Every village in the neighborhood received telephone messages describing Betty's personal appearance and inquiring if she had been seen. All her relatives far and near were notified. Not a hopeful word came from any point.

Mrs. Margot, after she became so far calmed as to express an opinion on the cause of her daughter's departure, said she believed that Betty's mind had been affected through some disease which "that stupid doctor" had failed to discover. The people of the town had many and diverse opinions. Mrs. Griffin, across the street, who had heard Mrs. Margot—an impatient, excitable woman—scold her daughter, averred that the latter had been driven away by cruelty. Some of the neighbors—old maids or married women who had adopted dogs in lieu of children—said that Betty had not been properly brought up and had gone to the bad.

One day a fresh impetus was given to these conjectures by the discovery of a body of a woman in the river. It was blotted beyond recognition, but it was about Betty's height, and the hair was about the same color as hers. The consensus of opinion was that it was her remains; that in a fit of temporary insanity she had escaped from home and drowned herself. The sight was so awful that the parents were persuaded not to look at it. An undertaker prepared it for burial, and this brings us to the beginning of our story, which is also the end.

Persons were assembling at the Margot home to pay their last respects to the dead. The clergyman had arrived, the undertaker was going about with soft tread giving directions in a modulated voice, when a young man and woman turned a corner and caught a view of the hearse and carriages standing before the door. The lady sank on the man's bosom with a gasp; but, recovering, the two pursued their way to the house of the funeral. The clergyman was mentioning some lovely traits of the deceased when the chief mourners uttered an exclamation of surprise and made a bolt for the hall, where stood the newcomers.

"Oh, Betty!" exclaimed both father and mother in a breath. The absences were discontinued on account of the appearance of the object for which they were held, and a great relief, a great joy, reigned in their stead. This was Betty's explanation.

"George met me when I was a schoolgirl, and we loved. Then that horrid Kate Baxter came between us, and for a long while I was afraid she'd get him away from me. But one day he wrote me that she had been telling lies about me, and I concluded to go and give her a piece of my mind. The result was that George and I thought we'd better be married. So here we are."

The doctor's diagnosis of the case was, "The insanity of juvenile love."

### A Delightful Dinner Party.

Thackeray liked to dine alone at the Star and Garter, a famous hostelry in Richmond, near London. Harry Furness, whose fame as an illustrator is international, in speaking of this peculiarity of the novelist, said: "An old acquaintance of mine, Sir James O'Dowd, a great friend of Thackeray's, told me that Thackeray often drove all alone to the Star and Garter and went solemnly through an elaborate course dinner and returned to town in his carriage, still in solitary state. O'Dowd happened to be dining one evening at the Star and Garter in another room and, straggling into the larger one, came across Thackeray, screened off from the other diners and just finishing his elaborate repast.

"Well, Thackeray," he said, "you are an extraordinary man—here all alone when you must have known any or all of us would have kept you company."

"All alone! My dear O'Dowd," cried Thackeray, "alone! Why, I have had the best of companions a man could entertain. Becky has just left, and Penderick, Colonel Newcome and I have had a delightful evening. The colonel has not had such a jolly tuck-in for years."

### Knew a Bigger One.

A couple of young military officers were dining together at a restaurant one night, and the conversation became a discussion on lies and lying generally, and finally there was a warm debate as to who was the biggest liar known to them. An old gentleman sitting at a table near was unable to avoid overhearing the discussion, and after a few minutes he rose and came over to their table.

"I have just heard you decide, gentlemen," he said gravely, "that Lieutenant Arthur Blank is the biggest liar you have ever met. I am his father."

After a few moments' embarrassed silence one of the young officers began to stammer apologies, but the old man waved them aside.

"No, no," he said, "don't apologise. It's quite unnecessary. I was only going to say that if you regard my son Arthur as the biggest liar you have met you cannot possibly have met my other son, Richard."—London Answer.

### What He Gained.

Mrs. Smith was grieved and disappointed at the conduct of her son Robert. She called him into her presence and questioned him gravely as to his latest enormity.

### Our First Fox-Hunters.

The first hunt club organized in America was the Gloucester Fox Hunting club, formed by about 125 gentlemen of Philadelphia. The first meeting was held in December, 1700, in the old Philadelphia coffee house. Men who later became famous in the country's history were among its members. The Revolutionary war for a time put a stop to the sport, when Samuel Morris and twenty others of the club organized the First City troop. This old Gloucester club survived for fifty-two years, until 1818.—Argonaut.

### Sheer Waste.

Sir Archibald Geikie tells a story of a Scotchman who, much against his own will, was persuaded to take a holiday. He went to Egypt and visited the pyramids. After gazing for some time at the great pyramid he muttered, "Man, what a lot of mason work not to be bringin' in any rent!"

### Success and Failure.

It is sometimes hard to find out just how the man who is successful has managed to succeed, but it is always easy to see why failure comes to those who fail.—Chicago Record-Herald.

### A Hard Job.

His Friend—What part did you find most trying when you were on the stage? Footlights—Trying to live up to the salary I told my friends I was drawing.

### Setting Him Right.

Marks—I hear that you have been operating in the stock market. Parks—You've been misinformed. I've been operated upon.—Boston Transcript.

The learned man has always riches within himself.—Phaedrus.

## IT PAYS to come to Rochester to buy Furniture

98c FOR THIS UPHOLSTERED STOOL

44 STYLES OF HOUSE CHAIRS \$2.00 to \$3.75

**H.B. GRAVES**

177 BROADWAY, N.Y. CITY

**WEBSTERS NEW INTERNATIONAL**

THE MERRIAM WEBSTER

**MENEELY BELL CO. TRUY, N.Y.**

177 BROADWAY, N.Y. CITY

**BELLS**

**MACKINAC**

THE CHAINS OF OUR SUMMER SEAS

WHERE YOU CAN GO

Detroit and Cleveland Navigation Company

**BLOCK GAS ARC LAMPS**

"BLOCK SYSTEM" STREET LIGHTING

THE BLOCK LIGHT CO., Youngstown, O.

HIGH GRADE POPULAR PRICED MANTLES

**W. E. B.**

**Elastine Reduso CORSETS**

are the most comfortable corset for the well-developed woman.

**The Elastine Gores** in the corset relieve all strain and allow freedom and comfort in any position.

W. E. B. Elastine-Reduso Corsets are guaranteed to

**Reduce Hips and Abdomen One to Five Inches** effecting a wonderful improvement in the figure lines.

**\$3.00 and \$5.00**

At All Dealers.

W. E. B. NEUFORM Corsets