

The Boy at Beechenbrook

By M. QUAD

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I was employed at the age of sixteen in a London bookstore and sent by it to Beechenbrook, a large house a little outside of Manchester.

He had departed so suddenly that plate and all other valuables were left in the house, though he hired a private watchman to look after the house at night.

Things went along all right for a week, and if any of the servants feared a visit from burglars nothing had been said to me about it.

I pitched myself down the stairs an inch at a time, and then on hands and knees I began creeping across the parlor.

I decided to get out of the house and arouse the gardener and get the police from the station, two miles away.

When I had re-entered the house and crept back to the door leading into the dining room the fellows were working at the plate room door with iron bars.

I had been watching everything in a helpless way, having no plan and no hope, and it was only when the men shouldered the sacks to carry them out that I made a move.

The old man scratched his head reflectively and replied: "Well, no, son—provided, of course, that you don't draw on me."—Lippincott's.

The row awakened the women, and when they came to know what had happened they took the horse and cart and went for the police, while I continued to stand guard.

Fishermen's Language. A correspondent of the English magazine, Country Life, has been studying the vocabulary of Hastings fishermen.

The Curragh is plain in the County Kildare, Ireland is a stretch of open ground of about 4,800 acres and serves the twin purposes of a large military camp and a race course.

Shortly after the establishment of a station in Wytheville by the weather bureau, a "north wind" was directed a signal pole on his mother's coat shed.

Dr. Kennedy, a former head master of Shrewsbury school, has a keen sense of humor.

Preparations were made for the usual form of punishment. The cane whizzed in the air, but bracing his nerves to meet its descent the victim found himself untouched.

The proverb which tells us that "the darkest hour is that before dawn" is inaccurate, for light increases in the morning as gradually as it decreases in the evening.

The head of a certain Washington family was recently approached by his son just wearing his majority. "Father," said he, "I want to have a talk with you concerning my future."

"There is a movement on foot," said Mr. Snooze, "to prevent the marriage of weak-minded persons. What do you think of it?"

Mudge—Here's a man figured out that if all the money in the world were divided equally—each adult would get about \$30. Meeg—He's wrong. My wife would get \$60.—Boston Transcript.

"There is a great deal of gossip about Gwendolyn's eyebrows."

Porpoise—What is the whole blowing about? Dogfish—Oh, he got so many notices for his fat in swallowing fish he's been blowing ever since.—Exchange.

Westminster Abbey's Prizefighter. Observant visitors to Westminster Abbey may have noticed in one of the groups of statues near the north door of the edifice a remarkable arm on one of the figures.

There is a popular belief to the effect that the Neapolitan eats his spaghetti by a deft process of wrapping thirty or forty inches round the tines of his fork and then lifting it inboard, an ell at a time.

Willie had resigned his position in the big bakery, where he labored in the pie department, and had gone to work in a carpenter's shop for smaller wages.

A very curious and exceedingly clever dance may be witnessed in Fiji called by the natives "the sugar cane make," or sugar cane dance.

The famous Etruscan vases were wrongly named, for, though made in Etruria, they were the productions of Greek genius.

The natural color of the clay; another has the figures of the natural color and the ground painted black.

Twenty great factories work up the whole of the tobacco manufactured in France, and the right to retail is jealously guarded by the state.

The first daguerreotype ever taken in America was a picture of the Unitarian church, Washington square, New York City.

Country Host—I hope the owl didn't disturb you last night, Lady Jenkins? Wife of Local Mayor—Law bless you, no. I didn't hear anything. Which dog was it?—London Punch.

Facetious Friend (teasingly)—Well, which rules, you or your wife? Mr. Youngblood (with hauteur)—You forget we can afford to keep a cook.—Exchange.

"A man is soon forgotten after he is dead," said Mrs. Gabb. "Not if you marry his widow," replied Mr. Gabb.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A DOUBLE TRIANGULAR AFFAIR

By SARAH BAXTER

Ned Truesdale was born with a fair intellectual endowment, but there was one feature in his makeup that kept him constantly in hot water.

Finally he received a note from Miss Belle Stevens, a girl to whom he had told his story and who, not knowing of his idiosyncrasy, was preparing her trousseau.

The most natural thing for Ned to do was to inform Miss Marian Jones, the last girl to whom he had given his heart, of the alternative that had been offered him by her rival.

"There's but one thing for you to do, Ned; you must bluff 'em. Write a letter to each stating that you have been unaccustomed to deal with women as with men, but if she insists on being so treated you have no option but to grant her request."

"I don't know. I feel more at home with Helen Swift than with any other girl. I reckon I'll settle on her."

"Well, then, send word, as I have told you, to Miss Stevens and Miss Jones and propose to Miss Swift. When you are really engaged these two will let you alone."

Ned wrote the notes as advised and the same evening proposed to Miss Swift. To the latter he declared he was in earnest, but confessed that he was in trouble with other girls.

The next thing Ned heard from Tom was that a meeting had been arranged with both Miss Stevens and Miss Jones for the next morning at a secluded spot in the country.

On the appointed morning Ned drove to the home of his last and only true ladylove, and the two arrived on the ground in due time, finding the two principals and Ned's two seconds there ready for the fray.

Mr. Truesdale was the most delighted man in the universe. He strutted and glowed, glorying in his reprieve and growing over his seconds.

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Feeding and Literary Genius.

H. G. Wells is among those who believe that indigestion is an aid to successful authorship. Some years ago when called upon to answer the question, "What is the first step toward literary production?" Mr. Wells replied, "It is imperative if you wish to write with any power or freshness at all that you should utterly ruin your digestion."

Connection between feeding and literary genius is commented on by Robert Sherard in his "Modern Paris." Theophile Gautier, himself enormous, maintained that a man of genius should be fat and for proof pointed to Alexandre Dumas, "always fat and jolly," to the "hippopotamus in breeches," Rossini, and the plump and well-fed appearance of Victor Hugo and Sainte-Beuve.

The old sanctuary of the abbey and palace of Holyrood house, to quote the full description, was an interesting institution. The debtor was free from arrest during the week.

Described an African sunrise, as he noted it, in the "blue black African night back of Mount Kilimangaro."

"Impossible as it may seem," he said, "that red stain dripped down and not up, and spread toward the horizon. It spread right and left until the mountain, still as blue black as the night, stood out in a dreadful silhouette."

"I don't know. I feel more at home with Helen Swift than with any other girl. I reckon I'll settle on her."

An electromagnet consists, essentially, of a core of soft iron surrounded by many turns of insulated copper wire through which a powerful electric current is made to flow.

"You look scared." "I guess you'd be if you were as sick as I am." "Tshaw! You're not seriously sick." "I didn't think I was, either, but I can see that the doctor is beginning to worry over my case."

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A youthful and blushing bride reduced the aged grandmother of the man of her choice to a state of collapse last week, says the Sydney Bulletin.

It is fortunate to be of noble ancestry. It is more so to be such that people do not care to be informed whether you are noble or ignoble.—La Bruyere.

Analyzing a Raindrop.

Rain water as it leaves the clouds is pure. As it passes through the atmosphere it absorbs more or less carbonic acid gas and air, which it carries with it into the ground.

It is generally known that the bicarbonates of lime and magnesia when present in the water form a comparatively soft scale; the chlorides and nitrates are apt to cause corrosion, and the salts of soda and potash present, while not scale forming, are apt to cause foaming when sufficiently concentrated.—Power.

The word disinfectant has become a household term, and almost every one knows that it means something that destroys germs, though comparatively few know what our best and cheapest disinfectants are.

The most useful and efficient all round disinfectant that we have is the sun, and the air is his worthy ally. Fresh air dilutes germs as water dilutes filth, and the lushest germ will quickly curl up its toes and die if exposed to the sunlight.

Open windows and rolled up shades would save many lives, but what do we have windows and shades for if not to keep them down? Besides, if we left them up it would let in the flies and fade the carpets, so we pamper the germs and employ the doctor.—Rural New Yorker.

The Thrifty Spirit.

It seems easier to be a deacon or elder nowadays than it was in our fathers' time. The portentous solemnity of countenance has gone out with the "blacks" that used to be essential for the duty of standing at "the plate."

Before the white man began to explore Kentucky, about the middle of the eighteenth century, the region was a vast hunting ground for many large tribes of the south, north and east, and between these tribes there was continuous conflict for the possession of the rich game privileges.

The Reform He Advocated.

The editor of a British weekly journal, wishing to know what reforms well known men desired to see effected during the year, once applied to Sir W. S. Gilbert, among others.

Bankruptcy.

"Pa, what's bankruptcy?" a little boy once asked. "Pa, who had been 'bit' that week, answered bitterly: "Bankruptcy, my son, is where you put your money in your hip pocket and let your creditors take your wallet and coat."

Whist.

An acquaintance of Talleyrand once remarked to him that he did not think it worth his while to learn the game of whist. Talleyrand's reply has been remembered until this day: "Not know whist, young man? What a dismal old age you are preparing for yourself!"

Very Restive.

"The Caller—You say that your son dislikes the country and wants to go to the city. Does he seem very restive at home? Mrs. Turner—Yes; he's awfully restive. He ain't done nothing but rest since he graduated from college.—Princeton Tiger.

Tale of Two Lakes.

Lake Baikal—in central Asia, and Lake Tanganyika—in central Africa, furnish similar problems for scientists, as both are fresh water, removed from oceans, yet both contain deep sea fish.

A weak mind is like a microscope, which magnifies trifling things, but cannot receive great ones.—Chesterfield.