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**THE SUBSTITUTE.**

(CLINTON DANGERFIELD IN COSMOPOLITAN.)

The tramp cocked a red and sullen eye at Wingfield.

"My job ain't as easy as you think," he observed, discontentedly. "It may look a soft snap, but when I promised the professor to let him experiment on me I hadn't no idee what I was gettin' into in this here innocent country place."

"You appear to be well fed," returned Wingfield, seating himself on the smooth pasture-sward beside the hobo. "And you've just been enjoying a cigar."

"Which you gimme," said the tramp, not ungratefully. "Well, now, I tell you—that's the fust ceeegar I had in five days." He paused to let this statement sink into Wingfield's mind, and then he resumed. "You see, the ole feller he's writing' a book on grub an' its effects on avy poise—which is flesh. He wanted to find out exactly what grub made exactly how much flesh, so he goes an' finds me and some other gaycats, an' he says, 'Give you a dollar a day to do nothin' but eat.'"

"And you jumped at the chance?"

"I did," admitted the tramp. Then he added, gloomily: "But there's allers somethin' wrong in every stoation. Fust place, we have to mastykate every mouthful till it ain't got no taste left in it. Now, I'm ust to eaten' sensible—I likes to take a big bite and wash it down comfortable with coffee; but no, sir!—the pefessor won't let us have a drop to drink while we're mastykatin'."

"Too bad," murmured Wingfield.

"Then there's them breakfast-foods, which he is inventin'," pursued the tramp, with a shiver. "I don't no sooner git accommodated to one than he up an' tries a new one on us."

"But," he continued, "he's the easiest pusson in the world—so long as you do exactly what he says. If he ketches you disobeyin', you'd think a whirlwind done broke loose. He's got a pretty gal, his darter. The ole man keeps her terrible close—says a women musn't marry till she is thirty. Thirty? Ten years lost—for nothing."

"Five," murmured Wingfield to himself. "Julia is twenty-five now."

"She had a beau onct," pursued the tramp. "The cook told me about it. The gal was off at her aunt's. She got engaged to a bloomin' fine young feller which the professor hadn't never seed him. She come home, but she was skeered to let her beau come too, until she could confess to her dady."

"Wal, the gal she told the professor all about her engagement. An' then hell an' blazes was to pay! The pefessor ripsnorted and reared around till he scared that pore young woman nearly to death. I ricollected onct—"

"What about Miss Broughton?" interrupted Wingfield.

"I don't remember of sayin' her name," said the tramp, staring.

"Everybody knows the professor's name," retorted Wingfield, flushing.

"Wal, that may be," growled the other. "I wisht I never had heerd his ole name myself!"

Wingfield gave a smothered jab at the grass with his cane. Then he said, with a persuasiveness that seemed to have cost an effort over his impatience:

"You were telling me that he—"

"Yep—I was sayin' he ripsnorted and reared till he scared her into writin' a letter to her beau, informin' him it was 'all a mistake'—askin' him to take back her ring, that they 'wouldn't be happy,' an' a lot more lies."

Wingfield leaned suddenly across and caught the tramp's arm in a grip of steel.

"Are you sure of all this?" he demanded, breathlessly.

"Leggo!" howled the other, an expression of acute anguish on his face. "You got the constitooshun of an ox, you have. You ort to be in my place, where you'd need it."

"That's precisely where I mean to be," retorted Wingfield. Leaning toward the hobo, he began a serious of eloquent arguments.

When, at the noon-hour, the professor went into the garden to collect his five "experiments" for their dinner, he was exceedingly vexed to find one of them missing.

He glared at the others, and questioned them, but the stubbornly maintained their utter ignorance of their former companion's whereabouts.

At this point the gate opened, and a young fellow whose silky crop of curly brown hair looked a trifle too well groomed for his very

ragged clothes, entered and approached the exasperated professor.

"Professor Broughton, I believe," he said, bowing respectfully. "You are less one tramp, are you not?"

"Sir, I am," said the professor, eagerly. "Can you tell me where to find him?"

"Sir, I cannot," returned the other, in apparent regret. "I merely happened to overhear your just indignation on the subject, and having, of course, read reports concerning these already famous experiments of yours, I hasten to offer myself in the delinquent's place."

The professor stared.

"You are very obliging," he said, dryly. Then his eyes swept the other's muscular figure. "You are not as thin as I would desire," he remarked. "Still, you might answer. By the way, your language is very correct for your class."

Pray don't refer to it," sighed the newcomer. "I am naturally very sensitive. Will you put me on your list?"

By the time Professor Broughton had experimented on the substitute for a week, he began to congratulate himself heartily on the exchange. For the newcomer took a most intelligent interest in the effects of the different foods, and was willing to be weighed ten times a day if the professor desired it.

Another thing gratified the professor. His daughter unexpectedly awakened to the importance of these investigations, and with her own fair hands helped him to measure out the food apportioned each tramp. She did more than that. Instead of eating in solitary state, as she had done hitherto while her father presided over the experimental table, she insisted on joining him as hostess, and on aiding him to prevent the gastronomic breaks which the hoboes were given to making if he took his eyes off them.

It is true there was one out of the five, the substitute, who never needed watching. He always took sixty bites to an apple as directed, and in every way endeavoured to prolong the meal to the most healthful measure. But Julia never could be made to see this. She seemed to think the substitute needed a keeper all to himself, and she watched him so carefully that she left the other four completely on the professor's hands.

The professor obliged all five of the men to keep perfectly clean-shaven. He took great delight in observing the hollows in their faces filling out, were it ever so faintly, under the influence of milk and potatoes, and an equal pleasure in proving a marked decline in twenty-four hours when he put them on rare beef and lemon-juice.

As soon as the men varied one way or the other, were it never so slightly, the professor put them on something else, considering that the variation had proved his point.

The substitute never minded these violent, and seemingly capricious, changes. The most blissful content appeared in his face at meal-times—an ecstatic state of being which distinctly irritated his confederates, whose discontent daily grew deeper.

Absorbed in caring for the substitute, Miss Julia failed to notice the malevolent glances cast on her father by his four original hirelings.

This quartet sat like four hungry and sulky children. Their jaws moved with the repressed fury of wolves constrained to detested deliberation.

That this constraint alone compelled them into a temporary art in "mastykatin'," that their ominous scowls meant something, Miss Broughton was doomed to discover very suddenly.

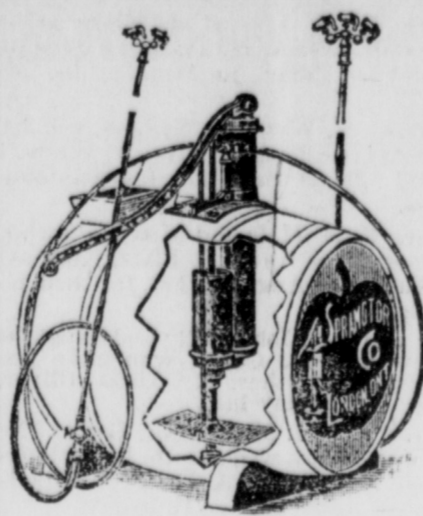
She might have had forewarning long previously, had she only reflected on the isolated site of the house, and on the highly unscientific attitude of the reluctant "experiments," so far as the four were concerned.

She came down to the breakfast-room one morning, and found it vacant. But upset chairs and other disorders roused her suspicions. She heard voices in the kitchen, and she sped thither.

She came upon a strange sight. The professor was tied in his chair at the head of the kitchen-table, though his arms were left free. One tramp was setting the table lavishly with the kitchen crockery, another was poking the range-fire, another was cutting huge slices of ham for the frying-pan, another was making coffee, while the professor's negro cook, ashy with fright, was frying batter-cakes by the dozen. Batter-cakes were anathema in the professor's estimation.

Julia would have turned to fly, but a tramp intercepted her and locked the door.

"You come along, you pore half-starved



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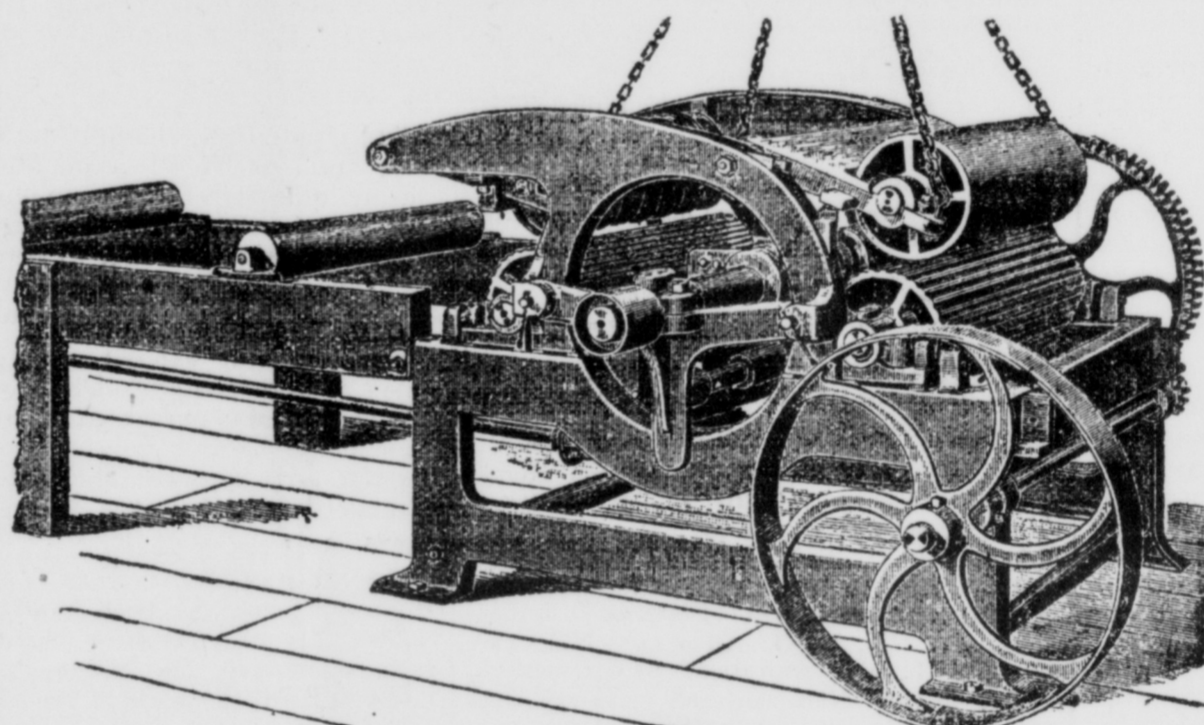
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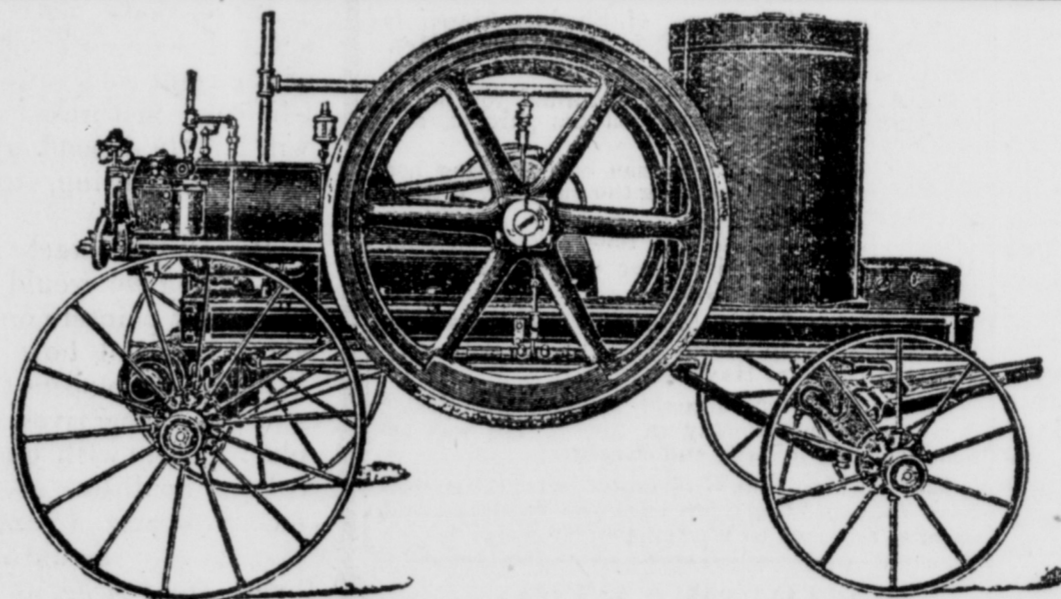
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critter," he said, pityingly. "We are going to show you and the pefessor how to mastykate."

"Where's Mr.—? Where's Number Five?" wailed Miss Julia. The tramps had always been known by numbers.

"He wasn't agreeable to our plan," said her impromptu host, politely. "So we locked him down cellar, where he kin stay for the present. He hadn't no speret, nohow. He was willin' to eat any ole thing. Sit down, miss."

Julia complied, not daring to refuse.

In fifteen minutes the table was piled up with the most indigestible breakfast ever seen in that house; and the four "experiments," in wide-mouthed glee, began bolting flour batter-cakes and ham with a haste which left it doubtful if they really tasted anything.

But long custom, bred of their degenerate days, sanctified the method to them, and they grinned on the horrified professor, drinking his health in floods of strong coffee.

"If you foller this here system, which is founded on the discoveries of whats-whats," urged the largest hobo, as he poured a huge-cupful of coffee for the indignant professor, "you will gain ten pounds in a day. And why? Because you kin eat ten pounds, if you eat fast. But the way you made us chaw, we couldn't tuck away more'n half as much."

"This is the real American method we're showin' you," said another, wrapping a batter-cake around his fork. But half-way to his mouth, he let it pause, in horror.

Tramp Number Five, the substitute, had suddenly and noiselessly appeared, and was directing against them the wordless but powerful eloquence of two leveled revolvers.

"Open the outside door, Julia," said the substitute, calmly. "That's right. I thought I'd need these pistols in a few days. And now, my friends who have been so kindly educating the educator, you will give up your little plan, and you will march into the highway with your hands over your heads. So! Oh, don't hesitate! I'd blow any one of you to kingdom come. I mean it."

With wild, regretful glances at the interrupted feast, the four "experiments" backed out into the cold world.

When the substitute returned, explaining that he had picked the cellar lock with a piece of wire, Miss Julia cast herself sobbing into his arms—a proceeding which demoralized the professor worse than ever as he sat lashed and helpless in his chair, the forbidden coffee smoking under his nose.

"Julia!" he thundered. "What are you doing? A tramp's arms! Disgraceful!"

"Oh, papa!" gasped Julia from her coign of vantage, quite untroubled by the ragged condition of the shoulder on which she leaned. "Don't call him names! He's no tramp. His income is bigger than yours. He's Albert Wingfield. You made me reject him once; but after what he has done for us you can't refuse him now!"

The professor recovered himself, but with difficulty.

"No," he said, reluctantly, "I suppose I can't." Then he added, decidedly, as a smile of scorching ham filled the room: "But hereafter I shall assuredly conduct all my experiments on quadrupeds. Bipedes possess too many elements of surprise."

**How Blackmar Saves His Life.**

This story is told at the expense of the late Gen. Wilmon W. Blackmar: Gen. Blackmar was attending a camp, when he was approached by a seedy-looking man who greeted him profusely. The general shrugged his shoulders and turned away, with the remark that they were not acquainted.

"But, general," said the stranger, "don't you remember how you saved my life at the battle of the Wilderness?"

Gen. Blackmar at once became interested, and he called a group of comrades over to listen, saying: "I saved this man's life once. How was it done, old comrade?"

"It was this way," was the response. "We were on a hill, and the enemy advanced steadily toward our entrenchments. A veritable hail of fire swept our position. Suddenly you turned—here the auditors were absorbed and excited—"and ran, and I ran after you. I think that if you hadn't shown the example I would have been killed that day."—[Boston Herald.]

A farmer, who was much troubled by trespassers during the cutting season, consulted with a botanical friend. The botanist furnished him with the technical name of the hazel, and the farmer placed the following notice at conspicuous points about his premises—"Trespassers, take warning! All persons entering this wood do so at their own risk, for, although common snakes are not often found the 'Corylus Avayyana's' abounds everywhere about here, and never gives warnings of its presence." The place was unmolested that year, and the farmer gathered his crop in peace.

Lady Visitor: And how many children have you?

Mother: Nine living, mum, and four married.—Punch.

"I rise for information," said a member of a legislative body. "I am very glad to hear it," said a bystander, for no man needs it more."

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