POOR DOCUMENT

MC2034

THOROUGHBREDS

By W. A. FRASER.

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"And I'd do that, if I didn't land a dollar," said Porter. "Andy, it hurt me more to see the filly banged about there in the ruck than it did giving up the money."

The trainer smiled. With him this was unusual; there was a popular superstition that he never smiled except when one of his horses won. But his heart expanded at Porter's words, for he, too, was fond of the little mare.

Then Porter spoke again, abruptly, and fast, as though he feared he might change his mind: "They downed me last trip, Dixon—I guess I'm getting a bit slow in my paces; and you do just as you like—arrange with Boston Bill if you think it's good business. He makes a specialty of winning races—not pulling horses, and we need a win, too, I guess."

"Thank you, sir. We'll land that stake; an' p'raps the sharp division'll take a tumble. I'll bet a dollar they'll go for The Dutchman—he ran a great race the other day, an' he's in the Eclipse—if they start him. Lucretia's right on edge, she's lookin' for the key hole, and may go back if we don't give her a race. We'd better get the money for the oat bill while it's in sight. She oughter be a long price in bettin', too," continued Dixon, meditatively; "the public soon sour on a beaten horse. You'll have a chance to get even."

"I don't like that part of it," muttered Porter; "I'm in the black books now. People have no reason at all—no sense; they've got it into their heads that dirty job was of my making, and if the filly starts at ten to one, and I win a bit, they'll howl."

"You can't make a success of racin', sir, an' run your stable for the public—they don't pay the feed bill."

"Perhaps you're right, Dixon," answered Porter.

For immediate financial relief Porter knew that he must look to Lucretia—no other horse in his stable was ready to win; but more immediately he must arrange certain money matters with his banker, who was Philip Crane. To Porter, Crane had been a tolerant financier, taking them an's honesty liberally as a security; not but what Ringwood had been called upon as a tangible asset. So that day, following his conversation with Dixon, the master of Ringwod had an interview with his banker. It was natural that he should speak of his prospects—his hopes of winning the 'Eclipse' with Lucretia, and, corroboratively, mention her good trial.

"I think that's a good mare of yours, Mr. Porter," said Crane, sympathetically. I only race, myself in a small way, just for the outdoor relaxation it gives me, you know, so I'm not much of a judge. The other horse you bought—the winner of the race, I mean, Lauzanne—will also help you all right, I should say."

Porter hesitated, uneasily. He disliked to talk about a man behind his back, but he knew that Langdon trained for Crane, and longed to give the banker a friendly word of warning; he knew nothing of the latter's manipulation of the trainer.

With a touch of rustic quaintness he said, with seeming irrelevance to the subject, "Have you ever picked wild strawberries in the fields, Mr. Crane?"

"I have," answered the other man, showing no surprise at the break, for life in Brookfield had accustomed him to disjointed deals.

"Did you ever notice that going down wind you could see the berries better?"

Crane thought a moment. "Yes, that's right; coming up wind the leaves hid them."

"Just so," commented Porter; "and when a man's got a trainer he's nearly always working up wind with him."

"The trainer hides things?" queried Crane.

"Some do. But the outsiders walking down wind see the berries."

And the banker pondered for a minute, then he said, "Whose garden are the berries in, Mr. Porter, yours or mine?"

"Well, you've always been a good friend of mine, Mr. Crane," Porter answered, evasively.

"I see,' said the other, mediatelvely; "I understand. I'm much obliged. If I thought for an instant that any tiainer wasn't dealing I'm much obliged. If I thought for an instant that any trainer wasn't dealing perfectly straighforward with me, I'd have nothing more to do with him—nothing whatever."

Crane sat looking through the open window at John Porter as the latter went down the street. About his thinlipped, square-framed mouth hovered an expression that might have been a smile, or an intense look of interest, or a touch of avaricious ferocity. The gray eyes peeped over the wall of their lower lids, and in them, too, was the unfathomable something.

"Yes," he repeated, as though Porter still stood beside him, "if Langdon tried to deceive me, I'd crush him. Poor old Porter with his story of the strawberries! If he were as clever as he is honest, he wouldn't have been stuck with a horse like Lauzanne. I told Langdon to get rid of that quitter, but I almost wish he'd found another buyer for him. The horse taint is pretty strong in that Porter blood. How the girl said that line,

'And a hush came over the clamorous mob;
Like a babe on his neck I was sobbing.'

She's cleverer than her father."

Crane sat for an hour. Porter had vanished from the landscape, but still the banker's thoughts clung to his personality as though the peeping eyes saw nothing else.

From the time of the first loan obtained upon Ringwood, Crane had coveted the place. It appealed to him with its elm-bordered, sweeping driveway, leading from gate to old colonial residence. Its thick-grassed fields and running water made it just the place for a man who tempered his passion for racing with common sense. And it would pass from Porter's hands right enough—Crane knew that. Porter might call it ill luck, but he, Crane the banker, knew it was the lack of something, the inability to make money.

"Made music to me on Crusader." Yes, that was it. With the Porters it was jingle of spurs, and tride of the horse. All very fine in theory, but racing, as he looked at it, was a question of proper odds, and many other things connected with the betting ring.

Why did the girl, Allis, with her jingling verse creep into his mind. Perhaps it was because she was so different from the woman who was always steeped in stephanotis. Of the one there was only the memory of an unmodulated voice and oppressive perfume; in truth, of the other there was not much more—just a pair of big, blue-gray, honest eyes, that somehow stared at him fearlessly, and withal with a great sweetness.

Crane suddenly chuckled in dry disapprobation of himself. Grotesquely enough, all at once he remembered that he was forty—that very day forty. He ran his hand over his waistcoat, dipped two fingers into his pocket and drew out a cigar. Ordinarily the face of an alabaster Buddha was mobile and full of expression compared with Crane's. His mind worked behind a mask, but it worked with the clean-cut precision of clockwork. When his thoughts had crystallized into a form of expression, Crane was very apt to be exactly right in his deductions.

Save for the curling smoke that streamed lazily upward from his cigar one might have thought the banker fast asleep in his chair, so still he sat, while his mind labored with the quiescent velocity of a spinning top. He had won a big stake over Lauzanne's victory. The race had helped beggar Porter, and brought Ringwood nearer his covetous grasp. If Porter failed to win the Eclipse, his finances would be in a pitiable state; he might even have to sell his good filly Lucretia. That would be a golden opportunity.

From desiring the farm, insensibly Crane drifted into coveting the mare. He felt to wondering whether the Dutchman might not beat Lucretia. A question of this sort was one of the few he discussed with Langdon. Crane had smoked his cigar out, had settled the trend of many things ,and developed the routine for his chessmen.

"I'll give Porter rope enough, in the way of funds, to tangle himself, and in the meantime I'll hun up to New York and see what Langdon thinks about the Dutchman," was the shorthand record of his thoughts as he threw away the end of his citgar, tok his hat, and passed out of the bank.

That evening he talked with his trainer.

"What should win the Eclipse, Langdon?" he asked.

"Well, I don't know what'll start," began the trainer, with diplomatic caution, running over in his mind the most likely two-year-olds.

"Would Porter's mare have a chance?"

"I think she would. I hear samething about a trial she gave them good enough to win—if I could find out her time—Porter don't talk much, an' Andy Dixon's like a clam. There's a boy in the stable, Shandy, that I might pump—"

"Don't bother, Mr. Langdon; I dislike prying into anybody's business."

The trainer stared, but he didn't know that Porter had told Crane all about the trial, and so the latter could afford to take a virtuous pose.

"Has The Dutchman a look in?" continued Crane.

"On his runnin' he has; he wasn't half fit, an' got as bad a ride as ever I see in my life. The race ought to be between 'em—I ain't seen no two-year-olds out to beat that pair."

"If I thought The Dutchman would win I'd buy him. I like game horses, and men, too—that'll take the gaff and try."

"I don't know as the owner'd sell him."

"Do you remember the buying of Silver Foot, Langdon?"

"Yes."

"He was a good horse."

"The best handicap horse in the country, an' he was sold for a song—seven thousand."

"Less than that, the first time," corrected Crane.

"Yes, they stole him from old Walters; made him believe the horse was no good."

"Just so," commented Crane; "I've heard that story," and his smooth, putty-like face remained blank and devoid of all meaning, as his eyes peered vacantly over their lower lids at the trainer.

"I know Billy Smith, that trains The Dutchman," hazarded Langdon; "he's a boozer."

"I'm glad of that—I mean, that you know Smith," declared Crane. "I happen to know the owner—his name is Baker. His racing is what might be called indiscriminate, and like men of that class he sometimes blunders upon a god horse without knowing it: and I doubt very much but that if he knew all about the other race—how bad Lauzanne really is; how the mare, Lucretia—well—got shut off, and couldn't get through her horses, say—of course his own trainer, Smith, would have to tell these things, you understand. In fact, if he knew the exact truth, he might take a reasonable offer for The Dutchman."

Langdon nodded approvingly. He loved his subtle master: cards up his sleeves tingled his nerves, and loaded dice were a joy for evermore.

Crane proceeded to unwind the silken cord. "Naturally Smith would hate to lose a fair horse out of his stable, and would, perhaps, attempt to thwart any deal; so I think you might remunerate him for his loss."

"When Silver Foot was sold, they gave him a bad trial before the sale—"

"I'm not interested in Silver Foot," interrupted Crane; "and I shouldn't like to have anything—well, I don't want my name associated with anything shady, you understand, Langdon? You are to buy The Dutchman as cheap as you can, and run him as your own horse in the Eclipse. I think Porter's mare will win it, so we needn't lose anything over The Dutchman."

Langdon started. With all his racing finesse he was a babe. The smooth, complacent-faced man in front of him made him realize this.

"But," he gasped, "there was a row over Lauzanne's race. If The Dutchman runs in my name, an' a lot o' mugs play him—it's dollars to doughnuts they will—an' he gets beat, there'll be a kick. I can't take no chances of bein' had up by the Stewards."

"Wait a bit," replied Crane, calmly. "Supposing Porter's mare worked five and a half furlongs in 1.07, how would she go in the Eclipse?"

"She'd win in a walk; unless The Dutchman was at his best when he might give her an argument."

"Well, if I thought The Dutchman could beat the mare, I'd make him win, if he never carried the saddle again," declared Crane, almost fiercely. Then he interrupted himself, breaking off abruptly. Very seldom indeed it was that Crane gave expression to sentiment; his words were simply a motor for carrying the impact of his well-thought-out plans to the executive agents.

"It will be doing Porter a good turn to—to—that is, if Lucretia wins. I fancy he needs a win. Bad racing luck will hardly stop the mare this time—not twice in succession you know, Langdon," and he looked meaningly at his jackal. "You buy The Dutchman, and be good to him."

He laid marked emphasis on the words "be good to him." The trainer understood. It meant that he was to send The Dutchman to the post half fit, eased up in his work; then the horse could try, and the jockey could try, and, in spite of all, the fast filly of Porter's would win, and his subtle master, Crane, would have turned the result to his own benefit. Why should he reason, or object, or counterplot, or do anything but just follow blindly the dictates of this past master in the oblique game he loved so well? Crane wanted The Dutchman because he was a good horse; he also wanted to have a heavy plunge on Lucretia; but with the son of Hanover in other hands the good thing might not come off.

Somehow Langdon felt miserably inefficient in the presence of Crane—his self-respect suffered; the other man's mind was so overmastering, even to detail. The trainer felt a sudden desire to right himself in Crane's estimation, give some evidence of ordinary intelligence, or capability to carry out his mission.

"If The Dutchman's owner was made to think that the horse was likely to break down, throw a splint, or—"

But Crane interrupted him in his quiet, masterful way, saying: "I know nothing of horse trading; I simply furnish the money, loan it to you, my dear Mr. Langdon, and you buy the animal in your own best way. You will pay for him with a check on my bank."

No man could close out an interview so effectually as Crane.

As Langdon slipped away as though he had been thrust bodily from the room, there was in his mind nothing but admiration of his master—the man who backed up his delicate diplomacy with liberal capital.

In spite of what he had said to Langdon, there was little doubt in Crane's mind but that the son of Hanover was a better horse than Lucretia. A sanguine owner—even Porter was one at times—was so apt to overrate everything in his own stable, especially if he had bred the animal himself, as Porter had Lucretia. To buy The Dutchman and back him on such short ownership to beat Lucretia would have been the policy of a very ordinary mind indeed; he would simply be fencing, with rapiers of equal length, with John Porter.

Crane had attained to his success by thinking a little deeper than other men, going a little beyond them in the carefulness of his plans. He knew intuitively—in fact Porter's unguarded conversation had suggested it—that Lucretia's owner meant to win himself out of his difficult position by backing the little mare heavily for the Eclipse, expecting to get his money on at good odds. By owning The Dutchman Crane could whipsaw the situation; forestall Porter in the betting by backing Lucretia down to a short price for himself, and have Jakey Faust lay with a full vigor against the Hanover colt. He would thus confine Porter to stake money, and Ringwood would still lie chained to his bank by the golden links he had forged on the place.

(To be continued.)

"Mother's compliments," said a youngster to a butcher who kept a shop in a busy suburban thoroughfare, "and she's sent me to show you the big bone brought with the piece of beef this morning."

"Tell your mother next time I kills a bullock without bones in it I'll make her a present of a joint," said the man of meat, with a grin.

"Mother's compliments," continued the boy, "and she says next time you find a bit of sirloin with a shoulder-of-mutton bone in it she'd like to buy the whole carcass as a curiosity!"

HE KNEW.

"And this," explained the canal boat captain, who was a jolly old tar, "is the lock." "And how," giggled the inquisitive passenger, "how is a canal lock unlocked?" And he laughed and smote his thigh. But the jolly old tar he cracked never a smile. "With the quay, to be sure," he explained, soberly.

Make or Break

By Harriet Prescott Spofford

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IF the mediaeval days were full of demons with which one reckoned, today has many of them concentrated in a single aspect—the demon of unrest. It possessed Charlie Harding in his shop in the village, the mills, the depot, the meeting house, being hard by, and all the gossip of the burg about his counter. And the world outside grew tempting.

But it was thought that a rich find of silver had been made in the neighborhood, and at once the price of every old pasture that even the sheep themselves would have disdained to crop had gone soaring out of sight, and the staid old parish that had followed the way of its forbears for 200 years and over had gone wild over its potentiality of riches.

Of course Captain Harding—a train band captain of militia was he—had not been in the center of all the talk without finding opportunity for bonding and buying and selling land, and he had, as he phrased it, melted down a good pocket piece through the various transactions. In the swinging of fate's pendulum, however, it was presently found that the silver was not of a paying sort, and the boom in land exploded like a bubble. But it left Charlie Harding full of eagerness and the wild spirit of adventure in money making.

"Why ain't you contented where you be?" asked his wife's grandfather. "There's allers ben silver here sence afore you was born. Why should it make sech a difference to ye all on a sudden now? Trouble is ye have to put it in to get it out. Costs more'n it comes to. There's folks I know has silver spoons made of it more'n 200 years ago. But, bless ye, them spoons, cost more'n gold. There's gold too. Didn't ye know it? That Californy feller panned some gravel out, I heerd say, an' got what he called a color. But long's spring pans out in the grass an' yarbs I do' know's I keer for the other color. As long as the bloodroot comes, an' the marshmaller, an' the long leaf of the dock that makes a most healin' salve, an' burdocks for blisters, an' crambries to draw out cancers, other folks may have their silver. Ef you an' Grace wants silver, jest keep to work. An' the sooner ye git this silver maggot out'n yer brain the better it'll be for you. You got a growin' business, you're pop'lar, an' it ain't more'n a mile's walk mornin's over to your store when you can't use yer wheel. My king! Here's spring for sure! Here's a mournin' bride!" And, all excitement, the old naturalist forgot his stick, hurrying and halting and slipping and stumbling, but making sure of the beautiful butterfly. Captain Harding looked after him and wondered how a reasonable being could be contented with such a life—no better, he thought, than a mole's.

Grace Harding, through some unknown freak of descent, had developed a great deal more worldly ambition than any others of her family. She had insisted on going to school when her sister Louisa preferred staying at home and drudging with her mother, and she had read novels and taken a fashion paper, and on her marriage she had gone to housekeeping in an old weather beaten farmhouse only as a preliminary to something altogether finer. It was a pretty place, under a green hill, with great sycamores and a brook whose banks were lined with blue forgetmenots. They had built a little piazza where they could sit at night looking down over the marshes, mysterious in shadow, enchanting in sunlight, and on some days he rode over to the store on his big wheel, on which he loomed a giant figure against the sky—it was before the days of the safety—and on some days he walked, and the store thrived gently, and Grace had her flower beds and her row of sweet peas and went to meeting in her myrtle green silk gown, with pink roses in her bonnet—looked upon by Louisa in her brown delaine as very much the fine lady.

Life then was flowing on serenely, with now and then a tea party at the village and every day a visit with her mother and with Louisa, who was now married herself and living at the top of the hill, when one night her husband came home and threw down his hat in a temper. "Well, I'm sick of this!" he cried. "I've ben doin' some little outside the store, you know. But now the boom's gone up, and there's nothin' more in land round here. I've turned over quite a few properties, though, and made my penny every time. But this is the end of it. How'd you like to go to Colorado?"

"Colorado!"

"Yes, I'm like the wild beast that's tasted blood. Say, I could just shut the store as it stands—I took p'r'aps mos' a dollar today—turn the key an' put it in my pocket an' git out there in the thick of things, an' if I didn't stake out claims an' strike pay dirt I'd put out what was worth floatin'. An' I've an idee I could make my innings. I learned a lot fum them fellers that was here lookin' over the lay of the land. I see 'em tryin' out the silver buttons"—

"You saw," said Grace calmly.

"I saw them. An' now I've a little suthin' to the good suppose we just turn the two keys an' try it. The worst we can do is to come back again."

And they did. Captain Harding with a fierce but gay determination, and his wife with a beating heart and a flustered face, but with a sort of eager curiosity.

"It's jest tomfoolery," said her mother, with a weary sigh, as she twisted her sparse and hay colored hair out of the way. "Why ain't they satisfied with things as they are—the store an' the place an' all? I don't b'lieve Charlie Harding 'll ever grow up—Cap'n Harding! What's he cap'n of, exceptin' it's Grace?"

"Grace is cap'n, then," said her grandfather.

"I can't tell where Grace got her ambitious sperrit," said her mother.

"Oh, I do' know," said her husband. "I was mos' crazy to go to sea. Just v'y'ge. But one good wreck cured me, an' p'r'aps 'twill them."

"Yes," said the old grandfather, laughing half to himself. "I guess he'll be glad to git back on to the land ag'in."

"I wouldn't wonder if it all turned out for the best," said Louisa, who had come down from the hill with her sewing.

But Captain Harding had no doubts on the subject. "First thing, some clothes," said he. "I've heard say there's nothin' succeeds like success, an' so you've gotter look successful. An' I'll say one thing—if there's anybody that'll be a credit to fine clothes it's my wife!"

And yet, as his wife walked through the corridors of the Fifth Avenue hotel, after returning from the far west, a little awed by the velvet carpets, the satin curtains, the gilding, the mirrors, the splendor of the other women, she was conscious of something about herself not as it should be. Her husband was all well enough, a bluff and ready man of business in a business suit. But either she had on too much or she didn't know how to put it on. She felt she was unlike these grandes dames who talked and laughed and moved at ease. Her hands troubled her and made her uncomfortable; her hair lacked the touch. But still she knew it was only a matter of time; she would catch on. Charlie, anyway, looked at her with admiring eyes when he had any time to look at her at all. She was more lonesome than at first, for her husband had become entirely absorbed in his schemes.

Meantime she was seeing the world. It went by her in the beginning like a panorama; it almost made her dizzy. Yet, although at last she was a part of it and as eager in the rush as any, she was never quite at home in it.

Captain Harding had indeed had some measure of the luck he had hoped for, and he was floating the shares of the Nimble Dollar mine in a way that made his wife hold her breath when he reported his successes to her. He had been on the ground, he had seen the mine, he knew what he was talking about, he was not anxious for too large a price, and he came out of the transaction with a small fortune.

"Now," he said, "if I did what my folks and your folks would approve of I should lay this down to grass—that means interest—and go home and build a house with bow winders and a French roof and be the rich man of the region."

"Yes," said Grace.

"But you believe in me, don't you?" asked he anxiously.

"Yes," said Grace.

"You'd like to see me one of the millionaires? I've as good a right to big money as the best of 'em, and I'm goin' in for it. I'm goin' into Wall street in earnest!" And Captain Harding had a sense of assured success which made him the happiest, best natured and busiest man alive. "'Tain't luck," he said to his wife. "It's a long head. I'd look pretty hidin' such a knack of business in the corner store, wouldn't I? And as for you, I'm proud of you every day!"

But Mrs. Harding was not proud of herself. She would not let her husband know it, but she felt herself wholly unequal to meet the women of society with whom her husband's affairs brought her into some association, invited now and then to their houses, to their opera boxes—women who had acquaintance with each other, with foreign life, who knew what to do and how to do it and who without the least ill feeling often overlooked and ignored her and made her feel herself out of it. She sent home boxes of gowns and other things to Louisa and her mother (of which in their private talks they said they would have preferred her own things to make over for themselves, without dreaming how unsuitable they would be), and she sent grandma a gray silk wrapper in whose ruffles and lace she would look like a little old flower, as Grace pleased herself by thinking, and she sent her grandfather a fur coat and a wonderful meerschaum pipe. She had a feeling that such things were, as her husband phrased it, so much to the good. Now and then she sent her father a little money, but she did not have much money. Captain Harding needed all his ready money, but she had generous credit—and bills. "Pile it on!" said her husband. "One must look successful in order to be successful, you know!"

They still lived at the hotel, where they had what seemed to her royal rooms, although she never grew used to them, and, although entertaining there those who accepted their invitations, she always had a sensation that one day those people would find her out for a fraud.

She laughed sometimes when she saw herself in the glass, with her bare shoulders and jewels, her satin and lace and marabou, with a kind of mockery. But she never let her husband know that this was not what her soul longed for, that she was afraid of the other women or that she felt all their own new way of life to be of very uncertain tenure.

She did not have so much chance as once to let him know her state of mind. He was occupied from morning till night; he was writing and telegraphing and seeing people and down in the lobby talking with men till midnight, the hotel lobby being a minor Wall street. Things seemed to her to be in such a whirl that sometimes she wondered if she were not dreaming. She wrote home, but she said very little of herself and her life. She described impersonal things, like pictures and shops.

"Louisa," said her mother once, "it's borne in on me some ways that Grace ain't happy. She's got the desire of her heart, she's out in the world seein' things, but she ain't happy."

"That's because she hasn't any baby," said Louisa, dancing her boy on her knee and then letting him pull her curls all about her face. "I'm sure I don't know what we done before this little person came."

"I'd like to see your baby," Grace had written her sister. "Some time—just for a look—I may drop in upon you when you least expect it."

"I wish't I could drop in on her," said her mother.

(Continued on page 9.)

In Time of Peace

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People Moving will do well to call up E. RILEY for barrels or half barrels of Coal, which are delivered with dispatch.
Tel. 1623. Office 254 City Road.

Coals of All Kinds
LOWEST CASH PRICES.
Call and get prices. Prompt delivery.
H. G. CURREY,
53 Symth Street (J. F. Frost's Office).
'Phone 259.

WE /RE ALWAYS POSTED
Where to get the best butter and eggs. Farmers bring their best produce to us, because they know we can use it, and are willing to pay a reasonably good price for it.
We are particular in buying, so that we may make it easy to sell—and easy for us to please our customers.
Sussex Milk & Cream Co.,
Phone 622 158 Pond St.

North End Harness Shop.
Are You Safe Driving Your Old Harness?
Better look up the matter and avoid any possible accident because of worn-out straps or buckles. A stitch in time may save a life—your horse and buggy, too.
NYE & WHELPLEY,
608 MAIN ST. N. B.

For 75 cents, cash in advance, the Weekly Sun will be sent to your address for one year.

LOOK OUT FOR YOUR SCALP.
Wash it every week and make use of Dr. Jack's Hair Restorer. It will work wonders. Promotes growth to the hair and puts a stop to falling out and baldness. Sold by all druggists and barbers

Biscuits
We are now manufacturing. Try them.
Assorted Sandwich Jam Jams, Rich Mixed, Fancy Mixed, Graham Wafers, Cocoanut and Italian Macaroons.
Ask your grocer for them.
YORK BAKERY,
2 Stores,
290 Brussels Street.
565 Main St, N. E.

STORM SASHES
Phone 1628.
When You Want Them On.
A. E. HAMILTON,
Contractor and Builder.
Shop, 209 Brussels St.
Residence, 88 Exmouth St.

FOR SALE
at greatly reduced prices, new and second hand Clothing, Watches, Jewelry, Spectacles and Eye Glasses, Musical Instruments, Fire Arms, Carpenters' Tools.
Remember the address.
H. GILBERT, 24 Mill St.

A chimney sweep, at Blackburn, Eng., testified that he could not pay his debts because people no longer had their chimneys swept. "They set 'em afire," he said.

Gov. Pennypacker, of Pennsylvania, contemplates the sale of his remarkably fine historical library this fall, it is said. It contains some Franklin reprints and is valued at $10,000.

A curious well in Canada produces sand instead of water. The sand comes up in a fine stream like a fountain. The force which drives it to the surface from a depth of 100 feet has not yet been discovered.