

My Unobtrusive Typewriter

While I was in Russia trying to get a contract for steel rails, requiring a typewriter, I engaged one who spoke a little English. I kept him busy typing letters, contracts, specifications and other such documents.

Alexis Breutowski was his name, and he was born in Russian Poland, a quiet, unobtrusive fellow, very poor and out at the elbow.

That was at a time when nihilism was threatening every man prominent in the government, from the czar down to the superintendent of police.

I was successful in getting an order for rails and after the contract was signed applied for permission to depart.

When the time came for my departure Alexis had not yet received his passport. I told him that I had been dealing with representatives of the government and I thought that if I told them I wished to take my typewriter to America to give him a business position they might hurry the delivery of the document.

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I ran over the probabilities in my mind and remembered that he was about my age, height and build. I was a blond; so was he. The eyes of both were blue. Then it occurred to me that he who had worn a full beard had the day before cut it off, leaving only a moustache, as in my case.

Thinking that he had left me some written word, I looked about, but not a scrap did I find.

Taking another suit from my trunk, I put it on and went out to get some breakfast. In the restaurant I noticed several men talking in low tones.

"How did you know? Who stole it? What's the matter?"

"Your typewriter is beyond the border. He wishes no harm to come to you. Go at once and do as I say."

On arriving in London I had not been at my hotel an hour before I received the card of Alexis Breutowski. I sent for him to come up to my room, where we had a long interview.

CHILDREN OF UAP.

They Don't Have to Worry About Food, Clothes or Shelter.

In describing Uap, one of the Caroline Islands, Dr. W. H. Furness says that children become more or less public property on that island as soon as they are able to run about from house to house.

They cannot without extraordinary exertion fall off the island, and like little guinea pigs, can find food anywhere. Their clothing grows by every roadside, and any shelter or no shelter is good enough for the night.

When a father has merely to say to his wife and children, "Go out and shake your breakfast off the trees," or, "Go to the thicket and gather your clothes," to him the struggle for existence is meaningless, and without a struggle the prizes of life are held in light esteem.

Somebody's children are always about the houses and to the fore in all excitements, and never did I see them roughly handled or harshly treated.

When young Francis was about ten years old it dawned upon him that he had a violent and uncontrollable temper, and with the simplicity which marked all his character he decided to get it in hand.

"One member of the family constantly irritated him to the verge of frenzy, and he invented a form of self discipline which very few children would have thought of imposing on themselves.

Several matters of importance to us all came about at very near the same time. In the first place, Mr. Opdyke, who had been carrying a debt on his mill, found himself unable to provide for it any longer.

Women and Tea in Japan.

No Japanese society woman has completed her education unless she can tell just what grade of tea is being served to her—Uji, Mikado or a hundred others—and at least be able to distinguish by taste at least a dozen "blends" in a brand that has that many or more.

The Cook Lane Ghost.

As the new minister of the village was on his way to evening service he met a rising young man of the place whom he was anxious to have become a member of his church.

A Regular Attendant.

His Complete Triumph.

An Uphill Job.

When you have chosen your part abide by it and do not weakly try to reconcile yourself with the world.—Emerson.

How the Mills Were Saved

By ELLEN F. MORSE

Mine was a case of stepmother and one of the worst cases of the kind on record. Stepmothers are not all bad by any means, but when they are it's mighty hard on their stepchildren.

After mother's death father took into the house to take care of me—a woman about his own age. He saw the folly of this plan when it was too late.

When I was seventeen, having stood well in my classes at school, I was offered a position as governess in the Opdyke family. I accepted it to get away from my stepmother.

I remained in the Opdyke family five years. Meanwhile Harry had become his father's right hand man at the mills. He had permitted himself to fall in love with me, but I knew that although the family thought a great deal of me they were looking higher for him; consequently I would not yield to his wishes for a betrothal.

I gave way to Harry's persuasive efforts and we became engaged, although we kept the engagement a secret. Under these conditions Harry took an interest in my personal affairs.

There appears to be no limit to scientific curiosity, especially in Germany. Not long ago a scientist of Leipzig, wishing to ascertain whether fish are warmer than the water they live in, stuck a needle connected with a thermoelectric circuit into a living fish in an aquarium.

The Furtive Look.

No Excuse at All.

Impertinence.

Two Classes.

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VARIED HIS VIEWS.

A Broad Minded Candidate and a Patient Constituent.

The man was honest and well meaning, but careful local partisans had tried the temper of each community suggestion. So it happened that from his extreme anxiety to please his expressed conviction on the issue varied considerably from time to time.

The farmer was silent, thinking, "I really don't know," he said. "I can tell better, maybe, at the close of our engagement."

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The trail gradually grew fainter as the wounded animal bled less freely, and its pursuer was often obliged to stoop and examine the ground closely for the telltale signs.

A Fish Aids Science.

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THE DEACON'S DOG

By M. QUAD

Deacon Goodhue had lived in the village of Derbyville for thirty years, and no one had ever seen him out of temper. One day when his character was under discussion a tin peddler said of the deacon:

"That man is too serene. He will break loose some day and astonish you all."

The deacon had got to be fifty years old. He was a widower and was looking out for a second wife. There was an old maid over at Grafton, seven miles away, who filled his eye, and one day he harnessed his horse to the rattling old buggy and drove over there to ask her to be his.

"No, I can't. I'm sorry to put you to the trouble of driving over here, but I can't break my word."

"And I hope you will find some one to suit. Have a cup of tea, deacon?"

If the deacon had figured on taking a month to get a line on that canine's character he soon discovered his error. In driving the seven miles back home sixteen dogs belonging to sixteen different farmers came rushing out to interview the strange canine and make him wish he had never been born.

For two days after reaching what was to be his home the dog, which was named Sambo by the deacon, stuck to the back yard and the solitude of an empty barrel. Then he went forth to see the town. As was natural, the village dogs approached him either to welcome or throw out a bluff. It made no difference which to Sambo. He treated all alike. His one eye burned like a live coal, his hair stood up like bristles, that stumpy tail ceased wagging, and with a roar like a lion he descended upon the canine before him and made things sad for him.

There are dog owners that will stand by and see their dogs rolled in the dust and more or less crippled and make no sign, but such men are few and far between. In one day the deacon had more men down on him than in all the years before. They even forgot what a good man he was and swore at him and threw stones at his dog. As it was on the first day, so it was on the second and third. Then every dog in the town had been licked, and none of them would pass beyond the gate. If there was a hero in Derbyville it was Sambo Goodhue. He was a detested hero, however. The deacon was told that, if he didn't get rid of him the dog would be shot or poisoned off, and it was then seen that he had spunk back of his serenity. He took the side of the dog. He talked right back to those who talked to him, and once he spelt on his hands and was about to take off his coat.

The deacon had broken loose at last, and the prophecy of the peddler was being realized. There were wonder and astonishment in Derbyville that night. Folks thought the climax had been reached, but it hadn't.

A crowd of fifty men came to kill Sambo. The deacon shed his coat and vest and called in. He whooped and yelled. He struck and he kicked. He rolled up the enemy before him, and behind them was Sambo to do his full part. The full moon came up to look down on the broken and the bitten, and the deacon didn't stop yelling for an hour afterward.

Then Sambo was missing. He had come and seen and conquered. He had cleaned up the town and set out for other worlds to conquer. His master whistled and called, but in vain. It was a year later before they started to forgive the deacon and three years before his reputation for serenity and good nature was restored, but it came at last, and when death called him he had a funeral procession half a mile long and the horses on the walk at that.

DESSERTION IS CHARGED.

Wife Claims That Hubby Has Been Driveling for Four Years.

Mary B. Skirvin has filed a suit for divorce from her husband, Harvey E. Skirvin, to whom she was married in August, 1901, at Bozeman, Montana.

There is a child, Doris L., aged seven years, and Mrs. Skirvin claims that her husband has failed to support her or their child for the past four years.

During the month of March, 1906, Skirvin deserted his wife and child. Mrs. Skirvin is represented by C. D. and D. C. Latourrette, of this city.

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