

WILLIAM, THE INCORRIGIBLE

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 William had said he would come at half past 2 sharp. The races at the Country club course began at 3, and it would take a good half hour to make the drive.
 Beatrice Hanscom, fidgeting impatiently on the broad veranda, glanced at the clock on the tower of St. Mark's. It was half past 3. An hour late already! It was so like William!
 She would wait no longer. She would go over to the links and take it out of one of the caddies. Some one must feel as out of sorts as did she. She rose angrily, and as she did so there was a great clatter of hoofs on the winding driveway. A pair of cobs, pulling a smart trap, were drawn up before the stoop, and William, very shamefaced and apologetic, sprang from the seat.
 "Oh, I say," he began.
 "Well, what have you to say?" said Beatrice, turning on him wrathfully.
 William coughed in embarrassment.
 "We haven't any time to lose," he urged. "Jump in, and I'll try to explain on the way out."
 "Out where?" she said coldly.
 "Why, out to the track, of course."
 "No, thanks," said Beatrice. "The last few races are always tame affairs. I'm not going."
 "Not going?" he questioned in dismay. "You said—"
 "I said at half past 2."
 William stared at her blankly; then his face brightened.
 "May I stay here with you, then?" he asked.
 "I was just starting for the links," said she.
 "But you'll let me explain, won't you?"
 Beatrice shrugged her shoulders.
 "If it won't take too long," she said.
 William hitched the cobs and came up the veranda steps.
 "Look here," he said contritely, "I'm horribly sorry about this, but—but—"
 "But you forgot, as usual," said Beatrice.
 "Well," he said, "Barrows and Morton came in to talk up that lumber deal."
 "Just say you forgot," said Beatrice wearily. "It's the only explanation."
 "I did remember it, though, at 3," he said hopefully.
 "So like you to shut the stable door after the horse has gone," she said savagely.
 William looked pained. He said nothing.
 "If this were the first offense I might overlook it," continued the girl. "But it's been like this four times out of every five. The exact number of times I've spent waiting for you to fulfill overdue appointments is simply appalling."
 Still William said nothing. He looked across the trim lawn with its winding driveway and its flourishing shrubs.
 "And so, hereafter," she went on, "you need make no appointments with me."
 "You don't mean"—he began in ex-petulation.
 "I do mean just that," said she. "This is about the last straw. I don't intend to be subjected to such heedless annoyance again."
 "You won't go anywhere with me?" he asked.
 "I shall make no appointments to go anywhere with you. If we go, it will be on the spur of the moment, and even then I shall not be surprised if your treacherous memory allows me to come home alone, as I did the day of the river carnival."
 William thought deeply for a moment.
 "Perhaps you're right," he said at length. "I haven't fully realized until now what I have inflicted upon you. I'll stay away as much as possible until I can educate my memory into something like normal condition. I won't bother you any longer now. You said you were going over to the links, I believe. I'm really more sorry about all this than I can make you understand. Goodby."
 He ran down the steps, and a moment later the cobs whirled down the driveway in a cloud of dust.
 Beatrice sat on the veranda lost in thought. She knew she had hurt him deeply. But he deserved it, she told herself grimly. Still, she was rather sorry she had been so disagreeable about it. He was so big and good natured and so absurdly helpless.
 She was aroused by the clatter of hoofs on the driveway. The cobs were again pulled up before her, and William ran up the steps.
 "See here, Beatrice," he said hurriedly, "I came here this afternoon with a firm determination to tell you something important, but in the confusion of being late and all that, you know—" "You forgot it of course," she laughed.
 At the sound of her laughter William was evidently relieved.
 "Exactly," he said. "I meant to tell you that the deal in Lakeside real estate has been closed and that I've made a tidy bit out of it. I meant to ask you—hang it! It sounds cold blooded, but I don't mean it so—if you'd marry me."
 The girl gasped. She looked at him steadily for several moments.
 "Oh, William, William, you incorrigible man!" she said.
 "Will you?" said he eagerly. "Marry me, you know?"
 She laughed nervously.
 "You'd forget," she declared, "and marry some one else within a month."
 "I know I've no right to ask you," he said humbly.
 Beatrice was absorbed in a bit of ivy she was assiduously picking into bits.

"Still," she said, "you do need a guardian, so perhaps I'll risk it."
 FORBES DWIGHT.

FRENCH CONSCRIPTS.

Marked by Bad Clothes and an Absence of Baggage.
 "They are a curious crowd," says a writer describing the conscripts of the French army, "these boys of twenty and of twenty-one, in various stages of sobriety, as they throng on to the platforms of the railway stations and, under the fire of gentle and superior sarcasm from the young men in uniform who have already done a year or two, climb into the third class cattle pens which are to take them to the threshold of their lives in barracks. The sons of wealthy men elbow the scourgings of the street.
 "All wear their worst clothes, except those who do not possess a second suit. The chief peculiarity about the whole of them is an entire absence of luggage. A young friend of my own was one of them. His luggage for the two days of his first visit to Paris consisted of a comb and an extremely aged tooth-brush, and before leaving Paris he asked me to keep his overcoat for him till he returned. 'They will only spoil it, and it is a new one,' was his plea.
 "I counted the valises of a whole train load of conscripts who accompanied my friend, and they numbered exactly four. 'Those four will have their lives teased out of them tomorrow,' was the verdict of a private under arms upon the platform."

ANIMAL STRIKERS.

Both Birds and Beasts Occasionally Refuse to Work.
 Both birds and beasts occasionally go on strike, according to observers. A herd of horses will bunch together, neglect their food, become restive, neigh and rub noses when in a field. The outcome is that the herd will not allow themselves to be saddled or harnessed and will chase and attempt to kick the attendants. Female birds take tantrums and refuse to do the housework. They desert their nests and leave their eggs to become cold and barren. The male naturally becomes greatly concerned, but with the bird and beast creation the male will never attack the female, so there is no remedy. Warblers and starlings are given greatly to these strikes.
 A species of black ants have little yellow ants which do most of their work for them. Occasionally the yellow species will go on a strike. Their food supply is cut off, but if that does not avail the strikers are attacked or another lot of yellow ants are secured.
 Even the rabbit is a hardened striker. In rabbit colonies the stronger rabbits do most of the burrowing, and as often as perhaps once in two years these become discontented and refuse to work.

BOILING WATER.

Why a Redhot Poker Does Not Cause It to His.
 If a redhot poker be thrust into cold water it hisses and sputters; if into boiling water, there is no commotion.
 When in the first experiment cold water comes in contact with the hot iron there is a sudden and explosive generation of steam, which causes the liquid to be scattered with a hissing noise, consequent upon the bursting of innumerable bubbles.
 When, on the other hand, a poker is thrust into boiling water, which is already freely giving forth steam, the introduction of the hot iron by still further assisting steam production causes the poker to become at once surrounded by a sheath of vapor, which effectually prevents the water from coming into actual contact with the metal.
 This sheath of vapor is comparatively a bad conductor of heat, so that but little passes from the iron to the water. There is no commotion, and the poker can be withdrawn still glowing brightly.—London Answers.

An Irish King of Portugal.

An Irishman was once king of Portugal, or at least he once ruled in the king's stead over that country. In November, 1640, there was a revolution in Portugal, brought about by the tyrannical exactions of Miguel Vasconcelos, the secretary of state. The hated minister was shot and the vice queen, Margaret of Savoy, abdicated. The crown was offered to the Duke of Braganza, who was living at Villavieiosa. Meanwhile, until the duke should accept the crown, the people of Lisbon elected a popular and influential Irish merchant, named John Darcy, who resided in the city, as their nominal king. Darcy accepted the honor conferred upon him and bore the title of "king of Portugal" from Dec. 1 to Dec. 6, 1640.

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