

When Sammy Turned Detective

By Mabel Herbert.

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Raised upon a diet of Biblical literature until he had passed his eighth year, Sammy Temple took eagerly to the nickel novels when at last knowledge of their existence was communicated to him. First he liked the stories of men who sailed strange craft in the sky above, the earth below or in the waters under the earth.

Later these were as naught beside the bold detective who could arrest a band of counterfeiters single handed and who ran murderers to earth just to keep in practice for greater things.

Captain Beggs, the solitary town constable, at once became a more important figure than Ben Dwyer, who ran the single engine which constituted the motive force on the little branch line. Sammy had liked to dream of the day when he should be an engineer, too, and would have charge of the great iron steed.

He had planned to sneak past the switch at the junction some night and run down the main line clear out to California, or maybe to Mexico, or up to the goldfields of Alaska. A fellow could go anywhere on an engine like that.

But after "The Boys' Own" and the detective books the engine, tied to its iron roadbed, seemed tame. Dwyer was deposed from his pedestal, and Beggs was installed thereon, although he was only a constable, which is not at all like a real detective.

Detectives are people who tell constables when the latter have the right prisoner, and he looked forward to the day when he could show his badge and say to Captain Beggs: "Officer, there stands the man who killed Cyrus Blake. Arrest him!" He was ready to bet that old Beggs would be surprised, and how the other fellows would stare!

But meanwhile there were opportunities to do a little detective work about the farm, and Sammy became

your father refuses to give his consent, then we will slope." Lucy shook her head in dismay. "I couldn't do that!" she cried. "It would break father's heart." "Better his heart than yours," suggested Ryder selfishly. Then came more caresses and pleading, and Sammy, tired of such talk, wriggled softly through the brush and headed for home. He had been wasting all his time on a pair of silly lovers when he might have been better occupied with his books.

As he turned into the yard his father called to him from the porch: "Did you read your chapter of Josephus?"

Sammy's face grew long with dismay. Josephus was dull reading for a ten-year-old, but it was a duty, like watering the stock and feeding the chickens. In his eagerness to trail Ryder he had forgotten all about it.

"What were you doing?" continued the old man.

"I was down by the creek," explained Sammy uncomfortably.

"And what were you doing down there?" came the prompt question.

Sammy was no George Washington, but the habit of truth was strong within him.

"I wanted to see what Dave Ryder was doing down to the creek," he explained.

"And what was he doing?" asked the elder.

"Kissing Lucy," was the startling response, and the old man sprang from his chair in sudden anger.

Bit by bit he forced the frightened lad to tell all he could remember of the conversation. He found relief in the statement that Dave wished to marry Lucy, but his lips tightened angrily as Sammy explained that they both feared to broach the subject to him.

He nodded approvingly over Dave's reluctance to do his courting clandestinely and again at Lucy's refusal to consider an elopement.

Sammy was startled when the inquisition was concluded at being released with only a mild reproof for not having read his Josephus. He scampered around the corner of the house in a spirit of thanksgiving at getting off so lightly.

When he had gone Josiah Temple resumed his seat and the contemplation of the dusty road that ran, a river of white, between the fields of grain.

It was Mrs. Temple's favorite observation that "you couldn't count on Josiah's moves no more'n you could on a hen's," and now this contrariness was working in Lucy's favor. Had Ryder boldly demanded Lucy's hand in marriage the refusal would have been prompt and emphatic.

It was because Ryder anticipated a refusal that Josiah called to him as the young man was plodding along the road, having made his appearance through a bit of woodland half a mile beyond the place of the tryst.

Ryder turned in at the Temple gate, wondering if perhaps, after all, Lucy had spoken in spite of their decision to let matters rest awhile. He stood at the foot of the steps and doffed his hat in respect to the other's age.

"When I was a lad," said Josiah, with a twinkle in his eyes, "it was proper to call on a young lady at her folks' an' not go sneaking off into the woods. You c'n come over tonight if you want. I'll tell her to expect ye."

Josiah watched Dave leave the yard after an unintelligible jumble of apology, thanks and explanation.

"I fooled ye!" he cried exultingly after the retreating figure.

And he laughed as though the joke was on Ryder and Lucy.

The Chimney.
Where wood is much used as a fuel, according to Suburban Life, considerable soot collects in the chimneys, and it is a source of many fires. The chimney should be brushed out once a year at least and the work done on a damp day, or it may be swept out. A chimney is brushed out by placing a bundle of straw or similar material in the bottom of the flue and firing it. To sweep out a chimney a small metal ball about four inches in diameter is hung on a thin rope and pulled up and down in the chimney until it is clean. When not too high the chimney can be cleaned by a brush on a jointed pole.

Birds That Play.
Some birds, like all children, like to play, and Australia and New Guinea produce the "bower bird," which builds regular playhouses. These houses are not a part of their nests, but are constructed usually in the shape of covered archways of little boughs two or three feet long, eighteen inches high and about as wide. They use these houses simply for their games, as if they were clubhouses. Generally these playhouses are decorated with bright colored shells and feathers, just as children decorate their playhouses.

Lucky Future Generations.
There is a saying of Carlyle that the greatest hope of our world lies in the certainty of heroes being born into it. That is indeed a glorious certainty, but the reference might be enlarged. Birth itself, we venture to say, not of heroes only, but of the generations in their succession, is the infinitely hopeful thing. It is the guarantee that the world will never grow old; that it will never stand still; that no halt is to be called in its eternal progress.—Christian World.

Sure Sign.
"Don't sell that man another drink," ordered the boss.
"He's all right!" argued the bartender.
"He ain't full."
"No; but he's beginning to tell what a nice family he comes of."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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THEN CAME MORE CARESSES AND PLEASURES.

vastly interested in the movements of Dave Ryder, one of the summer boarders at Cassell's, who would stroll ostentatiously toward the village, only to be seen returning from the opposite direction an hour or so later.

This action was suspicious. Detective Samuel took the trail, and, like the human bloodhound that he was, he shadowed the suspect. It was rather disconcerting to have Ryder turn after a mile or more had been covered and rudely command him to be on his way. Ryder even called him "little boy." Sammy's heart rose hot within him, and he assured himself that Ryder must be a very desperate criminal.

But practice makes perfect, and the time came when Sammy learned to maintain a safer distance between himself and the object of his suspicions, and at last he tracked him to his lair.

The lair was disappointing. It was not a cave reached through a cunningly hidden trapdoor. It was not even a rude shack such as the one in which Billy, the Silent Sleuth, found Pete Pomo, the head of the train wrecking band.

It was just a little nook in a bend of the creek, with a fallen log for a seat, and with his own sister Lucy sitting there apparently waiting for the arrival of the desperado.

It was rather disconcerting to find one's own family mixed up in such affairs, but duty is duty, and Sammy wriggled as close as he dared and listened to the low murmur of conversation.

It all seemed absurdly simple. Ryder was not planning a burglary. He was kissing Lucy many times, and between caresses they were discussing how best to approach her father on the matter of their marriage.

Judged by the stern, unyielding standards of Josiah Temple, Ryder was far too gay a young blade to be trusted with Lucy, who was destined to marry a minister of whom he could fully approve. Lucy feared to let Ryder speak to her father lest she be forbidden to see or speak to him. Ryder, on the other hand, was urging her to consent to a test of fate.

"I feel like a scoundrel meeting you in the woods this way," he urged. "If

your father refuses to give his consent, then we will slope."

Lucy shook her head in dismay. "I couldn't do that!" she cried. "It would break father's heart."

"Better his heart than yours," suggested Ryder selfishly. Then came more caresses and pleading, and Sammy, tired of such talk, wriggled softly through the brush and headed for home.

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