

# ODDS AND ENDS.

## TAKEN LITERALLY.

I'd gone that night to learn Sue's mind—Joe Deekly was the reason. A girl's good at times, I find. To make us force a reason, I'd delirious for a year till Joe Deekly's a-burrin. An then I wrote I'd sell to know. Just how she viewed my yearnin, An in the letter that I sent, Although a sorry scholar, I paid her many a compliment, Such as the ones that follow, "I've heard in songs your voice arise An seen the flowers sproutin, An often, lookin in your eyes, I've heard the mockbirds singin!" But when I called she seemed more shy For some cause or another, An tried, I thought, as time flew by, My fondest hopes to smother. "Dear Sue, be mine!" I said at last An egged a little higher, But not a word—she'd been downcast Or lookin in the fire, An then she raised her eyes again An said, my bosom thrillin: "An say you've heard, by lookin in My eyes, the mockbirds trillin. Why should I speak then? Seems to me That you're a curious man, sir, For if you look upon me, you see, Why can't you hear my answer?" —Will T. Hale in Chicago Times Herald.

## THE PUBLIC HOUSE.

"A fine public house," said Blanco Watson, the hunter. "Yes," I replied, looking at the building we were approaching, "but a strange position—away from the high-road, and surrounded by villas. A very strange position. We will rest in the public house, and I will tell you how it came to be built in such a very strange position."

I smiled and followed him into the saloon bar. We sat at one of the tables and were silent for a time, he thinking and I watching him.

"The story begins," he said presently, "with a burglary committed by a certain Bill Jones one night long ago. Bill was a young member of his profession. Hitherto he had not attempted anything very big, but continued success in small things had made him bold. On this night he broke into the country house of a well known actress, in the hope of carrying off her jewels.

"He succeeded in getting the jewels and was leaving with them when he found that the night noise he had made had attracted attention. A servant girl met him at a turn of the stairway and began to shriek. He rushed by her and to the window through which he had entered. As he passed through it again he heard doors being opened and knew that the house was fully aroused."

"I understand," I said. "Bill escaped. The actress employed a detective. The detective built this public house in an out of the way place, hoping that Bill, as an out of the way young man, would call in one day for a drink. Curiously enough, Bill did."

Blanco Watson laughed. "This is an intellectual story," he said. "It does not depend on coincidences. I will continue. Bill avoided the first pursuit by a long run across country, and then walked toward his home, not daring to use the railway. He kept to the byroads as much as possible, and at the close of the next day had reached the neighborhood of London.

"A spade lying inside a field gate suggested to him the advisability of hiding the jewels until he had arranged for their sale. After making sure that he was not observed he entered the field and picked up the spade. A tree of peculiar growth stood just beyond him. In the manner of fiction, he counted 20 steps due north from the tree and then dug a deep hole, placed the jewels in it and filled it up again.

"He arrived home safely that night, but was arrested in the morning. The servant girl had given an accurate description of him to the police, and he had recognized it.

"In due course he was tried. The evidence against him was very strong. The servant girl swore that he was the man who met on the stairs. Some of the villagers swore that they had seen him near the house previous to the burglary. He was found guilty and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

"Bill behaved very well in prison and at the end of five years was released on a ticket of leave. He decided to wait until the ticket had expired and then to get the jewels and leave the country. But a day or two after his release he walked out to look at the field. "There was no field. During the five years he had been in prison the estate of which the field was part had been built upon. He wandered about the houses in despair. But as he turned a corner he saw something which suggested hope. Behind some railings was a tree of curious growth.

"It was the tree 20 steps due north of which he had buried the jewels. He recognized it immediately and ran toward it. Again he was in despair. A yard or two north of the tree was a chapel, and the jewels were under the chapel. He leaped against the railings, covering his face with his hands. "It happened presently that the head deacon of the chapel, a kindly old man, came down the road. He saw Bill standing like one in trouble and stopped and asked what was the matter and whether he could help.

"For a few moments Bill did not know what to reply, but then he spoke well. He said that once he had been a burglar, but that he had learned in prison that burglary is wrong; that now he was trying to live an honest life, but that as he had no friends it was not easy.

He was a builder in the neighborhood, he explained, and had a vacancy in the works. Bill gratefully accepted the offer and began his new career on the following Monday.

"Months passed. Bill had changed wonderfully. He had forgotten his old habits and learned new ones. The deacon was delighted. Not only was Bill the best of his workmen, but he was the most regular attendant at the chapel.

"Bill longed for the jewels, and he worked hard because he knew that money would help him to get them. He attended the chapel because while there he was near the jewels, the seat he had taken being just 20 steps due north from the tree. At first he had meditated digging down through the floor one night, but the chances of detection were great and he had given up the idea.

"Years passed. The deacon had become an invalid, and Bill practically managed his business. He was an important man at the chapel, too, and was often entrusted with a collection box. One day the deacon died. Soon afterward it was known that having no near relatives he had left his property to his friend William Jones."

"I see," I exclaimed. "Bill—Blanco Watson shook his head. "Bill was Bill no longer," he said. "He had become a man of wealth. At the next election of deacons he was one of the successful candidates. In future must refer to him as Mr. Jones and not as Bill.

"Mr. Jones was a most energetic deacon. He introduced new members, and he persuaded old ones to attend more regularly. He started a young men's literary society and a series of Saturday entertainments. He made the chapel the most popular in the district, and then, at a New Year's business meeting, he struck boldly for the jewels.

"The chapel was too small, he said in the course of an eloquent speech. They must erect another on a larger site. There was but one such site in the neighborhood. They must secure it before others did. He himself would undertake the building operations, charging only what they cost him. He would also purchase the old chapel. The net expenditure need not be very great.

"The proposal was well received, and a committee, with Mr. Jones as chairman, was appointed to consider the details. Their report was very favorable, and at another business meeting it was decided to carry out the proposal.

"The necessary funds were subscribed or guaranteed. Contracts were made with Mr. Jones. In the spring of that year the building operations were commenced, and by the autumn they were finished. The congregation removed to the new chapel. Mr. Jones purchased the old one at a high price and entered into possession."

"And then," I said, "I suppose he got the jewels?"

Blanco Watson laughed. "No," he said. "He did not. He broke up the floor himself, combed the steps due north from the tree again and dug. He did not find the jewels. He combed the steps again and dug deeper. He did not find them. Then he tried other places; but, although he kept on until he had tried everywhere beneath the floor, he never found the jewels."

"Why, what had become of them?"

"I cannot say. It is possible that when the foundation was being laid a workman had discovered and appropriated them. Again it is possible that there were two trees of similarly curious growth, and that the one outside the chapel was not the one Mr. Jones first saw. Again—"

"And what has the story to do with the public house? But I can guess."

"Of course you can. Mr. Jones was very angry with the chapel members. He considered that by false pretences they had led him into buying the old chapel deary and building the new one cheaply. He resigned his deaconship and then sought a way to be revenged on them. He found one. On the site of the old chapel he built a public house—this public house in which we have sat so long."—Edgar Turner in Sketch.

**Cautious Fraise.**  
Mr. Orchardson, the famous English artist, has lately given the public an insight into his experiences with golf—that mysterious game, so fascinating to the initiated, of which the charm is so incomprehensible to the outsider.

It is but recently that Mr. Orchardson, who is past middle life although in the prime of healthful vigor, has transferred his affections from hunting and tennis, his former favorite sports, to the national game of his country—for he is a Scotchman. He played his first game of golf at St. Andrews. "I remember," he says, "I had the queerest, most solemn looking caddie imaginable. I made a fearful mess of it at first, and the little chap looked on without a word. At last, when I had finished the round, he looked up at me in the funniest way and simply said, 'It's nae us playin' golf unless ye lairn it as a laddie.'"

**A Verbal Melée.**  
Going up on a Cedar avenue car the other night the passengers were much entertained by a verbal spat between a small citizen of German parentage and a tall native. The trouble all originated from the fact that the car was very much crowded, so crowded that the two disputants were brought face to face in such close proximity that they couldn't make a gesture.

"Push up a little, can't you?" inquired the tall man in an irritable tone. Several people were pushing him, and his irritability was quite excusable.

"Well, no, I can't," replied the little man, "and, what is more, I don't hef to."

"You're not much of a gentleman," said the tall man.

"Oh, I don't know," said the little man airily. "You I want an opinion on gentlemen. I go to some fellow vat has got a liddle knowledge of der subjekt."

"You're a very funny boy," said the tall man in a tone of deep sarcasm.

"Well," said the little man, "I may haf some senses of humor, but I'm not so hart sensed as to laugh at der foolishness of one liddit."

"Do you call me an idiot?" gasped the tall man.

"As long as I don't know your name," said the little man, "I couldn't make der identification any more complete."

**Immortality Planks.**  
Inmortality of fame is something desired by many, but attained by few. Says Dr. John Fiske in The Atlantic. Physical immortality is something which has hitherto been supposed to be inexorably denied to human beings. The phrase "All men are mortal" figures in textbooks of logic as the trust of truisms. But we have lately been assured that this is a mistake. It is only an induction based upon simple enumeration, and the first man who escapes death will disprove it.

So at least I was told by a very down-right person who called on me some years ago with a huge parcel of manuscript, for which he wanted me to find him a publisher. He had been cruelly snubbed and ill used, but truth would surely prevail over bigotry, as in Galileo's case. I took his address and let him leave his manuscript. Its recipe for physical immortality, diluted through 600 pages, was simply to learn how to go without food!

Usually such a regimen will kill you by the fifth day, but if at that critical moment, while at the point of death, you make a heroic effort and stay alive, why, then you will have overcome the king of terrors once for all. I returned the gentleman's manuscript with a polite note, regretting that his line of research was so remote from those to which I was accustomed that I could not give him intelligent aid.

**A Curious Ashanti Custom.**  
When children are born in Ashanti, they are at once rubbed all over with a mixture of oil and red ochre, this being repeated every two days. Their mouths are washed with a fiery concoction in which red pepper is the main ingredient, and a critic goes through the town proclaiming the new arrival and claiming for it a name and a place among the living. Some one else in a distant part of the village acknowledges the fact and promises, on the part of the people, that the newborn babe shall be received into the community. The townspeople then assemble in the streets, and the baby is brought out and exposed to view.

A basin of water is provided, and the headman, or chief of the town, sprinkles water upon it, leaving it a name and invoking a blessing upon it, such as, for instance, that it may have health, grow up to manhood or womanhood, have a numerous progeny and possess riches. Most of those present follow the example of the headman, and the poor child is thoroughly drenched before the ceremony is ended. Every one who participates in the ceremony pledges himself to be a friend to the child.

**Rice as a Detector of Thieves.**  
Not being able to trace anything in connection with the loss of the 2,000 rupees from the cash safe of the Surat Bazaar company, the directors have resorted to astrology and finally sorcery. Every employee of the bazaar was given a mouthful of rice to eat which had been previously put through some magic preparation, the belief being that if the person who had taken the money ate the rice some very great misfortune would befall him. It is not recorded that any of the employees have yet met with a disaster.—Rangun Gazette.

**A Stammering Tale.**  
"Briggs is awfully hoarse this morning."

"Yes, you know how damp it was last night? Well, Briggs and his wife stood on the corner waiting for a street car, and Briggs' wife started in to say something, and Briggs stood there for fully a half hour with his mouth open trying to get in a word edgewise. That's where he got his hoarseness."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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"Yes," replied the old man Kibbler, "but I usually call it the centration."

"I've got seven daughters, you know,"—Harper's Bazar.

Now to Him.

Wallace—They say now that mosquitoes are the cause of malaria.

Ferry—I never before heard propheticly called malaria.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Not Strong.

"He seems to be rather weak."

"He is. He draws a reason for an injury received during the war by the discharge of a blank cartridge."—Vim

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Hope Came to Him.

A number of persons were talking about coincidences, when a clergyman gave an instance in his own experience. "When I was a very young man, before I entered the ministry," said he, "I met with a series of misfortunes and was nearly discouraged. One day I was seated on a bench in the park of a foreign city. My head was sunk upon my hands and black despair covered me like a cloud. I had almost concluded to struggle no longer when a slight noise attracted my attention, and I glanced up to see standing before me a most beautiful little girl, I have never held. 'What is your name, my pretty child?' was my natural inquiry. 'Hope,' she answered in a clear, sweet voice. Then she turned and ran away, and the little earthly form whose lips had brought me a message of comfort disappeared forever, but the white spirit of her name she had left in my heart, and from that day I prospered. My eldest

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