

A SINGULAR WILL CASE

By ARTHUR W. BREUSTER

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Of all the strange coincidences I have ever heard none is stranger than one happening in my own life, and it led to important results.

One day, happening in at my lawyer's office, he said to me:

"By the bye, we have a big lot of papers in your case against Bunsby. It has all been settled up, and I would like to turn them over to you. We are overburdened here with dead documents."

He called an office boy and sent for the papers. They came to me in one large bundle, which I tucked under my arm, walked home with it, and threw it, without opening it, into an iron box kept for family records.

Ten years passed, during which period I went on an average to the box once or twice a year to toss into it some document that would probably never be needed again. I had no occasion to look into the box during all this period, but the time came when I found it necessary to overhaul it in a search for a missing paper. By the time I found my paper every separate bunch had been unrolled and their contents were all in confusion. Picking up a paper marked "Last will and testament of James Chleningsby," I was somewhat surprised to find such a document.

I opened and ran my eye over its contents. There was nothing to indicate the value of the estate, nor were the names of any of the legatees familiar to me. There were a few small bequests to different persons, and the residue was to be given to a minor. How the paper got into my box was a mystery. I was not interested in the will, but I was deeply interested in how it came to be where I found it. It must have been there a long while, but not more than twenty years, for the date it was executed was no further back than that. But it might have been put in my box much more lately than that.

I should have attached more importance to it if persons could not make more than one legal will. It struck me that this might be an old one which had been voided by a later one and had got mixed with old out of date papers. But that did not explain how it came to be in my possession, for it was not a paper in which I or any of my family, so far as I knew, had any interest. I looked it over carefully to see if there was any clue by which I could discover who were the legatees, but there was nothing to give me the slightest information concerning it. I took it to my desk in a room I occupied for smoking and placed it in a pigeonhole, intending to advertise it. But time passed, and I took no action.

Some time after this I married my stenographer and typewriter. She was very poor, and I was not rich. I was making a bare living and until our first child was born she retained her position in my service. Indeed, it was essential that she should, and when children came and I was deprived of her assistance in spite of all my efforts I was losing my grip and could not afford to hire another stenographer.

One morning while looking over my newspaper my eye drifted to real estate items. One of them mentioned the sale of a piece of property belonging to the Chleningsby estate. The name was an odd one, but it seemed to me that I had seen it somewhere before.

"My dear," I said to my wife, "did you ever hear of the name Chleningsby?"

"I had an uncle by that name, though I never saw him. He disappeared when he was a boy and was never heard from. All I know of him is that I heard my mother speak of him before she died."

I kept thinking of the name till suddenly it flashed upon me that I had seen it in the will found in my iron box. I went to my desk, took out the document and read the name of the testator—James Chleningsby. I called my wife and read the will to her. When I came to the name of the heir to the residue of the estate I stopped, wonder-stricken. It was her maiden name.

She was as much mystified as I. All she knew of the name of Chleningsby was what she had told me. But we were both in a flutter of excitement. What did it mean? Then I remembered that a man may make a will every day if he likes and only the last one is of any value. Nevertheless I was aroused. I rushed out to my attorney, or the one who had once had my law business, showed him the document and was about to ask him to make an investigation for me when he exclaimed:

"By thunder!"

"Explain!" I cried impatiently.

"Instead of answering me he called out to his partners. 'Here's a will for the Chleningsby estate.'"

"For heaven's sake tell me!"

"Where did you get this?"

"Found it in a box of mine where it has probably been for years."

"It represents an estate that has never been settled since no one has been found near enough of kin to claim it. If this is genuine all but these few bequests goes to Miss Katherine Miller, whoever she may be."

"She's my wife!"

We were rich. The will had been left by the testator with my attorneys, had got mixed with the bundle of papers given to me and had come to light when most needed.

TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

With a Humorist's Views on the Eternal Fitness of Things.

Speaking of telephone numbers, a good number for a cigar dealer would be 2-4-5, and a cheap suburban sport might as well be 4 Flushing as anything else. An Irishman wishing to dine would naturally call up a place 2-8, but a Hungarian 'aving to call up a blasted, bloomin' creditor regarding a bill would be '8-2.

A lover ordering a chair would want 1-4-2, and a newly wed couple wishing a flat would want 1-4-2-2, but the German maiden refusing to marry would shout 9-9-9-9. (Oh, how clever!)

If you want to borrow you wish 4-2-0, and probably that is a money lender's number, but if you only want a small loan from a friend you will wish 2-0-5. (That's pretty cute. What?) The bookmaker should have two phones—9-2-1 for long shots and 4-2-5 for favorites. The man with a dog might call 6-6-6-6—(get that?)—and the farmer should put 8-0 on his list. (Put eight-o, hey, what? I rather guess that's a rotten potato!)

If two horses were in the running and 1-1-5-0 John he would be a happy lad and his smile would be 2-2 Broad. (This is one 1-8-2 Spring on you.) And if John spent the cash for liquor I would cry 5-5-5-1 John! But that is just how careless John is. His drinking is hedges for his wife, but it's 7-4 John. (What, ho?)

(Honestly, I could keep this up all night!) If two of you wished to be wed you would not have 2-8-4 Spring, because you could call 4-1 Rector to make you one immediately, and then, if tired of being united in one, you could go to a fat judge and let that 1-2 Broad-party-W again. (If you can't see that, ask for information.)—Ellis Parker Butler in Judge.

MODERN CHEMISTRY.

Prediction of a Scientist and Its Remarkable Verification.

When a mathematical astronomer in Paris gave a Berlin observatory a search warrant for a new planet and, turning his telescope as directed, the Berlin observer found the previously unknown planet all the world wondered. Equally remarkable have been a prediction and its verification in the history of modern chemistry. Grading the known elements of nature according to the weight of their respective atoms, it was observed that the elements, some seventy or more in number, formed a scale marked by periodicity like the scale in music. This periodic law in the hand of genius became an instrument of research. It was in 1871 that Mendeleef, the Russian chemist, in forming the scale of elements, found it necessary to leave three spaces vacant for undiscovered elements to make his table true.

Neither did he hesitate to predict the properties which these elements should possess when discovered. It was as if an astrologer should inform you that you would meet some time in your life three men and that with the utmost particularity he told you their respective physical weights, the color of their hair, the size of hat, shoe and glove worn by each and, in a word, all the habits of mind and body sufficient to discriminate them positively from all other men. Not only was the prediction literally fulfilled, but Mendeleef had the unexpected pleasure to see the verification in his day, for out of the night of the unknown one after another came the predicted elements into the clear sunlight of science and were instantly recognized.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Trick of the Sun.

Upon a mountain in Andalusia quaint spectral forms are frequently seen. Whenever there is a heavy mist and persons are ascending the mountain they appear in all their ghostly splendor and sometimes so suddenly as to strike dismay into the hearts of those who see them for the first time. Of course it is all a trick played by the sun. When a mist partially shrouds the mountain the sun is naturally obscured, and then he revenges himself by projecting the shadow of any person who is ascending the mountain until it assumes the form of a gigantic specter.

An Insect Gunner.

Many insects have some means of defense from their natural enemies, none of which is more curious than that of a small beetle, which, when closely pursued, discharges a puff of poisonous vapor with a distinct detonation. Undoubtedly in many instances this aids the diminutive gunner in his escape, mainly, in all probability, by startling his pursuer and causing him to abandon the chase. From this peculiar acquirement, this little fellow is known as the bombardier beetle.

She Doesn't Ask.

"Does your wife ask you for things she knows you cannot afford?"

"She hasn't asked me for a thing since we were married."

"Great! How do you manage it?"

"When she wants a thing she does not ask me; she tells me."—Houston Post.

He Found It.

"I started out on the theory that the world had an opening for me, and I went to find it."

"Did you find it?"

"Oh, yes; I'm in a hole."

Legislation.

Mrs. Knicker—Did you hold a short session with your husband?

Mr. Knicker—Yes, I merely had him pass an appropriation bill.—New York Times.

CLOTH FOR UNCLE SAM.

It Must Be Pretty Good Stuff to Pass the Government Tests.

The men of the United States army come nearer knowing to a certainty what they are buying in the way of cloth than do any other consumers in the country, says Mary Heaton Vorse in Success Magazine. When the government gives out a million dollar cloth contract it seems to it that it gets material according to specification. The specific contracts for various sorts of cloth are elaborate and go into the technical side of the matter—the number of threads to be used to the yard, the kind of wool to be used in the manufacture—for the United States soldier has to be well dressed in clothes that will stand the strain of weather and of work. On Governors Island, New York city, there is a testing laboratory for cloth. A specification of the weight per linear yard of each kind of cloth is mentioned. Each bolt of goods is weighed, and if it falls short of the proper weight it is thrown out. Next the question of wear and tear is considered, and again the specification is stated that each special kind of cloth will stand a strain of so many pounds to the inch work way and so on, after weighing, the next test is to cut a sample and try in a machine the strength of the cloth. If it won't stand this test the cloth is thrown out.

After the cloth has been pronounced perfect for weight and strength the dye tests are made. It must stand two acid tests for perspiration, and the material must stand boiling for ten minutes in a certain soap solution, showing that it will stand washing with strong alkalis, and finally comes the weather test, the material being exposed thirty days on the roof without changing color appreciably. If the cloth has passed its examinations successfully each yard of each piece of cloth is inspected, being run over machines for the purpose, while inspectors watch for any imperfections in the weave. An eighth of a yard for each imperfection is charged to the manufacturer.

So when the cloth is finally sent to the contractor to be made into uniforms it is known to be of really good material. Each spool of thread, each button, each lining, each filling used in the clothes of soldiers has its own special test.

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Figs For Melancholia.

Dr. William Buley, of the same family as the unfortunate Anne Boleyn, was a contemporary of Sydney, Raleigh, Drake, Hawkins, Grenville, Spenser and the rest of that famous galaxy that illuminated the Elizabethan era. The leading physician of his day, he took great interest in vegetable remedies, and his "Book of Stomachs" was an honored authority for generations. He recommends the free use of sage tea and of figs, saying: "Figs are good against melancholy and the falling evil (epilepsy) to be eaten. Figs, nuts and herbs grasse do make a sufficient medicine against poison or the pestilence. Figs make a good gargism to cleanse the throat."—Charles Winslow Hall in National Magazine.

Not Loaded.

No other language under the sun is open to so many interpretations as the English language, as witness the conversation between two Sharon Hill girls the other evening:

"Oh, May," said the first one, "Jim and Bill tried to fight a duel over me."

"How romantic! What happened?"

"It was terrible. I came into the room, and those foolish boys were pointing big pistols at each other."

"Pistols? Heavens! Were they loaded?"

"Not a bit. That is just what made it really very serious. They both were sober."—Philadelphia Times.

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Stirring Him Up.

Husband—My physician tells me I must have a complete change of scene. I don't know but I'll have to run over to Europe.

Wife—That isn't necessary, dear; just take a day off and help me on my shopping.

Sick headache results from a disordered condition of the stomach, and can be cured by the use of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Try it. For sale by C. Y. Lowe.

No Wonder He Was Ugly.

"What's your husband so ugly about?"

"He's been out of work six weeks."

"I should think that would suit him first rate!"

"That's it! He's just got a job to day."—Meggendorfer Blatter.

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