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SELECT STORY.

HER LAST CARPET.

The clothes-line, stretched from the June apple tree to the mulberry tree, and on to the great ox-heart cherry-tree in Mrs. Gideon Huff's back-yard, had for several days flaunted strips of bright green, orange yellow and dark crimson cotton, newly dyed.

On Monday there appeared several yards of pale blue, and on Tuesday a strip of bright red. When Mrs. Huff hung the last strip on the line, round, red, arms akimbo, nodded her pink sunbonneted head to and fro in an approving manner, and said:

"Well, I've had good luck with ev'ry single piece. If I'd made the aniline dye a leetle mite darker, it'd mebbe looked better along with the green an' yeller in the twisted stripe I callate on having, but it'll look mighty purty as 'tis. I must git my log wood an' copperas ready for the rest of my rags, an' git 'em all ready for the rag-sewin' Friday, for they've got to go to the weaver a Saturday."

Mrs. Huff's rag carpets had taken the first premium at the county fair every autumn for three years, and she was laying her plans again this year to capture the blue ribbon and the five dollar prize. She had a way of getting up "twisted stripes," and coloring and warping the chain, that no one could imitate. Her neighbors often said that they would rather have one of Harriet Huff's striped rag carpets than a two-ply ingrain. She made a great point of having her rags cut very fine, and sometimes lay awake at night planning something new in the way of "hit-an'-miss fillin'."

"She cuts up our duds fer carpet rags 'fore we've half worn 'em out," said Mr. Gideon Huff, a little irritably. "When a woman gits to makin' rag carpets, a man's red flannins ain't safe a minute, unless he puts 'em in the back in his own name, an' my blue overalls gin'rally go into a ball of carpet rags 'fore I've wore 'em a dozen times."

The carpet Mrs. Huff was now making was to eclipse all of her former efforts. She had actually dreamed of something new in twisted stripes, and had risen in the middle of the night to make fast and safe the dream-sent idea by winding the colors in the right order around a strip of pasteboard. Then she went back to bed saying to herself:

"Now if I could only dream of something new in fillin'!"

But such a dream did not come, although she was a great dreamer, and stoutly maintained that she often "dreamed out things," and that her dreams came true. Being thus a firm believer in dreams, she occasionally even invited dreams by overloading her stomach at night.

"If I eat an ordinary light supper," she said, "I don't dream much; but if I eat pickles and cheese and cake, and a lot of stuff of that kind, I dream a sight," which was no doubt true.

She "made a rag-sewin'" that week to finish up her hit and miss rags, but the rags for that wonderful stripe were all to be sewed with her own hands. Eight or ten of her neighbors came to the "rag-sewin'." Each of them brought her needle and thimble, and sewed carpet rags and laughed and gossiped in the most agreeable way all the afternoon, and in the evening their husbands came to supper.

Not even to these ladies did Mrs. Huff disclose the pattern of her "dreamed out" stripe, although she informed them that they could confidently expect to see such a rag carpet as they'd never before seen, when the fair opened two weeks later.

Her household duties occupied her time more than usual at that season of the year, so that she could sew only at night, and each night she sat up until very late sewing on the green and crimson and yellow and blue and black and white rags for the stripe in her carpet.

It was after midnight on Friday when the last ball was sewed and wound and weighed, and ready to go to the weaver's on the morrow.

"The stripe can't be improved on I jest know," said Mrs. Huff, as she put the rags away in stout grain bags, and tied them up. "But I can't decide just how to have the colors in the chain warped, or whether to have the light and dark rags all mixed up, or sep'rate in the hit-an'-miss. I do wonder if I can't dream it out tonight? I'm all tired out, and I dream best when I'm that way. Mebbe if I eat a big piece of gooseberry pie and a piece of cheese 'fore I go to bed, I'll dream something uncommon. I read the other day of a great poet who wrote half a poem, and couldn't finish it to suit him, and he went to bed and dreamed the other half all out plain as dry, and got up in his night gown and finished up. I'm sure if a person could dream out a fine poem, I'd ought to be able to dream out a common rag carpet pattern."

Thus reasoning to herself, Mrs. Huff ate her pie and cheese and went to bed and, being very tired, soon dropped asleep.

She was sleeping heavily when her husband called her in the morning. Her first words when she arose were:

"Well, it didn't do any good. I didn't dream anything about that carpet, although I did dream of forty other things. I must hurry up my work, and have Gideon take me and the rags over to the widow Watt's, and see myself that she understands just how that carpet's got to be wove."

But when, two hours later, she went into her little sewing room to get her rags and chain, they were not to be found.

"Gideon," she called to her husband, who was putting the horses to the light wagon in the barn yard, "have you carried them rags out to the wagon?"

"No," called back Mr. Huff, I ain't seen your old rags. I'll be glad when I have seen the last of 'em, and you've done a-settin' up o' nights a-puddlin' over 'em, and undermindin' your constitution and your health."

"Well," they ain't here," said Mrs. Huff, "and I left them here last night, all ready to be carried out. Hanner, 'ev you seen them rags?"

"No," replied Hannah, the hired girl, "I ain't seen a solitary thing of 'em."

"That's queer," said Mrs. Huff, irritably. "They never tuk legs and walked off of their own accord. Sam, I don't s'pose you've seen anything of my rags?"

Sam, the farm hand, happened to pass the open window at that moment.

"Your rags, Mis' Huff. What rags?"

"Why, my carpet rags."

"Didn't know you had any," replied Sam, briefly, as he went unconcernedly on his way.

Then began an active search for the rags. Mr. Huff was called in, and so singular was the disappearance of such bulky articles, that he joined in the search with considerable interest.

"It's the queerest thing!" said Mrs. Huff, for the fifteenth time, as she looked into places in which the bags of rags could not possibly be. "It's my opinion," she said at last, "that somebody has stolen those rags. They must have done it! They never got away alone; any one with common-sense knows that."

No trace of the thief could be found, but one could easily come and go without the family knowing it, as the doors and windows were seldom fastened. In fact, some of them had been left wide open the night before to admit the cool air at the close of a hot day.

After an hour of unraveling search Mrs. Huff dropped wearily into a chair, and said, in a choking voice, "Well, they're gone, and gone for good, and so's my chance of getting the prize at the fair next week. Somebody must have stolen 'em. I reckon now that Calisty Horn will get the premium with her carpet."

"Well, well, what if she does?" said Mr. Huff, consolingly. "You've had it three years hand runnin,' and you'd ought to give somebody else a chance, anyhow."

"They all have just as good a chance as I've had," replied Mrs. Huff. "And the premium aint nothing at all compared to the loss of that carpet that I had callated sure on putting down in the settin'-room this fall."

The rags were not found in the days that intervened before the fair, and Mrs. Calisty Horn's carpet did get the first premium.

"And such a looking carpet as it was," said Mrs. Huff, somewhat spitefully. "The rags was half an inch wide, and she'd got too much copperas in her coloring, and the stripe was nothing to compare to what mine would have been.,,

Her loss and defeat weighed heavily on Mrs. Huff, and she lay awake a long time thinking the whole matter over after she had gone to bed, when she came home from the fair.

Sometime after midnight Mr. Huff awoke to find himself alone in bed, and as he opened his eyes he fancied he saw some one pass the door leading into the hall,

"Harriet," he called is that you?" There was no reply.

"I wonder," he said, "if that woman has got up in the dead of night to begin on another carpet. She shan't do it! Harriet, what are you doing? You sick?"

Still Harriet did not answer. Mr. Huff arose, wrapped a quilt around him, lighted a candle and started out to investigate. As he stepped into the hall he heard a noise as of some one moving around in an unused attic room above him, a room had not been entered for weeks, which was now filled with all the odds and ends of things that will collect in a house as the years go on, and which a great many people save, under the impression, usually a delusion, that they will sometime "come handy."

Among the useless rubbish stowed away in Farmer Huff's attic was the frame of an old carpet loom on which Mrs. Huff had woven many a carpet in her younger days; but years had passed since the loom had been in use. The moonlight streaming in through a window showed Mr. Huff that the attic door was opened, but there was no other light in the room.

"Harriet Huff!" he cried, "what in creation air you doing up there at this time o'night? Hunting some more tormented old rags? Come right back to bed! You'll get your death o' cold roamin' round at night!"

She took no notice of his querulous remarks, but he heard no more sounds in the attic. But he was too much troubled to let the matter rest as it was, and accordingly mounted the stairs and entered the attic room. There he saw something that caused him to open both eyes and mouth with amazement.

At the old loom sat Mrs. Huff in her night clothes. In one hand she held an old wooden shuttle, while with the other she fumbled around in a grain bag full of carpet rag balls leaning against a post of the loom. Drawing forth a ball of the "hit-an'-miss rags she slowly began winding it on the shuttle, which she then passed to and fro through an imaginary warp. The reed and batten bars were gone, but Mrs. Huff went slowly through the motions of using them.

The amazed Mr. Huff at once noticed that her eyes were closed, and his belief that she had become a "stark, staring, loonytic, changed into the more agreeable thought that she was simply sound asleep. His eyes rested on the missing carpet rags, and he mentally ejaculated:

"Brought 'em up here herself in her sleep two weeks ago by Jinks! What's goin' to become of her if she goes to makin' carpets both when she's asleep and awake? Her intellekshel reason will give way. That's what'll happen to her! No born woman could stand it, and it'll be mighty hard on all of us. She shan't make nary nother carpet! I'll buy body bristles for every room in the house, first! Harriet Diany Huff, wake up and git to bed where you b'long!"

Mrs. Huff did not wake and Mr. Huff hesitated before speaking again:

"They say," he said to himself, "that it ain't safe to wake up sleep-walkers or somnambulances suddenly. Mebbe she'd have a fit if I woke her, though she don't come of a fitty family. I'll just see what she does."

A moment later Mrs. Huff slowly left the loom, and, with eyes still closed, shut the attic door behind her, walked down stairs, and returned quietly to her bed.

"It beats all," said Mr. Huff, as he quietly lay down beside her, "but she shan't meddle with carpet rags no more, she shan't."

In the morning she said while dressing: "I dreamed 'bout weaving me a carpet at my old loom last night. I've had sev'ral such dreams lately."

"Hev?" queried Mr. Huff, dryly. "That reminds me that I want to show you something in the old loom room. Come right up!"

"Wait till after breakfast."

"No, I've got more time now."

"There you air, Harriet Huff," said Mr. Huff, dramatically, as he threw open the attic door, and waved his hands toward the bag of rags.

"Gideon Huff!" she said, as she sank down on an old hair-covered trunk, with her hands upraised.

"I'd say 'Gideon Huff' if I was you," he replied; then he went on solemnly, occasionally shaking his finger toward her. "Harriet Diany Huff, I ain't got much to say to you, but what I do say is solemn and pertickler, and I mean it. You've made your last rag carpet! Your intell'kshell reason' is given 'way under the strain of it, to say nothin' of our duds 'bein out up 'fore they're half wore out, and you in a stiddy pickle and stew over your colorin' and twisted stripes. You drug them rags up here in your sleep, and las' night I ketched you up here goin' through weavin' motions in your sleep. Your mental brain powers is becoming exhausted over carpet-rags, and you've got to give 'em up for good and all, premiums or no premiums."

So Mrs. Huff, greatly shocked when told of her performance, did give up all rag carpet making, although the beautiful twisted stripe of her visions and dreams became a reality as soon as the rags could be carried to the widow Watt's.

Dream-provoking food at midnight was also wisely given up in obedience to Mr. Huff's demand that his wife should do nothing to impair her "intelleckshel reason."

This is a true story, and the reader can draw the moral from it.—*Youth's Companion.*

When to Hunt and Fish.

A HANDY THING TO HAVE PASTED UP—CUT IT OUT.

No laws seem to be so hard for people to remember as the game and fish laws. This is partly due to the fact the Legislature is constantly changing and altering them, and partly to the disposition of the average citizen to disregard the laws and to fish and hunt when and how he pleases. The latest game and fish laws make the open seasons as follows:

Ducks, September 1 to May 15; plover, July 15 to January 1; woodcock, July 4 to January 1; quail, November 1 to December 15; pheasant, October 1 to January 1; rail and reed birds, September 1 to December 1; turkey, October 15 to January 1; squirrels, September 1 to January 1; rabbits, November 1 to January 1; bass and salmon, May 30 to January 1; pike and pickerel, June 1 to December 1; German carp, September 1 to May 1; brook trout, April 15 to July 15; deer, October 1 to December 1.

The scalp bounties are as follows: For eyery wolf, $10; wildcat, $2.00; red or gray fox, $1.00; mink, 25 cents.

Fishing with nets and seines is forbidden altogether, under a penalty of $100 and six months imprisonment in the county jail. Fish dams are forbidden, under penalty of $50 for first offense and $100 for second offense. Nets can be used for the catching of suckers, catfish and eels in private streams other than trout streams.

No wild birds other than game birds shall be killed. The following are considered game birds:

The *anatidæ*, known as swan, geese, brant, river and sea ducks; the *rallidæ*, known as rails, coots, mud hens and gallinules; the *limicolæ*, known as shore birds, plover, surf birds, snipes, woodcock, sand pipers, tattlers and curlew; the *gallinæ*, known as wild turkeys, grouse, prairie chicken, pheasants, partridges and quail; and the *columbæ*, known as doves and wild pigeons. Penalty $10 to $50.

The above is a brief synopsis of the laws made up from a careful reading of the game and fish laws up to 1889.

Hunting or fishing on Sunday is forbidden under a penalty of $25.

THE ENGLISH SYNDICATES.

A LIVERPOOL MAN WHO SAYS THEY ARE A MYTH.

H. D. Porteus, an English capitalist and one of the largest English importers of American flour, is in Pittsburg. Mr. Porteus' principal officials are in Liverpool and he is one of the foremost merchants of that place. A reporter met him in the office of Marshall Kennedy & Co. and in a general conversaiton Mr. Porteus remarked: "The much-talked-of 'English syndicates,' which seem to be agitating your country recently, and to which the newspapers have devoted considerable attention, have caused English capitalists to laugh heartily.

"Why, there is not a trade man in England who knows any of the men who compose these English brewery syndicates, etc. None of the big business men in Liverpool, London or any other of the large cities know anything about such transactions. Another point, and one which knocks the deal in the head is this: The business men on the other side of the pond recognize the Americans as being very shrewd business men. Now do you suppose that when Americans are making so much money in their business, with such profits as 30, 40 and 50 per cent., they would allow Englishmen of money to gobble up the plants unless there was plenty of money in it and big chances? The English see this and if they could get control of a brewery what's to prevent the man who sold out from starting another establishment? As soon as an American wants to sell out an Englishman becomes suspicious, as they well know Americans are not throwing any money away."

PECULIAR.

In the combination, proportion, and preparation of its ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures where other preparations entirely fail. Peculiar in its good name at home, which is a "tower of strength abroad," peculiar in the phenomenal sales it has attained, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the most successful medicine for purifying the blood, giving strength, and creating an appetite.

Typhoid fever is prevailing to an alarming extent in the northern townships of Berks and Lehigh counties, and a number of deaths have occurred.

BADLY SCARED BY A WATCH.

SERVANTS THOUGHT THE TIMEPIECE WAS THE ABODE OF WITCHES.

For years Dr. Allen, the Scottish physician, was suspected of being a wizard, an opinion which was confirmed when, in 1630, he provided himself with a silver watch of the regulation size and style. Chancing to stop with a neighbor over night, and it being somewhat cold he laid the watch near his body and covered it with the bed-quilts, so that the chilly weather would not affect the works. Next morning he arose rather abruptly and left the house without removing his treasure from its cosy nest in the bed.

In fixing up the room the servant discovered "the infernal chattering thing" and immediately concluded it must be the old doctor's "familiar spirit," conclusions which she hardly arrived at before she had fled wildly from the room. Other servants were called and the whole array charged the "chattering thing" in the bed. Clubs and tongs were freely used, but the case was strong and the thing chattered defiantly. One of the girls, more courageous than the others, finally agreed that she would take the tongs and carry the thing to the moat and drown it, a proceeding fraught with danger but at last decided upon. The others followed at a respectable distance with hoes, clubs and shovels, with which they proposed to pounce on the thing should it attempt to attack the heroic girl. When the old doctor returned for his watch he was informed of what had been done, one of the servants leading the way to where the thing had been drowned. It was found hanging on a bush on the bank of the moat. The failure to beat or drown the thing to death fully convinced the servants that it was in reality the old wizard's spirit, and they could not be pursuaded to touch it.

The story is related to show what rarities watches must have been even at that late period of the seventeenth century.

In 1796 one of the admirers of Geo. III. caused to be made for that monarch a watch which was a marvel in its way. It had a calender hand which pointed to the days of the month and year. Instead of making a revolution every month, like calendar watches of to-day, it took the whole 365 days to get once around. The dial-plate was only two inches in diameter, therefore the figures must have been very minute, otherwise the 365 numerals could not have been arranged around the border.

The annual dial-calendar was but one of a number of extras with which this watch was provided. A moveable diamond performed diurnal revolutions as regularly as did the great orb after which it was modeled; it struck the hours, the half hours and the quarters, while an inside dial-plate revolved in a manner clearly exhibiting the variations of the seasons.

The English House of Commons, following a suggestion of Sir Issac Newton, appointed a committee June 11, 1714 with power to offer a reward of £50,000 to any one who would invent an accurate time-keeper for use at sea in determining longitude. After many years of labor and study the invention was announced as perfected. However, the inventor, one John Harrison, did not receive the reward for his labor until Sept 14. 1764.

Keyless watches have been known for the past 100 years, but not until within the past twenty five have they come into general use.

It would take columns to enumerate all the dainty and wonderful little timepieces that have been made during the past 200 years. They have been made no larger than peas, and set in rings for physicians to facilitate the counting of the pulse. They have been fixed in bracelets, brooches, eye-glasses, tops of umbrella-handles and even on the ends of lead-pencils, where they occupy the same position as the rubber on the average Faber.

In 1883 a watchmaker of Dresden exhibited a watch made entirely of paper. The paper was chemically prepared and the maker claimed that it would be as serviceable as if made of the material ordinarily used.

The same year at a fair held at Worcestershire, England, Crowther Bros, & Co. exhibited one made entirely of iron.

An ingenious prisoner at Karlaus, Bohemia, recently constructed a watch eight centimeters in diameter, with no other tools or material except two needles, a spool of thread, a newspaper and some rye straw. The wheels, posts, and cogs are all made of rye straw, which it is well known is quite coarse and tough. It runs six hours without winding and keeps good time. It is now in possession of the prefect of Karlaus, who considers it the greatest marvel of the nineteenth century.

The most ingenious, perfect and complex watch ever manufactured was sent out from the works of Patek, Phillippe & Co., of Geneva, Switzerland, in July, 1887, and is now in possession of Baron Nickolas. It is what is known as the full-sized "hunter." On one side there is a dial of the regulation kind, exhibiting the hour, minute and second hands; also an independent chronograph hand which marks the fifth of seconds. The same dial has repeating mechanism which strikes the hours, quarters and minutes.

The opposite dial has hands pointing to the months, weeks and days. Another large central hand on this dial, it set at the beginning of each year correctly points to all moon phases and also acts as a perpetual calendar. It is so constructed as to admit of its keeping two different times, say standard on one side and sun time on the other.

Quite a Relief.

Miss Jones: "How good of you, doctor, to come to talk with me!"

Doctor: "Oh, not at all. I have listened to so much clever talk this evening that it will be quite a rest to listen to you, Miss Jones, I assure you."

His Chance for Life.

Sympathetic Citizen—Is he fatally wounded, do you think, officer?

Policeman—Two av the wounds is fatal, sor, but the third is not, if an' we can lave him rest for a fwhile I think he wud come around all right.—*Grit.*

"GREEN GOODS" SWINDLE.

A BERKS COUNTY FARMER LOSES $300 IN AN ATTEMPT TO GET RICH SUDDENLY.

An aggravated "green goods" case has just come to light at Reading, whereby a farmer named Hornberger was swindled out of $300. He resides near Mohnsville and some time ago he came into possession of a typewritten circular, dated New York, and containing a strictly confidential proposition to furnish any amount of beautifully executed greenbacks that could not be distinguished from the genuine, at the price of $100 for $1500. He showed it to his wife and after various consultations, they thought the scheme was a good one and agreed to purchase $4500, and with the proceeds furnish a new house which they had just completed,

As Mr. Hornberger had never been in New York he engaged a hatter, of this city to accompany him, and drawing the requisite amount of money out of the bank they started for the metropolis. They called at the address indicated in the circular, where they were shown piles of beautiful greenbacks that looked as good as any they had ever seen, and the $300 was duly invested.

They were told by the seller of the goods that it would not be prudent to carry it with them, and that it would be best to send it by express. In order to insure good faith he was allowed to pack the money himself in a box furnished by the dealer. When it was packed and directed, the buyer took it to the express office and dispached it to his address. He was told by the seller that his safest plan would be to conceal the box for a few days after its arrival.

Accordingly when he came home he buried it in his barnyard for a few days. When he finally opened the box he found of course that it contained a few blocks of wood and some clay. He was very much disappointed and angry and wanted to compel the hatter who accompanied him to bear half the loss. The latter demurred to this and told the story to his neighbor.

THE JOHNSTOWN RELIEF.

FINAL PAYMENTS TO BE MADE SHORTLY—THE REINTERRING OF THE VICTIMS.

All the necessary papers for the final distribution of the relief fund by the State Committee have been made out, and it is announced that payments will shortly begin. Checks will be used as heretofore, payable at the First National Bank. There is not one out of a dozen of those who did not buy the bulk of his stock on the strength of the hope that he would receive enough from the relief fund to set him nearly to rights again.

The announcement that the distribution will soon begin has put a new countenance on most people, and it is believed that when the money is actually paid there will be such a boom in Johnstown as few places of its size has seen.

Secretary Kremer, of the Flood Relief Commission, has completed a plan for reinterring in one plot in Grand View Cemetery the bodies of the unknown dead victims of the Johnstown disaster who are now buried in a number of places, many of them from the necessity of the case in a manner far from satisfactory. The Cemetery Association has set apart an elegant plot and the commission has appropriated a sum of money sufficient to have the graves properly cared for. The collection of bodies in this way will be utilized in perfecting the records, which, particularly as to the interments of the first few day, are very defective.

Another body was taken from a cellar Thursday. It was that of a middle aged female about four feet six inches in height.

THE PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER VOTE.

We do not believe that the soldier vote, as such, is to be swayed by the pension bids of party. We believe that honest soldiers will vote as they fought, "not for money but for honorable and patriotic reasons. If we are wrong, if the enormous pension payments, as the Tanner doctrine and its commendation imply, are substantially the price of soldier votes, then there is no more dangerous, because venal, vote in the country. The conduct of the Administration both in the appointment and the removal of Tanner betrays its apprehension that veterans will vote against the Republican party because they may not get as much money as they hoped for from Tanner. This is a droll way of conciliating honorable American citizens.—*Harper's Weekly.*

LIFE IS TOO SHORT

and time and money too precious, to be frittered away in the trial of uncertain means of cure, when one is afflicted with any lingering or chronic ailment of the liver, lungs or blood. Now, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is such a positive remedy for all such ills, as to warrant its manufacturers in selling it, as they are doing, through druggists, on condition that if it don't do all that it is recommended to, the money paid for it will be promptly refunded. There are a great many blood purifiers advertised, but only the "Golden Medical Discovery" of Dr. Pierce could sustain itself and be sold under such trying conditions. To sell any ordinary medicine under such guarantee, would bankrupt its proprietors, but with the "Golden Medical Discovery" all that is asked for it is a fair trial, and if it don't do all that it is advertised to, the manufacturers will cheerfully and promptly refund all the money paid for it. By this singularly peculiar method of business, alike liberal to purchasers and exacting to the manufacturers, the invalid can be sure of getting the value of his money, which is not true of any other medicine. All diseases arising from torpid liver, or from impure or poisoned blood, are conquered by the "Golden Medical Discovery." Especially has it manifested its marvelous potency in curing Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Psoriasis, Impertigo, Erysipelas, and all scalp diseases, no matter of how long standing. Scrofulous affections, sores and swellings, as Fever-sores, White Swellings, Hip-joint Disease and kindred ailments yield to its positive, purifying, strengthening and healing properties. Lung-scrofula (commonly known as Consumption of the Lungs) also yields to it, if it be taken in time and given a fair trial. Contains no alcohol to inebriate, no syrup or sugar to ferment and impair digestion; as wonderful in its curative results as it is peculiar in composition. Don't accept any substitute, said to be "just as good," that the dealer may make a larger profit.

A Bent Twig.

"Well, Herr Schulze, what are you going to do with your boy?"

"I think I shall have to let him join the police, for I never can find him when I want him."