

The Boy at the Bank.

By AUSTIN PHILLIPS,

In spite of his name, which was Claude Geoffrey de Haviland, he came to Boyd's Bank, at Belboro, something between gamin, gutter-snipe, and immature Greek god. His accent was awful. He had no manners. It was a mystery how he had got his nomination. But he had brains and looks. Better still, though he never spoke of his parents, he had an allowance from home.

It was old Morson, the manager, who first pointed him out to me in the High Street. We were walking together on our way to the club. Morson touched me on the arm.

"Look!" he said. "There goes the boy of destiny!"

I turned around, saw young De Haviland, and laughed. Beyond his good looks and the fact that he showed exceptional promise at games, I thought him a pretty average specimen of a bank clerk. Moreover, I don't particularly admire the type. It was on the tip of my tongue to say so, but I remembered myself in time. I even pretended an interest that I didn't in the least feel.

"What is his destiny, anyhow?" I asked.

Old Morson stopped dead—an aggravating habit of his—and caught the lapel of my coat.

"He's going to be a rich woman's husband," said he.

I laughed.

"That's not so easily done nowadays," I answered.

And I disengaged myself from the old man's detaining fingers. He began to trot beside me again.

"I allow that," he conceded, pausing a little. "But he'll pull it off, right enough. That young man is going far."

"Depends how you measure distance," said I.

Old Morson is a bit of a nuisance. But he fairly had the boy on his brain, for on the steps of the club he buttonholed me once more.

"I'm willing to bet," he said—"I'm willing to bet five to one in sovereigns that within five years from today that boy has married an heiress."

A lot may happen in five years, and it was worth risking a sovereign to get rid of the old bore.

"Done with you," I cried.

And I fled up the steps like a hare. From the reading room window I saw old Morson, still outside, fumbling with his pocketbook. I gathered that he was recording the bet.

The incident, for the time being, passed out of my mind. De Haviland was so very young that he didn't come my way much. Old Morson was such a bore that I kept out of his way, and, besides, there were plenty of other things to do. It was only later on that the boy began to force himself upon my notice. To begin with, he thrashed me soundly at golf. Then he beat me at badminton. After that I fielded out more than one August afternoon while he got a century. My favorite partners cut down my number of waiters to give him more. Little things like these induced me to observe him. Other people began to watch him closely, too. He was talked of at the club—first contemptuously, then with toleration, finally with an admiration that was undisguised. And small wonder. A boy with the face of Phoebus Apollo and the physique of C. B. Fry would be the centre of interest anywhere—let alone a little place like Belboro. And before long—because, perhaps, an Englishman is always attracted to a man who does things better than himself—I began to like De Haviland very much. But I wasn't in the least blind to his faults.

To begin with, he was a terrible snob. His progress up the social ladder was paved with discarded friendships. He used people, sucked them socially dry, and stepped upward to the next rung. He loved to visit the houses of the rich. To enter the charmed circles of county society was his abiding dream. His accent was steady and sure. Even his rebuffs and discomfitures he turned to profitable account. And his good luck saved him in the one instance where he really made a mess of things. It happened quite early in his career—and if the other parties concerned had not left the neighborhood shortly afterward he might have got a very nasty tumble indeed.

By some chance (when he first came to Belboro he was very lonely and miserable) he got to know some people called Langton, who lived in a workman's cottage two miles out. Mrs. Langton, in particular, was very nice to him; he had a standing invitation to her house, and for a time he thought Langton the wisest man in the world. But presently he began to make other friends who were rich and kept a better table. Yet he still went to see the Langtons, now and then.

One day, during the boy's luncheon hour, he met, in the High Street, Langton, who hailed him cheerily. "Hullo, what are you doing?" he called.

"Nothing!" said the boy. "Nothing. I'm just killing time."

"Then come and help me buy fish!" and, crooking his arm in De Haviland's Langton dragged him off.

There is no proper market place at Belboro, but one day a week there are stalls in the street. Then it is that those whose purse does not per-

mit them to patronize the expensive local fishmonger purchase the proletariat hake from an itinerant merchant by the wayside. This was rather Langton's idea. Still crooking De Haviland's arm, he stopped at one of the stalls. Doubtless the fish was good and fresh. But the stall itself was rather foul the sun was baking hot, and the slap-slap of the hake as it was thrown down on to the trestle counter was not precisely grateful to the ear. Langton put down seven coppers, the itinerant merchant sliced a pound and three-quarters from the hake's tail end, then wrapped it briskly in a piece of newspaper and handed over the parcel with an air. At that moment the Bassett girls drove by in their dogcart. They are the daughters of Alderman Bassett, the saltmaker (very dashing young women, I believe), and De Haviland had just begun to visit the house. As luck would have it, they pulled up to speak to some one right in front of the stall. This was more than the boy's flesh and blood could bear. Quickly, even roughly, he disengaged his arm from Langton's, threw up his head and swung round on his heel. And in a voice that could be heard up, down and across the street, he cried, protestingly: "Oh, hang it all, Langton; I am a gentleman, you know!"

Langton merely grinned and went home to his wife. But he put the boy and the fish and some trimmings in his novel—which won first prize in Disher & Co.'s celebrated competition not long after. As Langton turned out to be a lord (who had given up diplomacy for literature, and had temporarily offended his father, the Marquis of Meadshire, by the step), the book created some sensation, and was read by all Belboro. But, as I have said, the boy's luck carried him through. Langton had made him so like life that nobody recognized him—which explains why more authors are not murdered every year.

But in spite of, here and there, a little incident like this, the boy began to get very near the top of the ladder. That is to say, he was on the fringe of the county. Before long his star, and the return of Kitty Baker from Cheltenham High School, drew him into the charmed circle as a magnet draws a needle. Kitty Baker and the boy were in a class by themselves.

She was a nice, dull, fluffy haired girl, with rosy cheeks and a manly walk that half the young women of Belboro tried to imitate. The results were seldom quite successful; often they were wholly ludicrous. Her father was old Baker of Battenhall. His father had been a draper at Murcester (the country town seven miles away), who had made a fortune and had bought Battenhall when Spiggot, the brewer, came to grief. Now, Papa Baker was county, and because the second generation in these cases is always plus royaliste que le roi, he was very throaty and dreadfully exclusive. He had a passion for games of all kinds, and as soon as Kitty was old enough to hold a golf club, he got the professional champion to come to Battenhall and coach her. When he was older still, he took her all over England to watch the Dohertys. By the time that she was twenty there wasn't a lady player in the country to touch her at either game, and it was the same at croquet and badminton, and any other form of feminine sport (except flirtation) that you liked to mention. Flirtation she was no use at. She was too honest. That is why, though the boy was poor and prospectless, she fell head over ears in love with him.

It was possibly the boy's good looks, more possibly still his ancient name, more probably of all his genius for games, that made Papa Baker give his consent. Old Morson had some hand in it, too. He had rushed on the boy to be cashier before he was five-and-twenty, and he and Papa Baker (with the recommendation of the one and the immense influence of the other) were going to get De Haviland a manorship before he was thirty. And they would have done it, too, if De Haviland's star hadn't got mixed up with a comet or entangled in an eclipse, or upset in some inexplicable astronomical fashion.

But his apotheosis came before his tumble. In the one county match that Murcester spares to Belboro every summer he got a glorious hundred against Kent and won the match. He made the runs in the fourth innings on a worn pitch, and I have never seen anything finer in my life. The crowd rose at him as he came back to the pavilion; the salt-makers from the lower town seized and carried him in; long after the teams had changed a crowd besieged the dressing rooms, clamoring for the boy to show himself. When, at the urgent request of both teams (who badly wanted their dinners) he at last was persuaded to appear he received another tremendous ovation. It was a triumph—a positive triumph.

That night I dined at the club. We were in a hurry. Papa Baker was giving an "at home" in the grounds at Battenhall. There were to be illuminations, pierrots, fireworks, a risky raconteur and a heap of other things besides. Everybody was going to be there. Old Morson was dining, too—

at the next table to mine. He was all smiles. Between the courses he leaned across and talked.

"What do you think of the boy now?" he chuckled.

"Splendid!" I answered. "Best innings I ever saw."

Old Morson nodded. Then he winked at me, and said: "By the way, what about that bet?"

Instinctively my hand went to my pocket. Actually I fingered the coin. I even took it out and balanced it in my palm. Then something restrained me. I put the sovereign back, and shook my head.

"If you don't mind, I'll wait till after the wedding," said I, smiling. And at that I returned to my mutton.

Later on the irrepresible old man began to talk to me again.

"Pretty generous of Baker, isn't it?" he hinted.

"No end!" said I.

The man who sat opposite to me at my own table joined in unexpectedly.

"Refreshments alone will cost a pretty penny. Who's doing them? Have you heard?"

Old Morson always knows everything.

"Oh, some new people from Murcester!" he said. "Some people called Sandilands or Heavilands, or some such name. They've come from London, and bought George's old business. Curiously enough, they weren't keen on having the job. They even refused. But Baker's their landlord, and he insisted on them taking it. Good thing, too. There's no one else who could have done it."

Then the conversation languished again. Before long we drifted off in twos and threes to Battenhall.

The Bakers had really done the thing extraordinarily well. The entertainment was above anticipation, the illuminations were gorgeous, and, as for the supper, it was a dream. Between the turns everybody was looking for De Haviland to congratulate him, but he couldn't be found. Once Kitty sent me to hunt for him, but I searched in vain. At last he turned up with some of the Kent team, Kitty was at the far end of the big marquee, packed away behind a crowd of people. I struggled through to tell her. Just as I reached her side Papa Baker reached it too. He was agog with excitement.

"Where's Geoffrey?" he whispered audibly. "I must find him at once. The Countess wants me to present him. It's most important."

I tried to catch his eye. I tried to signal to him. In another second I should have succeeded, but just then the familiar darkness of a man's head attracted his attention. He swung round quickly and put his hand on a passing shoulder. The owner stopped, wheeled and faced him. "Where are you off to, Geoffrey?" Papa Baker almost shouted. "I want you! The Countess wants you!"

The other faced him, surprised and confused. Kitty stared. I stared. Papa Baker stared. It wasn't Geoffrey De Haviland. Yet if it wasn't who could it be?

He had the same dark, curly hair, the same dark blue eyes, the same effect of neck and head, the veritable Greek profile. The sole difference lay in his cheeks. They were pale, with the pallor of a man who works by night. The boy's cheeks were bronzed with outdoor exercise, dull red with health, almost to brick color. And the dress suit of the boy's double was ill fitting. It was also old-fashioned.

He was the first to speak, after all. Looking at Papa Baker unflinchingly, he said:

"I think you've made a mistake, sir. I'm the son of the caterer. I've come from Murcester in charge of the refreshments."

Papa Baker blurted out some half apology, muttered something about "strange coincidence," and seemed satisfied, though flabbergasted at the likeness. Then (I said that something had happened to the boy's star). De Haviland chose that very moment to come up. Kitty saw him, and cried gladly:

"Here's Geoffrey, father!"

Papa Baker turned round. The likeness was even more striking for the sudden pallor under the boy's bronze. He gasped. Then he looked back at the caterer's son. Heavilands, as he called himself, was trying to get away, but Papa Baker beckoned him back. It was like a scene in "Twelfth Night." The two young men towered above everybody. De Haviland's lips were close set, and his nostrils twitched. Heavilands was the picture of misery. He looked much as a man might look who had accidentally killed a much-loved brother.

I plucked old Baker swiftly by the sleeve.

"For God's sake, sir," I whispered—"for Miss Kitty's sake—don't let there be a scene!"

At first he hardly took in what I said. Then he understood. He leaned across to Heavilands and said: "I should like to see you in my study when supper is over—and you, too, De Haviland. There are one or two questions I want to ask you. For the moment I have to take the Countess to her carriage."

And he turned away. The boy looked savagely at Heavilands.

"What the devil do you mean by taking the job at all?" he whispered fiercely.

His lips were gray with rage. But Kitty heard. For a minute I thought she was going to faint; then she pulled herself together.

"Is this your brother?" she asked the boy.

I think if Geoffrey De Haviland had really loved her, he would have tried

to lie, but he had brains, and she was intellectually no mate for him. That, perhaps, is why he put up no sort of a fight. He bowed his head in answer to her question.

"Yes," he answered slowly, "that is my brother. He calls himself Heavilands. I call myself De Haviland. Each of us is right. Mine is simply the older form of the name. Believe me, I have every right to it."

Kitty's eyes flashed. Though she was not clever, she had spirit.

"But you are ashamed of your relations!" she said. "You should have told me the truth and trusted me. You didn't do either. You lied, and said that your parents belonged to the Jersey de Havilands, and were dead. Instead of which they are tradespeople at Murcester. Not that that matters to me. Nor would it have mattered to father, though he pretends to think so much of blue blood; for we were tradespeople ourselves a few years ago. What does matter is that you have shown yourself to be a coward! I won't marry a snob!"

De Haviland had already turned to go; but Heavilands, almost beside himself and trembling with excitement, flung out protesting hands.

"It's not his fault!" he cried passionately. "It's ours! We wanted to be near him, to see him, to glory in his successes, and that's why we came to Murcester! It was madness! We were fools to do it, and Geoffrey mustn't be allowed to suffer for our fault!"

Kitty looked at him sympathetically. She shook her head all the same.

"It's no use," she said. "He's lied to me. I can't forgive that!"

The very next day De Haviland left Belboro, ostensibly on three weeks' holiday. Old Morson saw him off. He never came back. He exchanged into the Standard Bank of South Africa, and sailed almost immediately. Old Morson was broken hearted. He moped about the club like a father who has lost his only son, and I couldn't bring myself to remind him of the bet. It was nearly two years later that he himself introduced the subject as we two sat one day alone in the smoking room.

"By the way," he said gently, "hadn't we a bet together about poor Geoffrey De Haviland? Wasn't I rash enough to bet you five sovereigns to one that within five years he would marry an heiress?"

I nodded.

"Since you mention it, you did," said I. "But it's of no importance, anyway."

The old man leaned forward and extended his hand.

"I'll trouble you for that same sovereign!" he said, and his smile was full of kindly malice.

I was on my feet in a second.

"You don't mean"—I exclaimed.

The old man raised his hand and waved me back, smiling still.

"On the contrary, I do," he answered. "Geoffrey De Haviland was married three weeks ago, at Johannesburg, to Miss Margaret Haus, eldest daughter of the millionaire of that name, to whom he has been acting as private secretary for the last eighteen months."

Old Morson paused, half rose from his chair, dived into the tail pocket of his coat, and produced a newspaper folded in four. He pushed it into my hands.

"Here is 'The Johannesburg Star,'" he said. "It contains an excellent account of what must have been a most interesting wedding."

It had after all, only been an eclipse.—Black and White.

BETWEEN TWO SPURS OF ROCK.

Here, Head Downward, This Fish Finds a Comfortable Resting Place.

The tank in which the queen trigger fish dwells at the Aquarium is lined with calcareous tufa from up the Hudson River, and from this lining at one end of the tank jut out two stubby spurs of the porous rock, these spurs being at the same level and not far apart.

The queen trigger fish, yellow and blue in color, is not very thick, but it is a deep bodied fish, something like a pumpkin seed in shape, only very many times larger, and when it comes edgewise to an opening it does not slide through as a fish built on smaller lines might do, and what with its shape and all it finds those two stubby spurs jutting out from one end of the tank very convenient as a resting place.

It swims over to that tank and comes head first, and with the flat of its body toward the end of the tank down from above in the water down between those two rocky projections, sinking gently so until the two edges of its body touch the spurs, which then support it, and for hours at a time. Those parts it, and then the trigger fish rests, it may be, for hours at a time. Those two convenient spurs of tufa may remind it of similar formations of coral in the waters of Bermuda, whence it came.

This is a favorite resting place for the queen trigger fish and often it returns to it. One might think it would get dizzy suspended or supported there thus for so long, head downward but it never seems to. When it has rested there as long as it wants to it rises and swims and loafs around the tank again, apparently perfectly comfortable and with its head all right.—New York Sun.

Reasonable Enough.

"What's your objection to the farm, mister?"

"The land appears to be sunken."

"But that's owing to the heavy crops."—Washington Herald.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The whale carries 45 tons of bones.

One-fifth of the immigrants come from Italy.

The Bar association, the most influential organization of its kind in the United States, has a membership of 1944.

The University of Chicago has secured the baseball libraries of A. G. Spalding, "Father" Chadwick and George Wright.

At an altitude of 3500 feet, 25 per cent of the power of a gasoline motor is lost, owing to the decreased atmospheric pressure.

A Massachusetts man has obtained a patent on a spring clip with which new seats may be attached to chairs with a minimum of labor.

The only attempt ever made to mine iron ore in British Columbia proved unprofitable. Zinc mining also is practically at a standstill.

New York City has on its police force 187 men whose business it is to open and close doors and watch the persons who enter and leave.

A French company plans to dam the Rhone to develop 100,000 horsepower to restore navigation from the city of Lyons to Lake Geneva and to connect the Rhine and the Rhone by a canal.

A Scotchman has invented a chair canopy on a frame like a window awning. It rolls up like a window shade on a spring roller. The device can be quickly attached to a chair by spring rollers.

In estimating the enormous hotel business of New York statisticians should not overlook the fact that the Bowery and Third avenue lodging houses are accommodating nightly about 12,000 lodgers.

Jonathan Dingler, a farmer near Dallastown, Pa., recently missed a rope which he had used to confine a calf while he milked its mother. Finally he found a noose hanging from the corner of the calf's mouth and carefully pulling, brought forth all of the missing rope, except the lower end, which had been digested.

The Duke of Atholl, now 68 years old, owner of 200,000 acres of land and deer forests, is the only individual in Great Britain who has the right to maintain an army of soldiers. He keeps up almost regal state at Blair castle in Perthshire, and he has an army of 300 men—kilted, armed, regularly drilled and ready for war at any moment.

Accounted For.

On a recent voyage of the Pacific Mail liner China, Capt. Dan Friele—"Ninety Fathom Dan," as he is called in affectionate tribute to his care for the lives and property dependent upon his skill—was annoyed by the persistent and not otherwise chatter of a garrulous passenger. Whenever the captain appeared on deck his persecutor was there waiting with some idiotic question or inane and drawn out yarn. One day the wind kicked up a nasty sea in which the China pitched and tossed like an eggshell in a pot of boiling coffee. "Ninety Fathom Dan" in dripping oilskins, his weather-beaten cheeks glowing from the lashing of the spray laden gale, came down from the bridge and at the saloon companionway was waylaid by the pest.

The pest's complexion was a muddy green and it required no experienced eye to see that the China's antics had shaken his system full of bile.

"Morning, captain," he said.

"Morning," growled Dan, who started away in a hurry.

"Oh, captain; just a minute," persisted the pest. "I've crossed the Atlantic a dozen times in weather often worse than this, but I was never seasick before. Can you account for it?"

"Yes, sir," replied the captain.

"What do you think it is, captain?"

"Bad memory, sir!"—San Francisco Cal.

Hawks Killing Off Grasshoppers.

Farmers living about six miles northeast of here were greatly astonished Wednesday and Thursday by the number of hawks coming into that section. They say there are thousands of them and that they seem to have come from the North. They are of good size and resemble the chicken hawk.

They are feeding on grasshoppers and are benefiting the farmers to a degree hard to estimate as they not only destroy the insects but seem to be eating the eggs also, and if they stay long the grasshopper pest in that section at least will be destroyed.—Longmont Correspondence Denver Republican.

A Distinguishing Feature.

A woman entered a police station in Holland and asked the officer in charge to have the canals dragged.

"My husband has been threatening for some time, to drown himself," she explained, "and he's been missing now for two days."

"Anything peculiar about him by which he can be recognized," asked the officer, preparing to fill out a description blank.

For several moments the woman seemed to be searching her memory. Suddenly her face brightened.

"Why, yes, sir. He's deaf."—Everybody's.

GROOMING COUNTS

But it cannot make a Fair Skin or a Glossy Coat.

Women with good complexions cannot be homely. Creams, lotions, washes and powders cannot make a fair skin. Every horseman knows that the satin coat of his thoroughbred comes from the animal's "all-right" condition. Let the horse get "off his feed" and his coat turns dull. Currying, brushing and rubbing will give him a clean coat, but cannot produce the coveted smoothness and gloss of the horse's skin, which is his complexion. The ladies will see the point.

Lane's Family Medicine

Is the best preparation for ladies who desire a gentle laxative medicine that will give the body perfect cleanliness internally and the wholesomeness that produces such skins as painters love to copy. At druggists', 25c.

Indian Unrest.

Unrest in India is obviously becoming more ominous. That is confessed by the government in its enactment of a "summary justice" bill for dealing with sedition. For weeks the news from that empire has been almost daily marked with reports of dacoity, or of assassination attempted or effected. Dynamite plots have been discovered, bomb-throwing has been indulged in, and incitements to wholesale massacre and insurrection have been and are numerous in the press. There have been hints at a general uprising in April next. Whether they are fulfilled or not, there can be little question that the government is now facing the most serious problem which it has had before it since the great mutiny of half a century ago.—Chicago Tribune.

PATIENT SUFFERING.

Many Women Think They Are Doomed to Backache.

It is not right for women to be always ailing with backache, urinary ills, headache and other symptoms of kidney disease. There is a way to end these troubles quickly. Mrs. John H. Wright, 606 East First St., Mitchell, S. D., says: "I suffered ten years with kidney complaint and a doctor told me I would never get more than temporary relief. A dragging pain and lameness in my back almost disabled me. Dizzy spells came and went and the kidney secretions were irregular. Doan's Kidney Pills rid me of these troubles and I feel better than for years past."

Sold by all dealers. 50c. a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Supremacy of Law.

The supremacy of the law is the first principle of popular government. Freedom of speech and freedom of the press depend upon it, as does all other freedom. When a free press challenges the law it challenges the guaranty of its own existence. There is always an appeal to the people against unjust laws. The courts are open to appeal against unconstitutional laws. But there is no opportunity under stable and safe government for the defiance of law. Neither prejudice nor friendly interests should disguise the issue in this case.—Boston Herald.

Only One "Bromo Quinine"

That is Laxative Bromo Quinine. Look for the signature of E. W. Grove. Use the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Cause for Indignation.

The general manager of the Pullman Company is indignant at the suggestion that the public has to tip the porters because they are underpaid. And he produces the books to show that the porters get a salary of \$25 a month.—Philadelphia North American.

The Best Laxative—Gardell Tens!

Composed of Herbs, it exerts a beneficial effect upon the entire system, regulating liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels.

Giles—It is said that the scanty garments worn by the barbarous races account for the unusual longevity among them.

Smiles—I don't doubt it. Just look at the great age attained by our ballet girls.—Chicago News.

R. H. GREEN'S SONS, of Atlanta, Ga., are the only successful Dropsy Specialists in the world. See their liberal offer in advertisement in another column of this paper.

"Why the dickens don't you stop?" asked the angry householder. "The fire is all out."

"I know it," admitted the leader of the village hose company, "but they're three windows not broke yet."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. Finnegan—Wer hoosbaund dresses as iv he yure—flure-walker er a banker! Phwere is he wur-kin'?

Mrs. Flannagan—Sure, he's got an filigant job in a horseless livery stable, fadin' air t' thim hobo-mobos, trooking!—Puck.

PISO'S

AN UNSURPASSED REMEDY!

Piso's Cure is an unsurpassed remedy for coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma, hoarseness and throat and lung affections. It goes direct to the seat of the trouble and instantly restores healthy conditions. Mothers can give their children Piso's Cure with perfect confidence in its curative powers and freedom from opiate. Famous for half a century. At all druggists', 25 cts.

CURE