THE FAMILY STORY

HOW DICK CAME INTO A FORTUNE.

1868—Anyone of the name of Ainsworth, born on Jan. 27 in the year 1868, is invited to communicate either personally or by letter with A. Z., postoffice, Hazelworth. They must be able to produce certificate of birth, and other references—when they may hear of something to their advantage.

RICHARD AINSWORTH read the paragraph over again attentively by the not too brilliant light of a tallow candle, fixed in a beer bottle.

"It is probably a hoax. Most things are; but once again, why not?"

"Heads I go; tails I don't," soliloquized Ainsworth, tossing up a coin.

"Tails. Umph, bad toss! Try again.

"Tails again! The fates are against my having a day in the country evidently. Well, once more for luck!"

The sovereign turned and twisted in the air and bounced on the table.

"Heads! That decides it," said Ainsworth, pocketing the coin. "I shall go."

The next day found him seated in a third-class smoking carriage of the 12:35 to Hazelworth.

In his pocket his birth certificate, his mother's marriage certificate, some odd-and-end letters of reference, and the paragraph in question, torn from the agony column of the Times.

Arrived at his destination, he inquired for "A. Z." at the local postoffice, and was referred to Mr. Battye, No. 1 Aston villas. Mr. Battye proved to be a country solicitor of the old school.

"Your name, you say, is Richard Ainsworth?" queried Mr. Battye.

Ainsworth answered in the affirmative, and handed over his certificate of birth and other documents. The lawyer perused them carefully.

"These, of course, can be verified later on," he said. "Now, tell me, have you any living relations or connections of any sort?"

"I've got a sort of cousin somewhere," said Ainsworth; "but he never asks me to dine, and so I've cut him."

"I mean," said Mr. Battye, "you have no ties of any sort? No one who takes an interest in you?"

"Only my landlady," said Ainsworth cheerfully. "I owe her $2.50."

"Don't be so flippant, young man. This may be a serious matter for you. An eccentric client of mine wishes to adopt some one of your age."

"If," said Ainsworth, "any one is yearning for my youthful affections, they are to be had in exchange for a comfortable home. Please go on, sir; I am all attention."

"Well, the case stands like this," said Mr. Battye, clearing his throat. "I have a very eccentric client of the same name as yourself—an old man and a bachelor.

"For a long time a nephew of his (of the same name, Ainsworth, and of exactly your age) lived with him. He had the boy educated and treated him as if he was his own son. Much to poor old Mr. Ainsworth's disappointment, however, the boy turned out badly. The climax came when, one fine day, young Arthur, that was the boy's name, forged his uncle's signature on a check for a fairly large amount.

"The forgery was detected and the bank sent the check down to my client. He authorized them to pay the money, gave the forger a further check for $500, and turned him out of the house the same day.

"My client, who is now an old man, and in a very feeble state of health, is fanciful, as all invalids are, and took it into his head that he wanted to adopt some one of the same name and age as his nephew. He said he was lonely, and wanted somebody to talk to and cheer him up.

"The upshot of it all is that he insisted upon putting that advertisement in the papers against my advice. As a result, I have been plagued with some hundreds of letters and visits from Ainsworths, real and imaginary.

"You may be able to fill the situation; of course that is not for me to decide. I strongly disapprove of the whole idea, and I know no reason why I shouldn't disapprove of you. You seem to be able to fulfill the conditions, however. You are educated, and apparently a gentleman."

The discussion was long—Richard Ainsworth difficile, and Battye suspicious. But the old gentleman seemed to take a great liking to Dick, as he called him; and, in spite of Mr. Battye's grumbling, persuaded him to stay for three months to see how he liked it.

Dick tried it, liked it, and finally accepted the post permanently. He got genuinely attached to old Uncle Ainsworth, and after a time managed the estate for him, and made himself generally useful. So it came about that Dick clothed himself in purple and fine linen and called himself a lucky dog.

It was about two years after Dick became a nephew by adoption, that, walking home one evening, with a gun over his arm, he was aware of an individual sitting on a stile and glaring at him. As he wanted to get on quickly, he asked the man if he had bought the whole stile or only a part of it.

"How do you like nursing, eh? My respectable uncle is not yet dead, I hear."

"O," said Dick, "your name is Arthur Charles Hardman Ainsworth, I suppose?"

"It used to be," said the individual on the stile; "it's Henry Miles now. The other was—er—too long. I found it inconvenient."

"Yes," said Dick, "it's a long name. Are you coming up to the house?"

"No; curse you!" said the man savagely.

"As you please," said Dick. "Only I thought your uncle might be glad to see you, that's all."

"Well, kindly attend to your nursing and leave my business alone—see? And don't tell my uncle you've seen me."

Mr. Miles thereupon let loose a choice and varied assortment of oaths, ending with a wish that he, Dick, would immediately depart for a warmer climate.

"Weird specimen," thought Dick to himself as he strode homewards. "Rather unwashed, nasty, shifty eyes—no, not at all a nice ornament in any house. Glad he didn't come along, after all; it would have upset the old man dreadfully. Curious his turning up here when every one thought he was some 4,000 miles away. Now, I wonder what he's after? and why he's so keen Uncle Joe shouldn't know that he is in England?"

Dick strode along for the next quarter of a mile with a thoughtful frown on his usually placid face.

"I've half a mind to go and see old Battye," he muttered to himself. "I think I will go and see Battye.."

"Well, Dick, what is it?" said Mr. Battye, bustling into the room. "Have a glass of sherry?"

"Thanks," said Dick, "I will; my nerves are disordered. I've been trying to think."

"Umph!" growled the little lawyer. "When you've quite finished your nonsense perhaps you'll condescend to tell me what you've come for."

"Can you keep a secret?" asked Dick.

"Suppose I can. It's my trade."

"Well, I just met an individual calling himself Arthur Charles Hardman Ainsworth sitting on a stile about three-quarters of a mile from here; that's all."

"Absurd!" said the elder man promptly. "The sinner owning that name is somewhere at the back of Lagos."

"Officially speaking, your information is accurate," said Dick, "but he is visiting this particular district under the pleasing pseudonym of Henry Miles. O, he's the real original, right enough. I recognized him from his picture."

"Whew! What a mess!" exclaimed the lawyer. "What did you do?"

"I advised him to come up to the house and try and patch things up."

"Did you now?" said Mr. Battye, looking at Dick curiously.

"Yes," said Dick; "and he refused the invitation with much unnecessary cursing. He made me promise not to mention that I had seen him to Uncle Joe, and I am puzzled to think why he has come here."

"From what I know of dear Arthur I should say he had come after the family plate," responded Mr. Battye.

"Quite so; but what is to be done?"

"My dear boy, you must just sit still and await developments," said Mr. Battye, laying his hand on Dick's shoulder. "There are not many people in your position who would have tried to induce him to patch matters up. Not that I think old Mr. Ainsworth would have consented."

"Well, you see," said Dick, "the fellow is an awful scamp; but I feel that I am playing it rather low down on him, all the same. Now I must hurry off or I shall be late for dinner."

"Dick!" said old Mr. Ainsworth later in the evening.

"Yes," said Dick without looking up.

"I've seen Mr. Battye to-day, my boy."

"O! What's up?"

"I've made a new will, Dick. I'm getting old and shaky, and I've got a lot of money, you know."

"Yes," said Dick candidly, "you're disgustingly rich."

"So will you be before very long, Dick; I've left you everything. I signed the will to-day."

"You mustn't do that," answered Dick very quietly. "It's awfully good of you, and don't think I'm not grateful, but it's not fair, Uncle Joe. I'm no relation to you, and I've not the slightest claim on you. You've been far too kind to me as it is. There is some one else who has a right to be your heir."

"It's no use discussing the matter," said Mr. Ainsworth abruptly. "I would rather leave my money to—to provide England with an endless supply of German bands than leave a farthing of it to the person you refer to."

It was on the fifth evening after the day that Dick first saw Arthur Ainsworth that he came across him again for the second and last time.

Old Mr. Ainsworth, who had complained of feeling seedy, went to bed directly after dinner, and Dick, who was tired after a long day's shooting, went to his room soon afterward, about 10.

He undressed leisurely, smoking a cigarette, and prepared for a quiet hour or so of reading in bed. The book proved interesting and he had finished the first volume about 12:30. Not feeling sleepy, he determined to get the second volume from the library.

He had already reached the bottom flight of stairs, when a slight grating sound made him pause. He listened again and realized that it came from the side door leading into the garden. Blowing out his candle, he slipped into the hall and flung a large, dark cloak over his light-colored pajamas. Standing close up against the wall, he listened and watched.

The fumbling with the latch lasted two or three minutes longer; then the bolt shot back with a sharp click and the door was cautiously opened. A man closed the door again and stole noiselessly past him along the passage.

"The only Arthur!" muttered Dick. "Humph! It's not the plate he's after," he reflected, as the figure turned aside from the passage leading to the kitchen and pantry.

The house was perfectly silent, so silent that Dick could distinctly hear the quick, nervous breathing of the man in front of him.

Noiselessly the two men crept up the stairs. The intruder had removed his boots, and Dick was in his bare feet.

At the top the man turned to the right, and Dick's face grew stern. Hitherto he had made up his mind that the visit was intended for himself or the plate chest. But now the man was moving toward Mr. Ainsworth's room.

All of a sudden Dick darted back into the shadow of a recess. The man had turned on his lantern. He had a wire instrument in his hand, and was evidently prepared for the door being locked. He was saved the trouble, however, as it yielded easily to his pressure.

He crossed quickly to the bedside, and Dick caught the glitter of a small, wicked looking knife in his hand and stood ready.

Up went the hand, and at the same instant Dick caught it scientifically in a grip like iron, and seizing him by the throat with the other hand effectually prevented any unseemly noise.

As he did so he caught sight of Uncle Joe's face, and dropped his prisoner with an oath.

"Good God!" muttered the latter, also looking at the bed. "He's dead!"

Dick reverently covered up the face with the sheet and turned to the would-be murderer, who, by a sudden revulsion of feeling, was standing white and limp with horror, plucking nervously at the bed curtains. "Come," he said briefly, and the man followed him out of the room.

Dick led the way to the library, lighted a candle, and motioned to the man to stand before him.

"Give me that knife," said Dick, locking the door.

The knife was handed over.

"You came here intending to murder your uncle to-night."

"Don't!" said the man, shivering.

"I saw you come in, and followed you. I watched you the whole time. I thought at first you might have come to try and cut my throat; that would have been excusable, seeing that your uncle disinherited you in my favor just before he died.

"If you hadn't come here to-night to try and murder your uncle I might eventually have handed the property back to you; as it is, I'm hanged if I will. By the way, I suppose you meant to try and fasten the crime on me if things had been otherwise? Have you got any money?"

The man shook his head.

Dick unlocked the drawer and took out $250 in notes.

"Now," he said, "I'll give you twenty-four hours to get out of England. Write me an address in New York that will find you on that slip of paper. In a fortnight's time I will arrange to send you a check to the address for $5,000. The share in the property which I should have otherwise restored to you shall go to a hospital instead. Now, clear out and be thankful.'

So Arthur Charles Hardman Ainsworth vanished into the night. And Richard Ainsworth, the interloper, reigned in his stead.—Tit-Bits.

Yawning for Exercise.

Children used to be taught that yawning was a breach of good behavior; but now, if certain medical testimony may be credited, it is incumbent upon parents to see that the youthful members of their flock not only yawn when nature so disposes them, but even practice what may be called the art of yawning. According to the results of late investigations, yawning is the most natural form of respiratory exercise, bringing into action all the respiratory muscles of the chest and neck.

It is recommended that every one should have a good yawn, with stretching of the limbs, morning and evening, for the purpose of ventilating the lungs and strengthening the muscles of respiration. An eminent authority asserts that this form of gymnastics has a remarkable effect in relieving throat and ear complaints.

This being the case, the revival of an old English pastime, indulged in as a kind of Christmas gambol in the early part of the eighteenth century, might not be out of place. The game was a yawning match, and was played for a prize, which in one instance on record consisted of a Cheshire cheese.

The sport began about midnight, when the members of the company were disposed to be drowsy, and yawning was not altogether a forced act. He who yawned the widest, and at the same time in the most natural manner, so as to produce the greatest number of sympathetic yawns from the spectators, was the winner of the cheese.

How grown people love a boy whose eyes get heavy and whose head begins to nod as early as 8 o'clock.

SOLDIERS AT HOME.

THEY TELL SOME INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

How the Boys of Both Armies Whiled Away Life in Camp—Foraging Experiences, Tiresome Marches—Thrilling Scenes on the Battlefield.

A Confederate Exile.

During the closing days of the civil war a detachment of Federal cavalry rode into the picturesque town of Washington, Ga., and within a few moments after the arrival of the newcomers their commander stood at the front door of a large, old-fashioned mansion.

The visitor's mission was soon made known. He desired to see General Robert Toombs, and, in fact, was so anxious to see him that he was willing to put himself to no end of trouble to meet him.

The cavalry captain went in—found that the owner of the house was not at home, which statement was half-way true, because at that very instant General Toombs was making his way to the garden gate, where he had a swift horse in readiness for him.

The Confederate leader lost no time in mounting his steed, and before another hour he was many miles away in a part of the county which had not then been visited by the invaders.

For days the gray-coated fugitive traveled, exercising the utmost vigilance, and spending his nights with the most trustworthy friends of the lost cause.

Finally, when the coast was clear, he made his way to Cuba, and spent a few weeks with the sympathizers of the Confederacy in Havana.

There were reasons, however, why the general should not return at that time, and he was not long in making his arrangements to take an outgoing steamer for Europe.

When he had landed at Liverpool General Toombs was short of funds. He had sent a message to his wife from Cuba, but did not know whether she would receive it, or whether she would be able to raise any money for him.

He was in an embarrassing fix. A stranger in a strange land, with only a few dollars, he did not know which way to turn.

With his royal disregard of money, he invested in a first-class ticket to London, and boarded the train with less than five dollars in his pocket. What to do when he reached the metropolis was the question. The Confederacy had collapsed, and its few friends in England were not likely to be in a condition to aid the refugee, even if they should feel so disposed.

The solitary passenger was studying the situation when a new fellow traveler came into his compartment at one of the way stations.

The new arrival was a London lawyer of distinction, and a glance satisfied him that the man sitting opposite was Robert Toombs, an ex-member of the Confederate cabinet, an ex-Confederate general, and a famous American lawyer.

The Londoner had seen the other's picture in the illustrated papers and he had heard something of him on one of his visits to the United States.

"Excuse me," he said; "but isn't this General Toombs of Georgia?"

The American responded with some surprise, but in a few moments the two were conversing with the freedom of old friends. The Englishman was a man of tact, and there were many things in common between him and the Georgian. In the course of the conversation he brought up a subject in which he was greatly interested—a case for some British claimants involving the title to large landed interests in the southwestern part of the United States.

The penniless ex-Confederate little knew of the good fortune awaiting him. He simply knew that he had met a bright brother lawyer, and out of the abundance of his intellectual and professional resources he entertained him as he would a guest at his own fireside.

Perhaps an hour had been spent in talking over the case, when the Londoner came down to business.

"General Toombs," he said, "how long will you stop in London, and where can I see you?"

"I expect to stay several weeks," was the answer, "and my address will be the Langham."

"Would you mind coming into this case as consulting counsel?"

"Not at all. I am familiar with the facts and the law."

"I am sure of that," answered the Britisher. "Just wait a moment."

He drew writing materials from his hand satchel, filled out a check and handed it to the general.

"This is a retainer," he said. "It is the way we do things in England. Day after to-morrow I will call on you."

The Georgian glanced at the check. It was for $5,000!

If he felt any surprise he did not show it. He carelessly pocketed the slip of paper, and remarked that he would be ready when needed.

The big London lawyer got out at the next station, after again promising to see the American in the city two days later.

Toombs stopped at the Langham, and during the week gave his attention to the case which had come in the very nick of time. Then he received another check for $5,000 and ran over to France for a visit.

In Paris the famous Confederate statesman, soldier and lawyer was the lion of the hour. Louis Napoleon sent for him and consulted him upon various matters.

Among other things the emperor asked him what effect the establishment of Maximilian's empire would have upon the American republic.

"It will never be established," was the Georgian's blunt reply.

"What—not with Confederate sympathy?" asked the emperor.

"There are no Confederates in such a case," was the answer. "We are all Americans."

The talk drifted to the question of reforesting the south of France, and Napoleon asked General Toombs to visit that region and make suggestions in regard to the proposed work.

The request was complied with and a report was furnished of so elaborate and complete a nature that the French minister of the interior offered to pay a handsome sum for it. This was refused, as the general said that the work was not in his line, but he was prevailed upon to accept a souvenir of considerable value from the emperor himself.

Shortly after this the exile yielded to the many urgent requests of his friends at home and returned to Georgia. Perhaps no other Confederate who visited Europe made a more brilliant reputation in so short a time.—Wallace Putnam Reed, in Chicago Times-Herald.

Cushing's Bravery.

One of the replies of history, which but for its anti-Scriptural emphasis would have long since found its way into the school readers, was that of young Lieut. Cushing just as he was pushing the deadly torpedo over the log boom against the Confederate ironclad Albemarle.

"Who are you?" had been demanded by the startled outlook as the little Federal boat shot into sight from the darkness.

"You'll d——d soon find out," was Cushing's cheery answer as he shoved and exploded the torpedo against the Albemarle. Then, crash came the cannon's blast from the now hopelessly disabled ironclad, and into the water and the night went Cushing, happily to be finally rescued and find his way back to his ship again.

"A more gallant deed the world never saw," said the frank captain of the Albemarle ever afterwards.

I was recently told by a commander in the navy a little story of Cushing, which I do not remember to have seen in print, showing the doughty stuff he was made of even before that wonderful attack upon the Albemarle, writes W. S. Walker. The ship with which he had been connected was, earlier in the war, briefly detailed in Egyptian waters, watching for a wandering Confederate cruiser. One evening young Cushing was ashore at a table d'hote dinner in a hotel at Alexandria. Several officers of English warships then in the harbor were also at the table. One of them, a cockney young lieutenant, sat directly opposite Cushing and was marked in his impudent treatment of the latter.

A Yankee naval officer was to our Englishman, who plainly hadn't read up much on the war of 1812, something uncommonly funny. After several nudgings of his fellows, who were inclined to at least be unobtrusive and decent, and after a number of grimaces and other pantomimic evidences of curiosity, our gay Briton dropped his elbows on the table, his chin upon his hands, and leaning his face, with a monocle in one eye and the necessary squint in the other, toward Cushing, proceeded to give the latter a wantonly insulting specimen of the British stare.

Cushing quietly took out his card case and, holding a card by diagonal corners between his thumb and finger until it bent sufficiently to give it full projectile force, let it fly plump into the astonished lordling's face.

"I presume you understand what that means?" said Cushing.

But before the wrathy young Englishman could reply his senior, a dignified captain who had seen the whole performance, said to Cushing: "Yes, sir, he does understand, and the young puppy asks your pardon for his impertinence."

Then the whole English party, after shaking hands with Cushing, withdrew. The matter was reported to the admiral of their fleet, a private but official reprimand given the gold-mounted snob who had caused the scene, and a written order was promulgated drawing the fleet's attention to the fact that United States officers and sailors were to be treated in all social and official intercourse exactly like those of other nations. This was something in those days, when we hadn't much of a navy and the biggest kind of a war developing swiftly on our hands. When this young Englishman a year or two later read of Cushing's marvelous feat in sinking the Albemarle he must have realized more than ever that he had been fooling with something which was loaded clear to the muzzle.

Grant's Narrow Escape from Capture.

A few days before, an occurrence had happened which came very near depriving the armies of the services of Gen. Grant in the Virginia campaign. On his return to headquarters after his last visit to the President in Washington, when his special train reached Warrentown Junction he saw a large cloud of dust to the east of the road. Upon making inquiries of the station master as to its cause, he learned that Col. Mosby, who commanded a partisan Confederate force, called by his own people Mosby's "conglomerates," and who had become famous for his cavalry raids, had just passed, driving a detachment of our cavalry before him. If the train had been a few minutes earlier, Mosby, like Christopher Columbus upon his voyage to this country, would have discovered something which he was not looking for. As the train carried no guard, it would not have been possible to make any defense. In such case the Union commander would have reached Richmond a year sooner than he finally arrived there, but not at the head of an army.—Century.

EDUCATIONAL COLUMN

NOTES ABOUT SCHOOLS AND THEIR MANAGEMENT.

Harvard Faculty Will Make a Vigorous Effort to Discourage the Offense Known as "Cribbing—No Comfort in the Schools of Long Ago.

Cribbing at Harvard.

The faculty of Harvard University has announced its intention to separate from the college students handing in written work not their own, and to post their names on the college bulletin boards. The offense thus to be dealt with is familiarly known as "cribbing." The Harvard faculty has determined and announced that it is dishonorable, and merits public expulsion. The conclusion thus reached is somewhat revolutionary, and the action has only been taken with reluctance, and after solemn thought and full discussion.

In old times at Harvard, as in most other colleges where what is known as the "honor system" in examination does not prevail, cribbing was not regarded as dishonorable, though its expediency has always been freely questioned, even by the patrons of the practice. It used to be the custom, when written examinations were held, to garrison the examination rooms with proctors, who patrolled the aisles, and made it their business to restrain as far as possible the propensity of the examined to cheat. The result was that it was regarded as a fair game to beat the examiners, and students of honorable character often used what furtive aids they might to eke out their halting scholarship. Only when the examinations were in some degree competitive, as where students were trying for high rank or for scholarships, was cribbing felt to involve dishonor. But conditions are declared to have changed at Harvard. The relations betewen instructors and students are more familiar than they used to be, and the majority of the students are believed to take their work more seriously than they once did, and to look upon their instructors more as fountains of information and less as hindrances to ease. The faculty feels that there are certain childish things that ought to be put away from Harvard penalty for an offense which, it seems, is still very prevalent among the more frivolous undergraduates.

It will be interesting to know how this new rule works. The faculty may expel students caught cribbing, but it cannot make an act dishonorable by proclaiming it to be so. The body that settles what is deemed honorable and what is not in a college is the undergraduates. A faculty may dismiss, but it cannot disgrace a man. His appeal is to his fellows, and unless they concur in the judgment the man is not disgraced. Nevertheless, cribbing is a malodorous practice, and expulsion is a grave penalty, and a lad expelled from college for cribbing will have to make many more explanations than he cares to if he would demonstrate that he is not unfit to be trusted. Even if he can convince his friends that in general concerns he is not a cheat, he will still find it difficult to disperse the suspicion that he is lacking in sound sense. If the penalty for cribbing at Harvard is to be so severe, it would seem that cribbing would not pay. If the jury trial system prevailed at Harvard, it might turn out that the punishment was so disproportionate to the crime that the law could not be enforced; but since the faculty is judge, jury and sheriff, the new rule may be expected to work, and ought to help the situation.—Harper's Weekly.

Speak Correctly.

"The American girl is rich as far as ideas are concerned, is quick-witted, and ought to be sufficiently eager, because she is an American girl, to speak correctly," writes Ruth Ashmore in the Ladies' Home Journal in an article to girls on speaking correctly and avoiding the use of slang. "She need not be a prig, she need not suggest the schoolroom, but she should speak intelligently and correctly. There are two books to which my girls may always turn for English undefiled: first, the Bible; second, the works of Shakspeare. Vulgar language suggests a vulgar mind, therefore, my Dorothy, be careful about your speech. Let your words mirror beautiful thoughts, and when Prince Charming is strolling through that wood in which the grammar tree grows he will know that you surely are the princess, for in your answer to him there will be diamonds and pearls, in the form of pure English, coming from your lips, and he will learn to reverence all women for 'your sweet sake.'"

No Comforts Long Ago.

Only sixty years have passed since the boys of Eton ventured to beg that pipes might be laid in some of the school buildings so that they need not fetch water from the pumps in the freezing winter weather, and the petition was promptly rejected, with the scornful comment that "they would be wanting gas and Turkish carpets next!" At Winchester, another big school, all the lads had to wash in an open yard called "Moab," where half-a-dozen tubs were ranged around the wall, and it was the duty of one of the juniors to go from tub to tub on frosty mornings and thaw the ice with a candle. Comfort was deemed a bad thing for boys, lest they should grow up dainty and unmanly. "Cold?" said Dr. Keate, a famous head master of Eton, to a poor little bit of humanity whom he met shivering and shaking in the hall. "Don't talk to me of being cold! You must learn to bear it, sir! You are not at a girls' school!"—St. Nicholas.

The Pacific coast can now show Chinese contractors.