

LOT 104.

By BERNARD E. J. CAPEL.

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Mr. George George, house-surgeon at the Branch-hospital, had acquired himself with impunity from a traditionally fatal enteric fever...

His present post, his first, was just sufficiently remunerative to enable him to live unharassed by creditors...



THE LANGUID ROOM WOKED TO A SENSE OF THE HUMOR OF THE SITUATION.

measure, for he had had a liking for the old gentleman when he was informed, to his utter astonishment, that his uncle had left him by will everything which he had died possessed.

The shock was as generally stunning as is unexpected applause to an incipient orator; the reaction as depressing as might be the discovery on the part of such orator that he had been cried up ironically.

How this was so became at once apparent. The departed trustee had been a government pensioner. His income died with him.

Now, it was no good starting a grievance against Fate because his holiday mood had received a drenching so to speak. It was not like him, moreover to do so.

The doctor—as before introduced, with the modest memory of his deed of heroism overlooked by present preoccupation—looked in during the course of the afternoon to see how matters were progressing.

Item: A coal scuttle, a scent fountain, two clothes horses and sundries (the latter inclusive, apparently, of a charwoman's bonnet, and a framed photograph of somebody's aunt, in a shrine, standing by an Ionic pedestal).

At this point something of a brisk rally occurred in the bidding. It was at the instance of a stranger, who, upon the calling of the lot (104 was his number), swiftly detached himself from the gloom of the outer ring of bystanders and pushed his way to

the front, with an evident eye to business. He was a man of a certain professional cast, strongly built, loud, in the style of those who are accustomed to appeal forcibly to audiences. His face was florid, like a vein; his nostrils curled, his eyebrows and the blot of hair on his under lip were of a bristly black. His portly form was encased in a long threadbare overcoat with a sham astrakhan collar, and on his head he wore at a rakish angle a scrupulously groomed silk hat with a preposterous curl of brim.

Mr. Hacker, the junior partner, who officiated at the rostrum in all second-class affairs and who might even have pleaded guilty to some little weakness of collusion in sales technically known as "knockouts," noted the newcomer with the tail of his eye and moistened his ferrety lips in foretaste of the blood his instinct told him he might expect to draw.

"For this excellent ornolu and bronze three-light gasolier," said he. "Now, gentlemen, name a price."

"Three bob," said a facetious broker. "Four," snapped out the stranger. "Five," said a "six," "eight," "nine," "ten," was run up rapidly in a monosyllabic duel. Then came a pause, the stranger having the last word.

"Ten shillings," said the auctioneer reproachfully; "this particularly elegant three-light ornolu gasolier for ten shillings!"

"Come, gentlemen, isn't there one of you'll make an advance on the bid?" Genuine ornolu and bronze set for a dual drawing room!

He looked from face to face, and poised his little mallet tentatively. "Ten shillings!" he repeated. His tone was that of a protesting incredulity. He might have been a convicted innocent hearing himself sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

"Why, the weights alone are worth the money! Take 'em off my mind, gentlemen. Come, say a sovereign. Won't any one go an advance on ten shillings? It's without reserve, gentlemen. There's no call for this extreme modesty."

He condescended the blank faces once more, and shrugged his shoulders as to repudiate all responsibility in so senseless a fiasco. The little hammer in his hand rose slowly like that of a clock about to strike—lingered on the fall in a quick inspiration.

"Take him on, Charley," whispered a minor bidder to the other. "He's fly." "One pound," said the stranger. "Two pounds," said the stranger. "Two pounds one."

table) bowed, with an expansive motion of his finger tips from his mouth, as if he were caressing upwards the ends of a long moustache. Professionally this manner of salutation may be interpreted to signify the "blowing a kiss" to applause. Then he put one hand akimbo, and waved the other grandiosely to the gasser at his side.

"You're Dr. George?" said he. "Certainly." "Then, doctor, I've took the liberty of bringing you a little present."

"But, my good sir—" "Hush!" said the stranger; and he went to the door on tip-toe and carefully shut and locked it.

"It's absolutely plain," thought the dismayed practitioner. "I guessed it at the auction, and here's confirmation. This person is an escaped lunatic."

The stranger had returned to the rug and his property. An odd smile was on his face. He thrust one hand, Napoleonic, into the breast of his coat.

"There's nothing for it, then, but to humor him," thought the doctor. He advanced and dragged forward his old elbow-chair—wintry as the evening, by token of its long-vanished springs—from its corner by the fire.

"Sit down," said he. "No, no," said the stranger, promptly. "No, no, in the presence of royalty than in yours!"

"Oh!" exclaimed the other, in a helpless voice. "I was scurvy tempted," said the visitor. "I was scurvy tempted; I'll own it up fair. It's fortune against the apple of my eye, says I, and thank God, the man in me rose to the occasion, and the apple wins."

Mr. George recovered his decision and his professional manner. "That'll do," he said. "Now, my good fellow, come to the point and state your business."

Immediately his hands were seized in an emotional grasp. "I could kiss 'em!" cried the stranger; "help me, I could kiss 'em and cry!"

The doctor wrenched himself free so roughly that the man staggered. "Give me a moment, sir," pleaded the latter.

He passed the back of his hand across his eyes. To George's astonishment these swam with unmistakable tears. "I'll come to the point," murmured the visitor. Then he gulped, produced a crimson handkerchief, blew his nose sonorously and spoke up over a cushion of handkerchiefs.

me, too, by showin' me how to rise and reward you out of the pit of my own temptation."

"I want no reward," said the doctor, rather abruptly. "But it will be something of one to me to hear your adequate explanation of why you have not hitherto, to my knowledge, been near the hospital since your boy was brought to it."

"Could I help it, sir? I must move on and keep the pot a bilin'. I swear I never guessed at Jimmy's danger. I come back here the moment I was free. 'Shelp me, you dunno what it is to tumble for a livin' and your heart burstin' with anxiety.'"

"To tumble? You are a mountebank, then?" "I'm a harrabat, sir; a street harrabat, else I might never have been put in the way to reward Jimmy's benefactor."

"I have told you I want no reward. I can't understand that in a case like this success is its own."

The young doctor, still in two minds as to his visitor's sanity, advanced no further protest, but stood dumbly watching. From the ancient lumber the acrobat detached one of the three bulky ornolu weights that lay upon the rug at the end of their chains. He raised it to his head and heaved it over his shoulder.

"Heavy, ain't it?" said he; and, placing it on the table, unhooked and deposited its two companions by its side.

"Now," said he, "if this don't answer to my expectations, I'm—"

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to the property; the dead miser's to a no longer-disputed character for parsimony.

As for Mr. Montagu, beyond a reluctant consent to receive back the £10 ventured by him in the service of Jimmy's benefactor, he steadfastly and persistently declined to accept of his property any part, great or little, of the disinherited gold. And in this resolve we must hold him right.

John Malone killed and dressed a bullock in 3 minutes and 40 seconds and slaughtered all previous records. That happened fifteen years ago, but colors the traditions of Chicago stock yards to this day.

Walter Denison on the same day dressed a bullock a trifle more fastidiously, "in the market style" as it is known, in 4 minutes and 29 seconds.

Pat Fitzgerald dressed ten sheep in 33 minutes in Newark, N. J., in 1883. A German butcher of Erie, Pa., dressed a thirty-six and one-half pound lamb in 2 minutes and 35 seconds.

Teddy Wick, in his famous London shop, did on one celebrated occasion shave a man in 13 seconds, and Teddy's little girl, Nellie, shaved five men in 2 1/2 minutes on the same occasion.

For steady tonorial expertness perhaps the record of W. Lloyd, also of London, has never been equaled. He once shaved thirty-five men in 12 minutes and 29 seconds in a tournament. The report does not say where the subjects came from, what became of them afterward or whether they ever came back.

George A. Fisher of Detroit dressed for market 200 chickens in 44 minutes. That is, a chicken about every 13 seconds. George B. Randall of Taunton, Mass., has the record of having killed and skinned 103 geese in 9 hours and 53 minutes.

Homer W. Crawford is a club swinger of New Lisbon, O. He once swung a pair of ten-pound clubs for seven hours continuously on an irregular accompaniment by an overworked pianist.

Hardly less wonderful, though more in the line of "fancy" than "endurance" work, was the exhibition of E. W. Morgan at Paterson, N. J., in 1888.

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rependance Miss Mae E. Orr wrote ninety-nine words a minute for five minutes.

Isaac S. Dement, who holds among short-hand writers the place held by Mr. McGurrin among typewriters, took down 400 words a minute last year.

In the matter of quail eating there have been many number of claimants of records. A. M. Trautman of Washington put away a bird for thirty days. Colonel Thornton of Atlanta ate a quail a day for twenty-nine days and thirty in the afternoon.

A woman sandwich maker of Park, against time and on a wager, once cut 2,000 sandwiches in 19:40:00. She used up twenty-two loaves in the process.

G. A. Lee of Littlefield, Conn., smoked cigars in 11:00:00, without taking a drink. Herr Knopf, an Austrian, smoked ten large cigars in 2:00:00. The Gifted Smoking Club held a special meeting to see that the cigars were up to the standard.

More than twenty years ago Prof. Caswell walked sixteen consecutive hours in Tammany hall. Prof. Julian Carpenter of Philadelphia spun around for thirteen hours without a rest. John P. This played the piano without a moment's let-up for 27:39:00 in Philadelphia five years ago.

At the Point of Pine ran a mile, swam a mile, walked a mile and roller-skated a mile in an hour he did a rare thing, something that stands alone, for where can one find a roller-skating rink and a running track handy to the seashore now?

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within one-third of the top of each bottle. Through the cork of each bottle should extend a copper wire, which should touch the bottom of the bottle inside.

"When you raise the kite far enough in the air to get them flying ascends the bottle should be tied to the kite cord by a piece of twine. Around the outside of the bottle, near the bottom, the copper wire cable should now be tied, and should be twisted about the kite cord as the kite is allowed to go up in the air.

The moving of the kite cable up and down will cause the bent wire of the upper Leyden jar to spring against the outside continually. This will discharge the jar which has become filled with electricity from the air. The spark will affect the jars on the ground, and as the incandescent lamp stands in the road the only way for the current to travel is across the broken filament, in attempting to do which it will flash out brightly.

Thomas Thurman, deputy sheriff of Troy, says if everyone in the United States should discover the secret of the Leyden Jar, the demand could not be supplied.

The Clerk was Sarcasitic. A young woman went into a Euclid avenue dry goods store and asked for shirt waist material, relates the Cleveland Plain Dealer. She was shown several patterns and finally decided upon one.

"Will this fade?" she asked. "No," said the clerk decidedly. "Then," said the girl with a little hesitation, "I don't think I want it."

"May I ask why?" inquired the clerk. "Well," said the girl, "I got a shirt waist that had a stripe in it very much like that, and after wearing it awhile it faded all over and all at once and everybody thought it was a brand new one."

"Yes," said the smiling clerk. "Well, that's what's all," said the girl. "I got credit for owning two shirt waists for the price of one. Don't you see?"

"I might if I wasn't very near-sighted," said the clerk with a slightly sarcastic intonation.

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LIGHT FROM A KITE. An Electrical Experiment for Boys Suggested by William A. Eddy. William A. Eddy, the kite expert, says that any boy who can fly a kite can light an incandescent lamp with electricity collected from the clouds.

Jack Griffiths, an Australian, swung a pair of three-pound three-ounce clubs for thirty minutes without a rest. He showed 220 combinations to vary this monotony. The report says he was somewhat out of breath when he finished.

J. M. Mackinotly, another Australian, cut through a tree 4 feet 8 inches in girth in 411. There is also George S. Spriggs, who pushed a loaded freight car weighing, all told, 59,000 pounds, three feet up a slight grade at Mount Clare yards, Baltimore, four years ago.

William Lowney of Philadelphia opened 100 oysters in the presence of a roomful of witnesses in 4:04. Frank Barrett at a downtown restaurant in New York opened 2,500 oysters in 2:15:43. James Weinhart, also in New York, opened enough oysters for a good, big chowder, 450, in 30:00.

G. A. Blixt of Minneapolis put in 4,200 panes of glass in 7:03:20, exclusive of stoppages. Frank Stowahs laid 162 brick in 2:30, putting in cross-joints and using a trowel.

John Watkins in 1885, at Baltimore made 922 bricks in 55:00. He was assisted by two off-beaters and a wheeler, but even so this record stands out.

Lynn produced a man of exceeding dexterity in a lather in a factory there. Aided by a single helper he lathed 432 pairs of shoes in 5:40. This record has been extant for nearly ten years.

A unique sight was the race between two skillful workmen in a twine factory of Boston some years ago as to which could turn the greater length of seine in a week. One man was from South Boston; the other had come from the mills of Belfast, Ireland, with a record. The South Boston man, John M. O'Donnell, won the contest. Putting in ten hours a day, he had made 2,467,000 meshes when Saturday night came around.

Peter Haley, on January 29, 1887 near Shenandoah, Pa., turned 100 oysters in 1:47:47, accurately timed by a traveler.

W. London of Fargo, N. D., removed sixteen old shoes off four horses and reshoed the bunch in 3:00.

Samuel Loop of McKeepore, Pa., in 1887, husked 110 bushels of corn in 10:00:00. He did not stop to claim red-car privileges.

Walter S. McPhail will write a poem on your thumb nail or a history on the back of a gas bill. Once he wrote on the back of a postal card the ninth and twentieth chapters of St. John with three verses of the twenty-first, in all 10,202 words.

Over the wire B. R. Pollock sent 500 words in 5:00 at a telegraph tournament. The claim for faster work has been made by several.

In typewriting Mr. McGurrin of Canada, repeating a single sentence, made a speed of 200 words a minute. The mechanism will respond to no faster touch. In ordinary cor-

CHEMICALLY SPEAKING.



"Miss DeBleach has what one might call baking-powder hair."

"I don't quite catch the point."

"Why, it's chemically pure."

Advertisement for Blatz Beer, featuring the text 'GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH. See that Blatz is on the cork.' and 'Blatz THE STAR BEER MILWAUKEE'.

Advertisement for THE GREATER AMERICA EXPOSITION, featuring the text 'THE GREATER AMERICA EXPOSITION' and 'OPENS AT OMAHA, NEBRASKA, JULY 1st, CLOSES NOVEMBER 1, 1899.'

Advertisement for JOBBERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF OMAHA, listing various businesses such as HARNES-SADDLERY, DRUGS, BOILER AND SHEET IRON WORKS, and THE AMERICAN CHICORY CO.