

POOR MR. PILKINGTON

By MARION WYBORNE

"When I say a thing I mean it" said Mr. Pilkington. "Very well, uncle," dutifully replied his niece. But there was a mutinous look in her blue eyes which belied the meekness of her words.

stream. And I believe he netted all the fish he ever caught—he netted 'em." Mr. Merryweather, who was as ardent an angler as Mr. Pilkington, treated this statement with the gravity it merited.

"Do you think I'm Morgan or Carnegie?" asked Mr. Pilkington, furiously. "A thousand pounds is a small sum in return for what you ask me to give up. The happy home with Rachel as its mistress—"

gantic which leaves Southampton the day after to-morrow for Capetown. Bob reflected, "My abrupt departure will need some explanation to the head of my firm. Probably they will put in a claim for compensation. We have not taken that into consideration, Mr. Pilkington. No, it is impossible for me to accept your offer under a thousand pounds."

"Dear Sir—I owe you an apology and an explanation. My name is Brown—Brown without the 't.' They say 'walls have ears.' Remember that another time when you lay plots to separate lovers. To make a long story short, I had been engaged for weary years, to a sweet and charming girl, Miss Jessie Wilcox (I am sure you found her a most devoted nurse when you had influenza.) It is unwise to talk secrets with a woman in the next room. You will realize the truth of this when I tell you she overheard your conversation with Mr. Merryweather. She was especially interested because her lover also bore the uncommon name of Brown—without the 't.' Innocently she told me, and my more subtle brain evolved a scheme, which, if successful, meant a satisfactory end to our engagement. At any rate it was "nothing venture, nothing have." I have been out of employment for some time, and had little to lose but much to gain by the risk I ran. I talked Jessie round, and to destroy the letter you wrote the genuine Brown was an easy matter, since you entrusted it to her to post. The rest you know. We have every chance of getting on well in the business we have started out here, and shall be glad to pay you 5 per cent. on the thousand you unwittingly advanced us, the bulk sum to be returned in a few years. If you are not satisfied with this offer and seek the aid of the law, you will put yourself to further expense and get nothing. Yours, faithfully, HENRY AND JESSIE BROWN.

SPHINX LORE Enigmatic Knots of Odd and Ingenious Kind for the Leisure Hour.

506—A STATE CAPITAL. I saw a man behind a man. I saw a man before. Between the two there were in view. Exactly half a score.

507—RIDDLE. I saw a man behind a man. I saw a man before. Between the two there were in view. Exactly half a score.

508—COMPARISONS. (Example: Positive, a preposition; comparative, fame; superlative, honorable. Answers: On; honor; honest.)

509—CHARADE. They went to walk, one TOTAL day. Both TWO and ONE, were young and gay.

510—FOREIGN AUTHORS. The reception was held at Rome, and his Holiness (the Pope) was the guest of honor. Man was the guest of honor. The first to arrive came in with a (2) author of Gulliver's Travels, through which he was (11) author of Fairy Tales, and (4) author of A Sentimental Journey, as was his wont. In contrast, the next came in with (3) author of the Poetics of a well-known College, looking as (6) author of The Shepherd's Week as any of the boys who had not yet started about asking, "Does any one ever (7) author of The Cloister and The Hearth his poems as (8) author of the first of the four volumes of the Deutscher, looking very (10) author of The Boy Who Cried Wolf, the author of Far From the Madding Crowd, with a comical touch, though when he was (11) author of the Christian Hero, I fear he (14) author of the story of the boy who shut himself in the tower of the Deseret Village, who said that his daughter would have accompanied him if the notion had not happened to the (15) author of The Commentaries to stay behind and visit with her Irish (17) author of Handy Andy, though it had not happened to the (18) author of Mr. Midshipman Easy all, but stay with him as his own compensation for any possible deficiencies in the rest of the batch. The extra article was originally a safeguard to avert the charge of favoritism.

571—HOMONYM. "Your charge is ONE!" An irate patient's "Rather than pay it one would better die!" "Pay up at once." This the physician answered. "My charge is TWO, disprove it if you can sir!"

572—DECAPITATION. Two Irishmen were traveling along a highway in their own general tale when they came to a neat, white signboard on which was printed, in big black letters, "100 Miles to London." "The fellow who put that board TWO a trifle and he held up an advisory hand at his companion." Let us not the dead be troubling; His age it was a hundred years. And his name was Miles "T" Dublin.

573—ENIGMA. The glory of the gallant Greek; Held prominent also by the Jew; The Roman knows it, so to speak; Far better than the Coptic view. Those ancients following it, they say; Were wont at times to come to blows; Kings led them by it far a way. To war, as every schoolboy knows.

PRIZE SOLVING. A Dictionary of Prose Quotations—containing thousands of choice extracts from the great prose masters—will be given the sender of the best list of authors answering No. 570. The solutions are to be forwarded within one week, and neatness and accuracy of arrangement of some of the nearest complete lists will decide the winner in case of a tie.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY. The first life insurance society was started in London, 1665 and another in 1700. Neither was successful. The largest living thing on earth is the new-found redwood tree in California, which is 260 feet high and 150 feet in circumference. The greatest pumping plant in the world is one which draws 3,000 gallons of water a day 37 miles to the gold fields at Bulla Bulla, Australia.

Domestic Euclid. Kansas City Journal. A Kansas girl attending Vassar College sends the Journal the following excerpt from her pen: "I have been unable to find 'The Domestic Euclid.' It would seem that even the pupils of our most fashionable female colleges have the landlady and boarding-house troubles which have been a feature of college life from time immemorial.



A WOMAN'S WAY. She—She told me it was her first year out. He—Well, I suppose she counts four seasons to the year.