

SECURING MR. BARKER.

By Henry Harris.

THE jurymen thought they had been of great assistance in restoring the plaintiff to his rights. The judge took no little credit to himself for having directed a verdict for the plaintiff and left the jury to determine only the amount of damages to be given. The spectators supposed that all the credit was due to the attorney for the masterly way in which he had presented his case for the plaintiff.

Those who really knew, however, were aware that the chief cause of the plaintiff's victory was the quick wit and persistence of a long-legged, awkward youth of eighteen, who at that moment was busily scraping splatters of thick brown mud from the back and sleeves of a well-worn coat.

But I am beginning my story at the wrong end, and must go back to the events of five or six hours earlier and start anew.

The increased tinkling of telephone bells throughout the city indicated that the business of the day was fairly started. It was nearly 9.30. Mr. Hoff, the lawyer, was in his office looking over the memorandum and noting the items of the day's business. His finger dragged slowly down the page, pausing at each line.

He was mentally checking off the items that would demand his personal attention when the click and burr of the desk telephone announced that some one wanted to speak to him. He pulled the instrument nearer to him and called, "Hello."

A strong, rasping voice came to his ear: "Hello! Is that Mr. Hoff?"

"Yes."

"This is Johnson. Our case is likely to be reached to-day, isn't it?"

"Yes," responded the attorney. "I think they will get to it this afternoon. You had better have your witnesses at my office by 1.30 this afternoon."

"That's just why I telephoned you," said the man at the other end. "You remember that man Barker I spoke about?—Hello, there, Central! Don't cut me off—I say, you remember I told you Barker was our main witness. I thought he was friendly and would come without subpoena, but I have heard that he was interested with Long in some matters, and I am afraid he will give us the slip. He knows his testimony will probably beat Long."

"So that's his game, is it?" said Mr. Hoff, pulling a pencil from his pocket. "Give me his address. I'll have him subpoenaed."

While he was writing down the address a loud shout from the instrument made his ear ring and betrayed the fact that his client was very much excited. "I say! Hello, there!"

"Yes; what is it?"

"Oh, I was afraid you had left the telephone. I wanted to say that your man will have to look sharp. Barker will avoid service if he can."

"All right. Good-bye!"

Mr. Hoff hung up the receiver and pressed an electric button beneath his desk. In a moment a young man entered. His head was covered with a tousled mat of yellow hair. There was apparently an estrangement between his hands and the ends of his coat sleeves, and the bottoms of his trousers found a convenient resting place on the tops of his shoes. His appearance was not very prepossessing, but Mr. Hoff, who kept a watchful eye over his clerks, had, in the short time this young man had been with him, learned to respect him, and to know that an indomitable spirit lay behind his uncouth exterior.

"Carl," said his employer, "you know Mr. Barker, of the firm of Longshore & Barker, don't you?"

"Yes, sir. He lives up where I came from."

"Well, I want you to make out a subpoena for him in the case of Johnson versus Long for this afternoon. Be sure and get service on him. He will avoid you if he can, but I rely on you. Here is some money for his fees, and some that you may need for expenses. It is very important that you get him this morning."

"Yes, sir," was the only response, as the young man took the money and left the room.

Upon inquiring at the office of Mr. Barker for that gentleman he was informed that he was not in, and would not be in that day; that he was out at his home.

With many a boy this would have been the end of the matter. He would have returned, saying the man he sought was not in town. Carl remembered that Mr. Barker was expecting to be subpoenaed, and was probably keeping out of the way; in fact, he felt sure of it, for he had seen the angry glance the manager had given the bookkeeper when the latter told the whereabouts of his employer.

Carl thought for a moment and then hurried up the street. It was ten minutes before 10, and a train would leave shortly for the suburban town where Mr. Barker lived.

He caught the train, and an hour later was approaching the Barker residence when he saw that gentleman descending the front steps, satchel in hand. The long-distance telephone had evidently been used to warn him that he was being sought, and that he had better absent himself if he could, and meanwhile keep a sharp lookout for an overgrown boy with tow-colored hair and ill-fitting clothes.

"Mr. Barker! Mr. Barker!" called Carl, seeing that he was likely to miss his man, after all.

Mr. Barker heard quite plainly, but pretended not to know whence the voice came. He stared blankly about

for an instant, at the sky and the tops of the buildings, as if he imagined some one might be calling from there. Having succeeded in seeing no one he started rapidly down the street.

Presently he heard the pattering footsteps of some one running behind him. Would his dignity permit him to run? The idea made him blush, but he remembered that delay meant defeat for Long, and that defeat for Long meant dollars out of his own pocket.

A plan of escape presented itself. He hurriedly drew his watch from his pocket, glanced at its face, and made a pretense of realizing that he was in danger of missing his train. He took a firmer grip on his satchel and started on a run for the railway station. He had been an athlete in his day, and even now was no mean runner.

Dodging the people when he could and jostling them unceremoniously when he could not, down the street he fled. People eyed him with surprise as he hurried by. Their surprise changed to wonder when, a few moments later, a boy dashed past, calling loudly.

Then they realized that the prominent citizen was not anxious so much to catch a train as to avoid being caught. Carl was shrewd enough to know that by calling to the man he would compel him either to stop or to give the impression of being pursued.

Passers-by who paused and watched the chase did not understand the cause, but enjoyed the spectacle.

"Well," ejaculated the Rev. Mr. Morrow, as he adjusted his silk hat after coming in violent contact with the fleeing man, only to have it tilted over the other way by the youthful pursuer, "the town seems to be on the move this morning; business must be pressing."

"Yes," replied a bystander, "Barker seems to be a little rushed this morning."

The chase was becoming exceedingly interesting. Shopkeepers rushed to their doors to learn the cause of the disturbance. Mr. Barker's face glowed a brilliant red; perspiration stood out upon his countenance. Then he caught sight of a cab standing on the other side of the square, waiting for business. The business came with a rush.

Mr. Barker saw a way of escape. He dashed into the cab, ejaculating with his remaining breath, "Depot, quick!" slammed the door and sank back panting on the seat. The driver's whip lashed in the horses' ears, they leaped forward and Mr. Barker was off.

Here was another good excuse to present for not serving the subpoena, but Carl was not looking for excuses. For a moment he was puzzled and stopped short on the curb and gazed after the cab.

Near by was a group of jeering boys, among them some whom he knew, for, as he had told Mr. Hoff, this was his native town.

"Hey, legs," called one, "what you waiting for? Why don't you go on?"

Carl turned toward the speaker, who was leaning on a bicycle, and opened his mouth as if to make some sharp retort, but catching sight of the wheel, changed his mind and said, "Lend me your bicycle, Fox, will you?"

"Nop!" replied Fox, shaking his head. "I want it myself."

Carl watched the cab rolling down the street and rapidly increasing the distance between him and Mr. Barker.

"Here," he said, thrusting his hand into his pocket, "I'll give you fifty cents if you will let me use it."

"Put it there!" was Fox's brief but expressive answer, as he extended his hand for the coin.

Carl gave him the money, threw a long leg over the saddle, and was soon pedaling down the street after the cab.

As soon as he was fairly started the boys set up a shout. Mr. Barker was wiping the perspiration from his ruddy face and congratulating himself that he had escaped from a very uncomfortable and trying situation, when the shout reached his ears. He glanced back through the little window in the rear and beheld that troublesome youth astride a wheel and pursuing him like fate.

"Dear me," he ejaculated, biting his lips with vexation, "how annoying! What a nuisance that boy is!"

He thrust his head out of the cab window and called to the driver, and at the same time handed him something which shone in the sunlight like silver.

The driver took it and immediately displayed an astonishing interest in his work. His horses, seeming to forget all city rules and ordinances, broke into a run. Behind, a wheelman rode like a professional trying to break a record. There had been a heavy rain the night before, and the streets were coated with greasy, slimy ooze, which flew up from the whirling tires like spray from a fountain of ink.

It covered the back of the rider's coat with a thick fern-leaf spatter-work of mud that extended up over his collar and on to his cap. The wheels of the bicycle looked like a pair of pinwheels throwing out muddy sparks. It was not a pleasant ride, but it was lessening the distance between Carl and the cab.

Mr. Barker was becoming nervous. By exchanging running for riding he had gained nothing except that riding was not quite so fatiguing to a "prominent citizen." The distance between the competitors had been nearly closed and the bicycle was following the cab almost as close as a racer follows his

packing machine. Carl's head was bent low over the handle bars. The cab suddenly turned round a corner into another street. The bicycle turned also, but with disastrous results.

In his excitement Carl had forgotten the slippery condition of the asphalt, or he would not have tried to turn so sharp. As it was his bicycle wobbled and slid and fell, and he and it together whirled, a heap of wheels and legs, up the avenue, leaving a wide swath like the path of a street sweeper.

Mr. Barker heard the fall and leaned back comfortably against the cushions, muttering, "There, I guess that will settle that impertinent young chap!"

The horses were checked and allowed to continue at a gentle trot, for the race was over.

That is, Mr. Barker and his man thought so. As for Carl, he had not, as yet, had an opportunity to think at all. At length, however, he and his wheel came to a stop. The world ceased spinning around, and he arose with no bones broken, although he was plastered and smeared from head to foot, so that he looked like an animated clay model.

Here was a third excellent reason to present for not serving the subpoena. Surely he had done everything that could be done. But even while rolling along the street Carl's determination did not waver.

As he rose to his feet he paused but a moment, then he dragged the bicycle to a curb, where he left and dashed into a narrow passageway between the buildings. He was familiar with the place, and knew that the cab, if it kept straight on to the station, would, after driving down the side of the block, turn into another street and pass the other end of the alley.

His guess as to its course was correct, for just before he reached the end of the passage he saw the cab trundle by at an easy pace. He crouched close to the wall until it was safely past, and neither Mr. Barker nor his cabman noticed him.

Then he darted out, seized the rear spring of the conveyance, threw his legs over the axle, and hanging down out of sight of the occupant, rode safely along with Mr. Barker, and at his expense.

Undignified, uncomfortable! Yes, but effective, and Carl was thinking only of results.

On they went. Mr. Barker and his man, ignorant of the boy under the cab, were quite at ease, and Carl, although very much cramped and jolted, was quite as contented as the others.

"Ha!" thought Mr. Barker, bouncing comfortably on the cushions. "I guess they will have to be a little sharper than that. It will teach them better than to send a boy after me."

"Ouch!" ejaculated Carl, shifting his weight to the other leg as an extra jolt bumped the axle uncomfortably under his knee. "I don't believe I like this kind of lower berth." Then, with a smile, "but I couldn't think of leaving Mr. Barker."

At length the driver pulled up his horses at the station. Mr. Barker, well satisfied with himself, stepped out of the cab. He closed the door, looked up at the driver and smiled a knowing smile. The driver smiled back at Mr. Barker. A muddy, bedraggled scarecrow of a boy got down from the running gear, stepped round the side of the cab, and seeing the exchange of glances between the two men, and observing that smiling seemed to be in order, also smiled.

From these smiles it might be inferred that everybody was perfectly happy, and that everything had turned out to the intense satisfaction of every one concerned, but when the driver saw the apparition in mud standing behind his customer he nearly toppled from his seat. His eyes grew round and the lines nearly fell from his hands.

Mr. Barker turned to learn the cause of the man's dismay, and found himself confronted with a paper held in an extended, dirt-begrimed hand.

Before he realized the situation he had taken the paper, and as he felt the touch of silver in his hand he heard a voice say:

"That is your subpoena and this is your fee, Mr. Barker. I would have given it to you sooner, but you seemed to be in a hurry."

That is how Carl won the verdict for the plaintiff in Johnson versus Long, for Mr. Barker's unwilling evidence was sufficient to decide the case.—Youth's Companion.

Your Successful Old Playmate.

When you knew as a boy the man who has made a success—

You can remember that he never amounted to much in his youth.

You always have grave doubts whether his success is as great as reported.

You sometimes find it hard to be as pleased with his good fortune as an old friend should be.

When he appears to be glad to see you you cannot help being a little surprised.

When he does not appear to be overjoyed at meeting you it is recalled that he always was that way—and nothing to his credit.

It is difficult to avoid speaking of his "poor old father and mother" when his family is mentioned.

Altogether, it is a hard thing to regard his rise as an altogether creditable performance or to reflect upon its attendant circumstances without the thought that there are some things about them which you could have done better.—Indianapolis News.

Comic Papers Excluded.

Humorous papers which are illustrated in the colored supplement brand of deep red are now excluded from the public library at Cleveland, Ohio, because their "jokes" have a habit of reflecting on certain nationalities and races in a manner which many patrons of the library do not enjoy.

THE EFFICACY OF HERBS

FACTS LITTLE KNOWN CONCERNING EVEN FAMILIAR FRUITS.

Many of the Botanical Remedies Come Straight Down From the Days When Monks and Old Women Made a Study of Doctoring.

Several large wholesale drug houses down town, says the New York Journal, find it worth while to keep in stock a large assortment of herbs for medicinal use, and at least one such house, more than fifty years in existence, deals in such articles alone.

These houses supply druggists all over the East with the raw materials of which many standard medicines are made, and with the traditional herbs, roots and barks of our grandmothers. The trade in these things, even in this city is large, and they are sold wherever household remedies still have a place of honor.

One of these wholesale houses issues a catalogue that is in some sort a rough guide to the art and mystery of herb doctoring. It is these remedies that are compounded by the so-called botanic druggists, or "botanists," as they are sometimes styled. Many of these remedies are well recognized medicines, unhesitatingly prescribed by physicians of scientific education, and some such physicians still cling to inherited formulas and traditional herbs.

Many of the botanical remedies come straight down from the days when monks, old women and all sorts of mousing folks, good and bad, made it their business to study the properties of roots and herbs. Some must have been borrowed from the Indian medicine men, and doubtless Roger Chillingworth gathered in the Puritan graveyards many of the "simples" that now figure in the catalogues of the botanic druggists. Some of the best known of these herbs are at least as old as Galen, and scores of them have run for centuries through history and literature. The wholesale botanic druggists are redolent of their stock in trade.

Nearly 500 roots, herbs, seeds, flowers and barks are kept in stock by the largest botanic druggists, and new remedies are still from time to time added to the lists. The plants thus kept are not only those known to the pharmacopoeia as containing the active principles of standard drugs, but nearly every familiar plant, wild or cultivated. Not only the dandelion, may apple, bonset and peppermint of our grandmothers and the licorice root, slippery elm and ginseng of the orthodox materia medica must be kept on hand, but as well hundreds of others known to those deeply read in the science of simples.

Favorite flowers and famous plants takes roles strangely unfamiliar to those unlearned in herbs and drugs. The bark of the tulip tree, according to the catalogue, cures hysterics and dyspepsia. Thistle tree "strengthens the system and excites perspiration." Water lilies of one sort or another are good for pectoral complaints and scrofula. Watermelon seed is "excellent for dropsy," doubtless upon the homeopathic principle. The white willow is a substitute for Peruvian bark. The wild sower is set down as "invaluable in bilious colic," and like complaints. Sweet clover is for swellings.

The strawberry furnishes in its leaves a remedy for sore throat, and in its wandering stem a cure for jaundice and fevers. Seven kinds of snake root furnish remedies for rheumatism, dropsy, hysteria, colic, backache, measles, scrofula, hives, croup, fevers and some complaints of the stomach.

Many plants are enumerated as having the properties of quinine in greater or less degree. There are several substitutes for opium, and like doubles for other familiar drugs. The number of plants that cure rheumatism is marvellous, and there are more than two dozen remedies for incipient consumption of the lungs. Boxwood bark is "nearly equal to quinine."

Cedar apples, which Wait Whitman discourses upon as "cedar plums," are useful in a common complaint of children, and cedar berries, the aromatic and slightly sweet little blue fruit of the cedar tree, are recommended in tincture or infusion for dropsy. Four parts or varieties of the dogwood are enumerated as of medicinal value, and as many ferns are named. The male fern is a remedy for tapeworm, and the female fern is good for lumbago and coughs.

All the old-fashioned flowers and severable table vegetables find place in the list of remedies. The lady's slipper is for the nerves, especially in hysteria, and larkspur seed is for dropsy. Lettuce is for colics and coughs, and asparagus roots for the kidneys. The blossom of the ox-eyed daisy is recommended for asthma, consumption and dropsical complaints. The penny is for weak nerves, and the red rose is for "hassik hemorrhages and catarrhs."

Most of the popular medicines are represented in the stock of the botanic druggist by their original elements. The makers of such remedies deal largely with the wholesale houses, and so do the makers of drugs, tinctures, ointments and embrocations. Forty or fifty herbs, plants and flowers indigenous to California and Australia are among the newest editions to the stock of the botanic druggists.

There is an extensive exporting business connected with the trade in medicinal herbs, and the druggists keep, aside from the dried herbs in their natural state, a quantity of freshly powdered roots, herbs, barks and flowers, domestic and foreign. All these articles are sold by the pound or ounce, and received by the wholesalers in bales, bags and boxes, great and small. There is a small army of men, women and children the world over gathering

roots, herbs and plants for the botanic druggists, and there is much care and expense put upon the culture of such things.

Prices vary from season to season, and quotations cannot be long depended upon. Many of these raw materials are expensive. Larkspur seed sells at \$2 per ounce, and sassafras pith, quarterly recommended in an infusion of rose water for sore eyes, fetches \$1 an ounce. Many of the herbs that go to make familiar medicines seem very cheap.

The botanic druggists keep also many extracts worth from \$1 to \$3.50 per pound, and scores of essential oils, as of anise, of catnip, of goldenrod, of horseradish, of rue, of sage, of calamus, of parsley and of pennyroyal. The art of extracting these oils is part of the herb doctor's knowledge, and as well of the manufacturing druggists'.

Prepared For the Worst.

She came into the Turkish bath fairly crackling with the evidences of grief. Long crepe streamers flowed behind her, the crepe folds on her dress rustled stiffly, the ink-dyed furs about her neck bore testimony to an almost unbearable sorrow. She obtained the key to the dressing room—she was evidently an old patron of the establishment—and prepared to leave her valuables at the office.

Drawing off her gloves she removed three or four big pearl rings—pearls set singly and in bands and in bunches. From her ears she took out two great smoky pearls. Her lustreless watch chain was studded with pearls of the black variety. She handed them all over. The cashier sighed as she looked upon them.

"You certainly have some pretty jewelry, Mrs. Brown," she observed.

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Brown. "My pearls are pretty, I think. And I'm so glad I got them instead of diamonds. A good many people have said to me, 'Why don't you get your husband to give you diamonds?' But I've always thought that if the day ever came when it wouldn't be good taste for me to wear diamonds it would be better to have the pearls. And sure enough," she sighed again, "the time has come. Mr. Brown has gone, but those pearls are a real comfort to me."—Washington Times.

Improvement of Country Life.

In the golden age country life was all that could be demanded even by the most exacting critic, and the glorious fellowships of shepherds and shepherdesses, the Corydons, the Chloes and all that set, knowing none of the aspirations of modern life toward libraries, telephones and free deliveries, were exceedingly happy all the time. It is not so now. Country life now has certain awkward and exasperating disadvantages. Isolation and the want of good means of communication lie at the root of the difficulty.

Farming is, no doubt, one of the most normal and healthful of occupations. At the same time it is, to a certain degree, narrowing and deadening. If to the pleasurable and profitable features of the country there could be added some of the pleasurable and profitable features of the city a great good would have been accomplished. If, besides fresh air, good food and excellent health, the farmer could have the libraries, telephones and free deliveries before mentioned, as well as the concerts, the lectures, the theatres, the museums and the constant and easy intercourse which are possible in urban communities, the change in the tone of rural life would bring with it important and far-reaching consequences.—Chicago Tribune.

An Indian Who Wore Eyeglasses.

"I noticed something the other day that was to me in the nature of a novelty," remarked a prominent local court stenographer, who has spent considerable time in a business way among the descendants of the American aborigines. "What struck me as strange was my meeting here in Washington with an Indian who wore eyeglasses. In the course of all my experiences with the red men I never before observed Poor Lo making use of lenses to aid his sight. Perhaps the name of this particular Indian has something to do with his adopting what is unquestionably a very necessary custom of civilization. He bears the cognomen 'Foggy Cloud,' and is a member of the Chippewa tribe. All the other Indians of my acquaintance are blessed with keen sight of the most pronounced type, and I do not remember hearing that any of them ever had eye trouble of any character."—Washington Star.

Mystified Scientists.

At the last meeting of the Linnean Society Professor G. B. Howes exhibited a marine organism received from Dr. Gilchrist, of South Africa. It is structureless and transparent. After having submitted the object to a dozen trained experts, he put it forward in the hope of obtaining a clue to its significance and zoological position. In commenting upon this exhibit, the President said he believed the occasion was probably the first in the history of the society upon which an object had been laid upon the table to which no one could give a name.—London Nature.

Facts Told Clearly.

Now that there are professors of advertising and professional writers of advertisements there seems to be an impression that the principles of publicity are complicated. Yet it remains true that except in peculiar cases a plain and simple statement of facts makes the best business announcement. The facts which the advertiser wants the public to know are exactly the facts which the public wants to know.

SUBURBAN ASSOCIATIONS.

List of Officers Together With Time and Place of Meeting.

IN THE ALTER OF THESE ASSOCIATIONS THE FIRES ARE BURNING FOR ALL THE PEOPLE OF THE SUBURBS.

East End Suburban Citizens' Association.

Meetings are held the 1st Monday Evening in each month at 15th and H Streets N. E.

OFFICERS: President, William H. Ernest; Vice-President, Hugh A. Kane; Secretary, J. M. Wood; Treasurer, Aug. W. Stubener. Total membership about 75.

Brightwood Park Citizens' Association.

Meetings are held the Third Tuesday Evening in each month in Thomas' Hall.

OFFICERS: President, W. McK. Clayton; Vice-President, Chas. W. Parker; Secretary, Frank J. Metcalf; Treasurer, W. S. Detwiler. Total membership about 75.

Citizens' Northwest Suburban Association.

Meetings are held the First Friday Evening in Each Month in the Town Hall, Tenleytown, D. C.

OFFICERS: President, Chas. C. Lancaster; 1st Vice-President, Jas. L. Tate; 2nd Vice-President, Col. Robert I. Fleming; 3rd Vice-President, A. E. Shoemaker; 4th Vice-President, Dr. A. M. Bay; 5th Vice-President, Prof. Louis L. Hooper; Secretary, Dr. J. W. Chappel; Treasurer, Chas. R. Morgan; Sergeant-at-Arms, Andrew J. Berg; Chairman Executive Committee, Louis P. Shoemaker.

Brightwood Avenue Citizens' Association.

Meetings are held the Second Friday Evening in Each Month in Brightwood Hall.

OFFICERS: President, Louis P. Shoemaker; 1st Vice-President, Wilton J. Lambert; 2d Vice-President, N. E. Robinson; 3d Vice-President, Thomas Blagden; 4th Vice-President, Dr. Henry Darling; Secretary, John G. Keene; Treasurer, N. E. Robinson. Total Membership about 200.

North Capital and Eckington Citizens' Association.

Meetings are held the Fourth Monday Evening in Each Month in the Church of the United Brethren, Corner North Capitol and R Streets.

OFFICERS: President, Irwin B. Linton; Vice-President, Washington Topham; Treasurer, W. W. Porter; Secretary, A. O. Tingley; Executive Committee The officers and Messrs. Jay F. Bancroft, Theo. T. Moore and W. J. Fowler. Total Membership about 280.

Fakoma Park Citizens' Association.

Meetings are held the Last Friday Evening in Each Month in the Town Hall, Takoma Park, D. C.

OFFICERS: President, J. B. Kinnear; Vice-President, J. Vance; Secretary, J. Benj. G. Davis; Treasurer, C. F. Williams. Total Membership about 100.

A Pointer.—When you order goods from Hartig, the hardware man, 509 H St., N. E., they come the same day. There is no delay like there is in cases where goods are ordered from Baltimore, Philadelphia, Chicago or other foreign houses.

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