

The Man From Brodne's

By GEORGE BARR M'GUTCHEON

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line. He goes over the day's business at the bank as often as we do as agents for the executors. He knows just how many rubies and sapphires were washed out yesterday and how much they weigh. It's our business, as your agents, to scrape up everything as far back as we can go to prove that the old chips were mentally off their base when they drew up that agreement and will. Of course if we can prove that insanity has always run through the two families it—"

"Good Lord!" gasped Browne nervously. "It would be a great help. If we can show that you and Mrs.—er—Lady Deppingham have queer spells occasionally, it—"

"Not for all the islands in the world," cried Lady Deppingham. "The idea! Queer spells! Please be good enough to leave me out of the insanity dodge, as you Americans call it."

"It is necessary to make my husband insane in order to establish the fact that his grandfather was not of sound mind," said pretty Mrs. Browne, with her calmest Boston inflection. "It depends on your husband," said Britt coolly. "If he sticks at anything which may help us to break that will he's certainly insane. That's all I've got to say about it."

"Yes, I'm hanged if I'll pose as an insane man," roared Browne. "Mr. Saunders isn't asked me to be insane, have you, Mr. Saunders?" asked Lady Agnes in her sweetest scorn. "I don't apprehend"—began Saunders nervously.

"Saunders," said Britt calculatingly and evenly, "next thing we'll have to begin hunting for insanity in your family. We haven't heard anything from you on this little point, Lord Deppingham."

"I don't know anything about Mr. Saunders' family," said Deppingham stily. "Britt read at him for a moment, puzzled and uncertain. Then he gave a short, hopeless laugh and said under his breath: "Holy smoke!"

When he finally called the conference adjourned and prepared to depart he calmly turned to the stenographer. "Did you get all this down, Miss Pelham?" "Yes, Mr. Britt."

"Good!" Then he went away, leaving the quartet unconsciously depressed by the emphasis he placed upon that single word. "The next day but one it was—"

Life at the chateau had not been allowed to drag. The white servants had become good friends despite the natural dislike that the trained English expert feels for the unpollished American domestic.

Miss Pelham, the stenographer from West Twenty-third street, had set her cap for the unsuspecting Mr. Saunders. She had learned in the wisdom of her sex that he was fancy free. Mr. Saunders, fully warned against the American typewriter girl as a class, having read the most shocking jokes at her expense in the comic papers, was rather shy at the outset, but Britt gallantly came to Miss Pelham's defense and ultimate rescue by emphatically assuring Saunders that she was a perfect lady, guaranteed to cause uneasiness to no man's wife.

"But I have no wife," quickly protested Saunders, turning a dull red. "The devil!" exclaimed Britt, apparently much upset by the revelation. "But of this more anon."

Browne conducted the two young women across the drawbridge and to the sunlit edge of the terrace, where two servants awaited them with parasols.

"There he is! See him!" almost whispered Browne as the solitary, motionless figure at the foot of the avenue was likely to hear his voice and be frightened away.

"The enemy was sitting serenely on one of the broad iron benches just inside the gates to the park, his arms stretched out along the back, his legs extended and crossed. It was quite apparent that he was lazily surveying the chateau, puffing with consistent ease a cigarette which drooped from his lips.

"Mr. Britt was right," said Mrs. Browne irrelevantly. She was peering at the stranger through the binoculars. "He is very good looking."

"And you're a Boston, too," scoffed Lady Deppingham. Mrs. Browne flushed and smiled deprecatingly. "Wonder what he's doing here in the grounds?" puzzled Browne.

ence at 4 that afternoon. "I think it will be for the benefit of all concerned if we can get together," wrote the enemy in conclusion.

The messenger carried back with him a dignified response in which the counselors for Mr. Browne and Lady Deppingham respectfully declined to engage in any conference at this time. At 2 o'clock that afternoon the entire force of native servants picked up their belongings and marched out of the chateau. The major domo, suave and deferential, gravely informed Mr. Britt that they were leaving the entire disposition of their legal adviser, who had but that hour issued his instructions.

"I hope you are not forgetting what I said about the American gumballs," cried Lady Deppingham. "The idea! Queer spells! Please be good enough to leave me out of the insanity dodge, as you Americans call it."

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my client, for one, will sanction the deal. How about your client, Saunders?" "I don't say to Lady Deppingham, but I'm quite sure his lordship will make no objection."

"Then we'll consider the deal closed," said Britt, with a flourish of his hand. "I'll send one of my boys over tomorrow with a bunch of mint. Telephone up to the hangar when you need more. By the way," dropping into a curiously reflective air, "may I ask why Lady Deppingham is permitted to ride alone through the unfrequented and perilous parts of the island?" The question was directed to her solicitor. "Hons? What do you mean?"

"Just this, Mr. Saunders," said the enemy, leaning forward earnestly. "I'm not responsible for the acts of those islanders. There are men among them who would not hesitate to disport one or both of the ladies if they could do it without danger to their interests. What could be more stupid, Mr. Saunders, than the death of Lady Deppingham if her horse should stumble and precipitate her to the bottom of one of those deep ravines? She wouldn't be alive to tell how it really happened."

"My word!" was all that Saunders could say, forgetting his julep in contemplation of the catastrophe. "I've noticed that," said the enemy coolly. "He's usually with Lady Deppingham. It's lucky that Japat is free from gossips, gentlemen."

"Oh, I say," said Saunders, "none of that talk, you know." "That's another thing I want to speak of," said the enemy, "I want to prepare the second round of juleps. I hear that your clients and their partners for life are in the habit of gambling like fury up there."

"Gambling?" said Britt. "What rot!" "The servants say that they play bridge every night for vast piles of rubies and turn the wheel daily for sapphires uncountable. Oh, I get it straight."

"Why, man, it's all a joke. They use gum wada and simply play for are rubies." "My word," said Saunders, "there isn't a ruby or sapphire in the party."

"That's all right," said the enemy, standing before them with a bunch of mint in one hand and the bowl of lewis in the other. "Every man in Japat thinks that your people are gambling with jewels that belong to the corporation. They think there's something crooked, J's are they? My advice to you is, stop that sort of joking."

"By Jove," said Saunders, taking a straw and at the same time staring in open mouthed wonder at the tall host. "You appeal me! It's most extraordinary."

"This is all offered in a kindly spirit, you understand," said the magnanimous enemy. "We might as well live comfortably as to die unreasonably here. Another little suggestion, Mr. Saunders. Please tell Lord Deppingham that if he persists in snooping about the ravines in search of rubies he'll get an unmanageable bullet in the back of his head some day soon."

"The enemy piloted them sturdily through the back of his head some day soon. He has no right to a single ruby, even if he should see one and know what it was. Just tell him that, please, Mr. Saunders."

"I can't confound him," exploded Saunders, smiling the table mightily. "He's too uppish anyhow. He needs taking down."

"Ah, Selim," interrupted the enemy as the native boy entered, "no mail, eh?" "No, excellency, the ship is not due to arrive for two weeks."

"Ah, but Selim, you forget that I am expecting a letter from Von Blitz's wives. They promised to let me know how soon he is able to resume work at the mines."

"I hear you polished him off neatly," said Britt, with a grin. "Just the rough edges, Mr. Britt. He is now a gem of purest ray serene. By the way, Saunders, you'll not take my mild suggestions anyhow."

"There's nothing I object to except your power to cut strikes among our servants. That seems to me to be rather high handed," said Britt good naturedly.

"No doubt you're right," agreed the other, "but you must remember that I needed the cigarettes."

"My word!" muttered Saunders admiringly. "Look here, old man," said Britt, his cheeks glowing; "it's mighty good of you to take this trouble for—" "Don't mention it. I'd only ask in return that we three be a little more sociable hereafter. We're not here to cut each other's throat, you know, and we've got a deadly half year ahead of us. What say?"

For answer the two lawyers arose and shook hands with the excellent enemy. When they started for the door at 7 o'clock, each with six mint juleps about his person, they were too mellow for analysis. The enemy, who had drunk but little, took an arm of each and piloted them sturdily through the town.

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The Kudzu Bean. The quickest growing plant in the world is said to be the kudzu, a species of bean. It is said to have been known to grow sixty feet in three months.

Cartagena. The city of Cartagena, in the republic of Colombia, is one spot where the business of being a fireman is no great drain on the nervous system. If informants tell the truth, there have been two fires in Cartagena in the last seventy years.

As Seasons Pass. These tales of Africa will lose ere long their customary thrill. "Nath Waxner asks we can't enhance 'O'er jungles hot and still. The zebra and the chimpanzee. Will lose their mystic power. The ice-bound polar bear will be The envy of the hour."

Even Poor Music. "My daughter," said Mrs. Nextdoor, "is very fond of music."

The Blue Gnu. There was a wild African gnu who was feeling exceedingly gnu. He observed, "What the gnuce shall I do?"

Bleed With Prices. Bink—in olden days barbers used to bleed their customers with leeches. Wink—Now they bleed you with fancy hair tonics, pomades and skin foods.—Chicago News.

Idols. Some idols they have. They have feet of clay. They understand. But more, it pears. From what one hears. Have heads of wood.—Kansas City Times.

Youthful Financier. Johnny—I made a quarter today, pa. Pa—That's good! How did you make it? Johnny—Borrowed it from ma.—Detroit Free Press.

The Delayed Dinner. What though at home alone, dismayed, The Pessimist—Fink? Did you ever know it to fall when you wanted to lay off and go fishing?—Cleveland Leader.

It Beats the Dutch. When mother lays Hans' cross her knee And spans him with her hand she Just cries out good and loud, "Boohoo! Wooden shoe!"—New York Press.

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