

Another Sherlock Holmes.

"The last man who used this 'phone," said a New Orleans Sherlock Holmes, preparing to wrestle with the instrument in an uptown public station, "was a short, little fellow in a deuce of a hurry, smoking a cigarette. He asked for the Illinois Central freight office, was told they were busy, and repeated his request five times, getting madder at each call. Meanwhile, his cigarette went out, and, after vainly searching for a match"—

"Hold on there!" exclaimed a friend who had accompanied him to the booth. "What kind of a fairy story are you giving me, anyhow?"

"No fairy story at all," replied the amateur sleuth blandly. "I was merely stating a few facts."

"But how the dickens did you ascertain them?"

"Plain as A B C, my boy. To begin with, the adjustable mouthpiece of the instrument is pulled down, as you see, to the fullest extent, indicating clearly that the last user was very much undersized. Isn't that evident?"

"Ye-e-e-es, I guess so; but how about the rest?"

"Well, look at the ledge and you will observe five charred spots and an equal number of small piles of tobacco ash. What do you infer? Why, obviously, that the gentleman was smoking and laid down his cigarette each time he called. The piles of ash are still undisturbed, showing they were recently deposited, and they are small, proving plainly that the intervals of calling were brief. My logical conclusion was that the 'phone he wanted happened to be busy, and I looked instinctively for a memorandum of its number, which most men make under such circumstances. I found it as I anticipated, on top of the box, scrawled in pencil, and recognized the number of the freight office. Such memoranda are almost always rubbed out by the sleeves of the next customer, and, as the one is still fresh and bright, it is fair to presume it is made by the last man in the booth—otherwise the short chap with the cigarette. Moreover, a freight office 'phone is usually busy at this hour, so the clues interlock and sustain one another. Not so, my dear boy?"

"But the matches?"

"Oh! I deduce the match incident from those fresh toothpicks. I would"—

"Are you through with that 'phone?" asked a short, stout stranger, appearing suddenly at the door and vigorously puffing a cigarette, "because if you are I"—

"Certainly, sir," said the analyst, smiling. "I think you will find the freight office disengaged at present."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" said the friend. —*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

Getting Even.

He was doubled up over his desk making his pen go at the rate of about a mile a minute when a friend dropped in to see him.

"Just wait a minute," he said, "I have some goods to be transferred, and I am just writing to the van company."

"To engage a van!"

"No; merely to let them know that I don't want them to send one?"

Noting the puzzled look on the caller's face, he read him the letter when it was written. Exclusive of the ad-

dress and signature it was as follow:

"Gentlemen—It affords me much pleasure to inform you that I have a job in your line, and that, following the rule I laid down for myself. May 1, 1894, I shall engage some other express or van company to do it."

"You see, it's this way," he explained.

"I engaged this company to move my household goods in 1894. I had had some experience in moving, so I went to them three or four weeks before the time came and explained what I wanted done, how I wanted it done and when I wanted it done. They agreed to do it according to the plans and specifications by me made and provided, but they didn't. I told them I came to them so far ahead of time because I didn't want any chance for a misunderstanding or any question as to how the job was to be done, but when the time came they broke every promise they had made to me. They didn't send the wagons they had promised and they didn't begin moving me until about the middle of the afternoon. Of course, you know the result. It was after midnight when we got the last load in, and we had to all sleep on the floor that night. I suppose I could have made a row about paying the bill, but I didn't. I paid, but I told them at the time that it lay in my power to throw a good deal of business to some express company and that I should take great pleasure in seeing that none of it came to them. Since then it has been my good fortune to notify them of a number of good, paying jobs that they might have had. It's not much trouble, and it sort of eases my mind and makes me feel better."—*Chicago Evening Post.*

They Were Good Waiters.

A rather amusing incident occurred on a car of one of Portland's suburban lines the other day.

The electric had stopped to allow a lady to alight, but when the motorman attempted to start it again he found that the motor bar ceased to take effect, for the car refused to move.

Carefully, he and the conductor inspected every section of the apparatus, but the switch box and all other vital parts of the running gear seemed to be intact, so finally assured that it was a case of the power having given out at the main station, even though that infrequently happens, they went inside the car, sat down, and prepared to wait for the coming of the necessary juice, having fixed the lights so that they would indicate the return of the power.

Nearly ten minutes passed by, and several of the passengers despairing of the car moving for some time, got out and started to walk to their destinations. A man who was walking on the sidewalk stopped before the electric, and seeing it at a standstill with the motorman and conductor seated inside, called out and asked what the trouble was.

"We have lost our power," replied the conductor.

"Why don't you put your trolley on, and see if that makes any difference?" replied the man as he moved on, a broad smile illuminating his countenance.

The conductor slid off his seat, placed his trolley on the wire, and the car moved on, but it will be some time before he or the motorman hear the last of the incident.—*Portland (Me.) Express.*

She Got It.

A lot of people were present at an auction sale of Japanese goods the other day.

"How much am I bid for this exquisite vase?" asked the auctioneer, holding it above his head.

"One dollar," responded the elderly lady sitting on one of the front seats.

"That's a shame," cried the man with the hammer. "This vase as a work of art, is worth four times that sum. Why, look at it. Will an intelligent audience allow such a sacrifice?"

"A dollar and a quarter," came in the same woman's voice.

"Well, well, well. Can't you see that this is a treasure, and you stand here and allow it to be given away for such a paltry sum?"

"A dollar and a half." Again it was the same bidder speaking.

"A dollar and a half! The very idea!" ejaculated the auctioneer. "I never saw the like. Come, good people, what is the meaning of this? One of the mikado's special designs slighted in such a manner! It is a reflection on your taste."

"A dollar and seventy-five," said the solitary bidder.

"I cannot let it go for that," was the man's reply. "It is too costly, too precious and too rare in pattern. Wake up or I'll put it back in the box."

"Two dollars," the woman said.

"Well, it doesn't seem as if I can get any more, so here goes. Two dollars—once, twice, three times! Sold to a lady there at that shameful figure."

The lady stepped up, paid for and received her vase and departed, apparently without noticing the smiles of the audience.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

How Rag Time Originated.

"What is 'rag time'?" the enthusiastic artist was asked.

"Well, the extensive literature on this subject will explain it best. Now, here's a rag-time primer." At this juncture he produced a big piece of sheet music, with the picture of a young man looking very unhappy in a dress suit. "This young fellow," pointing to the picture and reading, "claims to be the 'original instructor to the stage of the popular rag time in Ethiopian song.'"

"The author guarantees to teach anybody who can play the piano a bit how to play in rag time. The preface says 'rag time (or negro dance time) originally takes its imitation steps from Spanish music, or, rather, from Mexican, where it is known under the head and names of Harbanara Seguidilla, etc., being nothing but consecutive music, either in treble or bass, followed by regular time in one hand."

"In common and two-four time the quarter note of the bass precedes the melody." In other words, it is what the musicians call syncopation, and this change of accent in the accompaniment is kept up continually in the same way as the beat of a snare drum.

"This method shows the pupil how to play a rag-time accompaniment to any piece. Here is even an arrangement of 'Old Hundred,' 'Annie Laurie' and the hymn, 'Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing.' Wonderful, isn't it?"—*Baltimore Sun.*

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Pinehurst Spring Water.

The following is the result of the analysis of the Pinehurst Spring Water:

RALEIGH, N. C., April 5, 1897.

Analysis No. 10,111.

DEAR SIR:—The sample of health water sent to the station for analysis in a demijohn, marked "From tube well system, Pinehurst, N. C.," contains:

Total solid matter in solution	
Grains per U. S. Gallon,	0.92
Hardness,	1.00 degree of Clark's scale
Carbonate of lime,	0.00 grains per U. S. gallon
Chlorine,	0.08 grains per U. S. gallon
Ammonia, Free,	.032 parts per million.
Ammonia, Albuminoid .050	" " "

Analysis of the water from Pinehurst, shows it to be a drinking water of exceptional quality. The total solid matter and chlorine is very small; and the ammonia, both free and albuminoid, is quite considerably less than is usually found in drinking waters. These facts show it to be a very valuable source for a water supply; in fact, so far as the chemical examination is concerned, we seldom find such purity.

(Signed) H. B. BATTLE.

"John, you don't seem to enjoy this asparagus."

"No; just as I was buying it, that miserable Tom Biggs came along and dunned me for that \$10 I owe him." —*Detroit Free Press.*