

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 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 de-

scending 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, ejaculated 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?"

"Nope!" 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, silmy 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 pacing 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 had not wavered.

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.

NEWSPAPERS ARE READ.

How the Late State Senator Smith, of Pennsylvania, Was Convinced of It.

George Barton, private secretary to Collector of the Port C. Wesley Thomas, tells a good story of how the late Senator George Handy Smith was forced to bend the knee to the power of the press. It was when that well-known legislator represented a city district in the Pennsylvania Senate at Harrisburg. There were times when Senator Smith was strenuous in pool-poohing the influence wielded by the newspapers. He always maintained that he was invulnerable to their shafts. Despite this, few men were liked so much as the genial Senator by the newspaper correspondents. There was one paper in Philadelphia which Senator Smith, in season and out of season, always belittled.

To its representative he was always fond of saying: "Your sheet is never read." There came a day of retribution, however, when the Senator was effectually silenced. "My paper never read," confided the correspondent to his associates. "Well, I'll show the Senator how wrong he is. I'll open his eyes and close his lips," and this is what was done. One night in sending off his batch of news to his paper the correspondent closed his "copy" by adding the following innocent appearing paragraph:

"Senator George Handy Smith has fifty copies of the superb Bird Book lately issued by the Legislature. He will shortly mail them to his friends."

That was all, but what worry it cost the Senator! A few days after the publication of the paragraph Senator Smith was in his seat in the Senate. He called a page and requested that his mail be brought. The boy lugged in a huge basket filled with letters. The Senator gazed at it, but said nothing. A minute later the page appeared again with another basket equally full. Then the Senator began the task of opening the missives. They were all alike, and all contained requests from sturdy constituents for a copy of the much-prized Bird Book. Some one shoved a copy of the despised paper containing the above-mentioned paragraph under the Senator's eye. He read. He was enlightened, nor afterward did he have a disparaging word to say against the power of the press. Worse than all, every letter had to be answered.—Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

Some of Gorky's Reflections.

Maxim Gorky, whom his detractors characterize as a "raw, rancid Russ," is not always quotable, but his sentences sometimes hit the nail on the head in a way to tempt quotation. For instance:

"Sometimes a lie shows up a man better than the truth."

"Every man who has fought with life, who has been vanquished by it, and who is suffering in the pitiless captivity of its mire, is more of a philosopher than even Schopenhauer himself, because an abstract thought never molds itself in an accurate and picturesque form as does the thought which is directly squeezed out of a man by suffering."

"Like everything else, poetry loses its holy beauty and directness when it is turned into a profession."—New York Sun.

[Shakespeare is an Education.]

The matter of supreme importance in Shakespeare's works is his conception of life and the noble art in which it is embodied. To live with the poet in familiar intercourse, by constant reading with an open mind and heart, responsive to the power and sensitive to the beauty which penetrate and inform the plays, is to receive from him the most searching influence and the deepest pleasure. The end of art is to deepen and intensify the sense of life, and this end is missed when one becomes absorbed in the study of language, form, conditions and circumstances. Some knowledge of these things is essential, but the emphasis of interest and of study ought to rest on the indivisible soul and body of a work of art.—Hamilton W. Mable, in the Ladies' Home Journal.

The Artist's Joys, Pains and Errors.

Artists are more nervous and sensitive than other human beings, and the music that they sing, the music that they hear and the dramatic parts they act and see exert an irresistible influence on their lives. They feel deeply, be it joy or pain, and the greater the artist, the more acute is the sensation. Should they err, the inner effects of their misdirected passions react with a severity unknown to the ordinary mortal, and their lives become embittered to a degree which cannot be comprehended by one less sensitive to impressions. It is the logical payment for eating of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil.—Johanna Gadski, in the Independent.

Longest European Alphabet.

The longest alphabet in Europe is that of the Slavonic language. It has forty-two letters.

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Mr. L. F. Verdery, a prominent real estate agent, of Augusta, Ga., writes:

"I have been a great sufferer from catarrhal dyspepsia. I tried many physicians, visited a good many springs, but I believe Peruna has done more for me than all of the above put together. I feel like a new person."—L. F. Verdery.

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"It's a shame!" exclaimed Meeking Mike, as he tossed the piece of newspaper from him. "What was you readin' about asked Plodding Pete. "Dese donations by Andrew G. negle. It's a shame to be spending much money for libraries when dese jails we have to stop at."—Chicago Tribune.