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JOHN BARTLEY

Chestertown, Maryland.

TRYING TO PLAY THE NATIONS

By FREDERICK H. BEACH

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DAHLBUD the proprietor, the Englishman, and the American, appeared almost simultaneously on the veranda of the Grand hotel at Tutecorin, and squinted in the glare which was already beginning to quiver with heat.

"Good morning," was the proprietor's greeting. "Did the sahibs sleep well?"

"I slept a bit," assented the Englishman, "though it was bally hot."

"I had a pretty good night," replied the American—a younger man. "You gave me a pretty good fan-boy; who was he?"

"Yes, young Shumari is very faithful. He served as punkah walla for both the sahibs, whose rooms adjoin."

"The lad was wide awake," agreed the Englishman, seating himself heavily at a little table and removing his helmet. "Send him around and I'll give him something."

"Shumari, you said?" asked the American.

"Son of Benassad the Blind—once Benassad the Splendid. A good boy with a hard lot, a heavy karma. He fishes all day and pulls the punkah ropes many a time all the night to feed his brothers and widowed mother."

"Widowed?" repeated Burroughs, the American. He liked the Hindu's voice, its cool, soothing quality, and knew that a mere questioning intonation would keep it going for hours.

"Benassad the Blind is now dead, sahib—dead of English generosity."

"Huh? How's that?" Winwood, the Englishman, asked sharply, suddenly taking interest in the slowly dragging talk. Burroughs lit a cigarette and seated himself on the veranda railing. The dark-skinned Dahlbud looked off into the past and summoned words wherewith to frame his tale.

"Benassad was in his younger days a jungle guide, leading parties of the foreign born into the heart of the hunting grounds. He was—how do you say it?—intrepid, fearless, sure, never failing to secure for his party fine sport and fine skins. It was he who saved Sir Graymoor from the man-eating tiger of Rangal, carrying him sixteen miles through the night jungle to the house of the surgeon. Sir Graymoor called him brother—and Benassad loved him.

"It was the year before the famine that he made his last trip. He took a party of tourists—Americans—to hunt big game—big to them, at least; but to Benassad, small indeed. As were all the hunters that Benassad guided, so these were very successful. For his services one of the men gave him at parting a pistol, an American pistol, beautiful to look upon—as are the pearl caskets of the jewelers in the bazaar."

"Yes, I've seen that kind of toy—in Chicago," chuckled Winwood. "Typically American!" Burroughs' lips twitched in a smile; but he offered no comment.

"Ay, a beautiful toy! A tinseled machine of murder!" went on the narrator in disdain and indignation. "For one day as Benassad was prying out a shell, the trigger fell, the cylinder exploded, and Benassad was thereafter, the Blind."

"What rotten luck!" exclaimed the Englishman. "I'll give the boy a crown."

"D—n shame!" muttered Burroughs. "But what about his dying of English generosity?" He looked casually at Winwood as he put the emphasis on "English."

"I come to that. It was, as you say, a pity. From being king of hunters Benassad became a punkah walla—a toiler at ropes to fan travelers as they slept! Ah, it was pitiful to see his great, beautiful body huddled under a window, to see the muscles of his strong, scarred arms pulling on the puny ropes, to see his sadly lowered head, to know that he was hiding from you his blind white eyes!

"A punkah walla does not get much. Benassad would not beg; and the knowledge that his wife and boy were suffering want made him the more unhappy. He served one night an Englishman who had heard the story of his blindness, and the Englishman in his pity gave him twenty rupees."

"That was bally decent of him," declared Winwood.

"Perhaps—in intention; but he let too many know of it. Before noon all of the loungers in the market place, all the idlers along the strand, all the beggars of the town, knew that Benassad had received gold from the Englishman. And as he walked at dusk through a narrow alley to his home, touching a familiar object here and there with his stick, he was set upon, slashed, robbed and murdered! Even in his blindness he gave a good account of himself; for near his dead body was found one of his assailants whom he had seized and whirled about him as a club, beating his cowardly foes—cowards in attacking even the blind; for the greater wounds were in his back!"

"This is the boy coming now, isn't it?" interrupted Winwood. The gold piece he had been fingering slipped back into his pocket, and instead he pulled out a single shilling. "No one will murder him for that," he thought.

The boy came across the dry little garden and shyly mounted the steps—a beautiful brown creature, clad only in the native loin cloth.

"Here, my boy," called Winwood. "Didn't you fan for me last night?"

The boy nodded, approached with diffidence, and accepted the silver coin which the Englishman handed him.

"Thank you, sahib," he murmured. Winwood rose, complacent example of virtue, and moved into the hotel. The boy glanced furtively at the American: Burroughs made no move. The son of Benassad turned toward the proprietor, and looking mournfully at the shilling in his palm, he faltered:

"My mother—ver' sick. I hoped the gen'rous English—give more."

"I'm sorry, my son," the proprietor said gently. "Your mother, is she very sick?"

"It is hunger, sahib—"

Burroughs suddenly slipped down from the railing and came toward the couple.

"Here," he said, addressing Dahlbud, "is twenty pounds—for Shumari. Give the money to him as he needs it—in amounts that will tempt no one."

"Sahib," began the boy, his eyes opening wide in wonder and joy.

"Don't—don't thank me," broke in Burroughs as he turned away. "It's for the d—d revolver—my father makes them."

* * * * * * * *

"My boy," remarked the proprietor after the American had disappeared, "that was a mere coincidence, upon which we cannot always count."

"Yes," replied Shumari in the native tongue, "but I think I was pretty clever with the sick mother addition."

"Very quick, my boy. I spoiled the tale myself by trying to play both the nations at once. We must be prepared with a better story. The twenty pounds we will divide as usual."

Spider Not Given Credit for Much Intelligence

The spider's web is remarkable in several ways. It is the only trap, save one, that any animal builds.

The manufacture of this essential accessory to the spider's life is performed by a series of actions in which intelligence takes no share. Such typically instinctive actions depend on the inherited structure of the nervous system and not on the inheritance of intelligently acquired habits.

A spider in the corner of its web is stimulated to rush out and attack an enmeshed insect by the vibrations of the silk threads. It will attack a tuning-fork that is used to shake its web in the same way, for a certain time. On each occasion that it runs out to the fork it is performing an instinctive action, but when it refrains from running out it is exhibiting intelligence. In its capacity to learn it shows itself, to that extent, intelligent. In an hour or so, however, it will attack the fork again.

In the act of spinning a web a spider shows no sign of profiting by experience. It never spins more quickly or more symmetrically, or in a series of better and better-chosen places. It never improves. Therefore web-spinning may be an unconscious act, an act that makes no contribution to experience and thus affords no data by which the individual spider can profit.

Oil Surface Retains Shadows Cast on It

Shadows that remain after the object has been removed are produced on the surface of pools of crude petroleum in the great oil fields of California, according to residents of the regions. If, when the sun is shining, a person stands so that his shadow falls across the surface of the oil and then moves, the first reflected image remains on the pool, while a second is cast for the new position, says the Scientific American.

The longer the individual has been standing by the pond, the longer will the original shadow remain. The hot rays of the sun produce gas in the oil, which rises to the surface in the form of millions of bubbles, far too minute to be seen by the human eye. When a shadow is cast over the surface the temperature is reduced, and this has the effect of checking the production of bubbles. The result is that the shaded area looks different from the part that is exposed to the sun. When the person moves, the temperature of the oil which has been shielded, does not at once go back to its former warmth. It takes a little time to heat, and until this has actually happened the curious effect remains.

Porpoise Oil Only Fit Lubricant for Clocks

From the jaws or jaw-pans of porpoises comes the oil that enables clocks and watches to keep time without forever getting out of order, says Sidney Mornington in Atco Fisheries News. Lubrication was always one of the most serious problems of the watchmaker, and all kinds of oils were tried without meeting with the one that served well and continuously until the oil from the porpoise jaw was extracted.

To supply the demand, some 3,000 creatures have to be caught annually. They weigh from 300 to 600 pounds each and sometimes reach 12 feet in length. The fishermen extract the crude oil from the fat in the jaw pocket and sell it to a refining plant in New England for $50 a gallon. After cleansing, the oil is allowed to stand sometimes for years, and is then graded by highly skilled refiners, who classify it according to delicate variations of color, consistency and odor. Only a handful of experts in the world are qualified to test it, and the final product sells for a price which vies with that of fine perfumery.

Subscript To The Chestertown Transcript $1.50

WHAT MY NEIGHBOR SAYS.

Is of Interest to Chestertown Folks.

When one has had the misfortune to suffer from backache, headaches, dizziness, urinary disorders and other kidney ills—and has found relief from all this sickness and suffering, that person's advice is of untold value to friends and neighbors. The following case is only one of many thousands, but it is that of a Chestertown resident Who could ask for a better example?

Mrs. Romie E. Patrick, High St., says: "My back ached and my kidneys acted too freely. It seemed as if weights were tied to my back and were pulling me down. I felt tired all the time. After using one box of Doan'. Pills from Toulson's Drug Store the trouble was entirely gone."

FIVE YEARS LATER, Mrs. Patrick said: "I never miss a chance to recommend Doan's Pills since they cured me of kidney complaint."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Pills—the same that Mrs. Patrick had. Foster Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Phone 276 Prop.

ANOUNCEMENT.

Thomas F. Healey, wishes to announce to his many friends and clients that he will return to Chestertown, Md. on or about December first to resume the general practise of the law, and that his office will be located in the Copeland Building, Cross and Park Row.

THOMAS F. HEALEY.

NOTICE.

After ten years of experience on the road with the International Harvester Co., as an expert on Gas and Kerosene Engines, I am now ready to give the public the best of service. Work done promptly. Phone Still Pond 1.

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SIX MEN ESCAPE DEATH IN BOILER EXPLOSION

Six men narrowly escaped instant death or serious injury on the McCosh Farm, owned by Handy Robinson , near Centreville, last Wednesday afternoon at one o'clock, when a large Peerless traction engine used in the saw mill operated by Fred Turner exploded with terrific force.

The boiler of the 18 horse-power engine was blasted to shreds; the smoke stack was hurled into the woods a distance of 60 yards; the huge belt extending from the engine to the saw was ripped into several sections and one piece was blown into the top of a 50-foot tree. The heavy fly-wheel was thrown 20 feet and the mammouth drive wheels of the traction engine were turned upside down from the terrific impact of the explosion.

Handy Robinson, one of the largest land owners in Queen Anne's county, was one of the six men who miraculously escaped death when the explosion sent heavy pieces of steel and iron hurling through the air in every direction. Others who escaped injury were:

Fred Turner, owner of the saw-mill.

William Doffiin, sawyer, of American Corner.

Richard Sparks, fireman.

Isaiah Forman, colored, helper.

George Sewell, colored mill-hand.

Sewell was the only one of the six men who received a scratch. He was rendered unconscious by the explosion and it was at first feared that he might be painfully hurt. An examination by Dr. H. F. McPherson, of Centreville, disclosed the fact that Sewell had escaped without serious injury.

Isaiah Forman, one of the colored helpers about the mill, was the only one of the six men not in the immediate vicinity of the exploding engine, singularly, he came nearest to being killed. The large smoke stack which was hurled into the air fell within twelve inches of where he was at work cutting wood.

Those who visited the scene of the unusual accident expressed amazement that such an explosion could occur without inflicting injury to those working nearby. The noise of the bursting boiler was heard throughout a five-mile radius, and in the immediate vicinity the earth shook as from a dynamite blast.

Fred Turner, who owns and operates the mill in the McCosh Woods, began lumbering operations on the Robinson Farm last winter. The McCosh tract is a 30 acre wood lot, composed of unusually fine timber, and many carloads of particularly valuable lumber had been marketed from it. The destruction of the engine has halted all milling operations and inflicted quite a heavy financial loss upon the owner.

While the exact cause of the explosion probably will never be known experienced mill men and engine operators are of the opinion that it was due to a weakened coiler.

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White and Brown Leghorns, Anconas, Black Minorcas, Barred, White and Buff Plymouth Rocks, R. I. Reds, White Wyndottes, Black Giants.

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$6.40" " " " " " March and April.

Write for Catalogue and Price List.

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We put in our FIRST HATCH MONDAY, JANUARY 12, for both Custom Hatching and Day-Old Chicks. A hatch every week from January 12 until fall.

CHIX OF HIGHEST QUALITY

All our chix will be of the very highest quality, from free-range, purebred stock. We will have the following varieties: S. C. White Leghorns, Brown Leghorns, Barred, Buff and White Rocks, White Wyandottes, S. C. Rhode Island Reds, Blacks Giants (higher).

(All the above breeds for $15 per 100, excepts Giants). 100% delivery guaranteed,

CUSTOM HATCHING.

We spare no pains to give our customers who bring Custom Hatching GOOD HATCHES and GOOD CHICKS. Have your Custom Hatching Done Early.

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SPECIALS IN DRY GOODS

Amoskeag Apron Ginghams	12½c yd.
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Ball Band and Goodrich Boots, in Short, Three-quarter and Hip Rubber Shoes for the whole family.

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Seeded and Seedless Raisins	12½c lb.
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Six Velvet Soap	25c
Six P&G White Naptha Soap	30c

Will take Chickens and Eggs in trade.

T. H. M. BRAMBLE, Fairlee, Md.

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