

## MISER HAYNES

On a lowly wooden headstone in a certain churchyard in Wales is inscribed the following epitaph:

"Here lies the remains  
Of Miser Haynes,  
Whom no one forgets  
And no one regrets."

Who put the headstone there, or who carved those bitter words upon it, nobody knows. But they are felt to be so true, and so well deserved, that nobody, not even the vicar, has ever troubled to have that strange memorial removed.

Miser Haynes had come to that Welsh village from London, a middle-aged man, intending to spend his declining years there in peace and quietness. But all his life he had been amassing money. He had lived for money. It seemed to him the only thing worth living for. At first he had made some attempts to cultivate a garden, and he had tried to lead the idyllic life of a prosperous man, retired from business, and enjoying his accumulated savings. But he could not. Very soon he was dealing in houses and land, stock and scrip, in shares, and in every other form of investment that promised a substantial profit.

It became known through Penmorfa that he was always willing to lend money on good security. His rate of interest was high, but he was such a pleasant, hearty old fellow, and he had such a blunt way with him over a friendly pipe and glass, that many of the farmers and tradesmen eagerly availed themselves of this opportunity to lay out a little much-needed extra capital upon their village or their business. Thus, in a few years, he held mortgages upon half the property in that neighborhood, and there were not many houses in which he had not a bill of sale upon the furniture.

And when the time came to pay arrears of interest, or to renew acceptance, he was not so pleasant or hearty as he had been in the past, though quite as blunt. It was discovered, moreover, that he had invented a harsh system whereby it was impossible for anyone to clear himself except by prodigious sacrifices.

It was not to be wondered at, then, that everybody hated him. And he was hated all the more because, though he was so rich and grew rapidly richer, he was so mean and grasping that he begrudged himself the very necessities of existence. He did all his own cooking, such as it was, and all his own housework, too, rather than spend a shilling or two occasionally on outside help. He never sought any diversion, or did anything whatsoever that might cost him a penny.

And yet times were so bad and cash was so scarce that sooner or later nearly everybody had to go to him for a loan; and so it came about that his power increased daily until, in time, he had most of his neighbors in his clutches, and could lend it over them like any emperor. As he passed through the High Street all the women bobbed to him, all the men touched their hats, and all the children stood and gaped and trembled.

Among his humblest victims were Mr. and Mrs. Purvis, a couple not long married, with one baby girl. Purvis was a carrier. It was to buy a horse and cart that he had borrowed money from Miser Haynes just before his marriage. And he had not been married many months before, one night, his horse was killed and his cart smashed by a powerful motor-car that whizzed away into the darkness and was never traced.

To replace his lost Jim Purvis had to obtain a fresh loan from Miser Haynes, and the burden of this new loan, added to his old obligations, was slowly crushing all the joy out of his young life. In vain he and his wife stilled themselves in order that their baby girl should lack nothing. They fell ever more and more into arrears with their payments. Every week Miser Haynes grew more and more rapacious and threatening, until there seemed to be nothing but utter ruin before them.

"It isn't as if I had repaid the loan over and over again in mere interest," said Jim Purvis one evening, to his pretty young wife. "The money that man has had out of me these last two years or so would have set me up with another mare and bought a go-cart for Babs into the bargain. And yet, if I don't find another six pounds before Saturday, he'll come down on us and take away all we've got."

Mrs. Purvis raised her tear-stained face from the cot over which she was bending.

"Perhaps he ain't quite so bad as what people make out, Jim," she said soothingly. "Perhaps—"

"I tell you, Nance, he's hard to the core. And I wish he was dead! Though even if he was dead," added Jim, on reflection, "that wouldn't help us, 'cos there would still be that bit of paper I signed. Ah, well, I think I'll do as I said—just have a look round and see if I can find a friend to need."

And, having kissed his wife fondly, he went out.

Nance stood at the door of their cottage watching his dejected figure as it retreated slowly from her and disappeared in the gathering dusk. When he had gone she went hastily indoors, dressed herself and the baby-girl in their best clothes, and went her way along the deserted High Street towards Miser Haynes' house.

It was now quite dark. A fierce hurricane was blowing off the sea. But as she went along a new light of hope kindled in her breast and seemed to brighten her path. Her idea was to go and see Miser Haynes herself. She would plead with him. And if he still proved obdurate she would show him her little baby girl.

She arrived at the house and knocked timidly at the door.

After a long interval it was opened, and the face of the miser peered out. He was wearing his battered old hat and ragged, threadbare overcoat, as if about to start on a journey.

"Oh, it's you," he snarled.

"Come to pay the money!"

"N-no," she stammered. "I have come—"

"Then go away again," said he.

"And look out for someone to take you in next Saturday. You'll need a home then."

He tried to shut the door on her, but she pressed against it with her shoulder.

"Please, dear Mr. Haynes," she pleaded, "see here! I've brought my baby—"

He swore at her and pushed her away roughly.

Then there was a loud resounding slam, and she was alone in the darkness, weeping.

On the other side of the door Miser Haynes stood seething and trembling, his evil face showing livid and distorted in the murky rays of the candle he carried in his shaking hand.

He sniffed the air. It was heavy with the reek of paraffin.

"I wonder if she noticed the smell?" he quavered aloud. "If she did—"

His voice sank to a muttering undertone as he went slowly up the narrow passage to a cupboard under the stairs, and looked into that black hole. Here the odor of paraffin was almost overpowering, and his feeble light showed a great heap of paper and shavings and wood soaked in the oil. A broken lamp lay on the floor of the passage, immediately underneath a bracket affixed to the wall whereon it ordinarily stood.

Obviously, the old man had been about to set his house on fire when poor little Mrs. Purvis knocked at the door. But why should a man so rich be guilty of the crime of incendiarism? Ah, there is the mystery of miserliness! A while ago one of his many nefarious schemes had failed, and he had been mulcted in a sum of three hundred pounds. That loss had preyed on his mind.

He felt he could not rest, he could not eat or sleep or have any satisfaction in life, until he had made it good. So he had thought of firing his house and getting the insurance money. It seemed so easy and so safe.

But now—had this woman suspected anything?

He decided that she had not. He struck a match.

Ten minutes later he was hurrying through the tiny village toward the steep little hill beyond, from which he purposed watching the blaze.

Then suddenly a devastating thought occurred to him. He had forgotten something. He had carefully banked his board: that was all right. But he had forgotten the old oak chest in his bed-room. And that chest contained all his bonds and securities, all the deeds and documents that represented so much wealth. If those papers were destroyed, he would lose the bulk of his fortune. What a fool he had been not to think of that before firing his house!

He stood stock-still, then wheeled about, and started off in the direction of his house.

Already there was a red gleam in the distance. He saw the smoke go rolling up in a pulsing plume. He began to run, haltingly, stiffly, against the furious opposition of the gale.

The streets had been deserted because of the inclemency of the night. But the sound of his hurrying footsteps echoing on the slate pavement drew a hundred faces to the doors and windows. He tore along the narrow, winding way at the head of an excited mob; and as he raced across his weed-grown front garden the mob burst through the gate after him.

Jim and Nance Purvis were there. They saw the miser plunge into the burning house. But by this time the fire had taken such hold, the heat was so intense, and the roar and the crackle of the flames so menacing that none dare follow him.

Alone he groped his way through the smoke, along the passage, up the stairs, until he gained his bed-room. There the fire had as yet made no headway.

He found the chest, and began to drag it across the floor. It was very heavy—too heavy for him to carry downstairs. But he decided that if he could drop it out of the window that would serve him equally well.

So he strained and tugged at it, and by an almost superhuman exercise of strength he tilted it up on to his bed, and lodged it firmly and securely against the inner sill.

He threw up the window, and instantly the smoke and heat rushed in, scorching his face, blinding him, choking him.

But just one last heave, and all would be well. He got his hands under the sharp edge of the chest.

He hoisted it up, bit by bit, higher and higher. For an instant it toppled, balanced precariously, on the window-ledge. Then he gave it a final thrust, and it hurtled out with a scraping sound into the busy void.

For a moment he stood there, panting, with a glad thrill of relief at his heart. Then he realized his imminent peril, and turned to find a way out of the house.

By this time it was blazing like a box of matches. Tongues of flame were licking under the door. The floor was intolerably hot beneath his feet.

He flung open the door, and instantly the fire lunged at him, lapped him about in a searing embrace.

He closed the door again and ran back to the window. There also was an impenetrable wall of smoke and sparks that bristled with a myriad spears of flame and soared up to the sky.

He caught a dim glimpse of horrid faces staring up at him, and heard hoarse voices crying out:

"Jump! Jump!"

But he was dazed and dizzied by the stupefying fumes. His limbs were as water. The strength was clean gone out of him. His wits were all astray.

Between those two fires he raged hither and thither, tearing his scanty white locks, and screaming horribly, until at last he sank down on the floor and was no more seen by the watching crowd of villagers.

His last conscious thought was of thankfulness that at least his precious chest was safe.

But his chest was not safe. It was so old and brittle, and so seamed and cracked and warped by the dry-rot and hard usage of years, that, as it struck the ground, it burst into fragments. Its contents were thus scattered over the garden.

And the fierce gale caught them up, and flung them broadcast, far and wide, chased them over fields and woods, up hill and down dale, until it cast them into the sea, or otherwise consigned them to oblivion.

Thus, with the destruction of this documentary evidences, were Jim and Nance and baby-girl, together with hundreds of their neighbors, set free from the heavy, black, incubus of debt, that had brooded like a dark thunder-cloud over the whole village.

And thus it comes about that to-day there is inscribed upon a certain grave in Penmorfa Churchyard this mocking epitaph:

"Here lies the remains  
Of Miser Haynes,  
Whom no one forgets  
And no one regrets."

—London Answers.

**FAMINE CAMP IN GERMANY.**

500 Fat People Doing Strict Diet in Order to Get Thin.

There exists not far from Dresden, Germany, a "famine camp," where a colony of 500 Germans is established.

The purpose of the camp is to fight the ever-increasing adipose tissue, and one can find there men and women of all dimensions.

A severe regime is in force, and as the servants employed there are incorruptible, it is possible to reduce flesh at the rate of four or five pounds in a few days.

Here is the day's menu: At seven o'clock in the morning is the first breakfast, a plate of cherries or grapes with a cup of coffee and a piece of bread the size of your watch or two biscuits.

At ten o'clock there is a second breakfast, consisting of a glass of lemonade, another plate of cherries or grapes.

At one o'clock a luncheon of two small slices of meat, lettuce "ad libitum," and a fruit marmalade.

Again at four o'clock one eats, but only a small plate of cherries or grapes with a glass of lemonade.

The dinner is at six o'clock, and it consists of a plate of vegetables (potatoes forbidden), a plate of cherries, two little slices of bread, lettuce "ad libitum," a glass of milk and sometimes a half dozen nuts.

But one must be willing to get thin at all costs, for a warning is posted saying that there is a cafe just opposite the camp, and those who steal over there under the shadow of darkness for a glass of beer or a "kartoffelsalat" will never, never get thin.

**PROTECTION FROM FROST.**

To the long list of the means heretofore proposed of protecting fields, orchards, and vineyards against frost, a new one has recently been added by a French scientist.

He points out the fact that frosts are not feared when the wind blows; he is thus led to suggest the creation of an artificial wind by the installation of electric fans among the plants to be protected. He considers this plan applicable chiefly to vineyards, but also possibly useful in orchards.

## SIR JOHN'S WIT.

Sir John Boyd, the eminent Toronto judge, is noted for the keenness of his intellect. The Chancellor grasps a counsel's argument almost invariably before the lawyer has finished his speech, and it irritates him when the lawyer is at all verbose or has not his case well up. The Chancellor also has a sharp wit.

The other day in the somewhat informal court known as Judge's Chambers, a young lawyer commenced to argue a case with which he was obviously not well acquainted. He fussed and hummed and

hesitated. He wandered all about the point in a vague manner. Sir John, however, had seen through the case like a flash. It was really a very simple one.

"What have you to say upon this point?" at last asked the Chancellor, a little sharply, referring to the key of the situation.

"Oh, I was just coming to that," said the young lawyer brightening.

"No, you weren't," retorted Sir John, evidently fearing that the lawyer was getting to make a fresh start. "You passed it long ago."

**OUR EPITAPHS.**

For the Memory of Everyone That Knew Us.

We are all very busy—busy writing epitaphs. We do not let a day pass without doing something in this line, and we are all busy, not in writing epitaphs for others, but in writing our own. And we are making it very sure that people will read what we have written when we are gone. Shall we not be remembered? If not by many, we certainly shall by a few, and that remembrance we are making sure of by the tenor of our lives.

Our characters are the inscriptions we are making on the hearts of those who know and will survive us. We do not leave this office to others. We are doing it ourselves. Others might fail and deceive by what they may say of us. But we are telling the truth. The actions of our passing life are facts visible, plain, undeniable. We engrave them on the minds of all observers. How interesting the question. What kind of epitaphs are we writing? Will they be read with joy or sorrow? Remember the epitaphs we write are not for the marble that tells where we lie, but for the memory of everyone that knew us.

**NAMING THE BABY.**

Choosing a name for a new baby is always a matter of anxious consideration; but in certain lands the anxiety has been minimized by the laying down of rules to guide the choice. The Mohammedans, for example, write five names on slips of paper, and place them in the Koran. One slip is drawn out, and the name written thereon is bestowed upon the baby. With the Egyptians three lighted candles are taken and named—one name always being of Biblical character—and the candle which burns the longest determines the child's name. The Hindus allow the mother to name a baby when it is twelve days old, but the father does not like the chosen name, he selects another. Then the two names are written on slips of paper, and held over a lighted lamp, the name which burns the brighter being the name finally adopted. In China, girl babies are considered not worth naming, and are simply numbered in order of birth. Chinese boys are named until they are twenty, when they receive fresh names, specially chosen by their fathers.

**HOW TO BE HAPPY.**

Don't borrow another man's automobile and break it.

Don't start any argument on religion or women's suffrage.

Don't take a deaf party to the theatre with you.

Don't ever expect any returns for a favor. Then maybe you'll get it.

Always carry a dozen extra collar buttons in your pocket and three or four safety pins.

Don't polish your shoes with a bath towel and let your wife find it out.

## ELIXIR OF YOUTH FOUND.

Extract Made from Ductless Glands Has Wrought Marvel.

A remarkable series of experiments, first conducted upon his aged mother, then upon himself and later upon 50 of his intimate friends, has enabled Dr. Frank R. Starkey of Philadelphia to discover an extract made from various ductless glands that will prolong life for a period of years and make old folks appear much younger.

In fact, it is really an elixir of youth that he has found, although he resents his polyglutular extract being given that name. Working along entirely different lines from Metchnikoff, the French scientist, the Philadelphia doctor has actually produced the results the scientist has aimed for and has living witnesses to attest the wonderful results.

Dr. Starkey has taken extracts from the pituitary gland in the base of the skull which influences the growth of the body, and when administered to children of stunted growth it is said to make them grow larger. He has extracts from the thyroid gland which influences the flesh and tissue development of the body and also from various reproductive glands.

The combination of these various extracts, Dr. Starkey has found, increases the cell reproduction, purifies the blood, gives added vitality to the nervous system, all of which is conducive to longevity. His first experiments were made a number of years ago upon his mother, who, although 70 years old, is as active and appears to be a woman of 50.

Although in age not yet at the half-century mark, the doctor spent years in research work abroad following his graduation in Philadelphia so diligently as to make him appear much older than he was. He began to inject his extract into his own body with most remarkable results. Although he is still a great and as diligent a student of science as ever, his face is fuller than two years ago, wrinkles and drawn look have disappeared.

In a paper recently read before the Medical Society of Philadelphia, Dr. Starkey told of a number of unusual and obstinate cases of neurasthenia he had cured with the extract. He has also found it of benefit in typhoid fever, pneumonia, constipation and locomotor ataxia.

**FITS OF THE BLUES.**

Look Up and Be Cheerful and Live Down the Blues.

If we could only take the lid off and peep into others' lives, as a cook looks into a kettle, we would find others secretly in mourning of ten when we would least expect it from externals. The happiest and the best of us have "fits" of the blues" once in a while. Sometimes we make a luxury of sorrow; we pet and nurse and dandle the real or supposed affliction and make it our coddled darling, our spoilt child. We actually resent the effort of anyone to clear away the fog and show us that the sun is shining and that if we are blue so is the sky. When we have "the blues" we are as anxious to be let alone as a traveler drowsily perishing in a snowbank. Yet if we had the courage every time the spell came on us we would sit down, as Robinson Crusoe did, and put in parallel columns our reasons for joy and our causes for repining. And then we would find how far the first overlaps the second. When we feel "blue" if we look hard we will discover nothing there but the dreary, melancholy color. If we would only look up we would see that it isn't the world that is blue; it is only the sky. If we have the "blues" let us have the heavenly blues!

**INCENTIVE TO YOUTH.**

Page Boy's Rise to Rank of Major-General.

The career of Major-General W. R. Robertson, C.V.O., C.B., D.S.O., should be a valuable incentive to all boys, and especially those who are interested in military affairs. General Robertson, who is now 52, started life in the very humble capacity of odd boy in a gentleman's house. Later on he became a waiter and ultimately enlisted in the Army. He served with great distinction as a private, and was granted a commission in 1893. His rise was rapid, and he became a colonel in 1903. He is now the head of the Staff College at Camberley, and is recognized as one of the three cleverest and best informed men in the British Army, and also as one of the greatest authorities in the world on military matters. He has taught himself many languages and possesses remarkable knowledge of military history and tactics. He is universally popular and occupies the chief position in the most exclusive military academy in the world with dignity and honor. At a recent dinner party at which several Cabinet Ministers were present, each guest was asked what man, whom he did not know, he would most like to meet. Curiously enough two of the Cabinet Ministers answered: "A man named Robertson, head of the military college at Camberley."

## SOME TRICKS WITH FIGURES

### MENTAL GYMNASTICS FOR THE YOUNG AND OLD.

#### How You May Find Two Numbers Thought of at Once By Another Person.

Most boys and girls know the method by which a person can tell any number thought of by another person. A more difficult trick is to find two numbers thought of at once by a person. The trick may be done by two different persons each selecting a number, but in that case they would have to do their calculations on paper, or send the guesser out of the room. The process is the same in either case, and an explanation of the method for one person will show how it is done for two.

First of all you ask the person to add the two numbers together and then to multiply their sum by their difference and to add to the product the square of the lesser of the two numbers thought of, and to tell you the result.

Upon hearing this you can at once name the greater of the two numbers thought of.

In order to arrive at the smaller number the person is asked to subtract the first product from the square of the larger number thought of, which you have already named, and to state the remainder. This enables you to give the other number thought of.

**VERY EASY TO FOLLOW.**

Let us suppose the numbers thought of are simple ones, such as 5 and 8. Their sum is 13, and their difference is 3. The product of 13 and 3 is 39. Adding the square of 3, the lesser number, we get 48, and when you are told 48, you take the square root of 48 as the greater number.

For the lesser number, returning to our first product, which was 39, which is to be taken from 48, we have 9 left, and the square root of that is 3, the lesser number sought.

The following method may seem simpler, but is more likely to be seen through.

To the sum of the two numbers thought of add their difference and state the sum. Half of this will be the greater number thought of. Then subtract the difference from the sum, and half the remainder is the smaller number thought of.

Suppose the numbers are 8 and 5. Their sum is 13 and their difference is 3, which gives us 16, half of which is 8, the greater number thought of. Subtract the difference, 3, from the sum, 13, and the remainder is 10, half of which is the smaller number thought of.

Still another way to do the same trick is to tell the person to multiply the two numbers together and then to multiply their sum by whichever-number it is desired to discover first, and to subtract from the product thus found the product of the two numbers.

**BY WAY OF EXAMPLE.**

Suppose the numbers thought of are 7 and 4. The product of their multiplication is 28; their sum is 11. If the person multiplies this sum by the greater of the two numbers thought of he gets 77, and when he is asked to subtract the product of the two numbers multiplied together, which is 28, he has a remainder of 49. The square root of this is 7, the greater number thought of.

For the lesser number the sum 11 is multiplied by 4, giving the product 44, and when 28 is taken from that, it will leave 16, the square root of which is 4, the number sought.

You can vary this trick by asking that the two numbers thought of should neither exceed one figure. The process then goes this way.

Add 1 to the triple of the larger number thought of, and then multiply the sum by three. To this add the sum of the two numbers thought of and state the result.

Whatever figure is named take off 3, and the figures that remain are the two figures thought of.

All these tricks are excellent mental practice for any boy or girl, as they concentrate attention.

**PEARLS OF TRUTH.**

It is good to pardon, to be merciful, to be liberal; but it is better to be just.—Timur.

The man who is old enough to know better is usually too old to do better.—Walter Pulitzer.

In the land of the lodger confidences are often given, but friendships are rarely made.—Mr. Norman Keith.

If you live according to Nature you will never be poor; if according to opinion you will never be rich.—Seneca.

When one-half of the Sabbath is given to pleasure, religion is not likely to share much of the other half.—Sir Walter Scott.

I shall pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show or any good thing I can do to any fellow human being, let me do it now; let me not defer, nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.—Thomas Carlyle.