

BEANS SPECIAL DELIVERY By WOOD LEVETTE WILSON

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The variation in the population of Onokis was so slight from one decennial census to another that the enumerators merely made their inquiries of the postmaster, who gave them, off-hand, all the information the government required. Only once did the postmaster make a mistake. That was when the son and heir of a prominent family had been born during the early hours, and through the carelessness of someone, no doubt resulting from the excitement attending the event, the postmaster had not been informed of the gratifying occurrence previous to the enumerator's arrival the same morning. But he it was who the postmaster's credit that he immediately wrote a full explanation of the error to the census bureau at Washington.

No doubt the cause of the restricted growth and pastoral serenity of Onokis lay in the fact that no railroad

Mrs. Cardigan did not look convinced. "Oh, he's all right," declared the Colonel, reassuringly, as he lifted Beans into the carriage by the nape of the neck. "Good luck, too," he added, when the dog did not squeal.

When a man moves into the country if he takes any pride in his pastoral environment he is supposed to raise chickens, but after thinking the matter over carefully the Colonel concluded that the supposition was more attractive than the reality, and thus it happened that a commodious but unused chicken yard, which had been included as a matter of course in the Cardigan place, rural conveniences, was ready for Beans' occupancy when he arrived. Here he could be comfortably penned at such times as it was not convenient to watch him. During the quiet hours of the night he bore his restraint very contentedly.

been run over by one of them trolley cars.

And on the evening of the ninth day the family returned. It is indiscreet to lay bare the intimate friends and distress of a private household, but it may be said that the fire that blazed in Miss Bessie's eyes was at last quenched by the tears that flowed from them.

"Sir—er—a Doctor," declared President Bowersmith of the Onokis Commercial club, as he removed a defunct cigar from the corner of his mouth and laid it carefully on the edge of his desk, "we'll be pleased to have you our moral support, and sir—er—a Doctor, it will mitigate the terrors of illness, and—um—that is—a—that is, to know that we have a skillful practitioner in our midst."

The doctor looked up and down the street for the dog's owner. Strange to say, not a soul was in sight, but the afternoon was hot, and the people of Onokis were not energetic except when there was a prospect of real estate profits. He picked up the tattered profile, and carried him, still whimpering and passive, into the office and laid him on the couch—the very same couch where fashionable patients were expected to sit uncomplainingly waiting until their turn came to consult the doctor.

"Now, lie still," he commanded, "and let me see what the brute did to you." He ran his hand gently over the animal's body.

"U—h—h, ribs seem to be all right. U—h—h, forelegs both sound. Now, let's see—hind legs."

"Wow!" complained the dog, vigorously.

"Ah, there it is, eh? Fracture of the lower bone of the hind leg—caught you just as you were getting away, didn't it? Well, you've been here a while, and you'd have been all right. Well, old fellow, it's pretty tough on you. I know, but it's an ill wind that doesn't blow on somebody's back—and it gives me a patient the first day in my new shop, which, not saying anything to a scolding world about it, we'll call a good omen."

"You've got a mighty businesslike pair of jaws that I don't much fancy the looks of, but your eyes say you're not a bad natured pup, and—anyway, I'll have to chance it. So you just lie still, and try your darnedest to be a good patient dog and a good dog patient, while I see if I can't fix this leg up so you won't be lame for the rest of your life."

An hour later the terrors' sufferings were sufficiently relieved for him to relish a liberal allowance of bread and milk served to him in a wooden mortar. From time to time he looked curiously at the leg, now firmly bandaged in improvised splints, and sniffed it suspiciously. Once he went so far as to try the wrappings with his teeth.

"Woof," exclaimed the doctor, shortly and sharply. "Let it alone! I haven't done that, you chump, or it never will knit."

The dog looked up at him with wondering eyes and wagged his stump of a tail apologetically.

"Now," went on the doctor, "I'd like to know who you belong to, for that collar says right out loud that you belong to somebody. Nobody's dog doesn't run around wearing a nickel bandage with a big name plate, and—by Jove, I wonder what's on the name plate! Um—m—Beans."

"And now that I know who you are"

by force of circumstances, leaving off his coat, which was not within such easy reach, "I'm glad to see you. Won't you be seated?"

And President Bowersmith cordially waved his hand toward an empty rocker box in a convenient position against the wall of the grocery.

"Mr. Bowersmith," said the Doctor, as he took the place indicated, "do you know Beans?"

"Sir," rejoined President Bowersmith, stiffening perceptibly, "I don't think I quite understand such a—er—a—"

"Beans," went on the Doctor, as he took out his pocket knife and began socially to whittle a stick, "is a brindle and white Boston bull terrier."

"Ah—h—h!" exclaimed the President, relaxing and resuming his wood carving.

"About an hour ago some Indian in an automobile that was scorching through town—"

"In direct violation of our city ordinance," declared President Bowersmith, indignantly.

"Um—m—m, yes, I suppose so. Well, the machine hit the dog and broke his hind leg, and I've got him done up in splints at my office now. He's got a good collar, with his name on it—Beans."

"No-o-o," replied the President, thoughtfully, "I can't say that I know Beans."

"Nor anybody that's got such a dog?"

"None—no; I know every man, woman, child, dog and cat in the whole township, but there's no Beans in the whole pot."

"Well," declared the Doctor, "it's darned queer. Here's this dog and he's a well bred dog, if I know any thing about dogs—gets his leg broken by a law defying automobile right in the heart of the city, and you, even you, don't know him."

"Doctor," replied President Bowersmith ponderously, as he skillfully spliced a long, thin shaving from the side of his wooden pinchers, "I'm as much mystified by the situation as you are."

"Well," said the Doctor, rising, "if you hear of anybody making inquiries about him you just let it be known that I'm keeping Beans at my office."

And the Doctor passed into the grocery to negotiate with the butcher and—by Jove, for the honor of his conditional promise. He believed in honoring his patients.

suburb. Beans himself showed no desire to leave his hospitable quarters. Indeed, he fraternized with the Doctor in true doggie good fellowship, and seemed to regard himself as permanently at home, incidentally, it may be remarked that there had, as yet, been no demands on the Doctor's time by other patients, and he was able to give his undivided professional attention to the interesting surgical case in hand.

"It's surely a disgustingly healthy neighborhood," he mused, as he sat and smoked on his little porch, pleased to be a little malaria at times and some grip later on, and possibly pneumonia, if we have the right kind of a summer, some emergency cases of heart prostration, and—"

"Sir, that is my dog!"

The chair in which the doctor had been idly leaning against the porch post with his back to the street came down with a thump, and he sprang to his feet to see a vision; a vision right at the end of the short walk leading to his office. It was a rather tall, slender vision in a very smart, very frock and a broad brimmed white straw hat with a curtainless arrangement of filmy white veil fluttering in the breeze. He realized in a vague sort of way that her face was very pink and white—possibly from excitement—and that her hair was brown; but her eyes? Even a man who was twice twenty-six would have had difficulty in deciding what was the color of her eyes at that moment, flashing fire as they were.

With a glad little bark of welcome Beans had scampered three-leggedly to her and was jumping up against her and licking her hand. Though she patted the dog's head she did not look down at him. Her angry eyes were on the doctor; she would settle with him first.

"Where did you get him?" she demanded, with sharp determination. "Where did you get him?"

"I—I didn't get him," he stammered, with a laborious effort to find words. "He was quite by accident, you know. He got his leg broken." And the doctor made a diffident gesture toward the dog.

The girl glanced down, and, relieved from the agitating fascination of those angry eyes, the doctor took a long breath and squared his shoulders. "The girl was stooping by the dog now, and gently patting the bandaged leg with a—why, yes, it was a remarkably small and shapely hand."

fracture is getting along nicely. All due," he added, in the disconcerting apprehension of being thought an egotist, "to the excellent condition and constitution of the patient."

In the privacy of his own office, after the doctor admitted to him, the girl, with the patient still jumping erratically but delightedly against her, walked up to the porch, and the doctor eagerly placed a chair for her.

"I am Colonel Cardigan's daughter," she said, as she sat down. "Won't you please tell me how it happened? Why would tell her everything he knew? He would just sit there and let him look at her."

And the tale was done. Dr. Lambert Huston, forgetful of the dignity that should be maintained by the leading physician and surgeon of Onokis, walked more than three-quarters of a mile to the Cardigan home by the side of Miss Bessie Cardigan, and for a substantial chunk of broken-legged Boston terrier in his arms; met the Colonel, who knew his father—connection; and—acquaintance ripens especially in the country—stayed for dinner.

It was scandalously late—for Onokis—when the doctor made his way back to his home through the silent and deserted streets, lighted only by the stars. Then, late as it was, instead of going to bed, he sat down on the same porch where she had sat, and smoked a pipe after pipe under the impression that he was thinking matters over, and his thoughts ran largely on the embarrassingly unequal distribution of wealth, and the awful handicap laid upon the wherewithal for a bare existence, and an inchoate profession to attract the favorable opinion of the—world.

"Well," he said with a sigh as he knocked out his last pipe and gave up the struggle for the night, "it's darned lonesome around this little joint without a dog, anyhow."

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Although Beans accepted submissively the doctor's judgment, and allowed himself to be quietly carried from the office in Main street to the Cardigan home, rather than run the



connected it with the rest of the world. So it was not surprising that a rumor that the new interurban trolley line would pass directly through the town should have caused considerable excitement, nor that when the stakes of a surveying party confirmed this rumor a meeting should be held at the town hall for discussion and celebration of the event.

This was certainly Onokis' time to boom. A commercial club was organized, with headquarters over Phineas' grocery and post-office corner, the erection of an office building of its own—and attractive letter heads were printed for correspondence with industries seeking desirable sites. But for some reason the industries did not flock to Onokis and in the resultant depression the commercial club was almost disbanded.

Then Onokis had a bright idea. It would be a resident suburb, which, after all, was not only more cleanly and genteel, but carried, the promise of satisfactory profits in the way of real estate transactions and the acquisition of a population which had money to spend—and did fifteen miles from the city, with trolley cars every half hour, making the trip in thirty or forty minutes; beautiful scenery, high land, pure air and healthful surroundings; free from the noise and dirt of railroads—what was once a lament had now become a boast; excellent highways over which those who preferred could run into and out of the city in automobiles—really, when Onokis went over its list of attractions it became quite proud of itself.

And Onokis took on an air of still greater self-satisfaction when a thoroughly businesslike real estate agent from the city closed a cash transaction with Eli Higgins for ten acres of rolling woods, pasture which ran down to Beaver Creek, and it was announced that Colonel Phineas Cardigan would at once begin the erection of a palatial summer residence, which would be ready for occupancy the following spring. It had been the privilege of Onokis to select man to give it a start on its new and it was all difficult about the adjective—fashionable career there was none it would have preferred to the Colonel. The Cardigan family was sufficient in itself, both in the way of means and standing, to give tone to the place.

Nor was Onokis mistaken in its hopes. Colonel Cardigan's house was not the only one of pretentious proportions which took shape on the numerous residence vantage points that winter, and the commercial club was happy in its anticipation of the future.

June was in its richest beauty when a trolley car from the city, at the behest of Colonel Cardigan, stopped at the cross road nearest the Cardigan residence and the Colonel and his daughter descended to the improvised platform. Mrs. Cardigan, who had been waiting their arrival in the ample, low swung carriage, sprang eagerly forward and took the girl in her arms, but the joy of her greeting was tempered with just a shade of doubt as she apprehensively contemplated a brindle and white Boston bull terrier with one pink rimmed and one black rimmed eye—looking for this reason as if they were different sizes—which the young lady held in leash.

"But, Bessie dear," she said, protestingly, "that—that—She paused and pointed at the animal.

"Isn't he a beauty?" exclaimed Miss Bessie, as she stooped and patted the dog.

Mrs. Cardigan suppressed a sigh. Why one's child has been away at school for six months much which under other circumstances might be severely criticized is to be tolerated, but there are matters of taste which—

"I don't think he is exactly pretty," she replied, with a slight quiver of her shoulders that almost suggested a shudder. "He looks rather—rather fierce."

"Fierce!" exclaimed Miss Bessie, with a laugh. "Why he's the best tamed creature in the world. Aren't you, Beans?"

"Baw-r-rh-rh!" responded Beans, with a nerve racking bark of affectionate agreement, as he jumped up against her with staggering force.

but when morning came, and there were signs of life about the house he vociferously demanded his release—and got it. And then he spent joyous days full of noisy barks exploring the ten acres of woods pasture with his mistress.

"But what shall we do with Beans?" asked the Colonel, when Mrs. Cardigan suggested that they all go to the city for a week.

"Why, surely he can stay in the chicken yard safely," replied Mrs. Cardigan.

"Yes—er—s," agreed Miss Bessie, hesitatingly, "but it will be awfully homesome for him."

"John, take him out on a string, you know."

The Colonel smiled and Miss Bessie laughed. John, who combined in a not and gardener, was not fond of dogs, and showed a decided inclination to avoid Beans.

"Because, you know, Phineas," explained Mrs. Cardigan, "you wouldn't want to stay here alone, and for Beans and me to go is absolutely necessary."

"Tis, eh?"

"How can you ask, Phineas, when you know that Bessie has just got back from the city with absolutely nothing to wear?"

"To be sure, to be sure," agreed the Colonel, apologetically. "I should have understood that. I saw she brought home four trunks."

So Beans had to stand in his prison of poultry netting while he disconsolately watched the family drive off toward the trolley line station.

And the next morning when the cook overslept herself as a result of not being roused as usual by Beans early morning barking she thought that perhaps, after all, he was a well behaved dog that only needed a little rest from too much patting to quiet his nerves. So she got breakfast in a leisurely way for herself and John, and when they had eaten it in the leisurely manner becoming of such household employees in the absence of the family she gathered up the scraps from the table and made her way leisurely to the chicken yard to feed Beans, so commendably quiet and well behaved.

"John!" It was the cook's voice calling.

"Well," answered John from the back porch, between puffs of his after breakfast pipe.

"There ain't no dog here!"

"What?" exclaimed John, starting up.

"I say there ain't no dog here!"

John, with mixed feelings of relief at the dog's absence and apprehension as to what Miss Bessie would say, made his way to the poultry yard. The acutely deductive intellect of Sherlock Holmes was not necessary to solve the mystery. An empty hole, still showing the marks of vigorously busy forepaws, left a gap under the bottom of the poultry netting that told the whole story.

"What'll we do?" asked the cook.

"Do?" responded John, comfortably. "Why, nothing!"

"But when the folks git back there'll be an awful!"

"Aw," declared John, scornfully. "He'll come home fast enough, all right, when he gets hungry."

And the cook, quite willing to accept an assurance that would at least postpone the facing of an unpleasant situation, set the pan of scraps away in the cellar to await the unfortunate missing one's return.

But the day passed and the night, and the morning came, but not Beans with it.

"That's all right," insisted John, still comfortable in the confidence of his threatened calves; "he'll come back all right. I knowed a dog to be gone six weeks once, and come back dog gone near starved. They always come back all right when grub gets scarce enough."

The success of Onokis has added considerably to the burden of President Bowersmith's dignity, and he carried it sometimes with a visible effort, but nevertheless, with no shirking, and his air of importance was maintained by his self-confidence, as he folded his hands over his waistcoat, which had the appearance of a balloon inflated to its utmost tension. Lately, since the town had assumed its new tone, he had taken to wearing a black string tie, which, to be sure, was generally untied, but with his lavish wealth of sandy chin whiskers, this was a matter of small consequence. Not only was he a man to be reckoned with, but he was one who was always ready to give sage and disinterested advice where the affairs of Onokis were concerned. His whole manner proclaimed this as he sat that bright June morning and in a tone of cordial encouragement, discussed with Dr. Lambert Huston the advantages such a thriving and fashionable residence suburb as Onokis offered a young physician ambitious to establish a practice and standing.

The Doctor was tall, smooth faced, dark and healthy looking, with nose glasses that perched in the place with an attitude of permanence that scorned a guard.

"Of course," said the young man, "I haven't really anything to recommend myself except my diploma, but—"

"Sir," interrupted President Bowersmith, impressively, with a gesture meant to comprehend many things he felt it unnecessary to say, "Onokis is never blind to merit. Your—er—a—standable record in the medical college from which you have just graduated is known to me and my—er—a—colleagues, and I can say to you, with no fear of contradiction, that we should be proud to have you—er—a—shingle add to the ornamentation and—er—a—dignification of the beautifully shaded street, in fact, sir, I have in mind the very place where you should establish your office, and, sir—er—a—Doctor, I shall be glad to show it to you if you care to step over with me and look at it."

Two days later a modest black and gilt sign made it plain to passersby that

DR. LAMBERT HUSTON, Physician and Surgeon

occupied the building at the corner of Main and Chestnut streets. It was an unpretentious frame building, formerly used as a residence, as might be seen from the prints of children's dirty fingers on the rails, on "I" shape with three rooms, and a small porch in the angle, where, in his mind's eye, the doctor saw himself smoking many a lonely pipe while he waited with what patience he had for such patients as might come to him.

"He can wait," he said to himself, after he had made some careful and complicated calculations at the desk, where he hoped to write many prescriptions. "I can wait at least twenty years for them if I don't make a cent, and surely by that time things will be better."

And as he slowly filled his pipe his thoughts pleasantly pictured a chauffeur, in plain but dignified livery as became the profession, stopping his car in front of an imposing mansion where there was a patient confident of his ability and ready and willing to yield fees in proportion to its value.

"By that time," continued the doctor to himself, "I ought to be riding around to see patients in a noisy wagon like that."

"Honk, Honk!" sounded the hoarse hoot of an automobile horn, softened enough by distance to show that while it was undoubtedly headed for Main street, it was still on that part of the highway known as the State road.

"Honk! Honk! Honk!" Loud and fiercely raucous was the horn now, almost in front of the very office.

"Honk! Honk! Honk—Wow—ow—leap—leap—leap!"

It was the cry of a dog in sudden and violent pain. The doctor dropped his pipe and dashed out the front door. Far down the road was a retreating cloud of dust leaving a gradually subsiding trail. In the street, whimpering pitifully, lay a Boston bull terrier—white, with a broad splash of brindle down his back, and one black rimmed and one pink rimmed eye.

I'm going to find out whose you are. You lie right still on that couch while I lay, and don't dare to get down. Well, maybe I'll bring you a bone."

Under the pleasant arbor of Main street's spreading alms the Doctor's steps paused along the third sidewalk in a cadence that indicated a man walking with a definite intention and without hurry. From a distance he could see the bench in front of Phineas' grocery were deserted, but it was sunny there, so the Doctor walked up to the corner. On the shady side of the building, seated on an inverted fine cut bucket and smoking a cob pipe while he artistically whittled a pair of pinners out of a piece of soft pine, sat the president of the Commercial club with both his coat and his dignity laid aside.

"Doctor," said Mr. Bowersmith, resuming the presidential mantle, but

There is nothing after all like a good, vigorous, youthful constitution to promote the convalescence of a surgical patient. Beans' fractured member was healing in such a way as to make the surgeon proud of himself and justify his professional judgment in removing the splints, which seemed to worry the patient, and binding the leg firmly in heavy linen bandages. And now, when ten days had passed since the accident, Beans had successfully solved that celebrated problem in canine arithmetic of putting down three and carrying one, and was able to get about quite actively.

Still, there had been no inquiries from his owner, either of President Bowersmith of the Onokis Commercial Club or of Dr. Lambert Huston, the leading physician and surgeon of the



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She glanced up and around. The black and gilt sign caught her eye, and she half turned again to the doctor.

"And you fixed it?" she asked, laying her hand on the bandage.

"Yes," replied the doctor. He was trying, unsuccessfully, to remember what he had done with his pipe, and had an awful fear that it was some place where it should not be—where she wouldn't approve of it.

She rose and turned her eyes full to him. The fire was gone from them and they were very mild now, almost contrite. Yes, they were gray and very large.

"I beg your pardon," she said, softly, "and I—I thank you—very much. Oh—er—that's all right—er—to be sure," declared the doctor, with the impediment of embarrassment in his speech, "As you were saying, the

risk of injury by attempting to do the distance on three legs, even at the leisurely gait adopted by his physician and Miss Bessie, he was convalescing so rapidly that he felt no hesitations about undertaking the trip alone on his restricted footing the next afternoon.

The doctor, glum and oppressively alone, was again smoking his pipe on the porch when Beans limped frisking up to him with a joyously impertinent bark.

"Hello!" the doctor exclaimed, starting up with more light than he had had been there since it evening before. "What the deuce are you doing here?" He took the dog up in his arms. "Don't you know you've no business knocking around in your condition?"

Beans, as if to demonstrate that he was in no distress, stretched his head

around and snarled critically.

"Ah, yes," we professional ton in to have the very well, sir, ing room, please. The doctor, patients, locked office when he meal—which was brought with him tied up in but Now, it may no doctor—or it tendencies inhe who knew a fistence will ne there isn't sme At any rate, he heartily, that "Now," he finished and w with a sinuous suppose I'll hav His guilty ca to select a sm when he looked the dog's blink at him in all "I'm—er—m— at his watch. It's pretty ear darn it, I'm no dog home. I hope. Come. But among Onokis citizens was, "Who the it was going a midnight, "wh eddill-ops?"

The fact that the meal at either the Cardigan or some confusion ownership. At strove to comp pretty equal d his presence, c taining certain that his commi none of their and forth after affairs and he ple pass a ple ual importance to the hammo was lying on and instantly Miss Bessie w inclined to br when Beans p the hammock her face she s ting position a collar. To it velope address

MISS BE Kind

Certainly it novelty of rec nner should more than us envelope. But only read—

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Now there s why such a been read mo Beans' should to will his dozen lumps of living in the one does not

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