

# BOBBING ON BEEMER'S BEND.

"I-I guess I won't go. Let Tom go. I-I've promised Mr. Brome to read to him awhile."

"Yes," assented Tom, his head appearing above Katherine's in the doorway, "and I think the rest of us had better go. The more quiet old Charley is the better."

## The Fabulous Basilisk.

The basilisk was the most famous of the many fabulous monsters of medieval folklore. According to the popular notion, it was hatched by a toad from an egg laid by the cock of the common barnyard fowl. In the ancient picture books it was usually represented as an eight limbed serpent or dragon, sometimes with and sometimes without wings. Its name is derived from basiliskos, meaning a little king, and was applied because the creature was figured with a circle of white spots on its head which much resembled a crown. The cockatrice, a species of basilisk, besides having a crown possessed a comb which was an exact counterpart of the cock's.

Pliny assures us that the basilisk had a voice which "struck terror to the hearts of men, beasts and serpents." The Bible classes it with the lion, the serpent and the dragon as one of the most formidable creatures. Old writers, Pliny, Bascho and others, say that its bite was mortal in every case, that no plant would grow in the vicinity of its lair. Its dead body was often used, suspended in bottles, to prevent swarms from building there.

## The Inventor of Stoves.

While Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston, he can be said to belong to Pennsylvania as truly as does William Penn, who was born in England, but came here, as did Franklin, from Boston. And how many people in Philadelphia—or elsewhere in the United States—know that we are indebted largely to Franklin for the stoves which a century ago began to replace the fireplaces and more crude arrangements for grates warming our houses?

The Franklin stove, which in its days of early development was merely a portable iron fireplace, with open front, in which wood was burned to heat an apartment, was certainly the first stove it was invented by Benjamin Franklin and was really the connecting link between the rude fireplaces of the last century and the stoves of today.

## Diamonds From Volcanoes.

It is frequently observed that some of the most destructive and fearful agencies of nature are at the same time lavish in their gifts for the benefit of man. A volcano seems the type of confirmation of the power of devastation, and yet, according to investigation, it seems probable that we may owe our possession of the gem that has in every age dazzled the imagination more than any other, the diamond, to the productive energy of volcanoes.

# HOW THE EVENING STAR CLOSED DOWN

By ALEXANDER BRUCE

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Up in the dingy office of the Evening Star Patrick Ryan, the bookkeeper, was reading a letter. He smiled brightly, for the writer was his promisee.

Down in the underground chamber of the mine sat David Grafton, the manager. He, too, was reading a letter, and his face grew black as thunder. He peered closer and closer to the typewritten sheet, as though he could scarce believe his eyes. The room was lighted by candles in miners' sharp pointed candlesticks, and stray puffs of air made them flicker badly.

"Jack," he cried sharply, "Haggart writes that the output must be doubled or the mine closes down."

That was the truth, but not the whole truth. It was the bluff with which he had decided to win Jack over to his side.

"What's that you say?" answered Jack, a bent and bearded Cornishman. He was down on his knees connecting a feed pipe with a diamond drill

## A Sluggish Liver Brings Biliousness.

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set against the face of the rock.

"The output must be doubled or the mine closes down," repeated Grafton in a hoarse key.

"Can't do it. It ain't in the Evening Star to twinkle that bright."

"But it's in the Evening Star. Our private borings show it," whispered Grafton.

Jack wasn't surprised at the speech. He knew Grafton well, had worked with him for years, so he swung round on his knees and leered: "Going to steal? Eh?"

The manager flushed crimson.

"We're just taking a loan. If we don't, the entire bank of cash we've thrown into this cursed hole is gone, and," as a parting shot, "your loans go with it."

The old man was silent. A nervous twitching of the mouth betrayed his excitement, and his hands trembled as he stretched out to untie the red handkerchief in the can beside him. He pulled out a sandwich and began munching at it. Grafton rose and stood looking at him sheepishly. Neither spoke for a time.

The nine hundred foot level of the Evening Star had been run a hundred feet westward from the main shaft. Timbered up solid like a tunnel all the way. Beyond was the underground room where the manager and the drill hand were working. Then came five feet of solid rock, yet unexcavated, inside the boundary line of the mine. Beyond that every inch of rock belonged to the Widow Baird.

The late owner of the Busy Bee had sunk a shaft and followed the loadstar lode westward with indifferent success, while all unknown to him in the eastern portion of his mine bounded by the Evening Star lay tons of the wealth which makes men mad. Year after year of heavy expenditure, poor returns and a superabundance of litigation had disheartened him, so the Busy Bee closed down. Shortly afterward Baird died. It was said that disappointment had crushed him. Grafton had been the deceased's intimate companion and one of the experts whose advice Baird had relied upon. Knowing the widow's low financial state, he assured Haggart, "We can buy the mine for a song."

The Evening Star was completely played out. No one knew that better than Grafton. He was drawing a princely salary for his work, and the monthly reports to the owner had been couched in grandiloquent language, but the latter's eyes were open at last. Grafton had approached the widow with a miserly offer and was staggered at the reply. "The mine is not for sale." He knew the woman had nothing. Her daughter's beggarly earnings as a milliner could not keep them both and pay rent and taxes besides. Some one was doing it, and the manager swore roundly at the unknown benefactor.

When the Cornishman finished his scanty lunch, he began leisurely oiling the drill bearings. Grafton stood auto-matizing.

"You're with us, then, Jack?"

"I'm not saying I'm not," was the sharp reply.

Grafton grinned. He knew from that the man would be easily bribed, so he let the matter rest.

"You'll be on till 6, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good. If Ryan comes down when I'm gone, don't let him in here. We don't want his longer. It's a bad lot not to let him see the position of the drill."

"Aye, aye," muttered Jack.

The manager seized a candle and hurried along the level to the shaft and entered the cage, which came swinging up to the surface. He had an uncomfortable task to perform and made straight for the office. Ryan gave him a look and crushed the love letter in his pocket.

"Morning," said Grafton gloomily. He had been an exemplary clerk, and the manager felt it necessary to screw up his courage under cover of a pretended search. He pulled out letter books, ledgers, anything he could lay his hands on, and unlocked a small private drawer, drew out a pile of papers and began fumbling among them. A small blue print slipped out and fell unnoticed on the floor. At last he closed the drawer with a bang and turned round abruptly.

"We don't need your services longer, Ryan. Here's your check. Leave the keys on the desk. I'll get them when I return."

He glanced at his watch, muttered: "Eleven twenty-five" and walked out. Ryan, stunned, stood staring at the check. He had been engaged on a week's notice, and the extra salary was included. How was he to help Mary and her mother now? He had been lending them half his salary to enable them to hold on to the mine. Positions were scarce in this section of the country, and his spirits sank low. What would Mary think of it? Mary was the "beggarly milliner."

He began slowly to replace the books which littered the floor. The blue print lay between a tattered ledger and a letter book. He picked it up and turned it over.

"What's this?"

It was a private chart showing the borings through the boundary to the Busy Bee, and the assays averaged \$200 per ton. Ryan whistled softly, slipped the paper in his pocket, closed the safe and tossed the keys up on the desk. Grafton had taken the south road to Ripple, and Pat didn't want to meet him, so he climbed the dump on the north side of the shaft and hurried down the hill. A whistle tooted up the canyon.

"That must be the 11:35."

He rushed down the rocky pathway, climbing boulders, dodging spruce stumps, sliding on the pine needles.

He reached the level of the mine, and

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