A BUSINESS WOMAN

By M. QUAD

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When coal oil was found in West Virginia among the few who held on to their land was the widow Turner.

When the widow Turner was left to care for herself she possessed sixty acres of sterile land, a wretched old cabin, a mule and a cow. She had always worked in the field with her husband. She was a large, bony woman, unable to read or write, and the very homeliest among a lot of homely women. No one predicted that she would marry again, and she had no encouraging thoughts herself. She lived alone, and all the farm work was done by her own hands.

When the oil excitement got started all the landowners around the widow Turner sold out. She alone held on. She was offered five times what her farm was considered worth, but she shook her head. As a matter of fact, she was frightened.

Then along came a tin peddler. She had dealt with him before and found him honest. She told him her troubles, and he said

"Widow, I am going to talk plainly to you. You are as ignorant as a mule and as homely as a stump fence."

"I know it," was the answer.

"If things had run along as they were going you couldn't have found a man in the United States to marry you."

"I admit that."

"But now you can. You can not only find a husband, but money with him. Let me tell you what to do."

They had a long conversation, and the result of it was that when an offer for the farm was renewed next day it was accepted with a proviso. The widow demanded $50,000 in cash and a husband. It was acceded to at once. It would be very easy to find a man to marry her and run away afterward. Plenty of them could be hired for $2,000. But the widow wanted an acceptable husband. That was different. Thirty men were paraded before her, and she rejected every one. The capitalists had figured on a soft thing and got left. After two months' search and after fifty men had been brought forward one was found to fill the bill. He was no scrub. On the contrary, he was a broken down gentleman. It was like mating an eagle with a crow.

Yes, he would do, but there were details to be considered. He must be bound to certain things, and the buyer of the farm must guarantee him. He must be bound not to run away and not to apply for a divorce. He must be bound to live in the same house with her and not be absent over three days at any time without her written permission. He must teach her the common branches of education and rules of etiquette. He must take her to New York city and Niagara falls once in two years. If she wished to sign he must not be put out. Her money must be her own. There were about a dozen other things mentioned, and the broken down gentleman said he'd be hanged if he would. They had promised him $10,000, but he said it wasn't enough. He hung out until he was offered the same as the widow. They told him that a smart lawyer could pick a dozen loopholes in the contract.

But the widow wasn't through yet. They must allow her $10,000 for a lawyer's fee. They agreed, and she sent to Chicago for one of the leaders of the bar. Then came the guarantee. The guarantee of the buyer was not enough. The lawyer insisted that some one must guarantee him. This was done. Time had been wasted, and "gushers" were being struck all around them. The money was counted out, the marriage took place, and the next day the drillers were at work. The newly weds went to the nearest village to pass their honeymoon.

The broken down gentleman had gone into the thing to make a stake. He had a good mind for billiards, good clothes and good dinners, but not for legal matters. Within three days he ran away. The wife called upon the guarantors to return him. They had to hire a detective and hunt for a month. When he was brought back he was locked up for two weeks. He appealed to the law, but the law said that his wife had a right to take all reasonable precautions. He had bound himself to teach her certain things. He refused. She called upon his guarantors, and they forced him to do it. He had taught her the A B C's when he ran away again. Again he was brought back.

Although the work of drilling wells had begun at once, there were no results. They drilled here and there for more than a year, but not a pint of oil was had. That farm was just over the oil line somehow. Geologists said there ought to be a great lake of oil under it, but it didn't turn out that way. In buying and drilling more than half a million dollars was expended. At the end of a year the broken down ran away again. When his backers were called upon to return him they agreed to give the wife $5,000 to let them off the contract. The tin peddler came along and advised her to take it, and she did. She is still living on that little farm in the Buckeye State, and, though her singing scares the cows for miles around and she is not up on etiquette and has to spell out the big words, she has money to burn and is fairly happy. The tin peddler? Oh, his conscience rewarded him for the good deed done.

Health Condition For Hair.

Any woman who changes doctors no doubt has her own reasons for making the change. The woman in this case was threatened with fever. Her first question was, "Shall I lose my hair?"

"Most likely," said the doctor.

The next day he found a man with a pair of shears standing at the bedside.

"Doctor," said the man, "I wish you would write out a certificate that this hair is healthy. The lady wants to sell it. She says if she's bound to lose it anyhow in this spell of sickness she is in for she might as well get rid of it now while it will bring a good price. If she waits till it falls out nobody will buy it. Women with nice hair and not much money are smart enough nowadays to sell their hair as soon as they fall ill. Most dealers take it and no questions asked, but I'm too conscientious. I want a doctor's certificate every time in a case like this. I hope you'll be obliging."

The doctor was not obliging, and the next day a new doctor was called in.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Wood Pulp Paper.

Wood pulp paper is made from wood—poplar, spruce or pine usually—which has been reduced to a fine pulp either by grinding while wet or through chemical means. The pulp is kept diluted with water while fed on to the bed of the paper machine, this bed being a continuous band or wide belt of finely woven wire. It is supported by rollers set close together and in rapid motion, the latter to set the fibers of the paper. The sheet forms almost at once, as soon as the water drains through the wire cloth, though it is then moist and weak. Successive rollers and vacuum boxes press and dry out more moisture, big rollers heated by steam finally render it perfectly dry, and then it is run between finishing rollers, varying according to the exact kind of paper to be made.—London Standard.

The Norwegian Costume.

It is at church in Norway that the national costume is best seen. In the north the women wear short dark gowns, with fringed handkerchiefs tied becomingly over their curly fair hair, black ones for the matrons and white ones for maidens. In the south the old Norwegian dress is often worn. It consists of a short dark petticoat, with a stripe of bright colors, a full white blouse and a red bodice heavily embroidered, while on Sundays a quantity of silver pins and chains are added. The headdress varies according to the occasion and the wearer's social condition. The girls wear jaunty red caps, the married women a coif made of many folds of starched white linen, plaited over a wooden frame, and a bride wears a high metal crown curiously chased and set with jewels.

Pascal's Early Observation.

Blaise Pascal, who wrote a remarkable treatise on the laws of sound, was constantly observing the familiar occurrences about him even as a boy. When he was only ten years old he sat at the dinner table one day striking his plate with his knife and then listening to the sound.

"What are you doing with that plate, Blaise?" asked his sister.

"See," he replied. "When I strike the plate with my knife it rings. Hark!"

Again he called forth the sound.

"When I grasp it with my hand so," he continued, "the sound ceases. I wonder why it is."

To Avoid Telling Secrets.

A New York theatrical manager was advising a friend to be cautious in an undertaking he had in view.

"You can't take too many precautions," he asserted. "'An ounce of prevention,' as the copybook used to say, 'is better than seven pounds of allopathic, homeopathic or hydropathic cure.' One of the most contented men I ever knew was the most cautious. He was deaf and dumb, and he never went to bed without putting on boxing gloves."

"Boxing gloves? What for?"

"So that he wouldn't talk in his sleep."

Gold Filled.

What does "gold filled" mean? Probably most people who buy gold filled watches fancy that they are mysteriously impregnated with gold. The term is misleading. Gold filling consists in taking two sheets of gold, between which is placed a section of solder coated base metal. This metallic sandwich is heated and pressed, so that the three parts are welded together, with the gold outside.—Chicago News.

Not Hard Task.

"That's a beautiful girl you have in your store," said the man acquaintance. "I've seen her in the window several days as I passed."

"She isn't an employee," the milliner answered wearily. "She's a woman trying to decide on a new hat."—Buffalo Express.

A Duty.

We should tell ourselves once for all that it is the first duty of the soul to become as happy, complete, independent and great as lies in its power.—Maurice Maeterlinck.

Her Two Languages.

He—Did you ever hear that Jagson's wife speaks two languages? She—Yes. He—What are they? She—The one for company and the other for Jagson.

Every time a man loses his temper he loses his head, and when he loses his head he loses several chances.

Ways of the Alligator.

Late one afternoon, when the lagoon was aglow with the wonderful copper hues of a Papuan sunset, some one pointed out to me a long dark streak moving swiftly across the water 200 or 300 yards away, and in the streak just the slightest speck of black. It was an alligator at last!

"Now you see why you can't go swimming in the lagoon," I was told. "They are worse than sharks. They don't show themselves and give you a chance. They just come down underneath you and pull you down, and that's all you or any one else knows about it. They don't eat you at once, only hold you under the water until you are drowned or half pulled to pieces and then store you away somewhere under a bank or in a hole till you are 'high' enough to be savory—just as you would do with a pheasant, you know. He's a knowing beggar, the alligator. The shark isn't in it with him for brains and savvy."—Wide World Magazine.

The Spider.

Of all the solitary insects I have ever seen the spider is the most sagacious, and its actions to one who has attentively considered them seem almost to excel belief. The spider is formed by nature for a state of war, not only upon other insects, but upon its fellows. For this state nature seems to have formed it with singular perfection. Its head and breast are covered with a strong natural coat of mail, which is impenetrable to the attacks of every other insect, and its lower parts are enveloped in a soft, pliant skin which eludes the sting even of a wasp. Its legs are terminated by strong claws not unlike those of a lobster, and their vast length, like spears, serves to keep every assailant at a safe distance. Nor were furnished for observation than for attack or defense. It has several eyes, large and transparent, covered with a horny substance, which, however, does not impede its vision.—Scotsman.

Not What They Seemed.

A marquis who was in residence for a few days at a Parisian hotel discovered that her pearl necklace, worth $15,000, had disappeared from her room. Suspicion fell on a messenger boy, who admitted his guilt, but declared that the necklace had been taken from him by his mother. The mother corroborated her son's statement, expressing astonishment that so much trouble should be made about "a trashy little trinket," which, she explained, looked so cheap and tawdry that she had given it to her daughter-in-law. This young woman, in her teens, displayed an equal contempt for the "bits of things." She told the police that she had given the necklace to her little girl to wear, but she had removed about half the beads. All the missing pearls were found in a box among buttons and hooks and eyes.

A Gleam of Hope.

They were evidently from the country and had wandered into the first place of amusement they found. A performance of "Richard III" was in progress, and after buying tickets they went squeaking down the aisle, led by the usher, to seats well toward the front.

They watched the stage at first with hope of some excitement, but with steadily decreasing interest. At last the young woman touched the young man.

"Let's go out, Jim," she said. "It's more interesting out in the street."

"Let's hold on a minute longer," returned her escort. "It cost considerable to get in, and, besides, that clown has just called for a hoss. I shouldn't wonder if the show's really going to begin now, Emma."—Youth's Companion.

When Cricket Was a Crime.

Under a statute of Edward IV England's great national pastime, cricket, was declared a crime, owing to the game having become so popular that it interfered with archery, the then sport of kings. The law was rigorously enforced, and every person convicted of playing the game was fined £10 and sent to prison besides. It was not until the formation of the famous Hambledon Cricket club in 1749 that the statute was repealed.—Dundee Advertiser.

The Retort Direct.

"See here," cried the artist who had come to complain about the materials he had bought, "I can't imagine anything worse than your paints."

"That's strange," replied the dealer. "Don't you ever use your imagination on your painting?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

Followed the Leader.

Master—Who can tell me what useful article we get from the whale? Johnnie—Whalebone. Master—Right. Now, what little boy or girl knows what we get from the seal? Tommy—Sealing wax.—London Scraps.

Cautious.

"What's a' yer hurry, Sandy? It's no 10 o'clock yet."

"Well, ye see, Ah've changed ma lodgin's, an Ah'm no vera weel acquaint' wi' th' new staircase."—London Bystander.

Prostrated.

"Poor thing! Did she take her husband's death much to heart?"

"Why, she's prostrated with grief! She can't see a soul except the dressmaker."

Improving.

We think the world is growing better. There seems to be an increasing determination to make the other fellow do what is right.—Puck.

The [illegible] Pyre.

After the [illegible] a Brahman has been anointed with sesamum oil the two toes are bound together and the two thumbs. It is then lashed to a litter made of two long parallel poles, to which are fastened seven transverse pieces of wood. The shroud is very simple, a large piece of cloth wrapped round the body and bound with ropes of straw. If the dead Brahman leaves a will his face is not covered; otherwise the shroud is brought up over the head. The burning ground, or ghat, is usually near a river, that those who have taken part in the ceremonies may purify themselves as quickly and as easily as possible. Before erecting the funeral pyre a shallow pit is dug and partially filled with dry wood; the body is covered with splinters of dry wood and sprinkled with panchagaria, an inflammable liquid, and placed on the pyre and covered with branches and roots, like a hut. The nearest relative or heir then takes a lighted taper and sets fire to the four corners of the pile and leaves at once to perform the ceremony of purification. The carriers, being of the lowest caste, remain until the body is entirely consumed.

Love, Honor and Obey.

The controversy about including the word "obey" in the marriage vow is probably as old as the marriage ceremony itself. When Marion Harland's parents were married in 1825 (as she tells us in her autobiography) the bride had "laughingly threatened that she would not promise to 'obey' and that a scene would follow the use of the obnoxious word in the marriage service. The young divine, with this in mind or in a fit of absentmindedness or of stage fright, actually blundered out, 'Love, honor—and obey in all things consistent!'" The costumes worn on this occasion were hardly as modern as the unfortunate amendment. The bride wore a soft sheer india muslin, a veil falling to the hem of the gown and white brocade slippers embroidered with faint blue flowers. The bridegroom's suit was of fine blue cloth with real silver buttons. His feet were clad in white stockings and low shoes with wrought silver buckles.

The Vampire Bat.

The true vampire bat is a quite insignificant creature, not unlike our noctule bat in general appearance and size, but with a small "nose leaf" and no web between the hind legs. The really remarkable thing about it is its perfect adaptation for secret and painless bloodletting. Most bats have teeth very like those of the carnivora, with long canines and small incisors, but in the true bloodsucking vampire bat the incisors are very large and broad and exceedingly sharp edged, thus being able to inflict a shaving surface cut which causes no pain but a great deal of bleeding. Indeed, not only does the sleeper very rarely wake under the winged bloodletter's attentions, but a bite may be inflicted unfelt on a person who is awake at the time.—London Graphic.

Rossetti Liked Odd Words.

Dante Rossetti, like Signor d'Annunzio, took infinite pains to extend his vocabulary, says the London Chronicle. W. M. Rossetti relates that his brother used to hunt "through all manner of old romaunts to pitch upon stunning words for poetry" and make lists of them. The words thus noted were of a miscellaneous character, such as emphrasy, fat kidneyed, fat witted, fleshquake foolhappy, gorbellish, grogram, lass lorn, lustral, primerole, recreandise, angelot, cherishance, trifulcate, laureole, novelries, flexuous, cumber world and jobbernowl." Some of these explain themselves, but how many people could say offhand what "gorbellish" means? It does not figure in the English Historical Dictionary. And yet a good mouth filling epithet surely deserves to live.

Completing the Circuit.

Uncompromising integrity voiced with irony was a marked characteristic of the Duke of Wellington. When he was in India after the British victory at Assaye the envoy of the nizam offered £70,000 for some information as to the districts to be assigned to his master. General Wellesley, as the duke then was, listened to the proposal with great gravity and when the Indian had ceased to speak said to him, "Can you keep a secret?"

"Certainly, sahib," said the envoy eagerly.

The general made a low bow. "And so can I," he said dryly.

A Way Out.

"She insists that her paternal ancestor came over on the Mayflower."

"But I thought they proved to her that there was no such name on the Mayflower register?"

"They did. And now she says he was a stowaway."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Story Needed Confirmation.

"Georgie, did you know that I was going to marry your sister?"

"Well, I heard her say so, but she's had that idea about so many other fellows that I didn't feel sure about it till you told me."—Brooklyn Life.

Poor Product.

"I'm a self made man, I am."

"Well, there is one thing you needn't worry about."

"What is that?"

"Taking out a patent."

The Heaviest Meal.

"When do you take the heaviest meal of the day?" asked a bachelor of a married man.

"When my wife cooks it," came the reply.

SAVED

By T. DEWITT BOWMAN

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Farmer Insley was tossing about in bed vainly trying to sleep. At last he arose, went to the window and looked out. The moon was at the full, illuminating everything in sight—namely, the undulating plain, scattered dwellings and the meeting house more than 200 years old. Suddenly Insley opened his eyes wider than they had been opened during his sleeplessness. A light passed across one of the windows of the church. He went to the door, opened it and stood looking out. All was still. Not a house was lighted save by the moon. Not a living creature was in sight.

The light appeared again. This time it was stationary for a few seconds, then seemed to have been extinguished.

Insley hurried into his clothes and ran as fast as his legs would carry him to the church. As he proceeded he thought that he had better see than be seen. He knew the church well and felt confident that he could enter by a basement window. A tall tree cast a shadow on his approach. Finding the window, he crawled in stealthily, and, guided by sufficient light from without to enable him to see his way, he ascended a staircase leading up into the vestibule. Opening a door only so far as would enable him to peep into the body of the church, he saw a strange sight.

Two men were standing by a window, the moon shining full in their faces. The one was young and of city mien that is, so far as Insley could see by moonlight alone. The other was dressed in the garb of a clergyman. The men were talking, but he could not hear what they said. Now and again the younger man would take out his watch and look at the time impatiently.

Then Insley heard a knock at the church door. The men heard it, too, and the younger hurried to the front of the church. The watcher, that he might not be seen, descended the stairs, but not so far that he could not know what passed in the vestibule. The young man opened the church door and admitted a woman. There was no light for him to see by, but he could hear.

"Sweetheart," said the man, "what has kept you?"

"I heard father tossing about in bed and dared not venture."

"Well, come. It will soon be over, and then you'll feel better. You are all unstrung."

"Oh, I can't."

These were the last words Insley heard, for the man drew the girl into the body of the church and toward the other end. Insley entered and passed in shadow part way down an aisle entering one of the high pews. The two men and the woman were in shadow, but presently Insley saw one of the men and the woman standing in a flood of moonlight, with their backs toward him, while the man in clerical garb faced him and them. The clergyman held in his hand a lamp or candle covered so that its light could only shine on the page of a book he held in his hand.

Insley knew that a marriage service was about to be performed. Whether it was a case for interference or one to suffer to proceed he knew not. But he had passed the romantic age when one sympathizes with those who would wed in opposition to their parents' wishes and was not minded to permit the marriage without being informed of the circumstances attending it. One thing made him suspicious. The pastor of the church was a large man, while this one was of medium height and slender. Besides, the pastor was not a person to wed couples in his church at midnight and if he did would not require a light upon his book by which to read the marriage service.

True enough, a marriage service was begun. Insley could hear every word. When the clergyman asked if any one had aught to say why the two should not be joined together in wedlock Insley said solemnly:

"I forbid."

At the same time he dropped down into the pew. He did not see the commotion his words produced, but he heard a woman's cry. Then there were indistinguishable sounds and a muffled voice:

"We'd better get out. Some one's got on to it. You'll be jugged for this."

"So will you."

Insley heard steps—men's steps—hurrying past him in the aisle and passing out of the front door. As soon as all was still he went down to where he had seen the bridal party standing. His foot pressed something lying in the dark on the floor. Stooping down, he felt a woman's form. Raising her, he carried her to where the moonlight shown upon her face.

Great heavens, she was his own daughter!

She came to herself, and by the light she saw him gazing down upon her with a mingled expression of surprise and pain.

"Father!"

"Bessie!"

"Is it a dream?"

"No, dear heart, not a dream, but a reality. Some one from above—possibly your mother—sent me here to save you."

He carried her home in his arms. It was the old story of a villain from the city seeking by a mock marriage to lead astray a simple country girl.

A Strange Pirate Story.

In the museum at Kingston, Jamaica, there are some tattered ships' papers, brown with age and salt water, and a small tin canister. These articles attest the truth of the strangest pirate story ever told. In 1799 the crew of the Nancy brig were apparently honest traders, but did some piracy now and then on the side. One day they found it necessary to go into Kingston for supplies. Before doing so they naturally removed all traces of their buccaneering trade. Among other things they threw overboard this tin canister stuffed with papers taken from ships they had sunk, with comments written on the margin by the pirate captain. Later in the day a British frigate was becalmed near the spot, and the sailors spent their leisure catching sharks. Presently they hauled up a big fellow, cut him open and found the tin case with the papers inside. These were taken to the captain, who, as soon as a breeze sprung up, sailed into Kingston harbor, found the Nancy brig there and had the crew tried, convicted and hanged in chains at Port Royal.

Payment In Kind.

French novelists are occasionally paid in kind instead of cash. Many of the best known Paris newspapers manage to supply their readers with contemporary fiction for which the writers do not receive a penny. For instance, a novel is published in serial form for which the payment at three half pence a line would amount to £80. This payment is always made in space, not in money. That is to say, the newspaper inserts for the author, free of charge, a certain number of advertisements or press notices relating either to his own books or those of other authors. If he can succeed in obtaining any money from the latter he is at liberty to do so. The space varies considerably in value, a "puff" on the front page being worth 20 or 30 francs a line, on the second page 10 francs and in other portions of the paper still less.—London Scraps.

Origin of the Bowery.

When the city of New Amsterdam, now New York, sprang into existence many farmers from Holland came over to seek their fortune in the new world, among them old Peter Stuyvesant. They settled outside the town and proceeded to develop the land by clearing away the woods and planting it with grain, fruit trees and ornamental shrubs they had brought with them. Peter Stuyvesant called his residence and ground the Bouwerie, and the lane connecting it with New Amsterdam became known as Bouwerie lane, the settlement itself taking the name of Bouwerie Village. Stuyvesant's farm extended from the junction of what are now Third and Fourth avenues to Seventeenth street and eastward to Second avenue, where at the corner of Tenth street his home was located.

A Mysterious Race.

Ever since Pizarro's conquest of the Indians there had been rumors in the interior of South America of the existence of a strange tribe, said Major P. H. Fawcett, R. A. The evidence was necessarily weak, yet he had met half a dozen men who swore to a glimpse of white Indians with red hair. Other statements had been made as to the existence of such a race with blue eyes. Plenty of people had heard of them, and they had even a name—"Morphegon," or bats, meaning the people who hunted by night and hid during the day. Even in Paraguay, he was told, there was a tribe so shy as to be quite beyond communication and another where the men talked in one language and the women in another.—London Mail.

Easy Divorce In Old Times.

The code of King Khammurabi of Assyria, whose date is approximately 2200 B. C., which has been deciphered from a pillar discovered at Susa, deals exhaustively with the subject of divorce. One of the most interesting clauses is the following: "If the wife of a man who dwells in the house of that man has set her face to go forth and has acted the fool and wasted his house and impoverished his house, they shall call her to account. If the husband shall say, 'I put her away,' he shall put her away. She shall go her way. For her divorce he shall give her nothing."

Too Careful.

An old man was brought up before a country judge.

"Jethro," said the judge, "you are accused of stealing General Johnson's chickens. Have you any witnesses?"

"No, sah," old Jethro answered haughtily. "I hab not, sah. I don't steal chickens befo' witnesses, sah."—Minneapolis Journal.

Consider the Trees.

The trees are lovely in summer; so are the women. But how different are the women and the trees as to their clothes! To be sure, both are delightfully clothed, yet, with the abundant raiment with which the trees are supplied, they require but one trunk to hold it all.—Smart Set.

The Path of Peace.

"My wife and I always settle our little disputes by arbitration, and our plan never fails."

"But who arbitrates?"

"My wife."

A Pocket Piece.

Willie—Say, pa, what is a pocket piece? Father—A pocket piece, my son, is a coin you can't pass off on any one.—Chicago News.

Sympathy is a key that fits the lock of any heart.