

A WOMAN SAVED HIM

By ELLEN INGERSOLL

Fred Grigsby was a clerk in a bank in Montreal, Canada. Being in bad health he longed for a trip, but having no means laid up he could not afford to take one. The president of the bank in which he was employed liked him and set his wits to work to arrange an outing for him. One day he called the young man into his private office and said to him:

"One of the bank's customers owes some money to a Spaniard named Juarez, living in an out of the way place on the northern coast of South America. There is no bank near the creditor through which the debt can be discharged. Juarez is a mean, tricky old fellow, and Hardwick, the debtor, feels that the only way in the matter is to send some one there with the exact amount in gold to pay the debt and take a receipt. Thinking it a chance for you to get a change of scene, I have suggested that you would go and attend to the matter without charge if your expenses were paid. The winter you are coming on here, while it is warm down there. You will get a sea voyage out and back. What do you say?"

Grigsby jumped at the offer. He was provided with a box containing eagles, half eagles and double eagles to the amount of \$8,000, which was put in this suitcase on the ship just before he sailed. He was also furnished with a statement of the account and all necessary papers. The box contained the exact amount due to be paid.

On the ship with Grigsby was a recent graduate of a woman's college on her way to Honduras, where she had accepted a position of teacher of mathematics and physics. Seeing that Grigsby was not well, she was very kind to him, entertaining and cheering him. Grigsby, who had a way of saying what he meant instead of smoothing things, was much opposed to the present movement in woman's status. He regretted that women should occupy positions formerly occupied by men only. He was opposed to a collegiate education for them and preferred to see them taking care of homes.

"Women," he said, "haven't the same kind of brain as men. They're not fitted to take hold of problems as men are and work them out."

"If you should get into a scrape would you rely most on a woman or a man to help you out?" asked Miss Boyd.

"If my getting out depended on fooling some one I would prefer a woman. If it depended on proving facts I would only rely on a man."

Miss Boyd admitted that she would rather follow nature's law—marriage—but since she couldn't wait for a man she would be pleased to marry to come along and offer himself to her she must be doing something for herself.

When they reached Honduras Grigsby found Juarez, who came from the interior to meet him. The Spaniard was more disagreeable than he had been represented. After the payment had been made he counted the money, and finding the amount correct, he signed a receipt for \$8,000 in gold, but for so many pounds, as stated in the invoice that had been made out in Montreal. After giving Grigsby the receipt he said that he would have the gold weighed. To Grigsby's astonishment it was short in weight. Then the old rascal had Grigsby arrested for purchasing some of the gold.

The young man was not only distressed, but puzzled. The gold had been boxed and sealed, ever since it had left the bank, and he could not see any possible way for the shortage to have occurred. Nevertheless he had seen it weighed himself, and the weight was enough short of the figures on the invoice to make a considerable difference in funds.

There was nothing for Grigsby to do but stand trial, and, there being no way for him to prove that he had not taken from the coins by acid application, filing or other means an amount of gold equal to the deficiency, it was impossible for him to escape a term in prison.

He did not meet Miss Boyd after they landed till he saw her sitting among the spectators in the courtroom at his trial. He was about to be convicted when she arose and asked to be put on the stand. Her evidence was given direct, without her being questioned by an attorney.

"I will explain," she said, "why the gold weighs less here than when it left Montreal, though the amount in dollars is the same. Weight varies with the centrifugal force caused by the rotation of the earth. This force is greater at the equator than at any point between the equator and the poles. That is, any substance is lighter here than in Montreal."

Juarez's case fell to the ground. Grigsby was acquitted and left the courtroom with the woman who had saved him.

"I believe I said to you," he remarked, "on our voyage here that if in trouble I would rely on a man more than a woman to save me in a matter of fact. My position has been abundantly disproved. Among a hundred men, more or less, who have known of my peril not one had the knowledge to explain the deficiency in the weight of the gold. For this I am indebted to you. I retract all I said. Hereafter I shall be a devoted supporter of woman's college."

STEEL RAILS A MARVEL

The Strain, the Pull, the Pushing and Grinding They Endure.

Have you an idea of the strain to which a steel rail is subjected today? Let us consider one for a moment in the time of its greatest torture and see. The Cannon Ball express is coming. It is drawn by two engines. The largest weighs 100 tons. Seventy-seven tons of the weight are carried on the six driving wheels, which means almost thirteen tons to a wheel. Thirteen tons of weight upon each wheel! That means thirteen tons of weight impinging for a flying instant upon a rail surface perhaps no more than an inch square and then moving forward all the time, a succession of whirling blows from a thirteen ton hammer.

If the train is going thirty miles an hour an imaginary square inch has but one five-hundred-and-twenty-eighth part of a second in which to receive the blow, whence under it, distribute the terrible force of it through its elastic elements to the surrounding mass of the rail, brace itself to help distribute stresses that are being set up on adjacent surfaces and staggering back and forth in all sorts of ways through the content of the rail and then almost instantly lift its devoted head to receive the blow of the next driving wheel. If the train is going sixty miles an hour instead of thirty this all has to be received, withstood and passed on in one ten-hundred-and-fifty-sixth part of a second.

And yet this isn't all that is happening to the nerves of the rail. This is only taking account of the compression strains. There is another set of strains, for these big driving wheels are pulling the train. They have caught hold of the rails just as your hands grip the rope in a tug-of-war, and they take a fresh hold every fraction of a second. The tendency is to pull the top or head of the rail, to pull it all to pieces. It is the business of the rail to stick together, head and web and flange, in every single and separate molecule with all the tenacity of which steel is capable.

But we have stated only one-half the tension strain. This strain is reversing all the time, for while the huge drivers are pulling one part of the rail toward them they are pushing another part away from them. This plucking and spurting, hauling and kicking, tension and compression go on continuously. Complete reversing from compression to tension or back again takes place with every half turn of a driving wheel and at a frightfully rapid rate. The marvel is that the rail is not ground to powder.—Metropolitan Magazine.

The Explanation.
Robert Henri, the artist, said in New York of a bogus "old master":
"Some of these experts must be very ignorant, judging from the facility with which they are duped. They must be ready to swallow anything. It's like the Velasquez story."
"An auctioneer, you know, put up the picture, saying:
"Here we are, ladies and gentlemen—this exquisite Velasquez—'Battle of Waterloo.' What am I bid?—'A million nine hundred thousand—'
"But," interrupted an expert in a puzzled voice—"but I thought Velasquez died before the battle of Waterloo?"
"So he did, sir," explained the auctioneer, "so he did, but this, you see, is one of dear old Velasquez's posthumous works."—New York Tribune.

"Barber's Musie."
Barbers in the old days might well charge heavily, for their must have been a nerve racking existence. Zithers were provided instead of newspapers, and customers used to strum on those while waiting for a vacant chair. Dekker, writing early in the seventeenth century, refers to "a barber's cittern for every man to play on." The term "barber's must" was a common one in the days of Pepys, who on June 5, 1660, records, "After supper my lord called for the lieutenant's cittern, and with two candlesticks, with money in them for symbols, we made barber's music, with which my lord was very well pleased."—London Standard.

Curt and Concise.
A certain surly old Yankee who runs a small summer hotel on the Massachusetts coast once received a rambling letter from a prospective guest, who wrote to engage "two large, sunny rooms overlooking the ocean and connecting with private bath." One may imagine the lady's surprise at getting the following curt reply: "Dear Madam—All rooms face the ocean, and that's your bath."—Lippincott's.

Considerate.
X (an incorrigible borrower)—Lend me a five, old man. Y (weakly lending him \$4.95)—I'm keeping the other shilling to pay for the postage of the letters which I shall have to write you before I get my money back. X (coolly)—Keep 5 shillings, then. That will give me more time.—London Tit-Bits.

Something to Try.
Tweed & Cheviot, tailors, wrote to Livingston Bigfront as follows:
"We must have something on account by Saturday next. What can we count on?"
And Mr. Bigfront promptly replied:
"Ever try at adding machine?"

Jarred His Dad.
Father—No, indeed! My father never heard me tell a lie! Willie—Was grandpa as deaf and grandma?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Who love too much hate in the Mis extreme.—Pope.

A King's Daughter

By EDNA R. JENKINS

In Spain they have a very peculiar marriage law. Every woman who has reached a certain age without a husband may, if she choose, be considered as one of the younger daughters of the king. This places her under the king's protection and compels him to find a husband for her.

These husbands, however, are all law-breakers. They are not sent to prison or fined or executed, but are considered to have died. The condemned men are allowed to make their own selection, but with certain limitations.

Those whose offenses are light are permitted to choose from among the better grade of women, the most attractive in physical appearance and amiability, while the grave offenders must marry the ugliest and worst tempered.

Now, there was in that country a man who was very poor, so poor that he could not give his daughter a dowry, and although she was comely and of a very amiable disposition, for this reason her father could not provide a husband for her. One day Ehriska, who was but seventeen years old, was walking in the public gardens when a young man barely a year older than she passed by and looked at her admiringly. She dropped her eyes before his gaze, but not before she had seen that he was a handsome young fellow, and, judging by his dress and appearance, he was a gentleman.

Sometimes love comes like a flash of lightning, and so it did in this case between these two young persons. Young Didarien could not forget the little maid he had seen in the park, and Ehriska's heart had been inflamed by the sight of the handsome youth. He walked in the park the next day at the same hour, and so did she, each hoping they might meet.

And so they did. This time Didarien spoke to Ehriska, and after that they met often in the park, though the parents of neither knew of their meetings.

"One day Didarien's father said to him:
"My son, we have very little property, and it is time you were making a marriage that will assist us. I have an offer for you from one who is willing to give his daughter a handsome dowry."
The young man said nothing to this, for he was not expected to say anything. The matter had been arranged by his father, and that is all there was about it. The settlements were made and the wedding day fixed.

But just before the nuptials were to be celebrated Didarien was arrested for theft. He had gone up to a man who carried his purse in his hand on the street, snatched it and ran away.

This, of course, put a stop to his matrimonial affair. The father of the girl he was to marry of course declined to permit his daughter to marry a criminal, and the father of Didarien was plunged into grief on account of the disgrace his son had brought upon himself, and the opportunity he had thrown away.

"Oh, my son," he exclaimed, "how could you have done such a thing knowing that you gave up more than there could possibly be in the purse? You will now, instead of carrying a lady with a dowry, be obliged to marry one of the king's younger daughters."
"Be thankful, my father, that I have not committed a heinous crime, like murder. There were in the purse I stole only a few copper coins, so I will be permitted to leech for my wife one of the most desirable of the king's daughters."
"But you will get no fortune with her."
"I may get something better than a fortune."
The old man turned away angrily and would have nothing more to do with such a hopeless case. Didarien was sent to the place where the king's younger daughters were assembled, each to choose a husband from among the prisoners. He stood up in line with his fellow prisoners, and the young women cast glances at them with a view to selecting one who was the least repulsive of the lot.

Suddenly a young girl, started from the line of women, and, rushing toward Didarien, they threw their arms about each other.

"I choose this man for my husband," she said.

Then Didarien was permitted to go with her to be married and was again a free man.

After Didarien had been betrothed by her father he met Ehriska in the park and told her what had happened. Then they laid a plan together. The girl went to her father and told him that she wished to be entered as one of the king's younger daughters. Since he could not give her a dowry he consented.

When the couple left the place where they had been married many persons were standing about to see the strange couples come out for the prisoners were usually a hardened set, and since none but the ugliest and worst tempered women were registered as the king's younger daughters they and their husbands were usually jeered by the crowd. But when Didarien and Ehriska came forth, two young and innocent persons, smiling, the girl blushing, they were recognized at once as a pair of lovers.

The news was soon spread abroad that a romance had occurred in a marriage of a king's daughter, and the king, hearing of it, sent for the couple and gave the bride a dowry.

FRIGHT IN BATTLE

New Grant Could a Bold General

One of General Grant's early appointments as a general was in 1847, when he was sent to Mexico to fight the Mexican war. He was placed under the command of General Taylor, and he fought the battle of Buena Vista. He was then promoted to major general, and he fought the battle of Monterrey. He was then promoted to lieutenant general, and he fought the battle of San Jacinto. He was then promoted to general, and he fought the battle of San Antonio. He was then promoted to lieutenant general, and he fought the battle of San Antonio. He was then promoted to general, and he fought the battle of San Antonio.

A DYED BEARD.
It Probably Changed the History of the Whole Human Race.
The most striking case in history of the importance of tribes is furnished by the story of Musa, the leader of the Moslem host which won for Christendom in three and a half years dominions which it took the soldiers of the cross twenty generations to win back. He had a red beard. This was a tribe.

Musa, though a very great general, was a very vain man, and he dyed his beard black. This was another tribe. One of his captains chafed him on the subject, and Musa forthwith had him stripped and scourged. For this, at the very height of his conquering career, Musa was recalled by the caliph and disgraced. This made it impossible for him to command the Moslem army at the battle of Tours, on the issue of which, as all historians agree, the destinies of Europe and perhaps of the whole human race depended.

It is almost certain that if the genius of Musa had replaced the leadership of the half-breed tribal leader, the Moslem victory would have been decisive, and Islam would have spread from the west to the east, and inclosed Europe in their grasp.—London Standard.

Animals That Are Always Enemies.
Many animals are born with an inherent antipathy for other animals. The excessive fear shown by young rabbits which for the first time smell a ferret and of young turkeys which bear the shrill cry of a hawk they have never heard or seen before are proved examples of the strength of these instinctive antipathies. But the case of the weasel and rat is, perhaps, more to be noticed because of the greater equality of the antagonists. The feud is so bitter that a meeting between them almost certainly means death to one or both. Friendships are not uncommon between the rat and the weasel and have been known between a dog and wolf, but the mutual antipathy of the weasel and rat is invariably warlike that is waged to the death.

Great in His Line.
Robert Barr once showed a portrait of Mark Twain to a silk merchant of Lyons. "Tell me who that is," Mr. Barr said. The merchant gazed at the portrait and answered, "I should say he was a statesman." "Supposing you were wrong in that, what would be your next guess?" asked Mr. Barr. "If he is not a maker of history, he is perhaps a writer of it," said the merchant, probably. Of course it is impossible for me to guess accurately except by accident, but I use the adjective, great, because I am convinced the man in the portrait is a line, whatever it is. If he makes silk he makes the best." Mr. Barr told the French merchant who the portrait represented and said, "You have summed him up in your last sentence."—London News.

Gladders and Gillies's.
Mr. Gladders's picture in Grillon's club, which took place in 1840, was far from delighting him at the time. He declared it to be "a thing quite alien to my temperament, which requires more soothing and domestic pleasures after the feverish and consuming attentions of party life, but the rules of society oblige me to submit." Lord Morley adds: "As it happened, so narrow is man's foreknowledge, Grillon's down to the very end of his life, nearly sixty years ahead, had no more faithful or congenial member."—London Chronicle.

Soon Remedied.
Irate Householder—Why can't you answer this bell sooner? The fire's out again. Where have you been?
Maid of all work (resigned and leaving)—I've been packin' up my things. I can't stop to do that. It'll light itself soon. The house is a-fire!—London Punch.

His Reception.
Young Man—I have called, sir, to request the hand of your daughter in marriage. Old Grumbleigh—Has she accepted you? Young Man—Yes, sir. Old Grumbleigh—Then what do you want to come round for? Young Man—With your troubles for?

Every character is the joint product of nature and nurture.

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