

AN INVESTMENT IN LOVE

It Was a Complicated Business.

By EUGENE A. VOGT

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Glenwish Johnson sat in the private office of the Acme-Johnson Grocery company, of which commanding establishment he was president and practically sole owner.

Curtis, the confidential young man of Johnson's own business rearing, was with him, as usual, at this hour—10 o'clock—to receive his superior's final instructions for the day.

"Well," concluded Mr. Johnson in that icy tone the meaning of which none knew better than Curtis, "that's settled. If that Marden note is not paid tomorrow you go ahead and foreclose the mortgage. This presuming on old friendship and that sort of rot will not do. I've renewed it once, and I'm tired of it."

Curtis smiled and nodded as he shut down the top of his chief's desk. The latter had turned to go, but stopped suddenly.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "I almost forgot. My little girl is twenty-one today. The diplomatic Curtis merely smiled his congratulations. 'Hand me my private check book, Curt,' ordered Johnson. 'I'll take it home with me.'

Emil, the porter of Charles Thran's leaf tobacco establishment on Water street, New York, was the first member of that firm's force to gasp as Edna, Glenwish Johnson's daughter, alighted from her electric car and briskly entered his part of the house.

"I should like to see Miss Grace Marden, Mr. Thran's stenographer," she said sweetly.

"Right in there, lady," he said, pointing toward the inner office.

"Hello, Edna," came Thran's voice, cheery and cordial. "What on earth brings you way down to Water street?"

"I came down to see Grace on business, Mr. Thran. You don't mind telling me speak to her in private for a few minutes?"

Thran patted the girl's cheek with the familiarity of a very old friend and ceremoniously bowed himself out of his own office, softly closing the door behind him. Presently, however, the door of the private office opened and Edna stood at the threshold, her face rather pale and her pose unsteady.

"Please come in, Mr. Thran," she pleaded tremulously.

Mr. Thran re-entered his sanctum only to find that his troubles had just begun. His young stenographer was tuddled in her chair disturbingly near the verge of tears.

"I can't do a thing with her, Mr. Thran," began Edna fiercely. "I do wish you would make her do it; I can't."

"What is it, Edna?" he inquired, with real concern.

"The whole thing in a nutshell is this: Mr. Marden, this foolish girl's father, owes papa \$5,000, and if it isn't paid before 3 o'clock today papa says he will foreclose the mortgage or something, and Grace and Uncle Billy John Marden will be homeless. Now, I was twenty-one yesterday, and papa gave me a check for \$5,000 as a birthday gift. I was so happy about it, knowing that it would just cover the amount Uncle John owes papa, and now Grace—Grace—she won't take it. Please make her take it, Mr. Thran."

"Please, Mr. Thran," now came appealingly from the other girl, "please do not try to make me do this thing. God knows I appreciate Edna's motives, and I love her all the more for her kindly intentions. But I cannot take this money from her."

"Edna," he said very tenderly, "you are a very kind, dear girl, and I am proud to know you. But you do not understand, my dear. I am truly very sorry for both of you."

Johnson would gladly have paid the five thousand himself, but was afraid of that man Curtis. After twelve years of patient work to make a real business man out of his young confidential man Johnson did not dare to make so sentimental a proposition.

So he had carefully planned it all, had presented Edna with the check and an admonition to invest it as she saw fit, and then dexterously apprised her of Marden's indebtedness to him and the inevitable consequences of a failure to meet the note the next day.

Johnson only heard of the miscarriage of his plan at about 2 o'clock that afternoon. Returning to his private office from luncheon at that hour, he found his daughter on the verge of tears, with the check in her hand.

"Oh, papa, Grace won't take the check, won't let me help her—me, her best friend."

He turned to his daughter, smiling grimly. The girl placed the piece of paper she had been holding in his hands.

"Come along with me, dearie. You do not have to ask Grace Marden or any one else to pay that note. All you need to do is go over to the bank and pay it. But as my check is not certified and, besides, you have never been inside of a real commercial bank I'll go with you if you will let me."

Edna rewarded her father with a grateful hug and kiss, and they traversed the outer offices. Glen Johnson, accompanied by his daughter, walked authoritatively up to the note-

teller's window of one of New York's largest banking institutions.

"How do you do, Mr. Johnson?" greeted the man behind the bars respectfully.

"All right," responded the other cordially. "You have a note here for collection, \$5,000, John Marden, maker, to my order. This lady wishes to pay it. Want me to certify it?"

The note taker scrutinized the check. "Oh," remarked Smith, still smiling amiably, "the check is all right, of course, but I can't take it. The note has been paid, Mr. Johnson."

"Paid?"

"Most unusual thing about this collection," resumed the teller. "It seems everybody wants to pay it. You are the third party to attempt to do so. It wasn't more than ten minutes ago that Miss Grace Marden came in to pay it. She presented a certified check signed by Charles Thran."

"Oh, Mr. Thran," interposed Edna eagerly. "So he paid it himself. Isn't that noble of him?"

"Mr. Thran's intentions were good," proceeded the teller, "but he was too late by at least half an hour; but, of course," and here the teller risked a sly wink at Edna's father, "you know who really paid it, Mr. Johnson."

"I!" exploded the latter. "Do you think I came over here with my daughter to make a fool of myself?"

"I—really, I beg your pardon," stammered Smith. "But naturally I thought you knew when your own Mr. Curtis paid the note."

"It's all right, Mr. Smith," muttered Johnson, stroking his brow. "Come, Edna, let us go."

Johnson was still nervously clutching his daughter's hand as they passed through the outer office of the Acme-Johnson Grocery company.

Just before he ushered the girl into the private office he ordered the office boy to send in Mr. Curtis at once. The culprit entered with his usual placid air.

"Hear anything about the Marden note?" asked Johnson leadingly.

"Yes, sir," replied Curtis dryly. "The note has been paid."

"Oh, it has, has it?" asked the chief sarcastically. "How do you know that since you haven't been to the bank today?"

The smile on the confidential young man's face was serene.

"I've been at the bank, Mr. Johnson," he said calmly. "I went there for the purpose of paying the Marden note."

"And you paid it?"

"You paid it," repeated Johnson, diled by the other's nonchalance. "We know you paid it, but why? You—in heaven's name! Why did you pay it? There is something behind all this, and I want to know it."

"There is a great deal behind it, Mr. Johnson," admitted Curtis cheerfully. "My life's happiness is behind it. Grace Marden has promised to become my wife."

"And you thought you would do a very wise thing by paying her father's note?" demanded Johnson.

"I thought so," replied the young man with just the slightest note of doubt in his voice. The elder man turned abruptly to his desk.

"I am sure," soothed his daughter, "that you are to be congratulated, Mr. Curtis. And your paying the note was a very noble act."

"Thank you," replied Curtis sheepishly as he took the dainty hand she had extended.

Ungraciously and ungratefully, he wished the radiant young woman showering him with appreciation would suffer him to get away or—better yet—would depart herself and leave him to have it out with her impetuous, heartless father alone.

But suddenly Johnson rose to his feet. The young assistant's worried expression gave way to a triumphant grin at sight of the changed countenance of his chief, for the good, old fighting gleam shone in those eyes once more. Johnson handed the young man a check he had written.

"Now, listen here, Curt," he said sharply. Curtis knew the tone and hearkened attentively. "This is an order, and if it isn't carried out to the letter I'll fire you." Johnson's gray eyes softened as he continued: "Curt, you have put your good self in a fix. Bully John's daughter is too proud to stand for what you have just done. Don't I know the girl? Now, boy, you go over to the bank and stop that fool deal you just made. Now, you listen to me!" as Curtis made a gesture of protest. "Listen to sense, will you, even if you are in love! You go over to the bank and do as I say. Then you come back here with that abominable note. And then it's my move. I'll write Marden a letter, agreeing to extend that infernal note of his another four months. I'll tell him—or anything—changed my mind or something. Well, never mind what I tell him; that's none of your business nor," turning to his daughter, who had laughed audibly, "any of yours either, madam. That saves the girl's pride and relieves the old man's anxiety. Now, listen to me, you two—two—well, never mind!" for Edna had laughed reverently again. "I want you to know this much: I pay the \$5,000—do you get that? I—Glenwish Johnson—and no other living man, or woman either! Now, Curt, away!"

Curtis having "scotched" father and daughter faced each other with a new and better understanding.

"I am so proud of you," she murmured. Glen Johnson caught the tears in her voice even before he saw them on her cheeks.

"You mustn't cry about it, girlie," he said tenderly.

But she did cry about it, while her happy father held her very close to his breast, for he knew that very close to her breast was a token of her new love and reverence for himself.

The Prisoner of Bark.

Bark, the brightest of the channel islands, possesses a quaint old prison of two cells more as a matter of fact than of necessity, for serious crimes are almost unknown in the island, which has no paid police, but simply an elected constable. It is some years since the prison was called into requisition, and on the last occasion the bolt was found to be so rusty that it had to be broken before the door could be opened. The prisoner was then put in, left all night with the door open and made no attempt to escape.

On another occasion a young English servant who had stolen some clothes was sentenced to three days' imprisonment. The prospect as certified by the authorities took pity on her loneliness and considerably left the cell open. The little maid sat in the doorway and was consoled by kind-hearted Sark women, who came to keep her company. A still more curious incident is told of a man who was convicted for neglecting his wife and children. He was ordered to betake himself to the prison and there wait for the arrival of the constable. This he did, sitting outside until the door was opened.—Strand Magazine.

The Alpine Guide in London.

Melchior Anderregg proved when he visited London that a great Swiss guide's topographical sense is not necessarily confined to the mountains. He was met at London Bridge station in a thick fog by Leslie Stephen and T. W. Higginbotham, who accompanied him on foot to Hinchliff's rooms in Lincoln's Inn Fields. "A day or two later," says the biography of Anderregg in "The Alps of the Alps," "the same party found themselves at the same station on their return from Woodlark. Now, Melchior," said Mr. Hinchliff, "you will lead us back home." Instantly the skillful guide, who had never seen a larger town than Bern, accepted the situation and found his way straight back without difficulty, pausing for consideration only once, as if to examine the landmarks at the foot of Chancery Lane.—London Spectator.

The Reek of Moses.

The rock of Moses lies in the wild valley at the base of Jebel Musa, the Mount of Law, in the peninsula of Sinai. The rock is eighteen or twenty feet high, slightly inclined, a rough indentation running over each side, which is intersected here and there with alits, and the stone is worn away in places as if from the effects of running water. It is beyond doubt the oldest known legendary object in the vicinity. The Koran refers to this rock more than once, and from these allusions arose the reverence of the Bedouins, who hold it sacred. From the middle ages onward it has been visited by Christian pilgrims, who have carried rude crosses on its side. Of all the objects in the desert it is most closely bound up with the simple faith of its wild inhabitants and of its early visitors.—Strand Magazine.

The Reek of Moses.

Some writers allude to the "Reek of Moses," and in this connection a Scotchman recently wrote a letter to a London journal protesting as follows: "I would like as a Scotchman to protest to you as an English journalist against the reference one sees so frequently in English newspapers to the 'highlanders' 'kilt.' The highlander does not wear 'kilt'; he wears a kilt. You may talk of a battalion of soldiers being dressed in kilts—though it would be correct to say that they wore the kilt—just as you would say the Persian ladies wear the 'yashmak.' It is just as absurd to say that General So-and-so wore 'gracocoats' as to say that he wore kilts. The kilt is a single garment."

A Sisterly Turn.

The Discharged Help (sullenly)—Well, I suppose I can look to you for a reference, ma'am.

The Former Mistress (coldly)—Considering all the unpleasant circumstances, I don't see how you can expect it. Have you any prospects?

"If I could get a reference I'm sure Mrs. Barlow would take me on as parlour maid."

"Mrs. Barlow? Mrs. Barlow? That woman! Sit down a minute, Susan. I'll give you a reference that would satisfy a scraph!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Too Good.

"Mary, after the week is out I shan't need your services," the boarding house keeper told her cook. "Your cooking doesn't suit me."

"But the boarders seem to like it, ma'am."

Cause of His Worry.

Ned—I'm dreadfully worried about my debts. Jack—I must be frightfully annoying to be continually dunned. Ned—Oh, hang the duns! What worries me is the melancholy fact that I can't get any more credit. —Kansas City Journal.

Handing Him a Jolt.

Mabel—How are you getting on at college, Percy? Percy—Oh, all right. I'm trying awfully hard to get ahead, you know. Mabel—Well, heaven knows you need one!—Judge.

His Speciality.

"They tell me the apothecary at the corner is quite a poet?"

"Why not? Isn't poetry well known as a drug in the market?"—Baltimore American.

The worth of a state in the long run is the worth of the individuals composing it.—John Stuart Mill.

OUR WILD TURKEY.

It Was the Proprietor of An Kitchen at Turkey the World Over.

Among the aboriginal inhabitants of America the turkey was a favorite food. It had its habitat over all that section where grew the favorite food, Indian corn. When Cortez in 1519 first reached the realm of the Aztecs, Montezuma entertained him with every delicacy, and among the Aztec dishes was roasted turkey. It was found that the Aztecs had domesticated the few birds quite an extent and that it was also plentiful in its wild state.

North of the Rio Grande the bird was equally well known, and the Aztec-turkey was found in the mountains of the cliff dwelling Indians and other tribes he met on his expedition through what is now Texas, Arizona and New Mexico. The Zuni Indians seem to have known of the turkey for centuries, and some of their earliest traditions deal with this interesting bird.

The wild turkey of America is without doubt the proprietor of all kinds of turkey the world over. Ornithologists in general accept the view that all turkeys have descended from the three forms known today as the North American, the Mexican and the Honduran (Ocellata) varieties. The bird found in certain forest regions of South America known as the curassow, although sometimes called the South American turkey, in reality belongs to a different family, and scientists hold that all real turkeys found in that continent are immigrants.

In the United States six distinct varieties of the domesticated turkey are recognized and grown. These are the Bronze, Narragansett, Blue, White and the Black. The differences are chiefly in size and coloring.—Macmillan.

CULLODEN MOOR.

The Last Battle Fought on the Soil of Great Britain.

The last battle fought on the soil of Great Britain took place in the middle of the eighteenth century.

While George II. of England was engaged in the war of the Austrian succession Charles Edward, who was called the Young Pretender, a grandson of King James II. of England, landed in Scotland and made two attempts to obtain the throne of his ancestors. He was victorious in the battle of Falkirk, but the Duke of Cumberland, son of George II., having been recalled from the continent to take command of the king's forces, the Pretender was utterly defeated at Culloden moor, a plain in Scotland, four miles from Inverness. This was the last battle fought on the island of Great Britain and took place April 16, 1746, and it was the last attempt on the part of the Stuart family to recover the throne of Great Britain.

Charles Edward Stuart escaped to France after he had wandered for five months in the highlands, pursued by his enemies. He died in Rome, Jan. 30, 1788. The Duke of Cumberland gave no quarter. The wounded were all slain, and the jails of England were filled with prisoners, many of whom were executed. Among the latter number were Lewis Burdett, Eliza Bannister and Lovat—Lovat being the last person who was beheaded in England.—Philadelphia Press.

Women Who Make Living Deers.

Women's abuse of a shopping privilege adds tremendously to the cost of operating department stores, and places a needless burden upon every buyer. One of the large merchants of New York city is authority for the statement that 25 per cent of the articles sent out to charge patrons are returned, not occasionally, but habitually. We are not thinking of the woman who returns garments that have been worn and declares they have never been used, she belongs in a class by herself and demands special treatment: But the woman who orders goods sent home without considering whether she needs them or not ought to be amenable to reason.—Francis Frear in Leslie's.

Suffocated.

To the grotesque looking person who had boarded his car the conductor said as he returned him his transfer: "This transfer expired ten minutes ago."

Whetstone, with a growl, the man dug for a nickel and as he handed it to the conductor observed: "No wonder, with not a single ventilator open in the whole car."—Harper's Magazine.

Mechanical Bread Raiser.

"Oh, dear," groined the young wife. "I don't know what to use to raise my bread. I've tried everything."

"A derrick and a couple of jack-screws ought to do it," thought her husband, but he didn't say it aloud.—Boston Transcript.

Noblesman, Probably.

Howell—I see that the heiress has put her money into the lumber business. Powell—That so? Howell—Yes, she has married a wooden man.—New York Press.

Boys'hood.

Mamma—And you actually ate a life-buoy? What in the world made you do so? Little Lester Livermore—Willie Kickover bet I wasn't.—Judge.

Pocketknives.

Pocketknives with blades to fold into the handle by a spring were first made in the middle of the eighteenth century.

All is not lost when anything goes contrary to you.—Thomas a Kempis.

Capturing a Bride

Future Husband

By ESTHER VANDEVEN

On the western coast of Central America is a tribe of Indians who are very proud of their ancestry, tracing it to the Aztecs. They were a civilized people. They traded with the Aztecs, but rarely only among themselves. Nations in tropical climates supplied food in such superabundance that the tribes may exchange what they don't need for what will provide other necessities than food.

The principal food produced among this tribe of Central America is corn. The Indians do not need to climb the trees to gather them, as when they are ripe they fall to the ground. All day at the harvest season there is a constant clattering, and at night one who is unaccompanied is bound to be kept awake by it.

There seems to be a natural law that those who don't have a way for a living consider themselves better than those who do. Whether it was this in the case of the Indians, we don't know. It is certain that the Indians would admit of no man among their people with any other occupation than that of a hunter. The Aztecs brought maize to the Aztecs, and the Aztecs brought maize to the Aztecs. This was always done by daylight, but when night came every man to the island, and every man to the island.

The Aztecs described by the Spaniards were a different kind of people, and some of their women in their daily life were beautiful. It was with these Indians of Central America that they would go to the shore to procure their food, and they would take their bows and arrows, and they would take their bows and arrows, and they would take their bows and arrows.

One day a ship was loading corn on the shore of these proud people. Several girls stood on the beach, and one of them was the daughter of the chief. She was very beautiful, and she was very proud. She was very beautiful, and she was very proud. She was very beautiful, and she was very proud.

The morning when the girls were watching the sailors the breakers were white with foam. The rudder of a boat sailing from the ship was unshipped by striking a bar a short distance from the shore, and the corn was being able to keep her straight for the shore. Her side was turned by the breaking waves, and she was capsized. None of the men but got ashore, and some were drowned. One was washed ashore some distance below where the boat was to have landed. There he lay, rolled hither and thither by each succeeding line of foam that did not lift up on the beach.

The men who succeeded in getting ashore were helped by the girls, who waded into the water for the purpose. One girl, seeing the body that had been washed ashore some distance from the others, ran to him.

Lying unconscious on the sand, he lay with his head in the water. Whether it was his warmth or the change of position or that he had been revived by the air, he opened his eyes and looked into a dusky face with sympathetic eyes, all of which seemed very beautiful to him. He had become exhausted shortly before being thrown up on the beach and was therefore not very far gone. He returned the look of sympathy with one of gratitude, admiration, love. Then, staggering to his feet, he pulled himself together, and the two rejoined the others.

But Ned was not in condition for anything but rest. He lay down on the sand, and the girl who had raised him from the water sat by him and fanned him with a tropical leaf. For a time the other girls stood about them looking down at Ned's pale face and limp figure. But young people soon forget the making of those about them, and one by one the girls stole away and left them together. Presently one of the other girls came and whispered something in the ear of Ned's mate, and with a frightened look she rejoined the others. Some native men were coming.

In due time, the men having gone down, the process of loading was resumed. Phillips, with two other men who had suffered by the spill, was left on shore to recuperate. This was the policy so far as he was concerned for the girls remained their positions in watchcare, and Ned caught a few moments when no native men were present to observe by signs and

gestures that the girls were watching him. He was very proud of his ancestry, tracing it to the Aztecs. They were a civilized people. They traded with the Aztecs, but rarely only among themselves. Nations in tropical climates supplied food in such superabundance that the tribes may exchange what they don't need for what will provide other necessities than food.

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The morning when the girls were watching the sailors the breakers were white with foam. The rudder of a boat sailing from the ship was unshipped by striking a bar a short distance from the shore, and the corn was being able to keep her straight for the shore. Her side was turned by the breaking waves, and she was capsized. None of the men but got ashore, and some were drowned. One was washed ashore some distance below where the boat was to have landed. There he lay, rolled hither and thither by each succeeding line of foam that did not lift up on the beach.

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But Ned was not in condition for anything but rest. He lay down on the sand, and the girl who had raised him from the water sat by him and fanned him with a tropical leaf. For a time the other girls stood about them looking down at Ned's pale face and limp figure. But young people soon forget the making of those about them, and one by one the girls stole away and left them together. Presently one of the other girls came and whispered something in the ear of Ned's mate, and with a frightened look she rejoined the others. Some native men were coming.

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