

A FEMALE FINANCIER.

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS.

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Up to the age of 30 Miss Nancy Scott had simply been looked upon by people of Rainsville, among whom she had lived for 15 years, as a very ordinary girl and a very homely old maid. In fact, if a prize had been offered for the most awkward and ungainly and ugly-faced woman in the four countries, she would have distanced all competitors without even showing her big feet. Her temper was as bad as her looks, and if she hadn't had a little house of her own and a small income to run it, she would have had a hard time of it to find a roof to shelter her.

One day Miss Scott got word that she had been left heir to \$50,000 in cash, and two weeks later the greenbacks were counted down to her. A male relative whom she had never seen, and who was perhaps uglier than herself, had died and left her all his wealth. There were people who took a second look at Nancy after she got her money and found characteristics to praise, but the majority couldn't see any change. Up to that date nobody had ever hinted that she was a born financier. Nothing had transpired to make them think so. She was a persistent kicker against eggs at 11 cents per dozen and butter at 15 cents a pound, and it was known that she made two pair of shoestrings last her a year, but those things were looked upon more in the light of economy than financiering.

Miss Nancy's first move along the path of success was a venturesome one. Every dollar of her legacy was put into an earthen crock and buried in the cellar. She didn't suppose that any bank-wrecker should get it. That she had the money in the house soon became common gossip, and in time the news was bound to reach the ears of outsiders. She lived all alone, and her house was a goodly distance from any other, and it wouldn't require much nerve on the part of a robber to pay her a midnight visit.

One day, three months after the arrival of the legacy, a stranger reached Rainsville with a patent clothes-horse. It was remarked that he was neither a pusher nor a talker, but among the few houses he called at was Miss Nancy Scott's. An old maid had clothes to hang on a clothes-horse, as well as anyone, and when Nancy had beaten the price down from a dollar and a half to seventy cents she invested. The patent right man did not bow himself out immediately after getting his money. He was a rather good-looking, middle-aged man, and he dropped a hint that he was a widower and looking around for a second wife. Nancy was not looking for a husband, second-hand or any other sort, and she was not long in turning him down and out. When next she saw him it was an hour past midnight and he stood by her bedside with candle in hand. It had been an easy matter for him to get in through a window, and once inside without any alarm he looked upon that crock of greenbacks as good as his. Miss Nancy wasn't so very much surprised; neither did she scream and raise a row.

"You have money buried in a crock in the cellar," said the robber, as he saw that she was awake.

"Well?" she queried.

"Well, old gal, I'm after it. Sorry to trouble you, but I must make things safe."

In coming through the back yard he had cut off a piece of the clothes-line, and he now proceeded to tie her wrists together and then make them fast to the bed-post. During the operation she gave him a bit of her mind, but he was in too much of a hurry to argue with her. After threatening to gag her if she raised her voice he went down cellar to look for the treasure. He was hardly out of sight when Miss Nancy began a struggle with the rope, and in five minutes she was loose. The average old maid would have run to the nearest house and raised an alarm. This old maid took time to dress as she thought it over, and her first move was to open a window opposite the open cellar door. This caused a draught which blew out the robber's candle as he went searching about, and when he came blundering up the dark stairs to relight it he received such a blow on the head from a stick of firewood that he went backwards to the ground and was tied head and heels when he recovered himself.

Just what conversation passed between the two Miss Nancy never would tell, but that it was vigorous and acrid and full of exclamation points no one doubted. The man who had come to rob her had a watch, a pin, and about \$200 in cash. This wealth changed hands before he left the cellar and he never reappeared at the hotel to claim the four dozen clothes-horses he had on storage there. It wasn't a bad speculation for the old maid. No financier could have done better, and some would have done worse.

Six months later a fellow-townsmen organized a stock company to create and conduct a water-power. After a dozen people had declared it a good thing and put in money, Miss Nancy invested \$5,000. A few weeks after investing things began to look a little

suspicious, and one evening she started out to call upon the president of the company. She encountered him on a back street of the town as he was making his way to the depot, satchel in hand. She wanted to talk, but he was in a hurry. She wanted her money, but his hurry increased. Miss Nancy wasn't one of the sort to let go. When the man announced that he was on his way to Chicago to buy machinery she announced that she would go along. She walked beside him to the depot, and, finding her obstinate and determined, he reached down into his satchel and gave her back her money. That was not enough. She wanted \$200 more for interest and trouble, and after a brief argument she got it. The man got away with \$15,000 of other people's money, but Miss Nancy was ahead of the game.

Then a "boomer" came to the village. He had recommendations from no end of corporations, national banks and individuals, and his schemes were many and gigantic. Four or five new railroads, seven or eight factories, and car-shops employing 6,000 men were among the "booms." Among the properties to be turned into the syndicate at 100 cents on the dollar, and resold at about 1,000 per cent. profit, was the half acre of ground owned by Miss Nancy. She also advanced \$2,000 in cash. While the whole town was shouting and getting ready for a tidal wave of prosperity Miss Nancy received a hint which set her to investigating. One evening a week later she made a call on the highly recommended boomer. He was in his room at the village hotel, answering letters, signing deeds and counting up cash. He granted the old maid a five-minute interview. It was nearer an hour before she came out. She had the documents to prove that he was a swindler and dead-beat, and after trying in vain to bluff her down or stave her off he returned the deed of her property, which had not yet been recorded, counted her out her \$2,000 in cash, and it was generally believed that she received a bonus of several hundred dollars. Miss Nancy wasn't financiering for the public, but only for herself. Therefore, she went her way and said nothing, while the public of Rainsville were "done" out of a cool \$50,000.

The boom had hardly collapsed when the old maid had another adventure with robbers. Early one evening there came a rap at the door, and three men pushed their way in when the door was opened. The woman was found and gagged, and for five long hours the men dug up the soil in the cellar and hunted over the house for the money. They found several crocks, but no crock with \$50,000 in it. They indulged in threats of torture and death, but Miss Nancy was firm. Even when they blistered the soles of her feet with a lighted candle she had nothing to tell. The robbers were in disguise, but in roaming about one of them dropped a letter from his pocket which was found in a dirt-heap down cellar two days later. In about a week the victim appeared at a farmhouse ten miles away, and by means of the letter convinced the farmer that a son of his was one of the robbers. There was some financiering, but it didn't include the general public. Miss Nancy wanted pay for her blistered soles and her sleepless night, and the farm changed owners before the matter was settled. It was valued at \$3,000.

There were several other incidents to prove that Miss Nancy Scott was born to get ahead in the world, but there was one in particular which went to settle any last lingering doubt in the minds of her friends or enemies. Coal was discovered in the hills near the village. It was no boom—no swindle—but a sure thing, with the leading capitalists of the county behind it. Miss Nancy didn't invest until several widows had given up their mines and coal had been found by the car-load. She might not have invested then but for the minister of her church, who called to say:

"Sister Scott, I am so certain that the coal mine is a good thing that I have invested all my savings in it."

She then took \$5,000 worth of stock and felt easier in her mind for a month. One day she got news that the deposit had petered out, and that the whole thing was on the order of a swindle. Nobody knew where Miss Nancy got the old shotgun which she carried on her shoulder as she walked up to the mine. It had been shut down for the day that an investigation might be made, and the board of officials was down the shaft as the old maid arrived. The men who were stationed to draw them up were overawed and driven away, and when the investigation had been made they found a woman and a gun awaiting them.

"I want my money," said Miss Nancy, as the officials asked what was up.

"But the vein has given out," was the reply to her demand.

"If the vein has, I haven't, and you won't get out until I have my money!"

They laughed at her at first. After a couple of hours they found she was very much in earnest, and they began to plead and argue. They tried to make her believe that capital was always invested at a certain risk, and that she had taken chances with the rest of the shareholders. She wouldn't look upon it in that way. The miners left her to fight it out on that line, and she sat down to do it. The afternoon

passed and evening came on, and the president, secretary and treasurer were still at the bottom of the 20-foot shaft. They threatened her with the law, and she laughed at them. They coaxed and argued, but they could not move her. Hoping for rescue, they held out till noon next day. Then Miss Nancy lowered pen and ink to the treasurer, who happened to have his check-book in his pocket, and he filled out a check for \$5,150. The odd sum was to pay her for the hardships she had endured. Before they were drawn up the woman had the money from the bank, and she was the only stockholder who got a dollar out of it.

As to the crock of money in the cellar, it never was there, and 40 robbers might have dug down 40 feet and found only dirt. Soon after the affair of the mine Miss Nancy was taken very ill, and when it was said she must die she told where her money was hidden. It was in a crock at the foot of an apple tree in the back yard, but after she got well it was transferred to the bank, where a portion of it, at least, remains to this day.

QUEEN AND LORD MAYOR.

Their Relations Are Not Now What They Once Were.

The time was when the lord mayor of London went all the way from the Guildhall to Westminster in his state chariot, with postillions, outriders and footmen in gorgeous liveries, to call upon the sovereign and ask for royal assent to his election.

The sovereign no longer awaits his coming, nor are the lord chancellor and the barons of the exchequer at the foot of the throne to present him; but on each lord mayor's day in November the new civil magistrate of London is in his chariot, and his first official act is to appear at the bar of the high court in order to recognize the supreme authority of the crown and incidentally to invite the judges to dinner at the Guildhall.

In olden days the king could not enter London without the invitation and sanction of the lord mayor; and nominally the ancient precedent is still respected. When the queen made her royal progress through the capital on jubilee day, the lord mayor and the sheriffs, in their robes and with their liveried attendants about them, awaited her coming at the site of Temple Bar. Sir George Faudel-Phillips, lord mayor, presented his sword and made obeisance. The queen acknowledged the formality by touching the sword.

The procession then passed on with the consent of these guardians of the ancient city. Potent indeed is the sway of time-honored custom in conservative England!

The London which the queen entered by permission of these three municipal officials is the ancient city which was once surrounded with a wall. It is an inner circle of a single square mile in area, and not more than 37,000 people sleep there at night. Outside this little ring there is a metropolitan London with an area of 123 miles and a population of 4,500,000. Still farther outside there is a greater London with an area of 700 square miles and a population of between 6,000,000 and 7,000,000.

But the only London that has a chief magistrate is the innermost circle, of which the Guildhall is the center. This is the ancient city where the trade guilds were powerful enough to govern the English capital in the middle ages; and they are still the nominal rulers of the metropolis. The lord mayor in reality represents 80 trade guilds, with a total membership that does not exceed 9,000, but with resources of political power which have survived the passage of reform acts and the introduction of a progressive system of town government in England.

The trade guilds have disappeared everywhere else in England. In London they are still rich and powerful. The lord mayor is their servant. He met the queen in her royal progress and graciously allowed her to pass on in state to the thanksgiving service at St. Paul's cathedral in honor of the longest reign.—Youth's Companion.

A French Eccentric.

Count Bertrand, who recently died at an advanced age in Paris, was a very eccentric man, and to one of his eccentricities he ascribes his long life. Regularly once a year he would leave his home, go to a quiet hotel, betake himself to bed and stay there for three months. On these occasions he would see no one but his servant, who brought his meals, and even him he forbade to speak. Just before the Germans began the siege of Paris the count went to bed and the servant, proving true to his injunctions, said nothing of the great events going on around him. One day the bread proved so bad that the count demanded an explanation, whereby, of course, he learned that Paris was encompassed by the enemy. Springing out of bed the count paced the floor, repeating: "What should a Bertrand do under such circumstances?" Suddenly he stopped, exclaiming: "He should go to bed!" and to bed he went, and stayed there until the siege was over.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Professional Success.

Young Doctor (exultantly)—Well, I've been successful with my first patient.

Old Doctor—Of what did you relieve him?

Young Doctor—Ten dollars.—N. Y. Journal.

RELIEF FOR CUBANS.

Hundreds of Tons of Supplies Going from New York to Succor the Destitute.

New York, March 4.—The steamship Bergen, of the Munson line, sailing for southern ports, will carry the following relief supplies to be distributed among the suffering Cubans through Consuls Brice, at Matanzas, and Barker, at Sagua la Grande: One hundred and sixty-two cases of milk, 200 bags of rice, 125 bags of beans, 14,000 pounds of codfish, 12,000 pounds of bacon, 400 bags of cornmeal, 25 tierces of lard, 600,000 grains of quinine. All has been purchased by the Cuban Relief society on donations received from charitable societies and people of philanthropic disposition. The same steamer will also carry a miscellaneous stock of goods in the shape of food and clothing, the donations of outside committees, aggregating about 100 tons in all. One of the Mallory line steamers bound for Key West will carry 75 tons of miscellaneous articles, comprising food, medicine and clothing.

MEXICAN WAR VOLUNTEERS.

Assistant Secretary Davis Renders a Pension Decision Concerning a Missouri Battalion.

WASHINGTON, March 4.—Assistant Secretary of the Interior Webster Davis yesterday reserved the action of the pension bureau in a number of cases, among them being the claim of Jonathan W. Barber, late private company B, Powell's battalion, Missouri mounted volunteers, Mexican war. In this case the assistant secretary holds:

The provisions of the act of congress of January 5, 1893, providing an increase of the rate of pension granted on account of service in the Mexican war to survivors of Powell's battalion of Missouri mounted volunteers, Mexican war, who are pensioned under the provisions of the act of March 3, 1891, for services during the war with Mexico, and such surviving members of said organization are entitled to receive the increased rate of pensions provided by said act of January 5, 1893, under the same conditions, limitations and regulations as other Mexican war survivors who are pensioned under the provisions of the act of January 29, 1887.

A Preacher Led the Mob.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., March 4.—James N. Pace, a Baptist minister, who was robbed of a pocketbook on the steamer John S. Hopkins, at Cave-in-Rock, Ill., led a mob against the boat when it arrived at that place Wednesday night. The mob declared their intention of hanging all the roustabouts, John Adkins, an Evansville negro, after being shot several times, leaped into the river and was drowned.

Wants to Die at His Old Home.

ST. LOUIS, March 4.—John Abner, 60 years old, who has traveled on foot all the way from Salina, Kan., applied yesterday for assistance. The old man is dying of consumption. He says he prays that his life will be prolonged sufficiently so that he may reach Danville, Ill., and die in a place surrounded by friends of his beloved days.

Fatalities Follow the Collapse of a Kilm.

TEXARKANA, Ark., March 4.—About four o'clock yesterday afternoon a large steam dry kiln at the Central coal and coke sawmill tumbled in, seriously wounding a number of workmen, two of whom will die. Others are believed to have been killed outright. The east wall of the kiln tumbled in and crushed the contents, making a complete wreck.

Tried to Pry Off the Lid.

DUBOIS, Pa., March 4.—Six men were badly burned, one perhaps fatally, by the explosion of a keg of powder in a London mine yesterday. One of the men attempted to pry off the lid of the keg with a pick, when a spark fell from the tool into the powder and ignited it. All the men were in the room at the time.

Horseless Vehicles Popular.

NEW YORK, March 4.—Horseless carriages have been a success in New York. Though only a year has passed since the first cab came here, the managers have made arrangements to increase the number of their carriages by 100. This will put New York in the front rank of cities that use horseless carriages.

Will Command Uncle Sam's Navy.

WASHINGTON, March 4.—Commodore Frederick V. McNair will in a few days succeed to the command of the North Atlantic squadron. This position will make him the actual commander of the United States navy and he will be the chief naval genius on which the nation will rely in case of need.

A Practical Joke Ends Fatally.

PARIS, Ill., March 4.—A mock trial was held in Fitzpatrick's saloon and Ed Newson, a negro, was sentenced to be shot. One of the jokers thereupon fired five blank cartridges at the negro. He ran from the house, returning in a few moments with a revolver and mortally wounded the bartender, William Van Gordon.

Riot at a Prayer Meeting.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., March 4.—A riot occurred at a prayer meeting at Shirley City, 15 miles east of here. Bernard Harris, janitor of the church, was beaten into insensibility and Rev. Mr. Singer rushed in to save his life. The mob turned on the clergyman and he was knocked down.

McKisson for Secretary of State.

COLUMBUS, O., March 4.—It is said that at a conference of several of Senator Foraker's friends held last night, it was decided to present Mayor McKisson, of Cleveland, recent fusion candidate for senator against Mr. Hanna, as a candidate for secretary of state.

A WORD OF ADVICE

To Those Coming to Alaska or the Klondike Gold Fields.

One thing should be impressed upon every miner, prospector or trader coming to Alaska, to the Klondike, or the Yukon country, and that is the necessity for providing an adequate and proper food supply. Whether procured in the States, in the Dominion, or at the supply stores here or further on, this must be his primary concern. Upon the manner in which the miner has observed or neglected this precaution more than upon any other one thing will his success or failure depend.

These supplies must be healthful and should be concentrated, but the most careful attention in the selection of foods that will keep unimpaired indefinitely under all the conditions which they will have to encounter is imperative. For instance, as bread raised with baking powder must be relied upon for the chief part of every meal, imagine the helplessness of a miner with a can of spoiled baking powder. Buy only the very best flour; it is the cheapest in the end. Experience has shown the Royal Baking Powder to be the most reliable and the trading companies now uniformly supply this brand, as others will not keep in this climate. Be sure that the bacon is sweet, sound and thoroughly cured. These are the absolute necessities upon which all must place a chief reliance, and can under no circumstances be neglected. They may, of course, be supplemented by as many comforts or delicacies as the prospector may be able to pack or desire to pay for.—*Alaska Mining Journal.*

A book of receipts for all kinds of cookery, which is specially valuable for use upon the trail or in the camp, is published by the Royal Baking Powder Company, of New York. The receipts are thoroughly practical, and the methods are carefully explained, so that the inexperienced may, with its aid, readily prepare everything requisite for a good, wholesome meal, or even dainties if he has the necessary materials. The matter is in compact though durable form, the whole book weighing but two ounces. Under a special arrangement, this book will be sent free to miners or others who may desire it. We would recommend that every one going to the Klondike procure a copy. Address the Royal Baking Powder Co., New York.

A PRETTY INCIDENT.

The Kindness of a Spanish Lady to a Lone Soldier Boy.

A recent traveler in Spain describes a touching scene witnessed at the departure of a regiment for Cuba. All day long there had been heard the measured tread of soldiers marching through the street; all day long gayly bedecked boats had been passing to and from the vessel that was to take them to Havana. The twilight began to deepen when the correspondent saw a "startling and pretty sight"—the impetuous action of a portly, good-looking and well-dressed lady, who noticed a young soldier walking dejectedly along down the pier in his traveling gray, with a knapsack strapped over his shoulders. All the rest of the men had friends, their novias, mothers, relatives, and made the usual gallant effort to look elated and full of hope. This lad had no one, and it might be divined that he was carrying a desolate heart over the seas. The handsome woman burst from her group of friends, took the boy's hand, and said: "My son has already gone to Cuba. He is in the regiment of Andalusia, and sailed two months ago. You may meet him, Pepe G.; take this kiss to him." She leaned and kissed his cheek.

An English boy would have shown awkwardness, but these graceful southerners are never at a loss for a pretty gesture and a prettier word. The boy blushed with pleasure, and still holding the lady's hand, said with quite natural gallantry, without smirk or silly smile: "And may I not take one for myself as well, senora?" The lady reddened, laughed a little nervously, and bent and kissed him again to the frantic applause of soldiers and civilians, while the boy walked on, beamed and happy.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

He Had Flung Up.

The superior court was in session and the little mountain town was crowded with people. Along about the middle of the day when the judge was worried with a tedious trial, Bill Williams, of the Lick Creek settlement, began galloping up and down the streets on his little red mule, firing off his pistol, whooping like a Sioux, and otherwise dispensing the energy which a liberal supply of corn liquor had inspired.

"Mr. Bailiff," commanded the judge, sternly, "go out and arrest that man and bring him into court."

The bailiff went timidly out of the courtroom and the judge attempted to proceed with business. But Williams' racket outside did not cease. It grew worse and the judge looked over the room for some one else to send out, and observed the bailiff sitting complacently on one of the back seats.

"Look here, Mr. Bailiff, why did you not arrest that disorderly man? Are you not an officer of the court?"

"Y-y-es," replied the bailiff, quaking with fear, "I wuz, but I've done flung up."—*Atlanta Journal.*