# The Iron-Worker's Daughter

BY

*HOWARD FORRESTER.*

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"What is this paper, father?"

"It is a business matter we talked of."

"Mr. Maxberry is offended."

"Is he? Well, then it's like all the rest of my bad luck. Capital has its own way. What chance is there for a man like me?"

"Why, father, I've heard you say the poorest man could aspire to the highest place in the land."

"Did I? Well, then I was a fool."

She knew well what his mood meant. He had been crossed in some way. He was wholly unlike himself. He sat now looking on the floor with knit brows. She resolved to learn the truth, but she wisely refrained from pursuing the subject at this time.

"If you are not feeling well we had best not go to the concert to-night."

"Why not—why not attend the concert? Yes, we'll go. And—maybe we will have company with us."

"Company, father?"

"Is it so wonderful we should have company?"

"O, no!"

But considering these two had never had any one accompany them, her wonder and curiosity was very natural. A little later, after she had the table ready for him, she ventured to ask.

"Who are you expecting, father?"

"I am looking for Mr. Gripp, and I want you to be civil with him."

"As if I have ever been uncivil to any of your acquaintances and friends."

"Well, well! You know what I mean."

"He is such a disagreeable person that it taxes one to treat him civilly?"

"There; ask me no more questions. He may not come at all."

He did not eat with his usual relish. He was uneasy all evening. When he prepared to attend the concert he frowned, and looked at his daughter covertly. She discovered the truth, and he wonder increased.

What had come over her father? He did not act, speak or look like the same man. He was irritable. He spoke in a lower tone. His voice had lost its hearty ring. As the hour approached for the concert Atherton recovered his spirits. He put his hat on and paced the floor impatiently.

"Come," he said, "we will go now. He is not coming."

There was a rap—a loud rap—on the door at that instant, and Atherton, who started violently as the door was struck by somebody's knuckles, opened it. A gentleman entered and bowed to them.

Miss Atherton swept him with a single glance. In that swift glance she noted, first, that the stranger was well on to middle age. He had a smooth face, regular, almost handsome features. His lips were too thin, bloodless. His eyes were steely—a cold pair of keen blue eyes. His figure was light and wiry. His head, now that his hat was off, looked much more intellectual than before he removed his hat. It was the sloping forehead, with the hair brushed back, that gave him his intellectual look. His jaw was heavy, his chin square to bluntness. His nose was a good aquiline, but the nostrils were pinched, thin and, Irene Atherton thought, indicated a cruel disposition.

He was dressed in the height of fashion. His linen was spotless. There was not a speck or flaw in his dress. He might have been a clergyman, successful merchant, banker, or anything but what he really was. Irene conceived an unaccountable but none the less positive dislike of this man.

"You see, we were just going," said the puddler. Then turning to his daughter, he said:

"Irene, this is Mr. Gripp."

Mr. Gripp extended a hand and smiled. The effect produced upon Irene Atherton was precisely as though he had removed a mask from the upper portion of his face. She scarcely touched his hand. But in the instant their fingers met she shivered. His touch was like that of a lizard.

CHAPTER IX.

Arthur Mayberry, reminded of his engagement with his friend, hastened that he might be in time for the concert. The Misses Bruce thought he had never displayed such lively spirit. He said and did innumerable funny things.

When they arrived at the hall, Mayberry made a note of all the people he knew. He referred to this person and that in a tone of good-nature that enlivened his listeners. He had described the entrance of two friends, young men, and was describing the appearance of a couple following them when he checked himself.

Nan Bruce, following his glance, observed the beauty she had seen on the street that same day; there were two gentlemen with her, but she could not see their faces. One she noted was dressed fashionably; the other seemed to be less attentive to dress; further than that she made no note. When she glanced at her companion he was very quiet.

Whereupon Nan made another note. Mr. Mayberry had met the pretty girl. He had reason doubtless to blush as he had when Parker rallied him. And now he looked pale and silent. "He is in love," said Nan shrewdly.

And then she pitied him. When her sister rallied Mayberry upon the sudden cessation to his fun, Nan was the first to suggest the fiction of a headache.

And Mayberry, dull as he was, somehow surmised the truth; though how she could suspect what disturbed him puzzled him exceedingly.

The concert was a noteworthy event. One of the world's great singers was present. The very soul of melody palpitated in his voice. But it was not he, nor even the tumultuous applause evoked by the final effort of the world's petted singer, that took Mayberry's attention from the trio he fixed his eyes on—Atherton, his daughter and Mr. Gripp.

Gripp, the man who had overheard Atherton rehearse his studies and experiments. Gripp, who had stolen the puddler's idea. Gripp, who had palmed the puddler's idea upon the manufacturer Mead as his own. Gripp, whom Atherton avowed his hatred of—and here he was sitting beside him and his daughter.

What did it mean? It was plain that Miss Atherton was not pleased with her companion. He observed her closely. She never once lifted her head to him. Her face was turned to her father sometimes, never to Mr. Gripp. There was some consolation in that at least.

When the concert ended, Mayberry strove to make amends for his dullness in the hall, and partially succeeded, but he did not deceive Nan. That observant young woman understood his case now as clearly as if he had taken her into his confidence.

He dreamed that night that he met Gripp in a deep, dark forest, where they had a fierce encounter, in which Gripp got the worst of it. When he awoke, Mayberry was bathed in perspiration. He smiled at his absurd dream, composed himself to sleep, and again dreamed that he met and overcame Gripp. This time they were in a boat on the ocean; he tossed Gripp overboard.

When Mayberry awoke the second time, he began to think it was a very serious business. He wished Gripp at the end of the world, that he had never met Atherton's daughter, and had no knowledge of the puddler.

From that on to the morning he slept soundly. He availed himself of the first opportunity to send a note to his friend the lawyer, making an appointment in the latter part of the afternoon. When they met, Mayberry unbosomed himself freely concerning the change in Atherton's demeanor.

"Humph!" said the lawyer. "This Gripp. Who is he—what is he?"

"It is easier to tell you what he is than who he is. He deals largely in scrap iron. Buys and sells all sorts of old iron and rails."

"Deals with everybody?"

"Exactly."

"Much money?"

"He must have some money."

"And you are sure Atherton hates him?"

"Positive."

"Yet he goes to a public concert with him, and has his daughter with him all the while."

The man of law pondered.

"My conclusion—no, my assumption—is, this fellow has a grip on Atherton. What do you propose to do about it? You have no interest in the process now?"

"No—but I have in Gripp."

The lawyer smiled. Mayberry's cheeks reddened. The lawyer added, with a merry twinkle of the eye:

"I see."

"No, Nickerson. I can't allow you to think what is not true. I never met Atherton's daughter but twice—in her father's house, while calling on him. She is a highly accomplished young lady, I have reason to believe. Although her mother died years ago, it seems she has had excellent schooling."

"My dear fellow," said the lawyer, "a witness may prove too much in the effort to clear himself. Let us return to Gripp. You are sure he has everything his own way now in this matter."

"I have told you all I know."

"I can see but one course to pursue. You must convince Atherton that you may be relied on implicitly. Then, if Gripp is holding anything over him, or is, as you think, taking undue advantage of Atherton, he may tell you."

"That means I am to put myself in Atherton's way. I am not sure I can bring myself to do it."

The lawyer was silent. Mayberry was silent, also. He realized the force of his friend's suggestion. If Atherton had some one to confide in, he might reveal the cause of his extraordinary action. But to seek the good will of any man was something Mayberry could not do. He was obliging; would prefer to serve a fellow being rather than not; but to ask, or appear to invite, confidence was beyond him. His motto was, the largest latitude for independence in selecting friends. People could like or dislike him—it made no difference so long as he asked no favors. He left the lawyer's office undecided what course to pursue, but inclined to let matters take their own course. He was so preoccupied on his way home that evening that he did not recognize his acquaintances until a remark from a passer-by attracted his attention.

"Hello, Mayberry!"

It was a workman, a man who had charge of one of the departments in Star Mill—a pushing, wide-awake man, who gave every indication of making his way in the world.

"Ah, Dickson!"

"Fine sunset, eh? See that pool down there! I used to catch fish there as big—as big as myself when I was a boy. Fishing now—for different game. Maybe I'll tell you some of these days."

"Oh, I can tell you now," said Mayberry, in a matter-of-fact tone. "You would like to manage a mill."

"Who told you?"

"Nobody—I guessed it. How would you like to have an interest in a new mill?"

"Well—just try me."

"I'll remember. I was jesting—but stranger things have happened."

"If you take the notion; if you are serious, Mayberry, I believe you could get the means to do it."

"Thank you, Dickson. Possibly we may both have a chance one of these days. If I succeed in a matter I have in my mind, there's nobody I would sooner have than you."

The conversation by common consent changed. They were pausing at a corner where they parted to exchange "good evening," when a man passed them in great haste. He was walking so rapidly he did not observe them. His head was bent; he was thinking intently—so intently he brushed against the passers-by.

"Atherton!" exclaimed Dickson, looking after the puddler. "What is he doing over here? He lives on the other side."

"It is Atherton," Mayberry replied. "He is in a great hurry."

"He don't seem like himself the last two days," Dickson said. "I don't look for him to stay much longer on the pay roll of Star Mill."

"Why?"

"He don't like Sam Gummitt. I suspect the bottom reason is because Atherton has more brains than Gummitt, and Gummitt knows it. You know how that works in a mill."

"I do. I have observed it is the same in a mill as it is everywhere else. The man with the most cheek and the least brains is always jealous of a man whom he knows in his secret soul is his superior."

"There's another reason. Dan Atherton is too independent for his own good—speaks too plain. I'd like to see the man who would make Dan Atherton cringe."

Dickson's parting words echoed in Mayberry's ears as he continued on his way. "I'd like to see the man who would make Dan Atherton cringe."

Why, that was precisely what the puddler was doing now. He was cringing now; he was dominated by one man, and that man was Jackson Gripp.

The thought was disagreeable to Mayberry. The sensation he experienced was novel, to say the least. It was just as though he in some way shared the humiliation.

CHAPTER X.

As Arthur Mayberry turned away, he almost stumbled against a man who was hastening on rapidly. The man did not pause to see the person he jostled against, but Mayberry stood still. It was Jackson Gripp.

Gripp was out of sight almost before Mayberry recovered from his surprise. It was odd—very strange that Atherton should be in that place at that time of the day—it was stranger to find Gripp evidently following the ironworker.

But now another curious circumstance attracted Mayberry's attention. A woman encountered Gripp at a street corner. Mayberry could see her turn to him and reach out her hand, as if she would detain him, but Gripp thrust her aside roughly and disappeared.

The woman acted like one dazed. Mayberry saw her put up a hand to her head helplessly, and look after the scrap dealer. Then she approached a shop window, and stood like one who was collecting her ideas.

When Arthur Mayberry, animated by sheer curiosity, approached and passed this woman, he thought he recognized in her a woman he had met somewhere, where, he could not remember.

And now he was resolved to learn who this poor creature was. Poor she undoubtedly was, and sickly. She had a hacking cough that sounded like a precursor of death.

The woman finally decided upon her course; she made her way slowly to an obscure street, and entered an unlighted hallway. The house was occupied by tenants, who relet rooms. Mayberry made a note of the place, and entered a small newsstand near the house.

"Who lives in the old brick above here—the one with the porch?" he said in a matter-of-fact manner to the proprietor.

"There's half a dozen families there now."

"I mean the responsible person."

"Oh! the old pie vender—Quigley."

"That's his wife the woman with the scar on the left temple?"

"That! I'll never tell you who she is. We call her the woman who minds her own business. I've seen her pass here a thousand times, and I never saw her speak to a soul. Nor nobody else has, I reckon. They say she makes her living picking up a bit of sewing, doing house cleaning—she don't look very stout looking—and I guess, from her appearance, she is half starved. She don't look like as if she'd bother the world long."

A figure passed the little shop door. Mayberry glanced out. The figure was that of Mr. Jackson Gripp. Mayberry stepped back in the shadow of the open door, standing where he could observe Mr. Gripp's movements, all the while keeping up a running conversation with the shop keeper, who was a gossip in male attire.

Gripp looked up and down the street. There were three or four workmen approaching, carrying their dinner pails in their hands. Gripp turned his face from them; when they passed him he looked up and down the street again, then walked suddenly, with long strides, to the solitary house.

When Mayberry bade the proprietor good evening and stepped out into the street, Mr. Gripp had disappeared from view.

Mayberry could have taken his oath Gripp had entered the dark hallway. He walked to the next crossing, keeping an eye on the old building, crossed the street, returned on the opposite side, and looked up.

There was a cheap transparent curtain in an upper window. The light in the room was dim, but Mayberry in that swift upward glance fancied he beheld the shadow—an exaggerated shadow—of a man's hand upraised menacingly. The hand was brought down with a suddenness, just as Mayberry's eye fell on the curtain, that caused him to doubt whether he had seen aright. He stood there looking up. It was now growing dark, and his actions would not attract attention.

Yes—there could be no doubt now. There was the shadow of a hand on the curtain. The hand was clenched. It was lifted quickly, and as quickly descended.

Then a blurred object—the figure of a man moving rapidly—was thrown clearly against the curtain, and then the curtain became as clear as it was before. It remained clear.

Mayberry was impressed with the thought that the shadows he had seen revealed a tragic page in real. The hand he had beheld uplifted was Gripp's hand. It was raised to give force to the blows aimed at the poor, sickly woman who had accosted him on the street.

Mayberry stood there many minutes. Possibly five or ten. He hoped he would see Gripp emerge from the hallway, but the hallway gave forth no sounds. At last, weary of waiting, Mayberry left the spot and went home. But all the way he beheld the thin, white face of the thin-clad woman in black, with a scar on her left temple.

Who was she? What was she to the respectable Jackson Gripp? Why did he scrutinize the passers-by, and wait until the coast was clear before he entered these poverty stricken premises?

These were questions Arthur Mayberry propounded to himself as he quickened his steps homeward, for it was now long after his usual hour to sup.

(To be continued.)

### His Objection.

Mrs. Newlywed—How dare you object to my bills. Papa pays them all.

Mr. Newlywed—Yes, hang it! But I haven't the nerve to ask him to pay any of mine while you are touching him up all the time.—Judge.

It often happens that a man who acts as usher at procession weddings when he is young is frequently seen among the pallbearers when he is middle-aged.

## WOMEN

### Reasons for Preferring the Shop.

The Wisconsin State Labor Bureau has been collecting reasons why girls prefer working in factories and stores to household service. Inquiries were sent to 769 persons, says a Chicago newspaper. Among the answers were these:

"If ladies would only give girls better rooms, kinder treatment, and warmer beds and let them live independently, more girls would do housework."

"I went into a factory because I wished to be treated like a human being."

"The reason I won't do housework is because I won't be treated like half a slave and always a nobody."

"I love housework, but, like the host of other girls, I refuse to do it under present conditions."

"None of the girls I know would do housework because a girl who does it is always looked upon as a kitchen drudge, always on duty and seldom treated justly."

"I am treated better in the factory in every way, and, besides, I am no longer obliged to entertain in the kitchen or receive my friends at the back door, since I can live at home with my own people."

There is no sign in these replies of an insistence on the part of servants that they be regarded as members of the family. They desire as little to intrude on other circles as they wish for intrusion upon their own. But they complain justly when the fact of social distinctions is thrust upon them with bald brutality. The Wisconsin answers, which would probably be good for any other State, suggest that upon the untactful mistress of the house lies a large burden of responsibility for "the servant girl problem" as it is.—Exchange.

### Keeping Home for Others.

Many a tired housewife and mother, robbed of much needed change and rest by the lack of a competent substitute, would be more than relieved could she turn over her entire household to a temporary housekeeper, knowing that home and children, husband and hired men would be well cared for in her absence. There is scarcely a village or community where one competent and free to do this work would not be a God-send. The inexperienced girl will have to content herself with small pay and much work, but if she is a competent waitress, a neat and dainty maid and an apt scholar she will find the work much in demand and will gradually learn, by observation until she, too, can aspire to the dignity of a professional title. As she progresses people will hear of her and her work, demand will follow and success is assured, for housework is the one industry which never complains of hard times.

A start may be made by taking up a certain branch of cooking and making a specialty of it. Orders may be taken for canned fruits, preserves, jams, jellies or pickles and, by buying at wholesale or nearly so, a reasonable profit is made. A good specialty would be one of the nice cheeses which we find so delicious and which require few special appliances and only a reasonable amount of work. Milk may be pasteurized in suitable bottles for infants' use and delivered daily and orders may be taken for special delicacies to be delivered regularly once or twice a week.

### A Dress of Thin Material.

The tops of the skirt, sleeves and neck are shirred. Irish or Renaissance lace forms a bolero. It is appliqued onto the back, but hangs loose in front, ribbons crossing in the front being of the same color as the belt. They are caught at the lower corners by rosettes of lace or chiffon.

### The Really Well-Dressed Woman.

It is extremely difficult to find a woman really well dressed under the existing prejudice that everybody must be dressed like everybody else. But once in a while we do find one whose taste and tact command our admiration. Her first study seems to be the becoming; her second, the good; her third, the fashionable. You see this wise woman giving but scant hearing to the assurance of shopmen and the recommendations of milliners. She cares not how new or original a pattern may be, if it be ugly; or how recent a shape, if it be awkward. Not that her costume is always costly and new; on the contrary, she wears many a cheap dress, but it is always pretty—and many an old one, but it is always good. She deals in no gaudy confusion of colors, nor does she affect a studied primness or sobriety; but she either refreshes you with a spirited contrast, or composes you with a judicious harmony.

After all there is no great art either in her fashions or her materials. The secret simply consists in her knowing three grand unities—her own station, her own age, and her own points. And no woman can really dress well who does not. After this, I need not say that whoever is attracted by the costume will not be disappointed in the wearer.

She may not be handsome nor accomplished, but I will answer for her being even-tempered, well informed, thoroughly sensible and a perfect lady.—Housewife.

Don't pick it up every time it cries or you will instill into it a restless disposition.

Don't give it any toys until it passes its first year. Let it bite its fist and play with its toes.

Don't try teaching it to walk before it is a year old. If you do, you may make its legs crooked.

Don't give it elaborate mechanical dolls. The rag doll of old times suits it better and furnishes a lesson in economy.

Don't worry about its crying if you have made certain that nothing hurts it. That's just its way of developing its lungs.

Don't hurry it into talking. You may overwork its brain, and, besides, it will make up for any lost time between the ages of four and five.

### Have a Sewing Room.

The wise housewife is she who would rather dispense with a reception room and have a sewing room than vice versa. The sewing room does not need to be large. It must not contain carpets or upholstered furniture. The floor should be stained and varnished, so that the daily brushing up may be easily accomplished. There should be hooks on the wall, from which the piece-bags should hang. Several shelves are necessary, where boxes containing buttons, trimmings, findings, patterns and the like should be kept. A lapboard, an armless rocking-chair, a dress form and a big closet for unfinished work are other necessaries. The machine should be placed in a strong light, and there should be a long mirror, in which the "hang" of a skirt may be viewed with ease.

### The Secret of Youth.

The great secret of keeping fresh and young is to be cheerful and always to look on the bright side of things. A sense of humor is a gift to be grateful for. Laughter and light-heartedness are beauty philtres of the most potent description.

Gloom, sour looks, discontent, peevishness and bad temper generate wrinkles. With activity of mind and body, and a determination to make the best of life, we may retain our youthful feelings and our youthful looks.

### Led in a Praiseworthy Reform.

Wisconsin was the first State in the nation to give married women the absolute control over their own property. Fifty-five years ago, when this radical change was incorporated in our constitution, it was thought by many to be a dangerous and extreme reform and yet that grand step has since been followed by nearly every State in the Union and no one now says it was a premature and unwise law.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

### Hints for the Housewife.

Hot, sharp vinegar will remove paint spots.

Salt is excellent in removing dirt from marble-top furniture.

The making of the bed should be the last duty in putting a room to rights.

A copper cent rubbed on the window pane will rid it of paint or plaster specks.

A thin paste made of whiting and cold tea is a splendid mixture with which to clean mirrors.

When matting is soiled wash it in a strong solution of salt and warm water and it will look like new.

To restore an elderdown quilt to its original fluffy lightness hang it out of doors in the sunshine for several hours.

Old newspapers are an excellent protection against the cold, and serve in place of blankets if put between the quilt and counterpane.

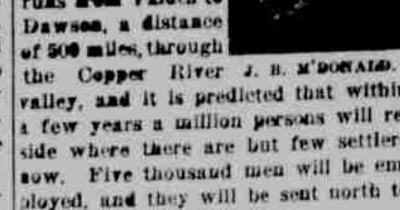
To renew old bedsteads, bureaus, tables or washboards, polish with two ounces of olive oil, two ounces of vinegar and one teaspoonful of gum arabic.

Besides the thorough airing that beds and bedding should daily have, mattresses, bolsters and pillows should be beaten and shaken three times a week.

Pillows may be cleaned by putting them out upon the grass in a drenching rain. After being well soaked they should be squeezed and hung in a shady place to dry.

### JOHN B. M'DONALD,

**Who Is to Build a $5,000,000 Railroad in Alaska.**



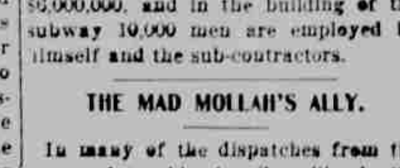
J. B. M'DONALD.

Vast undertakings are not new for John B. McDonald. He is a contractor who has put through some large engineering enterprises, not least of which is the New York subway. Now he is to build a line in Alaska, which will cost $5,000,000 and will take three years to build. It runs from Valdes to Dawson, a distance of 500 miles, through the Copper River valley, and it is predicted that within a few years a million persons will reside where there are but few settlers now. Five thousand men will be employed, and they will be sent north to work next spring and summer.

John B. McDonald is a remarkable man. He was born in Ireland in 1844, but has lived in New York since he was three. As a young man he became connected with the work of a contractor, and it was not long before he put in a bid for some contracts of his own in the building of the New York Central tunnel. Being successful, he went into railroad construction and did his work right. But the occasion was to present itself when he could show that he was capable of more than ordinary work. He was living in Baltimore, to be near his railroad work. The city's transportation facilities were wretched. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, unable to get a franchise for tracks through the city on grade, was ferrying its trains completely around the city to make connections with Philadelphia. Tunneling had been put aside. Baltimore stands on low gravel hills under which run countless little streams, perhaps the most difficult of soils to tunnel. The problem came to his attention. He thought it over; he computed; he estimated; and in the end he prepared a plan for a tunnel. A franchise was obtained. The people protested, declaring that to build a tunnel under Baltimore would imperil life and endanger property. Day after day with a rubber coat and hip boots Mr. McDonald went down into the tunnel to direct the work himself. For five years the struggle continued. Any visitor to Baltimore knows the outcome. The Baltimore Belt Railroad, as the tunnel is called, is one of the hardest bits of tunnel construction ever successfully accomplished.

Now Mr. McDonald is at the head of a construction company capitalized at $6,000,000, and in the building of the subway 10,000 men are employed by himself and the sub-contractors.

### THE MAD MOLLAH'S ALLY.



KARL INGER.

In many of the dispatches from the scene of trouble in Somaliland the name of Karl Inger appears. No one, however, appears to know just who Karl Inger is. Even that astute body of fossils officially known as the British War Office admits its ignorance of his identity, declaring that they have so far been able to ascertain only that Inger is "an ex-Austrian officer." Considering that Inger for a couple of years has been burdening the British mails with appeals to business men in London to get Lord Salisbury to intervene to prevent the war which Inger foresaw, it would seem that anybody but an English official might by this time have learned at least the man's age. Those who have seen Inger declare that he is about thirty-five. He evidently has had military training, and doubtless much of the Mad Mollah's success may be attributed to the young man's knowledge of tactics. Some years ago, when Inger abandoned Christianity to become a Moslem, the Mahdi, whose successor Inger declares himself to be, christened the Austrian Emir Suleyman. There may be some doubt as to Inger's exact status, but there can be no doubt of the fact that at the present time he is hand and glove with the Mad Mollah, and that his presence in Somaliland will not make the campaign any easier for the English.

### Plants as Travelers.

Plants travel to astonishing distances. The seeds stick to this or that article and are carried by ships and by those that go down to the sea in ships, from one end of the world to the other. Sir Joseph Hooker relates a striking instance of this seed-carrying, which is perpetually going on. "On one occasion," he says, "landing on a small uninhabited island nearly at the antipodes, the first evidence I met with of its having been previously visited by man was the English chickweed, and this I traced to a mound that marked the grave of a British sailor, and that was covered with the plant, doubtless the offspring of seed that had adhered to the spade or mattock with which the grave had been dug.

### Modest Girl.

He—I heard some one say you have a very attractive face.

She—Guess I have. At least, when I was in the country last summer it seemed to attract plenty of flies and mosquitoes.—Philadelphia Bulletin.