

The Iron-Worker's Daughter

BY
HOWARD FORRESTER.

CHAPTER XIII.

Irene Atherton stood before the window, looking out into the street in an absent-minded manner. She was thinking of something of the first importance.

Her father's manner had changed so much in the last week that she had become concerned for him. He was quiet, irritable, moody, fitful. He was observing her covertly. He was keeping something from her. They had never had a secret come between them before.

He had never mentioned Mr. Mayberry's name, or referred to him. But he had said it was possible he had found a capitalist—*or*, rather, the capitalist has found me," he said ironically.

And when Irene inquired who the capitalist was, her father had answered abruptly—"Gripp."

It was on the point of Irene's tongue to ask him what the paper contained that was passed between her father and Mayberry, and taken back again, but she restrained herself. Some time she would surprise her father into a confession. She knew he could not refuse, or, rather, that he would not withhold anything from her once she really impudged him.

One thing she was resolved upon. It was her duty to discover what caused the serious change in her father's conduct, and she was resolved she would get at the truth.

A rap at the door startled her. When she hastily opened it, Mr. Gripp faced her.

"Oh! Miss Atherton, I am compelled to intrude on you a few moments—a matter of business. I was at the mill, and at your father's instance called. He requested me to tell you to give me some drawings you will find on the upper shelf."

"I will see," she said simply.

She left him, and when alone resolved to send him away as empty handed as he came.

"Why does my father send this man to me for his drawings? Or has he sent him? Anyhow, it may not be easy finding them. At least I will not try."

When she re-entered the room where Gripp awaited her, she said, without a semblance of regret or explanation:

"Mr. Gripp, my father will have to give you the drawings himself."

"It is of no moment—he will doubtless find them in good time, Miss Atherton."

Then he spoke of the weather, of the fine opportunity presented for outdoor amusements and evening entertainments.

"Would she like to witness the famous actor then in the city? He had some seats at his disposal, two of which he had retained for Mr. Atherton and his daughter."

Irene's response chilled him.

"Thanks, Mr. Gripp. I rarely attend the theater, but I will inform my father of your offer."

Mr. Gripp talked of the workmen at the mill—how they earned, hardly, all they received. Then the delights, the pleasure of a life of ease were evoked; but they were not for Mr. Gripp. Alas! no. His lot was, plainly, to toil for some one else. He confessed, too, he loved an active life, but he could—O, yes, he could—appreciate the softening influences of a refining frisure.

And then, not till then, Irene realized suddenly she was the object of Mr. Gripp's spontaneous adoration. The realization made her sick at heart. Her aversion for Mr. Gripp was, if possible, increased.

When he withdrew, bowing politely, and smiling in his most gracious manner, Irene sank suddenly into a seat. Was it possible her father knew this man was desirous of ingratiating himself into her good will? What horrible influence, what evil influence, was this that Mr. Gripp exercised over her father. She resolved to dismiss the subject from her mind. She would go out—anywhere. She would visit a neighbor—walk on the streets. No! she would read a favorite author.

She took down a book, and in doing so displaced a volume her father called to his aid frequently, a book of reference. The book fell upon the floor, and two papers fluttered out of it. Irene stooped and picked up book and papers. She was in the act of replacing the last when her eye fell on a single line:

"First room, second floor, No. ——— street."

Then she read the note. It was very brief. It was written to Mr. Daniel Atherton, informing him, seemingly by previous understanding, where and when the writer would meet him.

I say seemingly, because this note was strangely worded. It read thus:

"Mr. Daniel Atherton:

"Dear Sir—in regard to matter discussed, would say you had best call at the house named. First room, second floor, No. ——— street. Do not delay. Unless you are there this evening between six and seven, and everything fully understood, you will regret it."

"JACKSON GRIPP."

"There is a threat in this!" Irene exclaimed, mentally. "I see it now. This man has some secret power over my poor father."

She flung herself passionately upon a chair. The tears sprang to her eyes. She wept with bitter mortification. So this was the end of all her father's inventions. After all his planning, his nights and days of reading; after all his hoping, his disappointments—this was the end of it.

Somebody else had an invention. Or her father had unwittingly appropriated inventions others had patented in his process. There must be something serious to bring him a note like that.

She read and reread it, and as she reread it she hated Gripp with an intensity that frightened her. She said to herself, as she placed the note in the envelope it had slipped out of:

"How wicked I am. I feel as if I do not want to live in the same city, in the same world, with Mr. Gripp!"

Then she debated with herself what she would do. Would she place the note where it had been, or elsewhere? Her woman's wit came to her aid here. She put the note on the shelf between two books. In such a manner as to lead her father to think it had dropped there. If it was missed, and inquiry made, a brief search would reveal it. If her father did not deem it of much importance, he would not refer to it.

In the meantime, she would observe closely the relations existing between her father and this Mr. Gripp. As Irene Atherton pondered thus, a faint rap at the door attracted her attention. She opened it.

"Does Mr. Atherton—Mr. Daniel Atherton—live here?"

Irene looked down upon the small boy who was eyeing her suspiciously.

"Yes. This is the place."

"Is he in?"

"No. He will be home before long, though. Is it anything particular?"

"Well, I was to be sure and leave this for him. I guess it's all right."

He handed her a note somewhat reluctantly.

"Yes. I will see my father gets it."

The small boy walked away, turned, glanced back to observe if his movements were noted, then disappeared around a corner.

"Another note. I wonder if it is a mysterious note, like the one I read," said Irene, thoughtfully, as she glanced at the superscription. "Mr. Daniel Atherton, personal."

She laid the note on the mantel where her father could not fail to see it when he returned, then prepared to go out, as she bethought herself of an errand she had forgotten.

When she was bonneted, ready for the street, she locked the door, and, placing the key in a place where her father would easily find it, left the house.

CHAPTER XIV.

Irene availed herself of a street car, in which two men were talking loudly, and evidently for the purpose of impressing upon the listeners a sense of their importance. They were discussing the murder.

One was a large, red-faced man, with beard-like eyes and a bulbous nose. He wore flashy clothes, and flung a large watch seal. His breath smelled of onions—the passengers next him turned aside. His comrade was a small, dark man, with a hooked nose, curling lips that seemed to be sneering at his nose, and to add to a sinister countenance he had a cast in one eye. The first word the large man said arrested Irene's attention.

"I wish I was as sure of a thousand dollars as we are of catching him."

"The chief says he can put his hand right on him."

"Yes, I know—he's preparing a little surprise for him, that's all."

"I was the third person there. I said at once—any professional could see it at a glance—that there wasn't any suicide."

The big man looked up and down the car. His gross look, his intense vulgarity, everything about him excited the profound aversion of Irene. The men sat opposite her. They prolonged the conversation evidently for her benefit.

"A pretty hard place, Number ——— street?"

There was a brief silence, then the lesser of the two suddenly said: "I understand there are two or three people seen the murderer. 'Twon't be hard to identify him."

"No! And it won't be hard to hang him. The next man caught will stand a poor show. They've been too easy; now they've got to make an example."

Now, for the first time, "Number ——— street" caused Irene to feel faint—sick at heart. That was the place where a horrible murder or suicide was committed. It was the place her father was requested to visit.

Could it be possible his name could be connected in any way with the horrible occurrence? Irene could not remain in the car a moment longer. While the policemen were airing their office and pretensions, she quietly got off the car.

Once more on the street, she scarcely knew which way to turn. The thoughts suggested by the remarks she had heard distressed her much more than she had thought any similar incident would affect her.

She walked at random for a few minutes, to give herself time to collect her thoughts. As she was hastening rapidly on, looking neither to the right nor left, she encountered Mr. Mayberry. Mayberry attracted her attention by removing his hat. They met face to face.

He had crossed the street, and was turning in the same direction, when he paused, hat in hand, and seemed to hesitate to walk on or turn in another direction. Irene felt the color flaming in her cheeks. A minute before she was very pale. Mayberry noted the change.

"Miss Atherton?"

"Mr. Mayberry?"

She did not know whether to say more, or permit him to pass ahead of her, as he evidently resolved to do. He was quickening his steps when a low voice arrested him.

"Mr. Mayberry, I have something to say to you."

He walked beside her respectfully. More than one passer-by looked admiringly at the handsome young couple; the man in high health, with a face inviting confidence; the woman with eyes like stars, and rosy cheeks, all too rare.

"I will not detain you a moment."

"I am not in a hurry at all. Anything I can do—any way I may be able to serve you—command me."

"Will you tell me what was in the paper you gave my father, Mr. Mayberry?"

He was nonplused. The question was so unexpected, he was not able to reply instantly. Then he said to himself that would never do.

"It was a partial agreement your father and I arrived at, Miss Atherton."

"Of what nature?"

She was very—very direct. How could he avoid telling her? He would—fib. But when he met her eyes, his resolve melted. She seemed to be looking through him.

"If I speak at all, I'll tell you the truth. I'd rather not—indeed, you ought not to expect me to talk to you of the affair at all."

She paid no attention to the last portion of this speech. Again came her question, sharp, direct, almost imperative:

"What was the agreement? Of course you would not tell me anything but the truth, Mr. Mayberry. Who made the agreement first—who suggested it? What was it about? My father made the first offer, didn't he?"

"This is unfair, Miss Atherton."

"Then something happened—you did not, could not, satisfy him—he was unreasonable, and so you voluntarily gave him back a paper that you thought—think now—is worth money, maybe a great deal of money to you."

"My dear Miss Atherton," exclaimed Mayberry, pausing suddenly on the street, and staring at her in amazement. "Nothing of the sort. That is, you have misconceived the matter altogether. You do your father—you do me—justice."

"I am rejoiced to learn it."

"Then you will please explain, so I can understand it."

And so it happened that the demure little puss accomplished her object before Mayberry suspected her tactics. She had purposely blundered, trusting to him to set her right.

He began at the beginning, and related the facts. He omitted all reference to Mr. Gripp. He was too manly to characterize Mr. Gripp's conduct in that gentleman's absence. That was a matter he hoped he would be able to do full justice to, with Mr. Gripp before him.

"Now I know you have been candid with me," said Irene slowly.

She was blushing for her father—for herself. She somehow connected Mr. Gripp's sudden friendship for her father and herself with this business transaction.

The patent process lay at the bottom. Irene's face was now as pale as it was before she recognized him. He noticed the sudden change, and was concerned.

"I am very—very much obliged to you, Mr. Mayberry. I wanted to know the truth. I hope you will excuse my curiosity. If you knew all, you would do so."

"I do, I assure you I do. I think—pardon me, I am quite sure—I appreciate your feelings. But I have said so much, I must say more. You are—you have been—laboring under a false impression. I have lost nothing. How could I? I have lost neither time nor money."

"You are quite sure you have not lost in any manner?"

Again her eyes seemed to search his very soul.

"I did make an appointment which I failed to keep."

"I understand. You unfolded your plans, excited somebody's hopes, and now that person will regard you as a visionary, a trifler, or worse maybe."

"No, no! You are wrong again."

"Then please set me right."

He was silent. What could he say, unless he told her the truth? This young lady was terribly direct—very earnest in her manner.

"Well, you do not explain."

"I will. There is no other way to correct a false impression. I called upon a friend, a gentleman who will listen to my explanation, and whose relations with me will not be affected in the least."

"Who is this gentleman?"

"Mr. Mead. I explained what your father claimed, and I was to have seen him and satisfied him concerning the details."

"Which you have not done."

He did not answer. He could not without reflecting upon her father.

"I am very grateful to you, Mr. Mayberry, for your kindness and candor."

She stopped. He stopped also; he was sorry that the time had come when they must separate. He was beginning to think he ought to direct the conversation; he was preparing a speech suitable for the occasion, and timely, when, with a courtesy and a smile that he carried with him in memory the remainder of the day, she turned and left him as suddenly and unexpectedly as they had encountered each other.

CHAPTER XV.

Mr. Mead was in his private office when a visitor was announced. He was seated in front of a handsome writing desk, made of native varied woods, whose beauty was preserved and heightened with oil and polish, and was in the act of opening a letter when his visitor entered.

"Ah! I see you are prompt, Mr. Gripp."

"Punctuality is the soul—you know the rest, Mr. Mead. I have brought papers with me which will enable you to understand at a glance what I have to offer you."

Mr. Mead waved his hand, and continued opening his letters, as he said:

"By and by—when we are ready for that. Let us understand what is proposed first."

"Eighty per cent of labor is saved, to begin with, and more than that much in time is saved by the process I spoke of, and the result is an iron equaling, if not superior to, the article you are now selling."

"You seem confident. For a sure-footed man, Mr. Gripp, you are almost enthusiastic."

"If I am, I have an excuse—or, rather, the facts warrant the positive statements I have made. I come to offer you such inducements as will justify you in assuming the direction of a new mill for the new process."

As Mr. Gripp carefully removed the wrapper from a thick roll, a clerk stood in the doorway.

"A lady, Mr. Mead, wishes to see you."

"I will see her soon."

Mr. Gripp had almost removed the wrapping paper. He now turned to Mr. Mead again.

"These drawings are so clear, the explanations so simple, that a single glance must suffice to demonstrate to a man like you the extraordinary value of the process."

Mr. Mead rose, bent over the roll as Mr. Gripp laid the paper aside, and both looked at the drawings as they were unrolled, expectantly.

Suddenly Mr. Gripp's nose and lips curled; the sneer in his face was intensified as he crushed the drawings ruthlessly in a mass, and twisted the paper over them.

"Confound it—I beg your pardon. An absurd—a ridiculous—mistake. These, as you perceived, are flowers, vases, what not—everything but the right thing."

"So I see."

"I see now how the mistake was made. Again the clerk entered.

"A gentleman to see you, who cannot wait, Mr. Mead."

"Show him in."

The door opened, and a quiet personage entered. He looked like a man who would submit to anything for peace.

"Well, Mr. ———"

The visitor interrupted him hastily.

"I have called to speak to you concerning a workman—a puddler—a man named Atherton."

"He never worked for me, sir."

"I am aware of that, Mr. Mead, but I

am informing myself concerning his reputation—his antecedents."

"Why, now, there was nothing at all in Atherton's record that prevented us from giving him work. It was another matter—well, to be frank with you, so far as that affair is any guide, I think Atherton acted as I would have done—as I or you might do to-morrow."

The visitor—he was a detective—looked disappointed.

"Whoever sent you to me don't understand the matter at all. Atherton has the reputation of a good workman, but he is a fellow with crutches—is impulsive, high-strung—but not a man for you to lose time looking after."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Mr. Mead. I have a train to make, and must ask you to excuse me for coming in on you."

"Oh, that's all right."

(To be continued.)

Gifu Fishing in Japan.

"At Gifu we were entertained with one of the most curious sights I have ever witnessed," said a St. Louis traveler in the *Globe-Democrat*. "This was the famous Gifu fishing, of which all travelers in Japan love to relate. We went with the natives in open boats, near midnight, in a mountain stream. At the prow was a wire basket filled with flaming wood. One of the fishermen was near this. He held in his hands strings, to which were tied live birds, a species of duck."

"The glare of the torch attracted the fish to the surface of the water. When one of the birds sighted a fish it would dive after it and usually succeeded in capturing and swallowing it. When a duck had swallowed several fish and its neck appeared fat with them the fishermen pulled it into the boat. Then one of the men would deviously squeeze the duck's neck so that it would vomit the fish, still alive, into a large basket."

"The fish captured are a species of trout and are considered a great delicacy. The Japs eat their fish boiled in a kind of soup, and half raw. We encountered this dish, also numerous other Japanese dishes, which we found far from savory. Americans, as a rule, do not take kindly to the native dishes of Japan. Nearly everywhere, however, it is possible to get what one wants. In going into a Japanese restaurant it is customary to stop in the kitchen and select the viands one desires to have cooked for his meal."

Perfumes and Health.

Pure violet essence is said to be especially suitable to nervous people, but it must be obtained from the flowers themselves, not from the chemical imitations. Chemically derived perfumes are irritant, poisonous, even, to persons of especially sensitive constitution. True flower scents are obtained in three ways—first by spreading fresh blossoms upon glass thickly smeared with pure grease, letting them stand in the sun, and as they wilt replacing them until the grease is as fragrant as the flowers; second, by repeatedly infusing fresh petals in oil; and third, by distilling them in ether, which is then distilled to a dry solid, reports the *Pictorial Magazine*.

As this solid sells for about \$300 an ounce, it is easy to understand why the ether process, though far away the best, is not commonly used. But the scented grease and the essences made by steeping it in pure spirit are never cheap. After all the scent possible has been extracted from the grease it is still fragrant enough to make the very finest perfume soap. All the citrine scents, bergamot, neroli, orange flower water, are refreshing and in a degree stimulating if properly prepared. To make a lasting perfume some animal base is essential—musk, civet or ambergris.

Resources of Alaska.

More discovery of the riches of Alaska has been accomplished this season than ever before. The latest discovery is large deposits of tin. It is beginning to look as if this far-away and inhospitable region is to prove an El Dorado. Many railroads are being projected through its wilds in order to get at its immense wealth, says the *Winnipeg Pilot*. With its tung, fish, timber, gold and other valuable minerals this region that was once thought to be next to valueless is coming to the front with great rapidity. Its resources are sure to add greatly to the wealth of the nation. Uncle Sam made a lucky venture when he bought the land of snow and ice.

Poor Example!

"My boy," says the successful man, "if you get along at all you must learn to stick to things. Everlastingly sticking to it wins in the end."

"Oh, I don't know," retorts the youth. "Look at the postage stamp. It sticks all right, but all it gets out of it is a smack across the face and a place in the waste basket."—*Baltimore American*.

Without Benefit of Clergy.

He died in town this summer. During his last illness his wife nursed him over the telephone from Newport; his doctor treated him by telegraph from Bar Harbor, and a letter, written from the top of the Alps by his clergyman, was read over him at the funeral.—*Life*.

Punishment for Papa.

"For heaven's sake, stop, Elsie! How many times are you going to play that 'Maiden's Prayer' to-day?"

"Ma told me I must play it ten times because I haven't practiced and ten times more because you got home late from the club!"—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

Only Three Stops.

Farmer Stackpole—How many stops has that 'ere organ ye bought for your daughter got?"

Farmer Hawbuck (grimly)—Three—breakfast, dinner and supper.—*Puck*.

Every year the farmers expect thirty bushels of wheat per acre, and get fifteen.

GOOD Short Stories

A New York after-dinner speaker recently spoke of Daniel, of Biblical fame, as one of the few men who was lionized and kept his head.

Mark Twain announces that he is giving his skull to Cornell University, where it can be studied for the enlightenment of future generations. "I am getting pretty old," said Mr. Clemens, recently, "and shall probably not need the skull after next Christmas, I dunno. But if I should, I will pay rent."

When Bernard Shaw's play, "Arms and the Man," was produced in London for the first time, it was well received, and at the fall of the curtain there were clamorous calls for the author, to which Mr. Shaw was at length induced to respond. The audience were still cheering; but there was one dissident in the gallery, who was "booming" with the full power of a pair of very strong lungs. Mr. Shaw looked up at the disturber and said, very seriously: "Yes, sir, I quite agree with you; but what can we two do against a whole household?"

In the middle of a third act of a recent first night in Australia, a gentleman arose in the front row of the gallery and remarked: "This is a bad play, and the acting is even worse than the play." The leading actor came to the footlights and retorted: "You're no right to interrupt. If you don't like it, go outside." "Excuse me," rejoined the malcontent, "I have the right to criticize what I have paid for. If I buy a pound of butter and find it is bad, I say so. I have bought a shilling's worth of this show, and it is an imposition. I want my money back." At this point a stalwart attendant interposed, and smashing of furniture ensued. Eventually the champion of playgoers' rights emerged triumphant from the fray. Holding a shilling on high, he exclaimed: "It's all right; I've got my money back. The play can now proceed!"

Not long ago a popular young actress of Paris received the visit of an able burglar in evening dress, who suddenly appeared in her rooms on the Boulevard de Port Royal without knocking at her door or being announced by her servant. The actress was preparing to retire for the night when she heard strange noises in her drawing room. Going in there she found herself face to face with a tall, dark man in evening-dress and soft slippers, who appeared to be about forty years old. As the actress entered, the stranger dropped on one knee and made a declaration of love. He said that he had watched her on the stage with admiration, that he had tried to see her at the theater, and, having failed to do so, he resolved to enter her residence, even at the risk of being taken for a burglar. The actress was much annoyed, but, believing the man's story, allowed him to go away without raising any alarm. The stranger disappeared quickly when the door was opened for him, and the actress subsequently found that before she had heard his footsteps in her salon he had broken open her Louis Quize table there and abstracted all her money and some jewels.

SENATOR VEST'S DOG STORY.

Speech of the Missourian Recalls a Tale to Government Official.

"The speech made by Senator Vest at the trial of a dog case some years ago brings to my mind a case in which the faithfulness, loyalty and love of a dog for his master was strongly and pathetically portrayed," said a treasury official at a dinner one night last week.

"A man whom I had known from childhood and who occupied first place in my friendship, was taken ill and after months of long suffering died. His death was a blow from which I shall never entirely recover, and it is just this one thing above all others that poor old Dick, my friend's dog, and I held in common."

"During my friend's illness I called at his home on my way to office, and as soon as the working hours were over I was at his bedside again. Always I found Dick there, looking up in his master's face with his big, sad eyes. I patted the faithful fellow and told him it was all right, that his master was going to get well. He would wag his tail and lick my hand in reply. There he stayed and nothing could induce him to remain away very long. Night and day he lay there at the foot of the bed keeping a faithful watch."

"Finally the end came. I am a strong man, but I went to pieces. The sight of that poor dumb brute would have torn a heart of iron. During the preparations for putting the body in the coffin they were forced to carry the dog out of the house and tie him. But I was not for long. Dick broke his rope and quietly sneaked into the house and again took up his watch, at this time under the coffin, and there he stayed, snapping at all who approached his master's body. When the pallbearers were about to remove the casket it was I who saved the unfortunates' life. It almost seemed that it was the strain had broken, and the poor dog's growls, which were more groans, told his story. His attack upon the pallbearers was violent, and for a moment I feared the animal had one mad, but the poor fellow was roused with grief. I approached him, and in the same manner as during his master's illness patting him and said it could be 'all right.' In this way I succeeded in getting him out of the house,

but this scar on my hand bears evidence of the struggle I had in doing so.

"When I reached the street the first thing my eye rested upon was the dog Dick under the hearse, and there he remained in a dull, sullen way, walking along until the grave was reached."

"At the grave he was in a fighting mood no longer. He seemed to understand in his mute way that it must happen. After the burial I coaxed and begged him to come back with me, but to no purpose, so I left him there, where he died a few days later."—*Washington Post*.

NO LAW ON RUGGED ISLAND.

The Fort-two Inhabitants Earn a Livelihood Catching Lobsters.

There is an island down in Penobscot Bay, a few miles from Penobscot, that is in one respect one of the most peculiar islands on the surface of the globe, says a correspondent of the *Pittsburg Gazette*. It is known on the charts as Rugged Island, but sentimental summer residents have named it Crie Haven, in honor of old John Crie, a bearded Scotchman who settled here among the rocks more than a century ago.

The island is under no form of government, and, though it is part of the State of Maine, the people pay no taxes and have no officers of any kind.