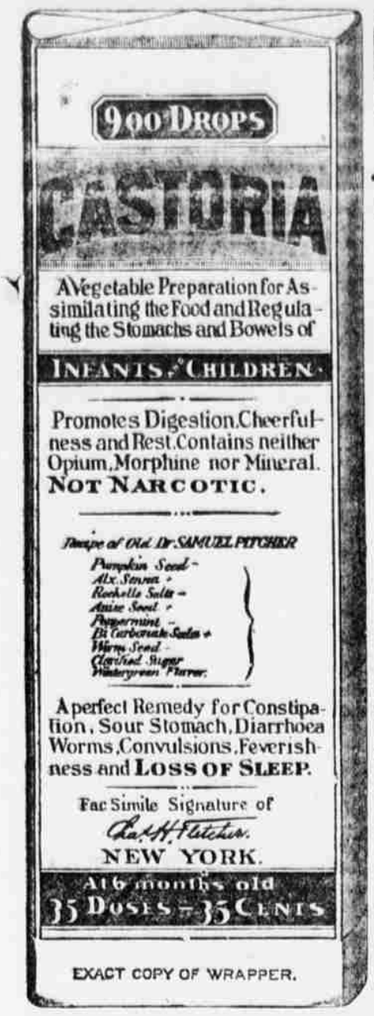

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Physicians Puzzled.

St. Aubert, Mo., Aug. 4.—Mr. E. R. Langendoefer of this place suffered very severely with a peculiar case of Kidney Trouble which completely baffled the skill of the local physicians and instead of getting any better he was gradually growing worse. He says: "A friend advised me to take Dodd's Kidney Pills, and after I had used two boxes I was entirely cured and have not since had the slightest symptom of the return of my trouble.

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An Albion firm raised 1500 crates of strawberries on seven and a half acres and sold them for $3200.

Morgan's Investigation

THE train was about to start, and the young man who had just arisen from the seat beside a young woman in the day coach was turning away when a tall young man came up the aisle.

"Why, it's Morgan!" cried the first young man with a quick hand clasp. "How's Jim? Here," he quickly added, "take this seat and entertain my cousin the best you know how. Miss Ellington, Mr. Morgan. Good by." And he hustled out just as the train began to move.

"Rather unceremonious," laughed Morgan, as he paused beside the seat and looked inquiringly at the girl.

"It's Arthur's way," she smilingly said. "Won't you sit down?"

And Morgan, as he bowed and took the seat, noted that this was a remarkably attractive girl.

"I haven't seen Arthur before for a year or two," he said. "We were in college together and great chums, but as usual drifted apart. What is he doing now?"

"Just now he is threatening to settle down," said the girl. "An indulgent mother has made life very pleasant for him since he came out of college. He has been abroad, you know, and out to California, and down to Florida, and he has his shooting in the Adirondacks, and his automobile trips, and—well, his time has been quite taken up."

James Morgan shook his head.

"I don't like that," he said. "Arthur has good stuff in him. At least, I always thought so. Besides, I don't like the idea of his taking these favors from a woman."

"Not even from his mother?"

"No. The principle is the same. I can understand that a rich father might want to broaden his son's views by travel and by association with widely different classes of humanity, but with a rich mother it would simply be a desire to pamper and please. Besides, I don't believe that true men accept favors from women."

The girl beside him smilingly opened her eyes.

"That's rather old-fashioned, isn't it?" she asked. "This is the twentieth century, you know. The world, or at least our part of it, seems to think that woman is quite on an equality with man in most respects, and that in financial and business matters the question of sex does not enter at all."

"I know," he said. "And I admit that I am old-fashioned about it. But it grates sadly on my ideas of chivalry to know that a man is under obligations to a woman for his daily bread or even for his salary. That sounds a little preachy, doesn't it?" And he laughed as he caught the girl's amused look.

"And you think it would be quite too humiliating for a man to accept employment from a woman?"

"That's the way I look at it," laughed Morgan.

"Perhaps you have had some unpleasant experience that has prejudiced you?" the girl suggested.

"No," said Morgan. "The fact is, I know very little about women, I mean the modern woman. I was a country boy and never saw a city until I went to college. Ours wasn't a co-educational university, and, anyway, I was quite too busy to think of the girls. Since I left college I've been knocking about in out-of-the-way places where women never go. Went to South America to help build a railroad, and a revolution drove us out. Was assistant superintendent of a Montana mine and a consolidation froze us out. Was foreman of the Acme Stamping Company when the treasurer wrecked it. You see, I'm quite a rolling stone, with the usual accumulation of moss. But I fancy my turn will come yet."

"And may I inquire what your next venture is to be?" said the girl. "I'm asking merely to discover what the chances are for your meeting the woman of to-day." She laughed with quite a remarkable display of dimples. "I fancy you'll find her quite an interesting study when you can spare the time."

Morgan turned and looked at her.

"I begin to think so," he said. Then he hastily looked away. "Oh, yes, my next venture? I'm going to Monticello."

"That's not very promising ground."

"It may be from my point of view," said Morgan.

"Then you think of going into business there?"

"It depends on a certain contingency. I am going to inspect a manufacturing property there at the request of several capitalists, who contemplate buying it. If my report is favorable they will take it. If the report isn't favorable I am in for a job again." He laughed. "You see that integrity in business is sometimes put to severe strain."

"But how does it happen that this factory is in the market?" the girl inquired.

"Bad management is the root of the trouble," replied Morgan. "It's a big concern with all the improvements, but there's too much old blood in control, too many old retainers of the house are still pottering around when they should be pensioned off. From all I can hear it wants an infusion of youth and ginger into its affairs. But how can this interest you?"

"Why, it does," smiled the girl. "I'm acquainted in Monticello and think I know the factory you mean. I am on my way to visit an aunt, who lives at Ellington, the next station beyond Monticello. We will not be far apart, and may meet again. I am a little anxious to know how you are impressed."

"Impressed?" repeated Morgan.

"By the factory—and the girls."

Morgan echoed her merry laugh.

"I fancy the first will keep me quite too busy to think of the second."

"And how long do you propose to stay in Monticello?"

"I suppose my work will keep me busy for at least two weeks."

"Then I am quite sure we will meet again. Ah, there's the whistle for Monticello."

She put out her slim hand as Morgan arose, and he murmured something about the pleasure of meeting her, and did it with a clumsiness that must have amused her, and a moment later stood on the platform watching the receding train.

She was a charming girl, there was no doubt about that. He was almost sorry he had met her. It would distract his mind from his business. And how she had drawn him out. Why, he had talked of nothing but himself. He must forget her.

James Morgan settled down to his task with his usual zeal and industry. He visited the factory daily and informed himself concerning every detail. He found things as he expected. Bad management was shown at every turn. It was extravagant management, too, and there was constant friction between the local officers and the headquarters in the distant city. Here was a fine plant rusting out, and rapidly losing its great earning power, and all because of the lack of a progressive head. James Morgan ground his teeth over this abuse of a splendid opportunity and went on preparing his report.

He had been in Monticello a little over a week, and was just leaving the factory one afternoon when a carriage approached. There were two ladies in it, and one of them was bowing. It was Miss Ellington. He returned the salute, and the driver, at a word from the elder lady, drew up to the curb.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Morgan," said the girl as she put out her hand. "Auntie, Mr. Morgan. My aunt, Mrs. Maynard. Auntie has an invitation for you, Mr. Morgan."

"I want to take you home with us and have you stay to dinner," said the elderly lady. "We have been waiting for a fine day so that you could enjoy the drive. And we'll promise to send you back safely on the last trolley car."

She was a charming lady with such a winning air that quite before he realized what he was doing Morgan had accepted the invitation. He murmured something about the state of his toilet, and the necessity for going to his hotel, but the old lady pronounced him quite au fait, adding that he need not worry, he was to be the only guest.

And so James Morgan took the seat facing the ladies and began what proved to be a most delightful drive.

"And how fares the investigation?" inquired the girl.

"Along which line?" laughed Morgan.

"You led me to believe that you had time to pursue but one line," said the girl.

"True," said Morgan. "It is the serious line that I have been following up. And it turns out just as I expected. There has been mismanagement and carelessness. It appears that the head of the concern died some time ago and the company's affairs are in new and evidently incompetent hands. Nobody at the factory seems to know much about this, but I fancy it speaks for itself. If an up-to-date hustler had charge of that plant he'd put it on a paying basis inside of three months."

The girl looked at him a little curiously.

"Yourself, for instance?"

Morgan laughed.

"I had myself in view when I spoke," he said. "If I had that plant in charge I'd want full swing. And if I got it I'd guarantee to return the Russell-Bemis Company seven per cent on their investment the first year." He laughed a little as he said this. "I can afford to be egotistical," he added. "It takes a pull to get a place like that."

And there the subject dropped. There were other subjects, however, to take up, and both Miss Ellington and her aunt were delightful talkers, and Morgan told them some of his experiences in the wilds of two continents, and something about his college life, and the time passed very pleasantly. There was a charming dinner and a pleasant chat in the library, and when Morgan was coming home on the last trolley car he told himself that it had been the most delightful evening he had ever known.

Two days later he received a telegram. It was brief, but to the point:

"Deal off. Company will not consider proposition. Send in bill. Culver."

When Morgan went to pay his hotel bill he found a letter awaiting him. The letter bore the imprint of the Russell-Bemis Company. He hastily tore it open. It was an offer of the superintendency of the Monticello plant, salary and other details to be arranged later. If the place was accepted, he was asked to wire the city office and take charge at once. The letter, couched in strictly business terms, was signed "Phineas Ranney, trustee."

Three days later Morgan was hard at work. The trustee, a shrewd old lawyer, had brought down the contract, the salary was arranged, and Morgan was devoting every energy to putting the plant on a paying basis. It was hard work, very hard work, but his toil was lightened by his visits to the home of Miss Ellington's aunt. They had become quite regular visits now, and the more he saw of Edith Ellington the more charming she appeared. She had such a sympathetic way with her, and seemed so interested in his work.

"But why should you exhaust all your energies for people whom you do not know, and who undoubtedly look upon you as a mere machine?" she asked him one day.

He laughed in his boyish way.

"I don't think of them at all," he said. "I am working on honor, you know. My professional reputation is at stake. I've made promises and I mean to carry them out. Besides I love the work."

And at that the girl gave him such a delightful smile that he remembered it for many days.

He had been in charge of the Russell-Bemis plant for perhaps ten months when on a certain Sunday afternoon he said, in response to Edith's usual inquiries about the factory, that it would be well for the management to send a good man abroad to enlarge the company's market.

"We can double our output," he said "and at a very little advance in expenses, and I know the European market is just hungering for our goods." He laughed. "I'd like to go myself for a three months' trip. I could get away as well as not. Everything is running smoothly, and young Fallon is quite competent to carry out my orders."

"And the trip would give you a rest," said Edith Ellington.

"I hadn't thought of that," laughed Morgan. "But I'm quite willing to guarantee again that I will make it a decidedly profitable rest for the company."

On the following Thursday the superintendent received a telegram asking him to report the next morning at the company's city office. He found Lawyer Phineas Ranney at his desk and the old man greeted him in his dry and yet not unpleasant way.

"Sit down, Mr. Morgan," he said. "I've just been looking over your last statement. Very good, sir, very good. You've done admirably, sir, admirably." He paused and smiled. "That's a good deal of praise coming from me, sir."

"Thank you," said Morgan. "I tried to live up to my agreement."

"We appreciate it," said the old lawyer. "And we've been thinking it over and have come to the conclusion that it would be a good idea, now that things are running smoothly, to send you over to Europe, say for three months, with the idea of opening up a foreign market for our goods. What do you think of the idea?"

Morgan stared hard at the old man.

"It's an excellent idea," he said.

"Very well, then," said the old man. "You can arrange things so as to start about the middle of next month."

"Very well, sir," said Morgan.

The old man looked up at him.

"By the way," he said, "the Russell-Bemis Company would like to meet you in the private office. That's the door, step right in."

Morgan, a little startled at the abrupt announcement, stepped into the apartment indicated and closed the door behind him.

A lady was sitting at the desk. She looked around as he entered.

"Why, Edith—Miss Ellington," Morgan stammered. "This is an unexpected pleasure. I was told I would find the Russell-Bemis Company here."

The girl looked up with a roguish smile.

"I am the Russell-Bemis Company," she said.

"You?"

He sank into a chair. He was quite dazed.

"Wh-why didn't you tell me?" he stammered.

"Do you remember that you said, and with considerable unnecessary emphasis, that you would not accept a salary from a woman?"

Morgan slowly nodded.

"Yes," he said. "But I never thought of a woman as an incorporated company."

Edith Ellington laughed merrily.

"Well," she said, "you will understand that I took your remark so seriously that I bound you with a contract before I told you the truth."

Morgan suddenly rose.

"Miss Ellington," he said, "this unexpected revelation may make a great difference in my hopes and my aspirations. I cannot wait for time to tell. I am going to say to you what I had intended to say when courage and a proper sense of my own deserving came to me." He moved a step nearer. "Miss Ellington—Edith, will you be my wife?"

There was a soft flush on the fair face that was upturned to him, but the clear eyes showed no traces of surprise.

"But your duties, your trip abroad?" she softly said.

He came still nearer.

"We will make it our wedding journey," he said.

A sunny smile played across the upturned face.

"The Russell-Bemis Company takes Superintendent Morgan's suggestion under advisement," she gravely said. "And I think I may go so far as to say that it—that she—cordially accepts it." And she put out both hands.

"And now," she said a moment later, "will the superintendent kindly take the company out to luncheon?"—W. R. Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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