

The Iron-Worker's Daughter

BY HOWARD FORRESTER.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

A young girl was caught by the belt on one of the fly-wheels. In passing, the wind drew an end of the light shawl she wore under the belt. The great wheel was revolving slowly, but all too swiftly for human eye or human hand to avert the horrible fate that threatened her. As she realized her danger, she turned involuntarily to wrench the shawl from beneath the belt. Unconsciously she completed the action that seemed to be her last; the moment she turned, the other end of the shawl was caught up. She averted her face in horror. The huge wheel remorselessly lifted her up; she felt herself hurled through the air in the loop formed by the shawl; her agonized face was turned to the horror-stricken workmen as she uttered a shriek. The shriek pierced Atherton's heart and brain. The face that was turned toward him was that of his own daughter.

The father's cry was the death of despair. He foresaw a horrible death for his only child. The distance between them was so great he was powerless to save her. The great wheel would carry her around, drop her into the pit half way, catch her by her limbs, whirl her around again and again, or, without relinquishing the first grip, would crush her to death. If she should be so fortunate as to drop into the bottom of the pit, the chances were she would never be brought out alive.

The workmen shouted wildly, running to the fly-wheel, and waving their hands to the engineer. Atherton never knew how he passed the rolls—whether he leaped the intervening rolls in motion between him and the wheel, or clambered over the inert rolls a little below the wheel—he only knew he was rushing headlong, madly, to his daughter's aid. Others were almost as fast footed; none were near enough to save her—she was doomed to certain death—when suddenly a figure darted with lightning rapidity from the shadow of a pile of iron beside the shears, and in a flash of time, seemingly, was beside the fly-wheel.

But before the figure came in view, many of the ironworkers had turned their faces aside in horror.

CHAPTER III.

What the workmen who were looking on and the father saw they were never able to describe to their own satisfaction, or in a manner that could be easily comprehended by others.

The person who suddenly sprang to the fly-wheel reached out his left hand as the wheel brought the girl around to the end of the pit opposite that from which she had been lifted. The hand caught one of her outstretched arms as she faced him. He seemed to be holding on to her—seemed to be dragged down into the pit with her as they disappeared from view.

Piles of iron concealed them for the time being from the workmen running to the wheel. The engine had stopped, but the wheel was still revolving with the momentum acquired in its revolutions.

When Atherton and his fellow-workmen approached the wheel, they found a man lying on the ground, lifting the girl by sheer main strength out of the pit. An open penknife lay beside him, and half of the girl's shawl was under him. Just as the workmen reached him, he laid the limp form of the girl on the ground.

She was in a dead faint. Her upturned face was as white as it would ever be in her coffin. The young man—it was the son of one of the mill owners—sprang to his feet, and, seeing her father, said quickly:

"She is not hurt—if some of you would bring some water, she has fainted."

Half a dozen ran for their dinner pails, and soon there was abundance of water. While Atherton with wet eyes was clasping her hands and calling upon her to open her eyes, others gathered about the young man, asking all manner of questions.

"I can scarcely tell you how I did it. I saw her was not an instant of time to lose. I either had my knife open in my hand, or opened it as I jumped to the wheel. Then I caught her with my left hand, and—I knew it was life or death—slashed with my knife at the shawl, and held on to her, with a steady pull. Then I found I was bound to fall into the pit with her, and just fell flat on my breast, and, sure enough, I had cut her free. I had strength enough to lift her out—but I don't believe I could do it again, boys."

He said it with a conscious pride and a depth of feeling that won the admiration of all within hearing. Arthur Mayberry was anything but a "milkop" in the eyes of the workmen in Star Mill. His many good qualities were appreciated by them, but the quick eye, the presence of mind, the quick and decisive display on this occasion elevated him in their eyes to a place few could claim.

Meanwhile the ironworker's daughter regained consciousness. As she opened her eyes she shuddered, and would doubtless have swooned again had not her father exclaimed, as he bent over her:

"Irene! Irene!"

Slowly she opened her eyes, struggled into a sitting posture, and gazed about her wonderingly.

"It is real—I thought it was death."

"Here, Irene. This is the gentleman who saved your life."

The young man her father held by the hand looked as though he would prefer to be alone. He bowed, however, and smiled as he said:

"A miss is as good as a mile."

"Yes; but she'll never be nearer eternity than she was when you caught her," said the puddler, gravely.

The knot of workmen near him nodded their heads in assent. The young girl rose, and glanced shyly at her deliverer as she pinned up her hair.

He was a very handsome fellow, possibly twenty-two or four, with very bright blue eyes, dark hair and mustache, and a graceful figure. He was trim looking, and yet, as she made a mental note, Irene Atherton realized that he was the farthest remove from a top.

On his part, Arthur Mayberry thought he had never beheld a more perfect face than Irene Atherton's. She had the clear-cut features that distinguish the handsomest American women from their sisters in all other lands. Her eyes alone would have been a dower of beauty. Such

beautiful brown eyes Arthur Mayberry had never looked into.

"You haven't thanked him," said the puddler, as he looked from the young man to his daughter.

"How can I, father—what are words at a time like this? My poor shawl!" she said presently, looking down at the fragment on the ground.

Her father bethought himself of the two lessons received in one day. He was an affectionate father—his heart was bound up in his only daughter. He would have suffered his limbs to be torn asunder rather than harm should come to her.

"I hope I may never see its color again. Come, we will go home now."

The machinery of Star Mill was silent—the ironworkers were going home in groups, in twos and threes. Arthur Mayberry was walking back to the mill office, when he felt a hand on his shoulder, and a familiar voice accosted him cheerily.

"You're nominated for to-morrow night, Mayberry."

"As how?" asked Mayberry, looking around with a pleasant smile.

"We've made up a little party for the concert. Count you in?"

"I'm ever so much obliged, Parker, but—"

"No excuses. You are going along. I've committed you. I told Miss Bruce I was commissioned to ask her if you could have the pleasure of her company to the concert to-morrow evening."

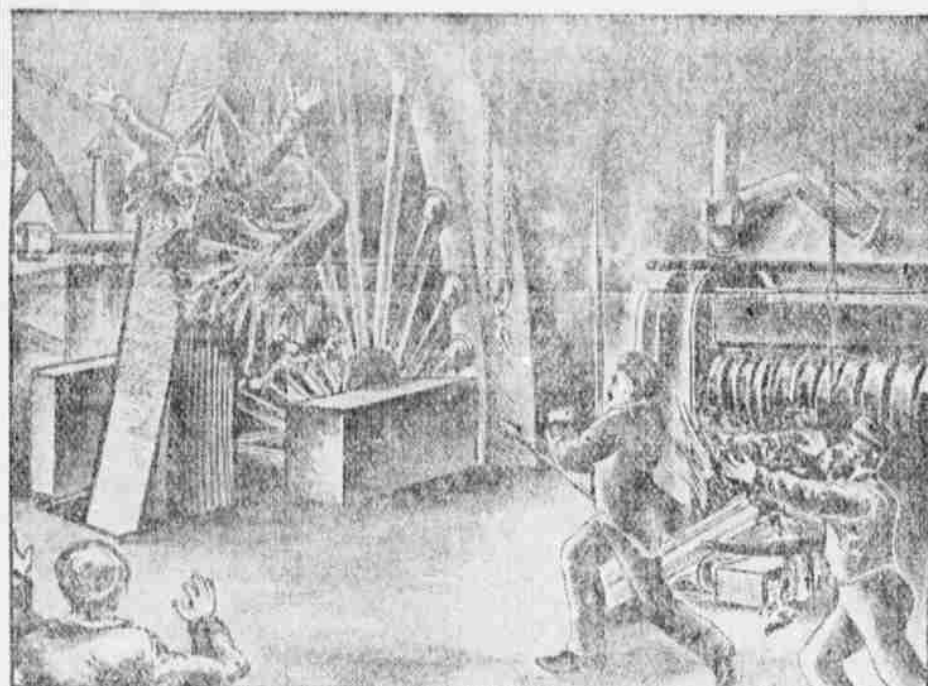
"Parker—you didn't. What will she think?"

"Nonsense! There's just eight of us, and you'll spoil the arrangement if you don't come."

"Look here, Parker, I've no doubt it's just as you say, but this is the last time—positively the last time. Because you are going to marry one Miss Bruce, that doesn't give you the right to dispose of her sister and me in such a way as to let you have the other sister all to yourself. I've been counting the times I've accommodated you—"

"I know you would come. Sad business—awful sudden this death of Peters. Quite shook me up at first."

"That's the way with some folks. All the doctors in the world can't prevent their going off that way. Somebody was telling us his father died the same way."



THE HUGE WHEEL REMORSELESSLY LIFTED HER UP.

Parker looked at his friend curiously, sharply.

"I hadn't heard that. It's in the family, then. People think—or have you heard the men talk about it?"

"They are all talking about Peters' death, of course."

"Even the fellows that thought Peters was a little too hard are sorry he's gone. Take 'em through and through, these workmen ain't a bad lot, Parker. The majority are all right at bottom. Do you remember how they put up for Briggs' wife—gave her over four hundred dollars. And they did a very fine thing when that little fellow was killed a year ago. Never let his mother see him till the undertaker had got the poor child into something like himself—besides attending to things the office hadn't any way of getting at."

"Yes, I suppose they'll miss Peters."

"I'll call on you to-morrow evening, at seven sharp, mind."

"No! thank you. I'll permit you to go half an hour earlier, I guess."

Parker flushed.

"Well, but you'll be on hand?"

"How can I help it? You've managed it so finely again, that I must go or explain—and you know I never explain anything."

"Thanks, old fellow. When you are engaged—"

"Ever so much obliged," interrupted Mayberry with a laugh.

And thus the friends and fellow clerks parted. Not a word was said of the episode in the mill. Mayberry, usually free and unreserved, was silent. He confessed to himself when alone that, were the person chiefly concerned a man, instead of a young lady, he would have experienced no restraint in relating the peril escaped.

CHAPTER IV.

The coroner at first was averse to official action in Peters' case. The opinion of the physician was sufficient, he thought, until he received a note from one of the owners of the Star Mill. Mr. Meeker was of the opinion an inquest should be held; a concern employing so many workmen could not afford to leave any ground for speculation.

So the jury was got together, duly sworn, repaired in a body to Mr. Peters' home, where they viewed the remains in silence, and then retired solemnly to a neighbor's office, placed at their disposal, where the witnesses appeared before them.

The first witness called was Daniel Atherton, the puddler. The ironworker looked unusually grave. His manner was collected, his tones measured as he gave

his testimony. Mr. Meeker was present. He was talking to Atherton in a low tone when the jury entered the office.

"There is no use giving out to the world that Peters was in a passion when he fell," he said. "You see, while it is true, it will only create an erroneous impression. The papers will publish it, and in such a way that it may do Peters injustice and pain his relatives. Here is a man dead, with nothing against him so far, until the idea gets out all at once he was a passionate, bossing sort of a fellow—and that robs him or his people of sympathy. I think, if I were you, I'd confine myself to answers, instead of volunteering a statement."

And there was Gripp, very solemn, and as silent as the grave. This silence exasperated the ironworker. He was inclined to tell all that passed, and in the order in which the incidents occurred, if for no other reason than to show his disregard of Mr. Gripp's suggestions.

But when he stood up before the jury, his kinder nature asserted itself, as often happened with him, and thus he laid the foundation for future trouble, as kindness and a disposition to oblige often does.

Instead of relating all that happened the previous day, he simply answered such questions as were propounded by the coroner.

"Yes, he had met Mr. Peters about ten minutes before he was stricken down. He met him in the mill yard. They were talking about one of the furnaces when he was seized. There was one other present, Mr. Gripp, who was in the room, Mr. Peters fell so suddenly neither could prevent his falling. The mark on the back of his head was caused by a large piece of iron. His head struck it as he fell."

The jury looked at the coroner, then at the floor. At this point, the blundering juror popped up, as he invariably does in the wrong place. A stolid-looking man desired to ask Mr. Atherton "just one question."

"About that lump of metal," he said, "or piece of metal—if Mr. Peters had attended to his business, looked after everything as he'd ordered have done, do you think that piece of metal would have been where it was? And if it hadn't been there—well, maybe he'd be living yet."

"You needn't answer that question," said the coroner. "It isn't pertinent. There is no object in it."

All the jurors looked at the blundering juror reprovingly. Then Mr. Gripp was sworn. Mr. Gripp's testimony was much shorter than the puddler's. It was corroborative.

"That is about all, gentlemen," said the coroner. "I will leave you now for a few minutes to prepare your verdict. Here are pen, ink and paper."

Then Mr. Meeker, accompanied by Gripp, Atherton and the coroner, stepped

lost your life bringing me that mess of lies, Pd—"

The ironworker clenched his hands. His mouth grew hard, and the frown on his face became deeper.

"I thought it was something about the Amalgamated Association—something that would save you trouble to know by taking it to you before you were through your work. I was so hurried I never thought of it until this morning after you went out."

"Well—one warnin' enough. Now, after this, no matter if I leave my dinner-pail, you must never come to the mill again. The fright you gave me yesterday has made me feel ten years older. I thought when your mother died nothing could ever shake me again; but you did—you shook me worse yesterday."

"It was awful—awful, father."

"So you'll never set foot in the mill again, mind. If you can't send, wait till I come home."

"I'll never go again."

(To be continued.)

Could Not Forgive Him.

"Forgive him?" exclaimed the great orator. "No, sir. There are some things that a man can never forgive. If it were only an ordinary quarrel, I could forgive him; if he had had a stand-up-and-knock-down fight I could forgive him; if he had slandered me I might forget it, but some things a man cannot forgive, however hard he may try." "Did you ever have a political argument with him?" asked the great politician. "No; we were both on the same side." Both fell in love with the same girl? inquired the young lover. "No; he never knew the girl I married." "Tried to get the better of you by underhand means in some business transaction, possibly?" suggested the business man. "Not so. I never had any business dealings with him. I'll tell you what it was, though. I was making a speech one night—it was the effort of my life—and he was present. I had worked in some heroes and had come to paths. I could see that I carried the audience with me as I told the little story I had interpolated to illustrate the point I was making. There was hardly a sound in the vast auditorium. I could see that the people were hanging on every word, every syllable that I uttered. At that moment—the very moment of my triumph—" "Well?" asked the others together, as he hesitated. "At that moment this man yelled, 'Loud!'"—Wichita Eagle.

A Cure for Stage Fright.

It was graduating night for the piano class, and the pupils of the Conservatory were very much excited. All were nervous, some on the verge of tears.

"E!e!e!" exclaimed the elocution teacher, as she entered the room. "What do you mean by all this nonsense? I have a remedy in my room that will set you right in a moment. I will give each of you a dose just before you are ready to play, but you must each promise not to tell the others what it is."

As each pupil emerged smiling from the elocution teacher's room, went on the platform, and came back saying, "I never felt the least bit frightened," great curiosity was expressed as to what this wonderful remedy could be. It was very simple—she only slapped their backs. She began by patting their backs and shoulders with the palms of her hands, alternating right and left. The slaps grew firmer and harder, until the poor victim could scarcely bear it; yet as the blood went tingling through the veins there was such exhilarating effect that each one felt impelled to endure "just a little more," until the teacher sent them off laughing to the delightful task of playing their graduating piece, which all of them did with honor to themselves and to their teachers.

A Few Conundrums.

What has only one foot? A stocking.

How do bees dispose of their honey? They cell it.

What game do the waves play at? Pitch and toss.

What soup would cannibals prefer? A broth of a boy.

What sort of men are always above board? Chessmen.

Who is the oldest lunatic on record? Time out of mind.

When is a man more than a man? When he is beside himself.

What is a maff? Something that holds a lady's hand and doesn't squeeze it.

When is a clock on the stair dangerous? When it runs down and strikes one.

Why is a pig in the kitchen like a house on fire? The sooner it's out the better.—New York World.

Story Would Not Stick.

A self-styled hero of the Boer war, a Captain Jean Winkler, has come to grief at Zurich.

He was making a good thing out of the sympathetic Swiss, for he had lost an arm at Ladysmith, and bore the scars of many honorable wounds. But unkind police made inquiries.

Captain Winkler winkles no more. He is in prison. He lost his arm by jumping from a train to escape from warrens, and in Holland has been convicted of over twenty criminal offenses. He has passed twenty years of his life out on little fields, but in prison.—London Express.

The First Known Coin.

The first known coin is Chinese. It is copper, and specimens weighing from one to five pounds and supposed to date from a period at least 2,000 years before Christ are still in existence.

Many a sunstroke is due to a man's efforts to make hay while the sun shines.

The first problem that confronts a baby is how to make crying pay.

Hints for the Housewife.

Add a little soda when stewing a fowl to make the flesh more tender.

The remnant of stewed or preserved fruit left from tea will improve a tapioca pudding the next day.

Tinware may quickly be cleaned by rubbing it with a damp cloth, dipped in soda. Rub briskly and wipe dry.

To prevent new lamp wicks from smoking, soak them thoroughly in vinegar before using, and let them dry before being put into the lamp.

To skin beetroot easily and quickly put it into cold water directly it is cooked. Pass the hand down the root and the skin will come off at once.

To prevent gravies from becoming lumpy, remove the pan from the fire while the thickening is being stirred in, after which set the pan back on the fire and cook thoroughly.



Mrs. F. Wright, of Oelwein, Iowa, is another one of the million women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

A Young New York Lady Tells of a Wonderful Cure:

"My trouble was with the ovaries; I am tall, and the doctor said I grew too fast for my strength. I suffered dreadfully from inflammation and loitered continually, but got no help. I suffered from terrible dragging sensations with the most awful pains low down in the side and pains in the back, and the most agonizing headaches. No one knows what I endured. Often I was sick to the stomach, and every little while I would be too sick to go to work, for three or four days; I work in a large store, and I suppose standing on my feet all day made me worse."

"At the suggestion of a friend of my mother's I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it is simply wonderful. I felt better after the first two or three doses; it seemed as though a weight was taken off my shoulders; I continued its use until now I can truthfully say I am entirely cured. Young girls who are always paying doctor's bills without getting any help as I did, ought to take your medicine. It costs so much less, and it is sure to cure them.—Yours truly, ABELENE PRATT, 174 St. Ann's Ave., New York City."—\$5.00 (in full) if original of above letter proving genuine cannot be produced.

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In order that a rainbow may be produced the sun must not be more than 42 degrees above the horizon.

Panthers have appeared in large numbers at Kabylla, Algeria. A committee at Algiers is organizing a hunt.

Shortly after sewing her own shroud, a woman named Mosowska died this week at Podol, Bohemia, aged 107.

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