

# The Iron-Worker's Daughter

BY HOWARD FORRESTER.

## CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

"And to think! The thing you were bringing me was a lot of lies—printed lies to mislead honest men. It was to carry this stuff to me you went to the mill. Well, the story will keep—it will keep. An open circular would not have misled you, but these people are so rich now they can waste hundreds and thousands of dollars on stamps. How long will it be until dinner is ready?"

"I can have it ready in fifteen minutes at most—maybe sooner."

"There's no hurry, child. I'll be back soon—I'm going over to Jack's."

The ironworker put his hat on and left the house. He must talk to some kindred spirit—Jack Jones was the man.

The ironworker's daughter was in the act of frying potatoes when a gentle rap on the door started her. She deftly slipped the stove lid under the path to prevent the potatoes from burning in her absence, and opened the door.

As she opened it a deep blush mantled her face. The visitor was Arthur Mayberry. He lifted his hat, bowed, begged her pardon, looked disconcerted, then said:

"Possibly I have made some mistake, Miss Atherton."

He glanced up at the number, blushing furiously. Miss Atherton was quick-witted. She was noted among her friends for always doing the right thing.

"If you will tell me what number you are looking for, sir, maybe I can be of some service to you."

Arthur Mayberry thought he had never heard a voice as musical as the ironworker's daughter possessed.

"Why, there is some absurd mistake, I dare say. I was looking for Number 22."

"This is 22. Pray come in."

He entered, and she closed the door, while Mayberry produced a pocketbook, took from it a small clipping from a newspaper, and said:

"I dare say the printer made a mistake. But it says 22."

"I have no doubt it is right. What is it?"

He handed the clipping to her.

"Please be seated. I've no doubt this is my father's advertisement. He has been working on inventions many years."

Then she handed him back the clipping, which he carefully replaced in his pocketbook.

The clipping read:

To Capitalists—A practical ironworker, one who possesses a fair knowledge of mechanics, having perfected an invention which will accomplish in four hours the work which now consumes from thirty-six to forty-eight hours, desires to deal with some one whose resources, or experience, or both, will prove worth a half-interest in introducing the idea. Address, or call at Number 22 street.

"My father will be in fifteen or twenty minutes at most," said Irene.

Mayberry suspected the truth. He had called at her dinner hour. He rose, replaced his hat, and placed his hand on the knob of the door, saying:

"I had no idea it was your father, Miss Atherton. Please tell him I may call later in the day, or—I can see him in the mill."

There was a sound of voices on the street. As Arthur Mayberry opened the door, still looking at the ironworker's daughter admiringly—he could not remove his eyes from her—Irene started.

The loudest voice was her father's. He was very angry. The other voice was that of a stranger.

It was evident Mr. Mayberry recognized her father's voice. He thought he recognized the voice that puzzled Irene.

He could not step out, nor could he act upon his first impulse and close the door again, for that would simply be an admission that he had heard all that was said on the street.

He began to speak of the sudden death of the manager of Star Mill, when the voices on the street rose louder and sharper.

Atherton's voice was loudest.

"If you ever insinuate—if you ever hint at that again—as sure as there is a heaven above us—"

"Hah! You threaten me!"

"You infernal scoundrel! You—you—villain! Go away, before I am tempted to do something!"

The listeners heard a sneering laugh. The stranger voice answered in a low tone, then, suddenly and without warning, the ironworker pushed his door wide open and confronted his daughter and Mayberry with a pale face, and hands trembling like one afflicted with a palsy.

## CHAPTER V.

The ironworker stared from one to the other, then with a mighty effort regained self-control.

"You find me in a temper, Mr. Mayberry—if you knew; but I won't talk about it. Is it anything particular you want to see me about?"

Mayberry, recalling the circumstance afterward, remembered Atherton did not ask him to sit down.

"I called in relation to an advertisement, but I did not dream it was yours."

"Yes, yes," said Atherton. He was hurried. "But really, Mr. Mayberry, I can't talk business just now—I must cool off. I—we can talk it over at the mill. Sorry things have happened this way—but it's not my doing, it's all that—"

Here the pudler checked himself and bit his lip.

"Mr. Mayberry might stop and take dinner with us, father. It is almost ready."

"You are welcome—none more welcome, to such as we have," said Atherton. "I'm not as mindful of these things as my daughter, Mr. Mayberry. We would be pleased to have your company."

"Not now," said Mayberry. "You will excuse me to-day, Mr. Atherton."

Mayberry bowed and withdrew. When the door closed upon him, Atherton sat down sullenly.

"You are not well," said his daughter, with concern.

"It is nothing," said her father; but she wondered none the less. His tone, his manner was strange. Instead of hanging his hat up cheerily, and speaking lightly of the affairs of the house, Atherton sat moodily, tossing his hat on a chair near him.

"Dinner is ready, father," said his daughter, a minute later.

Atherton rose, passed a hand over his face, sighed heavily—Irene had never

heard him sigh before—and sat down. He helped his daughter, then helped himself. But he did not eat much. And presently he began to talk in a tone his daughter had heard him indulge in but rarely, except when some of his fellow-molders came in for an hour or two.

"I suppose Sam Gummitt will be manager, and then there'll be trouble. The way things are running now, a workman hasn't much chance. If he dares to say his soul is his own, he hears of it. And if he stands up for his rights they manage to get rid of him some way. It's not hard finding an excuse. Capital rules the day."

"Maybe things will take a turn for the better, papa," said Irene, smiling.

"I hope things may—I hope they may, but it don't look like it. I'm too poor to try my own ideas, and because I don't knuckle to some fellow who would rob me of my brain work, I'm out in the cold—and likely to be."

"It may be, Mr. Mayberry will help you find a way to try your invention."

"Maybe."

Atherton looked at her sharply. She was apparently unconscious of his scrutiny. He was going to speak, when a light rap on the door attracted his attention.

"Come in."

As a large, heavy-built man entered, Atherton exclaimed:

"Ah, Jack! Just the man I want to see."

"I was out when you came over," said the visitor.

"Sit down, Jack."

The visitor settled himself comfortably by the fireplace. It was merely a matter of habit. He might have sat out of doors, the weather was so fine.

"Anything new, Jack?"

"They do say as how Gummitt will be over us."

"Ah?"

"However, it ain't just settled."

"No? What seems to be in the way, now?"

"O! I'm not sure. They do say as how Gummitt has some prime new idea."

Atherton, who was standing, wheeled around suddenly upon hearing this.

"Gummitt got an idea—a prime idea?"

Jack Jones' eyes twinkled. He could scarcely preserve his gravity. Something was welling up in him—something he was trying to keep down, but it would not be repressed.

"Yes—Sam's got an idea—a brand new one. I do not say 'twas his own. What's to hinder any man having a new idea—isn't it as easy to carry borrowed ideas, as 'tis to carry your own?"

The pudler drew a deep breath, picked up a chair, planted it in front of his neighbor, and sat down. Then he said in a sharp tone:

"Jack, what's in this? You've heard something. Tell me all about it."

"Give a fellow time, Dan. Don't come at me like a house afire."

"Come—out with it, Jack."

"Why, then, they do say Gummitt has found a new process."

"What is this idea? Is it anything like mine, Jack?"

"Well, now, if you come at me that way," Jack began, but his friend interrupted him.

"Come, Jack; you know—everybody knows—Sam Gummitt is a man who has only his doggedness and his close mouth to recommend him. I don't deny he is a good workman—but he is not as good as half a dozen you know. And he never originated an idea in his life. So, if it is anything like my idea—"

"It is."

Atherton leaned back, and looked at his visitor steadily.

"Who told you this?"

"Well—it's come to me two or three ways, Dan. But there's no doubt of it. If it isn't your idea, it's mighty nigh it."

Atherton rose and paced the floor. Then he stopped in front of his guest.

"Jack, do you know what I'll do if Sam steals my invention?"

"Give him a licking—a right down good one. He'd deserve it."

"I'll do worse than that. I'll show him up—and whoever backs him. If there's any law in the land."

"Ay, there's plenty of law, but where's your justice? If he has some one at his back with a long purse—ch? What will you do then?"

Atherton's answer was sharp and quick.

"If I can't get justice, and Sam Gummitt steals my plans, I'll deal with him myself. I don't think he'll like to force me to that—but let any of them try to rob me, and they will find it'll cost them more than they will like to pay."

"I just thought I'd give you warning."

"I'll not forget it, Jack."

"I hear so many stories about people stealing patents—and we're always reading about infringements. But it's time enough to worry when you're sure he's got your invention."

"No," said Atherton with energy. "Now is the time."

They sat looking at each other quietly a few minutes, when Jack suddenly said:

"Tell you what, Dan. There's a man could maybe help you. Why didn't you think of him long ago? He knows all the owners—and they say he has a pile of money, too."

"Ah! that's my man—somebody who has, or can control, a good deal of money."

"Yes, it will take a goodish bit, I reckon. This man can help you in every way with owners, seeing as he is dealing with them every day, and knows the inside and outside of the whole business."

"Who is your man?"

"Jackson Gripp."

"Jackson Gripp?" The pudler half rose; his face grew pale; his eyes were fixed on his visitor's in a stare that alarmed his neighbor, who in his turn stared at Atherton. Then he called out loudly:

"Ho! there, come here quick."

Irene Atherton sprang to the door in answer to the call. As she entered the room, big Jack put out his hands; he was just in time to prevent the pudler from falling forward.

"What has happened? What is it?" Irene asked quickly as she knelt beside her father.

"I don't know, miss, more than you do. We were talking, when all at once he choked, and that's all I know about it."

It's mighty strange. Your father never had no fainting spells, had he?"

Irene shook her head.

"Best let me help you put him to bed."

"It's something terrible—it is like death—oh! can it be he is dying?" Irene was beside herself with terror and grief. She felt his pulse; she lifted his head; she put a hand over her father's heart.

"Run, run for a doctor, for heaven's sake!"

Jack Jones gave her a single backward glance, then ran for the doctor.

## CHAPTER VI.

When the doctor arrived, Dan Atherton was walking up and down his house in a fine temper.

"I am very much obliged to you, Jack," he said to his fellow-worker and neighbor as that individual looked open-mouthed at him, "but really I am as well as ever I was."

The doctor, a young practitioner, looked at Atherton narrowly, then at his daughter, who speedily beat a retreat to another room, then at Jones.

"It does not look as if my services were needed."

"No, they are not. But your time is worth something. Of yes, but you must," said Atherton, as he forced a bill into the young man's hand. "I'd rather pay to be well than sick any time."

He spoke so cheerily that Jack Jones looked more and more amazed at him.

"If I need a doctor, he sure I shan't forget you, either. I guess it was a bit of indigestion, or something. I have been a little out of sorts."

"No doubt that's it," said the doctor, finding he must say something. "At all events, there does not seem to be anything wrong with you now."

The doctor retired speedily, two dollars richer than when he came. Then Jones, who was puzzled exceedingly, went home, wondering at the strange thing he had witnessed.

Dan Atherton, despite his daughter's wishes, went out, saying he might not return until evening. His daughter pondered over his strange illness; the sudden seizure and swift recovery were unaccountable.

Meantime Dan Atherton made his way to the office of a mill owner who had the reputation of a public-spirited, enterprising, liberal man. The pudler had worked in his mill, but had never addressed a word to the mill owner in his life.

He found some difficulty in getting access to the owner. It was only when three or four visitors were bowed out of the mill owner's office that Atherton was admitted. Mr. Chubb looked at him sharply as he awaited his communication.

"My name is Atherton, sir. I worked in your mill four years ago."

"Well, Mr. Atherton?"

"I called to see you on a matter of business. About a new process."

"Huh! A new process, eh? Sit down. I find I've got—yes, just ten minutes to spare. If you can give me an idea of your process, or what you propose to do, in that time."

"No, I will not take up your time, Mr. Chubb. I can't give you an idea of a thing it's taken me eight or ten years to study out, in ten minutes. I thought you might be interested in it—that you would at least listen to a plan that will double your present capacity without costing you much, if it works at all; but I'll not bother you, sir. Good day, sir."

And the pudler found himself standing on the sidewalk, cursing the pride of the mill owner, classing him with all the spoiled capitalists, while Mr. Chubb was wondering, as he said to himself: "What the world was coming to, when a workman—a common workman—dared bring us to a man like him in that style!"

Atherton was standing irresolutely before Mr. Chubb's office, when he espied Arthur Mayberry approaching.

His first impulse was to turn his head aside. Then he chided himself for an ungrateful, narrow-minded fellow. He owed his daughter's life to this young man. Why should he avoid him? More especially since Mayberry had called to see him in answer to his advertisement. He turned, and when young Mayberry came abreast of him said:

"We meet again."

"Yes, and at a time that just suits me, if it suits you, Mr. Atherton."

"Oh, any time suits me."

"I know a place, a quiet place, where we can talk business without interruption. Or, if you prefer it—as I do—there is a very quiet restaurant near here, where we can get some oysters."

"I'll take the oysters," said Atherton.

"Come," said the pudler's new-found friend, as he led the way.

"That Chubb has given me such a backset," said Atherton, angrily, "that a man can get a bargain of me now."

"I don't ask any more than I would be willing to give," said Mayberry. "If your idea is worth money, I will try to get it out of it for you and me and my backer."

Arthur Mayberry guided the pudler to a restaurant near at hand, ordered oysters for two, and passing into a box, seated himself, saying: "Now I am prepared to listen to you, Mr. Atherton."

The pudler began in a low tone, and very soon the eyes of his listener sparkled. As Atherton described his plans, Mayberry struck the table with his hand.

"You have struck it, Mr. Atherton!"

"Eh? You see it?"

"See it! Why, I see it as plain as I see you."

"I'm not a visionary, am I?"

"A visionary! You are eminently practical."

The young man's estimate of the pudler underwent a sudden change. Here was a man of extraordinary ability—a rough diamond utterly overlooked.

"But tell me," he said to the pudler, "where did you acquire such information?"

"Well, by using my eyes, and reading—mostly thinking out things that's puzzled most of us."

Atherton's tone and manner was that of a modest man. But he was confident of his powers—confident and self-reliant. Mayberry thought, "all that this man requires is education to shine."

"You think my idea is all right, eh?"

"Mr. Atherton, I won't say just all I think of it now. I know it will work, and it will make us or whoever goes in with us, rich."

Atherton's eyes sparkled. This was the first positive encouragement he had received.

"It is plain as day to me," said Mayberry. He was talking rapidly, and in a tone that could be overheard, when the pudler said:

"Not so loud—there is somebody in the next box."

Mayberry was surprised. He inclined an ear. Then he said, in a low tone:

"Do you think they heard?"

"I'm sure of it."

"They did not hear sufficient to interfere with your plans, have they?"

"It depends on who is next us. If they are in the iron or steel business—"

"I see," said Mayberry. "I would like to know—I am very curious to learn who is next us."

"And I am determined I will know, since it has gone so far. Let us sit silent, and wait until they go out."

They sat looking at each other, and listening for the occupant of the box next them to depart. Presently they heard the occupant moving a chair. But he did not leave his box. Atherton, wearying of waiting, made a movement to Mayberry, rose and stepped to the door of the box. Mayberry rose also; he was passing out after Atherton, when the door of the stall next them was opened suddenly, and Mr. Gripp confronted them.

Atherton advanced to him as if he intended speaking, but he changed his mind suddenly, and turned aside.

"Good day, Mr. Gripp," said Mayberry, in his cheery, off-hand way.

"Good day, Mr. Mayberry."

(To be continued.)

## JUDGE STORY'S MONEY.

Not Good a Few Miles from Home, Though He Made It Himself.

In 1826 Josiah Quincy, then a young man but recently graduated from Harvard, was invited by Judge Story, a member of the Supreme bench, to accompany him to Washington. Judge Story was one of the great talkers at a period when conversation was considered a sort of second profession. In "Figures of the Past" Mr. Quincy gives an incident of the journey from Boston to Washington, which was made by stage coach.

The first night of our journey was spent at Ashford, in Connecticut, where we arrived late in the evening; and here the bother of wildcat currency, as it was afterward called, was forced upon our attention.

The bills of local banks would not circulate beyond the town in which they were issued, and when Judge Story, who had neglected to provide himself with United States notes, offered the landlord a Salem bill in payment for his supper, the man stared at it as if it had been the wampum of the Indians or the shell money of the South Sea Islanders.

"This is not good," said the host, "and I think you must know it."

"I know it is good," retorted the judge, testily. "And I'll tell you how I know it. I made it myself!"

This reply, of which the landlord could make nothing, unless it were the confession of a forger, did not mend matters; and it was fortunate that I had provided myself with some national notes, which ended the difficulty. The explanation was that Judge Story, as president of a Salem bank, had signed the bill.

## The Salt of the Sea.

Roughly speaking, if you take the salt out of the sea water you deprive it of a thirtieth of its weight. On that basis one-thirtieth of the entire weight of all the sea water in the world is salt, and, as salt and water are about the same in bulk, we may estimate also that, by bulk, one-thirtieth of the huge mass of the ocean is pure salt. What does this bring us to?

Taking the 130,000,000 odd square miles of the five oceans to average a mile and a half deep, we have in them alone 200,000,000 cubic miles of salt water. A thirtieth of this should give us the bulk of the salt contained in the great waters of the globe.

Rounding the figures, we get something like 7,000,000 cubic miles of salt. If it were taken out and spread over the surface of the six continents they would be covered with its snowy powder to a depth of over two hundred feet.

To put it another way, if all the earth were salt water, there would be enough salt in it to make two globes of solid salt very little smaller than our moon.

## A Gigantic Meteorite.

Prof. Henry A. Ward has announced the discovery of a great meteorite in Western Mexico. The stone weighs fifty tons; it is thirteen feet one inch in length and lay buried by the terrific force of its own momentum nearly twenty feet in the earth. Small portions of the meteorite were broken off; the remainder was left intact for the time being. The cost of transporting the stone to the sea coast, seventy-one miles, would have been more than \$50,000.

## A Horizontal Tree.

At Shillfried, near Matzen, an Austrian holiday resort much patronized by the Viennese, there is a tree which has the most singular characteristic of growing horizontally over the ledge of a deep hollow. The tree is about ten years old, and two years since, as the result of a landslip, it fell into its present position, with its branches upwards and downwards, and so has grown ever since, flowering and leafing just as if the position were natural.

## World's Draft Animals.

A French authority estimates the number of horses in the world at 74,000,000, and the number of mules and asses at 12,000,000. Despite the inroads of the automobile, there is an unusual demand for draft animals and the prices are high.

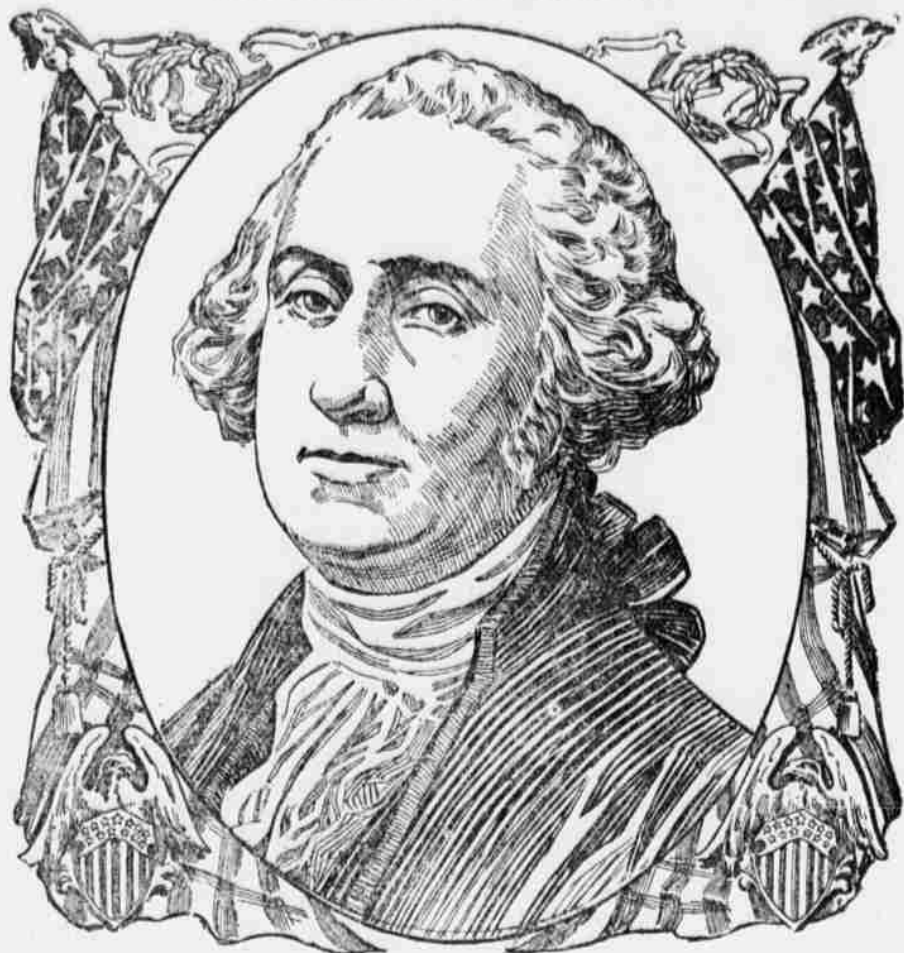
## Greenland's Population.

Greenland's population, by the recent census, is 10,974; 5,174 are men, 5,800 women. The population increases about one hundred yearly. There are usually twenty to twenty-five fatal drowning accidents each year.

The average man pays his fiddler very philosophically, if he sees that his neighbor is assessed in the same proportion.

After a lively race for a husband many an heiress marries a run-down nobleman.

# Words of Washington.



The battlefield should be the last resort, the dernier ressort of nations.

There is a natural and necessary progression from the extreme of anarchy to the extreme of tyranny, and arbitrary power is most easily established on the ruins of liberty abused to licentiousness.

The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitutions of government. But the constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all.

It is among the evils, and perhaps not the smallest, of democratical governments, that the people must feel before they can see. When this happens, they are aroused to action; hence it is that those kinds of government are so slow.

Observe good faith and justice toward all nations, and cultivate peace and harmony with all.

Fully apprised of the influence which sound learning has on religion and manners, on government, liberty, and law, I shall only lament my want of abilities to make it still more extensive.

Lentily will operate with greater force, in some instances, than rigor; it is, therefore, my first wish to have my whole conduct distinguished by it.

I have already intimated to you the danger of parties in the State; let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of party, generally.

In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

Retaliation is certainly just, and sometimes necessary, even where attended with the severest penalties; but when the evils which may be and must result from it exceed those intended to be redressed, prudence and policy require that it should be avoided.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert those pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens.

## TRIBUTES TO WASHINGTON.

Esteem and Affection Shown the Father of His Country.