The Iron-Worker's Daughter

BY

HOWARD FORRESTER.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

He recalled the sharp, fierce struggle. How she clutched his throat while he grasped hers. How he struck her in the face brutally twice, thrice; still gripping her slender throat fiercely. How, with her last stifled cry, she grasped his hair, and tore out a handful.

Then he bore her back unresistingly, knelt upon her, and crushed the life slowly but surely out of her. Gripp shivered. The memory of that awful scene overcame him. He wiped the moisture from his brow.

All the events succeeding were recalled. How he had planned to mislead the police. First, he sat down and considered well. Then he rose, got the broom, and swept the hearth. After that he devised a way to lock the door when he went out in a manner that led people to think she had locked the door. Then he drew the body up, put the cord around it, and hung it in such a way as to give the impression she had hanged herself. Then he went out, turned the key with the wire he had taken from the broom, and stole noiselessly down the stairs, out—out into the free air once more, and away. He was free. Free!

And now, out there was the boy and a man—a man he had seen somewhere. Somewhere! Why—he had observed this man at the City Hall. He was a detective—and on Gripp's track. No! That was not where he had met the man.

The man's hand came up with the head. The hand made a sign. The sign was for some one Gripp could not see. A cold chill ran down Gripp's back.

He put his books away, put everything in order, stepped outside, first glancing at his money, and locked the door carefully after him. He walked quickly, entered a car, and rode to a railroad depot.

At the depot he looked keenly about him, approached the ticket office, purchased a ticket for New York, and walked to the gate, looking about him carelessly.

All the while his hands trembled. There was a succession of chills coursing up and down his back. He had passed through the gate. Had seated himself in a coach, and pulled his hat down over his face.

The locomotive was never so slow. Certainly they were behind time. Then the train started. It was half way out of the depot; the engine was beginning to move fast, when a hand was laid upon Gripp's shoulder.

At the same instant the train stopped, and a voice said:

"Come, Mr. Gripp, you're wanted."

Then Gripp knew that his sin had found him out.

CHAPTER XXV.

When Gripp stepped out of the railway coach in a dazed way, shivering with terror, two men came up to his companion. One put a hand out as if to clutch Gripp, but the man who walked at his side suddenly whirled Gripp around, and confronted the newcomers.

"He is in my charge, Mr. Buck."

"Show your authority!" said the second man.

A paper—not very large—was thrust out under Mr. Berry's nose. Mr. Berry nodded.

"That's strong enough for me," said Berry.

"I guess we're through," said Buck.

"No," said Dunn. "I will be obliged ao you both, and will make it worth your time to follow us to the station."

At the station Gripp was seated, trembling like a man seized with ague, in a chair. Directly Mr. Nickerson came in from the corridor. The attorney looked at Gripp in silence. Gripp strove to prevent his voice from shaking as he addressed the officer in charge.

"Can I send a message to—to an attorney?"

"Certainly."

Gripp wrote hurriedly on a scrap of paper the address of a well-known criminal lawyer. As he was handing the paper to an officer, with a dollar for his trouble, Parker entered.

On seeing Gripp Parker started. He did not speak to Gripp; he averted his gaze immediately, a thing that struck Gripp as a bad omen.

"Is this Mr. Gripp?" demanded the officer, as he proceeded to enter the name in his book.

Dunn answered promptly: "This is Jackson Gripp. He is in your charge."

A man entered quietly, nodded to the regular policeman, to Dunn, and the captain. He glanced at Gripp. Then at Parker. Then he took Dunn aside.

Gripp recognized in the manner, in the method of the newcomer, a reporter. In imagination he beheld the account of his crime and arrest filling a column in the morning papers. Should he give up without a struggle? Why not make an effort? The reporter approached him.

"They have a pretty strong case against you, Mr. Gripp."

"What do they say?"

"Well, they assume—I don't know the grounds—that you killed Mrs. Knox, hung her to the hook, then locked the door after you, leaving the key on the inside."

"How could a man do that?"

"That's for the commonwealth to show. I don't know. They say you visited number —— —— street."

"I dare say dozens of others called there. Milkmen, neighbors, relations, acquaintances of the tenants. They say there are a number of tenants in the building."

The door opened again, and Mr. Mead entered. He looked curiously at Gripp, advanced quickly, and said: "Is it you who sent for me?"

"I? No; I did not dream of sending for you, Mr. Mead. I am very much obliged—greatly indebted to you—for coming. This is a ridiculous matter. I am arrested—actually charged with murder, Mr. Mead."

Gripp smiled a ghastly smile. Mr. Mead recoiled.

"Murder! You!"

"It sounds absurd."

"It sounds awful to me."

An attendant entering, looked at Mr. Mead.

"Mr. Atherton wants to see you at once."

"Atherton," said Gripp. "Is he here, too?"

"Arrested for murder," said Dunn, coldly.

"Atherton—charged with murder." Mr. Mead looked from one to the other.

"I am not surprised at it," said Gripp. "The truth about Bob Peters' death had to come out."

"Atherton is charged with the murder of Mrs. Cole," said Nickerson, suddenly.

Gripp looked his amazement. Mr. Mead hastened into the corridor, and soon was talking with Atherton. Gripp's ears caught the sound of a carriage next. Then the door opened again, and Mayberry assisted Irene Atherton into the office.

She started upon seeing Mr. Gripp there. There was a whispered conference between the lovers—lovers they plainly were now to everybody—and then Irene and Mayberry were ushered into the corridor, Irene leaning heavily on her lover's arm.

Again the chills ran up and down Gripp's back. Neither had noticed him. He fancied Irene's eyes took on an expression of horror as she glanced at him. A hand was on his arm. He shuddered as he turned.

It was the lawyer he sent for. The attorney shook hands with him. Then he passed on to the captain, and talked with him. Then the lawyer talked to Dunn. Then he sat down beside Gripp.

"What is the outlook?" Gripp asked. "Can you manage to get me out to-night? Mr. Mead, who is here, will go on my bond. I have evidence here—in my pocketbook—that I have ten thousand in one bank, three in another, and my stock is worth as much more. I can guarantee Mr. Mead in $20,000 at least."

"In that case—of course it is worth trying. But it must be done in a regular way, or the papers will go for us."

Atherton, accompanied by his daughter, Mr. Mead, Parker, Jack Jones and Mayberry, entered the office from the corridor. Last of all Nickerson entered.

Not one of them looked at Gripp. Again the chills caused Gripp's blood to run cold. The door opened again, and Mrs. Cole and Bobby Walters came in. Bobby kept well in the rear. Mrs. Cole looked steadily at Gripp. She did not take her eyes from his face an instant. There was some business at the desk. A paper was signed; Nickerson talked to the captain.

"This is the regular form. Judge Capon's instructions, obtained half an hour ago, are my only guide."

He handed a slip of paper to the captain.

"Suppose you leave this with me, too," said the captain.

"I gave it to you with that intention," said Nickerson.

"Come," he added. "You are free now, Atherton; let us go."

"He is not free," said Gripp, quickly. "I saw Peters die. I will tell the truth. Mr. Mead, you are not going? You said you would go on my bond. I am not as guilty as Atherton."

Mr. Mead drew away from him.

"Atherton here ought to be arrested—held for killing Peters."

"Will you swear he killed him?" said Nickerson.

"Yes."

"Then I will swear you lie," said Parker.

"What do you know about it?" demanded Gripp, angrily.

"I witnessed—heard all that passed."

"You!"

"Yes. But Mr. Meeker thought it was not necessary to go into details."

Gripp's face grew deathly pale as Parker looked him steadily in the eye, and added:

"A man as near the scaffold as you are for the murder of Mrs. Knox—Mrs. Cole for a time—ought to be making his peace with heaven, instead of bearing false witness, Gripp."

Then they all turned away—all—and left the office to Mr. Gripp and his lawyer.

"The case against you is serious, Gripp. Nothing can be done to-night. I will call in early to-morrow morning. I need not caution you not to speak to a soul."

"No need," said Gripp. "What is the story—what do they say?"

"Well, then, they claim to be able to bring witnesses who met you in the house—who met you in it that evening. Mayberry tells the captain a story of a shadow on the window curtain—a man's hands seizing or striking somebody—a very ugly story. He was in Allegheny that evening. Then the man who arrested you—for a big reward—is ambitious to shine as a detective. He claims he can produce the very hair the woman plucked out of your head. Nickerson, who is Atherton's lawyer, and Mayberry, and others have examined the hair Dunn found among the ashes."

"What trifles," said Gripp, with paling face.

"Yes. They seem trifles—but men have lost their case through less."

He shook hands with his client, and left the office.

"Come," said the captain. An assistant stood near Gripp. He walked into the corridor, and entering the cell opened for him, was locked in; then the captain and assistant withdrew.

Two hours later the captain looked in at Gripp as he sat on his bench with head between his hands. He was in the same position at four in the morning. Half an hour later the assistant rushed into the office, crying:

"Quick! Gripp's hanged himself."

They made haste to cut him down. His body was cold. He had tied his cravat in a loop around his neck, made the other end fast to a bar in his cell, drew his knees nearly up to his chin, and hanged—strangled himself.

His face was so horrible nobody could look at it. He was covered, as something too horrible for human eyes, until the inquest was held; then all that was left of Jackson Gripp was quickly coffined and buried.

The murderer survived his victim a very few days. The newspapers had columns on the arrest, the suicide, and the tragedy that caused both.

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Six months later Mr. Mead, Dan Atherton, Arthur Mayberry, Ralph Parker and Irene were standing upon a vacant field near the bank of the Monongahela, a few miles above the great bustling city.

"Well, what do you think?" said Mr. Mead, turning to Irene. "We have all had our say, to use a common phrase. What do you think of the site for the Columbia mill?"

"Yes—and you, Parker—what is your opinion? The bargain's closed—contract signed for building. The mill will be up in three months from to-day."

This was Mayberry's question.

"I leave that for you business men to decide. I am discussing a more important subject with Mr. Parker, who, although a shareholder in the mill that is to be, has some time to give to Mrs. Parker and me."

"And pray what is it that Mrs. Parker and you are so deeply interested in?" asked Mr. Mead, pleasantly.

"Well, then, if you must know," said Mrs. Mayberry, with a bright smile, "we are settling the details of our housewarming. Since our new houses are both alike, with no absurd fences or walls between them, we have concluded—Mrs. Parker and I—that we will use the same list of invitations and hold the warmings in common."

"A double house-warming," said Mr. Mead. "That is a novel—a capital idea. I am included?"

"Of course," said Irene. "You will be served in my house—the dancing and music will be in Mrs. Parker's."

"Capital, that," said Mayberry. "I like the way she puts it, Ralph—my house and Mrs. Parker's—that lets you and me out; we'll have no trouble at all."

Then everybody laughed.

Columbia Mill is a very lively reality to-day. The new process bids fair to make at least half as much money as Mr. Gripp figured on.

Bobby Walters is one of the steady workers in the mill. He earns more than sufficient to maintain himself and his mother, and bids fair to make a go-ahead man.

Nickerson, who availed himself of the chance to buy a share in the mill, says he has lost the incentive necessary to make a man chief justice of the United States. A man who has more money than he can use, Nickerson argues, is not as ambitious as a poor young lawyer.

Jack Jones is manager of the new mill, and a model manager he has proved himself.

(The end.)

A Fly in the Ointment.

In one of his "Roundabout Papers" Thackeray tells the story of the Abbe Kakatoes, who told the company at supper one night how the first confession he ever received was from a murderer. Presently enters to supper the Marquis de Croquemitaine. "Parbleu, abbe!" says the brilliant marquis, taking a pinch of snuff. "Are you here? Gentlemen and ladies, I was the abbe's first penitent, and I made him a confession which I promise you astonished him."

A coincidence somewhat less startling, but still not lacking in dramatic possibilities, was recently noted in the Boston Herald. A Boston lawyer was returning to his home one evening after an arduous day's work at the old Middlesex Sessions. He had been defending a pickpocket charged with stealing a valuable gold watch. By keen cross-examination and an eloquent appeal to the jury he had raised a doubt, the benefit of which was given to the prisoner, and the lawyer was going home tired but well pleased with himself.

Presently his client came up with him. The man was profuse in his thanks, and as he said good-by, he quietly slipped the "valuable gold watch" into his counsel's hand.

The feelings of the lawyer may be imagined, for he had conscientiously believed the man to be innocent.

That Haytian Captain.

Rebel and semi-pirate though he was, the Haytian Admiral Killick seems to have been somewhat of a black hero, after all. The details of the destruction of the Crete-a-Pierrot gives to Killick what little honor there was in the affair. He deliberately gave up his life for his cause, and that is the highest sacrifice any man can make for any cause, good or bad.

When the German commander demanded the surrender of his vessel, it appears that Killick put his crew off the ship, drove it as nearly alongside the German gunboat as he could and then fired the magazine, hoping that its destruction would overwhelm his enemy also. The plan failed. The German drew away far enough to escape injury, and then turned its guns on the burning hulk of the Haytian vessel—a somewhat inglorious proceeding.

But there is a good deal to be said in behalf of a captain who will blow up his ship and himself rather than buy safety by surrendering her, no matter how petty the flag he serves under.—Buffalo Express.

A Changed Man.

A Scotchman had reached the summit of his ambitions, says Everybody's Magazine, in attaining to the magisterial bench. The honor seemed to him a great one, and he tried to live up to it.

With his head high in the air, he swaggered along till he went bolt up against a cow which had not the manners to get out of the way, but continued to browse by the roadside in mild unconcern.

"Mon," cried the indignant owner, "mind my coo!"

"Woman," he replied, with fine dignity, "I'm no longer a mon. I'm a baillie."

Mamma's Angel.

"Now, Willie," said the careful mother, "I don't want you to associate with those Smith boys—they are so rough and rude."

"Not t' me, they ain't. Why, I picked a fight an' licked 'em as soon as I struck de neighborhood."—Baltimore Herald.

An Awful Jolt.

"The fools are not all dead yet," said the angry husband.

"I'm glad of it, dear," calmly replied the other half of the combination. "I never did look well in black."

WHEN A WOMAN BUYS CIGARS.

One Who Was Particular to Have Them Match Her Wall Paper.

"Twas just a few days before his birthday. She walked into the smokers' emporium with nervous diffidence.

"I would like to get a skein of cigars."

"You mean a box, I suppose?"

"Yes, if that is how you sell them."

"Do you wish anything special?"

"No, nothing special; but they're for smoking, you know."

The salesman smiled.

"Do you desire a strong or a mild cigar?"

"Very strong. I want them to last. The box I bought a year ago commenced to fall apart after my husband had them about nine months. I think they were too weak."

The young man took a few boxes from the case and opened them for the woman's inspection.

"Are these the only shades you have? I would like something lighter, to match our wall paper."

The salesman picked out box after box, until the counter looked like an Egyptian pyramid. At last she selected a box, saying:

"These won't fade, will they?"

Again the young man smiled.

"No, ma'am; they are made of the purest Havana tobacco."

"Do you think I could have my husband's monogram engraved on each cigar?"

"No, lady; the cigar wouldn't draw."

"Wouldn't draw what?"

"I mean it wouldn't pull well."

"But I don't want them to pull anything. I want them for my husband to smoke."

The man behind the counter grew impatient.

"Haven't you a box with a prettier picture on it? Let me see that one with the forget-me-nots on a Japanese fan."

"But, madam, your husband isn't going to smoke the box."

"I am aware of that, sir; but it looks horrible to have some Spanish general's picture or some ballet dancer's physiognomy lying on the library table. I like this picture."

"But that is a different brand of cigars."

"Couldn't you put these cigars in that box, and the cigars in that box you could put—"

"No, no; we are not permitted to do any such 'presto-change' work in this shop. Here is a pretty box marked 'Henry Clay.'"

"But that is such a commonplace name. Haven't you any called 'Vivian de Haven' or 'Reginald Vere de Vere,' or some name of a higher rank?"

"No, madam, we do not sell rank cigars in this place. There are no such brands. Do you wish the box you have in your hand?"

"I hardly know which cigars to take. These have such a strong scent. Haven't you any that emit a sweeter aroma?"

"No; can I sell you anything?"

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do; if you will just give me a sample of each, I'll let you know—"

But just then the man slammed the boxes back into their place, told the woman that she was in a cigar shop, and not at a drapery establishment, and advised her to go to some pork butcher's and get a few hams for her husband to smoke.

The woman went out to get a policeman, but evidently got lost.—Tit-Bits.

"SCRAPPIN' FOR PENNIES."

Clever Venture of Two Street Gamins Which Pays Good Returns.

"Biff! Bang! That's it. Hit 'im again! Bet on the young one!"

Such were the cries heard by those who happened to pass "Board of Trade court" about 2:30 one afternoon a few weeks ago. In the midst of a crowd of about forty people composed of members, clerks, messenger boys and visitors, were two ragged urchins fighting for all they were worth.

The larger of the two was about 13 years old and about 4 feet 4 inches tall, while the other, though probably as old, was considerably smaller.

For the first five or six minutes they fought quite evenly, until the smaller, apparently finding the opening he was looking for, landed a hard right swing on his opponent's jaw. This was followed by a few more, and while the larger boy made his way out of the crowd the smaller was greeted with a shower of pennies, nickels and dimes, which he quickly gathered up and was seen no more.

In an alley two blocks east two boys met, one rubbing his chin.

"How much?" he eagerly inquired of a smaller boy.

"Two dollars an' twelve cents; lemme see—dat's one dollar and six cents each."

"Dat's all right; city hall next; lots of sports dere—only don't come in so strong at the finish."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Not Quite What He Meant.

The man who thought he had the knack of saying pleasant things calculated to warm the cockles of the oldest heart was revisiting the town in which he had spent a summer twenty years before.

"I'm Miss Mears. I didn't know as you recall me," said a coquettish elderly spinster, approaching him in the post office the day after his arrival.

The ready heart-warmer turned with his most beaming smile and wrung her hand.

"Recall you!" he echoed, reproachfully. "As if one could help it, Miss Mears! Why, you are one of the landmarks of the town!"

After all, peace is about the only thing worth fighting for.

When a man runs short in his accounts he is apt to run long in his travels.

Surinam, in Dutch Guiana, has the smallest range of temperature of any place in the world. In summer the averagle is 78 degrees and in winter 77½ degrees.

The interior of a gold bearing rock was inspected in an Oregon town by means of the Roentgen rays, and veins of gold were as plainly visible as if they were on the surface.

NEVER SAW SUCH LABOR YIELDS.

The Climate Is Healthy—The Winters Are Pleasant—in Western Canada.

Writing from Stirling, Alberta, to one of the agents representing the Canadian Government Free Homestead Lands, Mr. M. Pickrell, formerly of Beechwood, Ky., says of Western Canada:

"In the first place we will say that the summer season is just lovely indeed. As to the winter, well, we never experienced finer weather than we are now enjoying. We have just returned from Northern Alberta and will say that we found the weather to be very mild, the air dry, fresh and invigorating. Considering everything we can say that the winters here are most pleasant, healthy and enjoyable to what they are in the States. Here it gets cold and continues so till spring—there are no disagreeable winds. In South Alberta it is some warmer—two to four inches of snow may fall and in a few hours a Chinook wind come along, evaporating the entire snow, leaving terra firma perfectly dry, in fact, we did not believe this part until we came and saw for ourselves and we now know what we herein write to be just as we write it. There has not been a day this winter that I could not work outdoors. Farmers here are calculating on starting the plough the first of March.

"As to farm wages, we would not advise a man to come here with the expectation of living by his days' work, but all who do want a home I advise to have nerve enough to get up and come, for there never has been, and may never be again, such a grand opportunity for a man to get a home almost free.

"As to the crops, I have been in the fields before harvest, saw the grass put up and the grain harvested, and I never saw such large yields. I saw oats near Edmonton over six feet tall that yielded 80 bushels per acre, and I talked to a farmer near St. Albert who had a field year before last that averaged 110 bushels per acre, and weighed 43 pounds to the bushel. All other crops would run in proportion—as to potatoes and vegetables, the turnout was enormous. I have such reports as the above from all sections that I have visited, and that has been every community between the Edmonton district and Raymond in the Lethbridge district.

"As to stock raising, I would advise a man to locate in this place, or any place, in South Alberta, but for mixed farming, I would say go up farther north, say near Lacombe, Wetaskiwin or Edmonton, where it is not quite so dry and where there is some timber to be had. I will say that nowhere have I ever seen a better opportunity for a man, whether he has money or not, to obtain a home. Nowhere can be found a more productive soil, better water and a better governed country than Western Canada affords. Inducements to the homeseeker are unexcelled. I met two men near Ponoka on the C. & E. R. R., who borrowed the money to pay for their homestead and in four years those two men sold their farms—one for $2,500, the other for $3,000. I met a man near Wetaskiwin who landed here with 25 cents six years ago. He is now worth $8,000. The advantages for ranching are excellent, in fact, I do not believe this section can be beat. Markets are good; as to living, a family can live as cheap here as they can in the States. The average yield of oats in this neighborhood, last year, was 70 bushels per acre; wheat averaged 35, barley 40, and the beet crop was good. In consequence of the successful cultivation of the beet, a large beet sugar factory is being erected at Raymond, seven miles from here.

"In conclusion I will say that N. W. T., from Manitoba to a long distance north of Edmonton, produces most wonderful crops. Lakes and rivers abound with fish, and game is plentiful. And that this is unquestionably the country for a man to come to if he desires to better his condition in life. I would advise the prospective settler to look over the Lethbridge, Lacombe, Wetaskiwin and Edmonton districts before locating.

"I will locate in the Edmonton district next fall and several families from the States will locate with me. In the meantime, I will receive my mail here and will be pleased to give the interested all the information desired."

For information as to railway rates, etc., apply to any agent of the Canadian Government, whose names appear elsewhere in this paper.

In some of the hotels of Switzerland there are two wine-lists—one for Germans, and the other for Americans and Englishmen. The German list is thirty-three per cent cheaper than the higher priced list.

Chemistry students in the Heidelberg University are compelled, by the rules of that institution, to insure their lives. Even those who merely attend the lectures, and do not experiment, must insure.

Taking a tumble and taking a drop are not synonymous, but one often leads to the other.

Working for relatives is about as satisfactory as eating soup with a fork.

By means of an ingenious instrument, the hydroscope, the human eyesight can penterate the ocean depths and clearly distinguish object over a mile below the surface. The inventor is Signor Fino, an Italian, a schoo mate of Marconi.