The PRICE

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SYNOPSIS.

Kenneth Griswold, an unsuccessful writer because of socialistic tendencies, stops with his friend Bainbridge at Chandler's restaurant in New Orleans and declares that if necessary he will steal to keep from starving. He holds up Andrew Galbraith, president of the Bayou State Security, in his private office and escapes with $5000 in cash. By original methods he escapes the hue and cry and goes aboard the Belle Julie as a deckhand. He unsuccessfully confronts Charlotte Farnham of Wahaska, Minn., who had seen him cash Galbraith's check in the bank. Charlotte recognizes Griswold, but decides to write to Galbraith rather than denounce the robber to the captain. She sees the brutal mate rescued from drowning by Griswold and delays sending her letter to Galbraith. She talks to Griswold and by his advice sends her letter of betrayal to Galbraith anonymously. Griswold is arrested on the arrival of the boat at St. Louis but escapes from his captors. Griswold decides on Wahaska, Minn., as a hiding place, and after outfitting himself properly, takes the train. Margery Grierson, daughter of Jasper Grierson, the financial magnate of Wahaska, starts a campaign for social recognition by the "old families" of the town.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

"Good-morning, doctor," she began cheerfully, bursting in upon the head of the First church board of administrators as a charming embodiment of youthful enthusiasm, "I'm rustling errands for poppa this morning. Mr. Rodney was telling us about that little First church mission in Pottery Flat, and poppa wanted to help. But we are not Methodists, you know, and he was afraid—that is, he didn't quite know how you might—"

It was an exceedingly clever bit of acting, and the good doctor capitulated at once, discrediting, for the first time in his life, the intuition of his home womankind.

"Now that is very thoughtful and kind of you, Miss Margery," he said, wiping his glasses and looking, for one end time at the generous figure of the piece of money paper. "I appreciate it the more because I know you must have a great many other calls upon your charity. We've been wanting to put a trained worker in charge of that mission for I don't know how long, and this gift of yours makes it possible."

"The kindness is in allowing us to help," murmured the small diplomat. "You'll let me know when more is needed? Promise me that, Doctor Farnham."

"I shouldn't be a good Methodist if I didn't," laughed the doctor. Then he remembered the Mereside reception and the regrets, and was moved to make amends. "I'm sorry we couldn't be neighborly last night; but my sister-in-law is very frail, and Charlotte doesn't go out much. They are both getting ready to go to Pass Christian, but I'm sure they'll call before they go south."

"I shall be ever so glad to welcome them," purred Miss Margery, "and I do hope they will come before I leave. I'm going to Palm Beach next week, you know."

"I'll tell them," volunteered the doctor. "They'll find time to run in, I'm sure."

But for some reason the vicarious promise was not kept; and the Raymers held aloof; and the Oswalds and the Barrs relinquished the new public library project when it became noised about that Jasper Grierson and his daughter were moving in it.

Miss Margery possessed her soul in patience up to the final day of her home staying, and the explosion might have been indefinitely postponed if, on that last day, the Raymers, mother and daughter, had not pointedly taken pains to avoid her in the lingerie counter in Thorwalden's. It was as the match to the fuse, and when Miss Grierson left the department store there were red spots in her cheeks and the dark eyes were flashing.

"They think I'm a fool," she said, with a snap of the white teeth. "They need a lesson, and they're going to get it before I leave. I'm not going to sing small all the time!"

It was surely the goddess of discord who ordained that the blow should be struck while the iron was hot. Five minutes after the rebuff in Thorwalden's, Miss Grierson met Raymer as he was coming out of the Farmers' and Merchants' bank. There was an exchange of commonplaces, but in the midst of it Miss Margery broke off abruptly to say, "Mr. Raymer, please tell me what I have done to offend your mother and sister."

If she had been in the mood to compromise, half of the deferred payment of triumph might have been discharged on the spot by Raymer's blundering attempt at disavowal.

"Why, Miss Margery! I don't know—that is—er—really, you must be mistaken, I'm sure!"

"I am not mistaken, and I'd like to know," she persisted, looking him hardily in the eyes. "It must be something I have been doing, and if I can find out what it is, I'll reform."

Raymer got away as soon as he could; and when the opportunity offered, was besotted enough to repeat the question to his mother and sister. Mrs. Raymer was a large and placid matron of the immovable type, and her smile emphasized her opinion of Miss Grierson.

The mere fact of her saying such a thing to you ought to be a sufficient answer, I should think," was her mild retort.

"I don't see why," Raymer objected.

"What would you think if Gertrude did such a thing?"

"Oh, well; that is different. In the first place, Gertrude wouldn't do it, and—"

"Precisely. And Miss Grierson shouldn't have done it. It is because she can do such things that a few think she wouldn't be a pleasant person to know, socially."

"But why?" insisted Raymer, with masculine obtuseness.

It was his sister who undertook to make the reason plain to him.

"It isn't anything she does, or doesn't do, particularly; it is the atmosphere in which she lives and moves and has her being. If it weren't for her father's money, she would be—well, it is rather hard to say just what she would be, but she always makes me think of the bonanza people—the pick and shovel one day and a million the next. I believe she is a frank little savage, at heart."

"I don't," the brother contended, doggedly. "She may be a little new and fresh for Wahaska, but she is clever and bright, and honest enough to ignore a social code which makes a mock of sincerity and a virtue of hypocrisy. I like her all the better for the way she flared out at me. There isn't one young woman in a thousand who would have had the nerve and the courage to do it."

"Or the impudence," added Mrs. Raymer, when her son had left the room. Then: "I do hope Edward isn't going to let that girl come between him and Charlotte!"

The daughter laughed.

"I should say there is room for a regiment to march between them, as it is. Miss Gilman took particular pains to let him know what train they were leaving on, and I happen to know he never went near the station to tell them good-by."

CHAPTER X.

Good Samaritans.

Since she had undertaken to show Wahaska precisely how to deport itself in the conventional field, Miss Grierson had telegraphed her father to meet her in St. Louis on her return from Florida.

When Jasper Grierson traveled alone he was democratic enough to be satisfied with a section in the body of the car. But when Margery's tastes were to be consulted, the drawing-room was none too good. Indeed, as it transpired on the journey northward from St. Louis, the Anita's drawing-room proved to be not good enough.

"It is simply a crude insult, the way they wear out their old, broken-down cars on us up here!" she protested to her father. "You ought to do something about it."

Jasper Grierson's smile was a capitalistic acquirement, and some of his fellow-townsmen described it as "cast iron." But for his daughter it was always indulgent.

"I don't own the railroad yet, Madgie; you'll have to give me a little more time," he pleaded, clipping the tip from a black cigar of heroic proportions and reaching for the box of safety matches.

"I'll begin now, if you are going to smoke that dreadful thing in this stuffy little den," was the unfilial retort; and the daughter found a magazine and exchanged the drawing-room with its threat of asphyxiation for a seat in the body of the car. Half-way down the car one of the sections was still curtained and bulkheaded; of course, the occupant of the middle section must be ill. Quite suddenly her interest became acute. Who was the sick one, and why was he, or she, traveling without an attendant?

With Margery Grierson, to question was to ascertain; and the Pullman conductor, once more checking his diagrams in Section 11, offered the readiest means of enlightenment. A few minutes later Margery rejoined her father in the private compartment.

"Do you remember the nice-looking young man who sat at the table with us in the Choteau last night?" she began abruptly.

The gray-wolf Jasper nodded. He had an excellent memory for faces.

"What did you think of him?" The query followed the nod like a nimble boker's return blow.

"I thought he paid a whole lot more attention to you than he did to his supper. Why?"

"He is on this car; sick with a fever of some kind, and out of his head. He is going to Wahaska."

"How do you know it's the same one?"

"I made the conductor take me to see him. He talked to me in Italian and called me 'Carlotta mia.'"

"Humph! he didn't look like a dago."

"He isn't; it's just because he is delirious."

There was a long pause, broken finally by a curt "Well?" from the father.

"I've been thinking," was the slow response. "Of course, there is a chance that he has friends in Wahaska, and that someone will be at the train to meet him. But it is only a chance."

"Why doesn't the conductor telegraph ahead and find out?"

"He doesn't know the man's name. I tried to get him to look for a card, or to break into the suitcases under the berth, but he says the regulations won't let him."

"Well?" said the father again, this time with a more decided upward inflection. Then he added: "You've made up your mind what you're going to do; say it."

Margery's decision was announced crisply. "There is no hospital to send him to—which is Wahaska's shame. Maybe he will be met and taken care of by his friends; if he is well and good; if he isn't, we'll put him in the carriage and take him home with us."

The cast-iron smile with the indulgent attachment wrinkled frostily upon Jasper Grierson's heavy face.

"The Good Samaritan act, eh? I've known you a long time, Madgie, but I never can tell when you're going to break out in a brand-new spot. Didn't lose any of your unexpectedness in Florida, did you?"

Miss Margery tossed her pretty head, and the dark eyes snapped.

"Somebody in the family has to think of something besides making money," she retorted. "Please lend me your pencil; I want to do some wiring."

All other gifts apart, Miss Grierson could boast of a degree of executive ability little inferior to her father's. She took of it when the occasion offered; and by the time the whistle was sounding for Wahaska, all the arrangements had been made for the provisional rescue of the sick man in lower six.

At the station a single inquiry served to give the Good Samaritan intention the right of way. There were no friends to meet lower six; but the Grierson carriage was waiting, with the coachman and a Mereside gardener for bearers. From that to putting the sick man to bed in one of the guest chambers of the ark-fronting mansion at the opposite end of the town was a mere bit of routine for one so capable as Miss Grierson; and twenty minutes after the successful transfer she had Doctor Farnham at the nameless one's bedside and was telephoning the college infirmary for a nurse.

Naturally, there were explanations to be made when the doctor came down. To her first anxious question

"You've Made Up Your Mind What You're Going to Do; Say It."

the answer came gravely: "You have a very sick man on your hands, Miss Margery." Then the inevitable: "Who is he?"

She spread her hands in a pretty affectation of embarrassment.

"What will you think of me, Doctor Farnham, when I tell you that I haven't the littlest atom of an idea?"

Charlotte's father was a small man, with kindly eyes and the firm, straight-lined mouth of his Puritan forbears. "Tell me about it," he said concisely.

She told him.

A shrewd smile flickered for an instant in the kindly eyes of Wahaska's best-beloved physician.

"Almost anyone else would have found plenty of other things to do—or not to do—as was his complaint. Are you prepared to go on, Miss Margery?"

There were fine little lines coming and going between Miss Margery's straight black brows. "We needn't do it by halves, doctor," she said decisively. "If it would be better to have St. Paul or his Minneapolis colleague in attendance, I'll send for him; but I'm sure I can be a trained nurse—"

"—You'd stand the extra expense, of course," laughed the doctor. "You are all the world's good angel when you set out to be, Miss Margery. And I'll send somebody before bedtime. Meanwhile, there is nothing to do but to keep your patient quiet; and he'll do that for himself for a few hours. I gave him a bit of anodyne before I came down."

Margery went to the outer door with her kindly counselor, playing the part of the gracious hostess as one who has, or who means to be, precisely letter-perfect; and after he was gone, she went slowly upstairs and let herself softly into the room of shaded lights. The sick man was resting quietly, and he did not stir when she crossed to the bed and laid a cool palm on his forehead.

"You poor castaway!" she murmured. "I wonder who you are, and to whom you belong? I suppose somebody has got to be mean and sneaky and find out. Would you rather it would be I than someone else who might care even less than I do?"

The sleeping man opened unseeing eyes and closed them again heavily.

"I found the money, Carlotta mia; you didn't know that, did you?" he muttered; and then the narcotic seized and held him again.

His clothes were on a chair, and when she had carried them to a light that could be shaded completely from the bed and its occupant, she searched the pockets one by one. It was a little surprising to find all but two of them quite empty; no cards, no letters, no pen, pencil, pocketknife, or purse; nothing but a handkerchief, and in one pocket of the waistcoat a small roll of paper money—a few coins and two small keys.

She held the coat up to the electric and examined it closely; the workmanship, the trimmings. It was not tailor-made, she decided; and by all the little signs and tokens that are quite new to the daughter who was true of the other garments. But there was no tag or trademark on any of them to show where they came from.

Failing to find the necessary clue to the castaway's identity in this preliminary search, she went on resolutely to the end of the trail, and stakes over the lighted corner and unlocking them with the keys taken from the pocket of the waistcoat.

The first yielded nothing but clothing, all new and evidently unworn. The second held more clothing, a man's toilet appliances, also new and unused, but apparently no scrap of writing or hint of a name. With a little sigh of bafflement she took the last tightly rolled bundle of clothing from the suitcase. While she was lifting it a pistol fell out.

In times past, Jasper Grierson's daughter had had weapons and their faults and excellences. "That places him—a little," she mused, putting the pistol aside after she had glanced at it: "He's from the East; he doesn't know a gun from a piece of common hardware."

Further search in the tightly rolled bundle was rewarded by the discovery of a typewritten book manuscript, unsigned, and with it an oblong packet wrapped in brown paper and tied with twine. She slipped the string and removed the wrapping. The brick-shaped packet proved to be a thick block of bank notes held together by heavy rubber bands snapped over the ends.

While the little ormulu clock on the dressing case was whirring softly and chiming the hour she stared at the money-block as if the sight of it had fascinated her. Then she sprang up and flew to the door, not to escape, but to turn the key noiselessly in the lock. Secure against interruption, she pulled the rubber bands from the packet. The block was built up in layers, each layer banded with a paper slip on which was printed in red the name of the certifying bank and the amount. "Bayou State Security, $5,000." There were twenty of these layers in all, nineteen of them unbroken. But through the printed figures on the twentieth a pen-stroke had been drawn, and underneath was written "$4,000."

Quite coolly and methodically Margery Grierson verified the bank's count as indicated by the paper bands. There were one hundred thousand dollars, lacking the one thousand taken from the broken packet. The counting completed, she replaced the rubber bands and the brown paper wrapping. Then she repacked the suitcases, arranging the contents as nearly as might be just as she had found them, locking the cases and returning the keys to the waistcoat pocket from which she had taken them.

When all was done, she tiptoed across to the bed, with the brown paper packet under her arm. The sick man stirred uneasily and began to mutter again. She bent to catch the words, and when she heard, the light of understanding leaped swiftly into the dark eyes. For the mumbled words were the echo of a fierce threat: "Sign it: sign it now, or, by God, I'll shoot to kill!"

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The robbery of the Bayou State Security bank was already an old story when Mr. Matthew Broffin, chief of the New Orleans branch of a notable detective agency, took over the case of the bank robbery a few days after his return from Central America. Since two members of his own staff had fired and missed their mark in St. Louis, there was a blunder to be retrieved.

After a week of patient groping, Broffin was obliged to confess that the problem of identification was too difficult to be solved on conventional lines. It presented no point of attack. With neither a name nor a Bertillon card for reference, inquiry was crippled at the very outset. None of the many boarding and rooming houses he visited had lost a lodger answering the verbal description of the missing man. Very reluctantly, for bulldog tenacity was the detective's ruling characteristic, he was forced to the conclusion that the only untried solution lay in Teller Johnson's unfortified impression that the chance meeting at his wicket was not the first meeting between the robber and the young woman with the draft to be cashed.

It was the slenderest of threads, and Broffin realized sweatingly how difficult it might be to follow. Assuming that there had been a previous meeting or meetings, or rather the passing acquaintance which was all the young woman's later betrayal of the man made conceivable, would the writer of the accusing letter be willing to add to her burden of responsibility by giving the true name and standing of the man whose real identity—if she knew it—she had been careful to conceal in the unsigned note to Mr. Galbraith? Broffin read the note again—"a deck-hand, whose name on the mate's book is John Wesley Gentry," was the description she had given. It might, or it might not, be an equivocation; but the longer Broffin dwelt upon it the more he leaned toward the conclusion to which his theory and the few known facts pointed. The young woman knew the man in his proper person, she had been reluctant to betray him—that, he decided, was sufficiently proved by the lapse of time intervening between the date of her note and its postmark date, having finally decided to give him up, she had told only what was absolutely necessary, leaving him free to conceal his real name and identity if he would—as he could.

Having come thus far on the road to contentment, Broffin knew what he had to do and set about doing it methodically. A telegram to the clerk of the Belle Julie served to place the steamer in the lower river; and boarding a night train he planned to reach Vicksburg in time to intercept the witnesses whose evidence would determine roughly how many hundreds of thousands of miles he could safely cut out of the zigzag journeyings to which

"You Poor Castaway!" She Murmured.

the following up of the hypothetical clue would lead.

For, cost what it might, he was determined to find the writer of the unsigned letter.

CHAPTER XI.

The Zweibund.

On his second visit to the sick man lodged in the padded luxuries of one of the guest rooms at Mereside, made on the morning following the Grierson home-coming, Doctor Farnham found the hospital status established, a good-natured Swede installed as nurse, the bells muffled and Miss Margery playing the part of sister superior and dressing it, from the dainty, felt-soled slippers to the smooth banding of her hair.

An hour later, however, it was the Margery of the Wahaska renaissance, joyously clad and radiant, who was holding the reins over a big English trap horse, parading down Main street and smiling greetings to everybody.

By one of the chances which he was willing to call fortunate, Edward Raymer was at the curb to help her down from her high seat in the trap when she pulled the big horse to a stand in front of her father's bank.

"I'm the luckiest man in Red Earth county; I was just wondering when I should get in line to tell you how glad we are to have you back," he said, with his eyes shining.

"Are you, really? You are not half as glad as I am to be back. There is no place like home, you know."

"There isn't, and there oughtn't to be," was his quick response. "I've been hoping you'd come to look upon Wahaska as your home, and now I know you do."

"Why shouldn't I?" she laughed, and she was reaching for a paper-wrapped package on the trap seat when he got it for her.

"You are going somewhere?—may I carry it for you?" he asked; but she shook her head and took it from him.

"Only into the bank," she explained; and she was beginning to think that it must come to Mereside when the sick-man episode obtruded itself, and the invitation was broken in the midst very prettily, very effectively.

"I know," Raymer said, in instant sympathy. "You have your hands full just now. Will you let me say that it's the finest thing I ever heard of—your taking that poor fellow home and caring for him?"

Gertrude Raymer had once said in her brother's hearing that Miss Grierson's color would be charming if it were only natural. Looking into Miss Grierson's eyes Raymer saw the realization of the slander in the suffusing wave of generous embarrassment deepening in warm tints on the perfect neck and cheek.

"Oh, dear me!" she said in pathetic protest; "is it all over town so soon? I'm afraid we are still dreadfully 'country' in Wahaska, Mr. Raymer. Please cut it down to the bare, commonplace facts whenever you have a chance, won't you? The poor man was sick and nobody knew him, and somebody had to take care of him."

Like the doctor, Raymer asked the inevitable question, "Who is he, Miss Margery?" and, like the doctor again, he received the same answer, "I haven't the smallest notion of an idea. But that doesn't make the slightest difference," she went on. "He is a fellow human being, sick and helpless. That ought to be enough for any of us to know."

Raymer stood watching her as she tripped lightly into the bank, and when he went to catch his car the conservative minority had lost whatever countenance or support he had ever given it.

Tried to her latest characterization of herself, Margery had a pert and pleasant smile for the young men behind the brass grilles as she passed on her way to the president's room in the rear. She found her father at his desk, thoughtfully munching the unburned half of one of his huge cigars, and nanged her errand.

"I want a safety-deposit box big enough to hold this," she said briefly, exhibiting the paper-wrapped packet.

Jasper Grierson, deeply immersed in a matter of business to which he had given the better part of the forenoon, and knowing that no good meant that he would come to the surface of things—her surface—when he could, she turned aside to the window and waited.

Though she had seen him develop day by day in less than three of the thirty-odd years of his western exile, her father offered a constant succession of surprises to her. When she opened the door to retrospection, which was not often, she remembered that the man who had stumbled upon the rich quarts vein in Yellow Dog Gulch could scarcely sign his name legibly to the paper recording his claim; that in those days there was no prophecy of the ambitious present in the man, half drunkard and half outlaw, whose name in the Yellow Dog district had been a synonym for—but these were unpleasant memories, and Margery rarely indulged them.

Just now she put them aside by turning her back to the window and taking credit for the tasteful and luxurious appointments of the private office, with its soft-piled rug and heavy mahogany furnishings. Her father was careless of such things; totally indifferent to them in business hours; but she saw to it that his surroundings kept pace with the march of prosperity. Here in Wahaska, as elsewhere, a little judicious display counted for much, even if there were a few bigoted persons who affected to despise it.

She was in the midst of a meditated attack upon the steamship lithographs on the walls—sole remaining landmarks of the ante-Grierson period—when her father wheeled in his pivot chair and questioned her with a flit of his shaggy eyebrows.

"Want to see me, Madgie?"

"Just a moment." She crossed the room and stood at the end of the big desk. He reached mechanically for his checkbook, but she smiled and stopped him. "No; it isn't money this time; it's something that money can't buy. I met Mr. Edward Raymer at the front door a few minutes ago; does he have an account with you?"

Jasper Grierson's laugh was grimly contemptuous.

"The bank isn't making anything out of him. The shoe is on the other foot."

"What is the matter? Isn't he making money with his plant?"

"Oh, yes; his business is good enough. But he's like all the other young fools, nowadays; he ain't content to bet on a sure thing and grow with his capital. He wants to widen out and build and put in new machinery and cut a bigger dash generally. Thinks he's been too slow and sure."

"Are you going to stake him?" Margery waged relentless war with her birthright inclination to lapse into the speech of the mining camps, but she stumbled now and then in talking to her father.

"I don't know; I guess not. Somehow, I've never had much use for him."

"Why haven't you any use for him?"

"Oh, I don't know—because, until just lately he has never seemed to have much use for me, I guess. It's a stand-off, so far as likings go. Of course, I'm reincorporate his outfit, for him six months ago, and told him I'd take fifty-one per cent of the reorganization stock myself; but he wouldn't talk about it. Said what little he had was his own, and he proposed to keep it."

"But now he is willing to let you help him?"

"Not much; he don't look at it in that light. He wants to borrow money from the bank and put up the stock of his close corporation as collateral. It's safe enough, but I don't believe I'll do it."

The chatelaine of Mereside came abruptly to the point.

"I want you to do it," she said, decisively.

"The devil you do!" Then, with the dry, door-hinge chuckle: "What's in the wind now?"

"I do want you to put him under obligations to you—the heavier the better. His mother and sister have gone out of their way to snub me, and I want to play even."

Grierson tugged his nose head, and this time the chuckle grew to a guffaw.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GIRL SEES HORSE OF ORANGE HUE

Oddly Radiant Beast is Discovered in Chicago by Indiana Girl.

'TOO MUCH!' SHE CRIES

Other Peculiarities of Animal Are: Canary-Colored Eyes, Sky-Blue Mane and Green Tail—Carried Cleaver in Front.

Chicago.—An orange-colored horse—absolutely not the kerchief-hue that haunted Evangeline last February, but orange-colored, nevertheless—has been observed lately on the South side of Chicago, especially, if not exclusively, in the neighborhood of Fifty-third street and Indiana avenue.

A riot call brought a squad load of police to that corner immediately after the first appearance of the oddly radiant beast. The shrill screams of a woman who never had seen a horse like that before aroused the whole neighborhood. But the horse disappeared as quickly as it had come.

Have Only Description.

Detectives have been put to work to identify the animal, and to question its owner if he should be found, say that they have not themselves seen the horse, but have obtained an eye-witness description from a young lady, as follows:

"The horse is quite different from the type ordinarily seen in Chicago. The orange-colored body is merely one of the peculiarities. In addition I noticed that the eyes are canary yellow, the mane sky-blue, the tail a tropic shade of green, the tongue jet black and pointed like a rattler's, and the teeth—presumably artificial—are of polished gold."

Meat Cleaver in Forefoot.

Questioned more closely, the young woman remembered that the beast limped a little with its right forefoot, and that the left forefoot, only shaped like the hand of a gorilla, brandished an ordinary meat cleaver such as may be observed in any butcher shop. This item, the cleaver, is believed to be the only tangible clue to the identity of the beast. At a late hour last night, however, the police had not received any complaint of a missing cleaver.

The young lady said also that the lips of the horse, when she saw it, were parted in "a sort of leering grin." But this testimony is not taken at par, for authorities are agreed that a horse cannot laugh. It is, therefore, supposed that she is mistaken about the lips.

Had Late Supper in Loop.

It was Monday night that the young woman saw the horse. It must have been nearly midnight, too, for she

Never Had Seen Horse Like That Before.

says she had a late supper that evening in the loop district, and she did not see the horse until some time after she had retired.

The lady's home is not in Chicago, but in Peru, Ind. She was visiting friends here and enjoying the taste of city life greatly, very greatly, immensely. In fact, it would be difficult to exaggerate the degree of the enjoyment.

But in Peru, it is said, the oldest inhabitant never has seen a horse like the one she saw here. Some of the village residents, it is true, have seen other curious animals, such as centipede-mice, sixteen-ounce spiders, and dachshunds longer than the village fire hose, but never an orange-colored horse with gold teeth.

The appearance of the horse was, indeed, so strange that she screamed hysterically when she saw it, and it was her cries that brought the matter to the attention of the police.

WORKS WHILE SHE SLEEPS

Massachusetts Judge So Holds in "Hello" Girl's Case and Fines Manager.

Marlboro, Mass.—Telephone operators whose hours of labor are such that they are permitted to rest in the exchange building between their regular periods at the switchboard, work while they sleep, in the opinion of Judge J. W. McDonald of the district court.

He ruled that although Miss Esther Hamblett, a local operator whose hours are from 7 p. m. to 7 a. m., is permitted to sleep from midnight until 7 a. m., subject to emergency call, she works twelve hours a day within the meaning of the law and he fined Frank A. Wilson, manager, $50, for violation of the law fixing hours of labor for women.

The action was brought by the state board of labor and industries as a test case, and an appeal was taken in behalf of Wilson.

INDUSTRY OF GREAT VALUE

Most Essential Service for Humanity Performed by Those Who Manufacture Fertilizers.

In the American Magazine Ida M. Tarbell, writing another article in her business series entitled "The Golden Rule in Business," emphasizes the usefulness of the fertilizer business as an industry. Following is an extract from what she has to say:

"Few businesses perform a more essential service. Making two blades of grass grow where there was one, or none, is the useful task of a fertilizer plant. It serves men, not only by what it produces, but by what it saves. Into its mixture go substances derived from otherwise useless waste, the dregs and refuse of great industries. Millions of pounds of trimmings from factories using leather and rubber and felt are turned into ammoniates in its great incinerators. From the pomace left from the making of cottonseed and castor oil, from the horns and hoofs of the slaughter house, from the remains of fish and meat canneries, are made meals which the soil greedily swallows, to give back to us later more abundant crops of grain and vegetables and flowers.

"This waste and its transformation, the making and using of acid, all produce smells which cause not active and painful nausea to the unaccustomed. When men first go to work in the plants they are often unable to eat or at least to retain food, for a week or more. I have never found a doctor who thought this nausea had any more than temporary effects, like the ordinary seasickness. It is, however, a painful experience and should be relieved, if possible."

Why Men Eat More.

That men eat 5 or 6 per cent more than women—not because they are gluttons, but because they actually require that much more nourishment—appears as a result of an investigation made in the nutrition laboratory of the Carnegie Benedict and L. E. Eames, says the Literary Digest. The reason for the discrepancy seems to be that women have a smaller proportion of active tissue than men of the same weight and more inactive material, such as fat. The investigation disclosed that the average woman generates only 1,355 heat units in the twenty-four hours, as against 1,638 produced by the man, or about 2 per cent more for the latter per pound of body weight. When groups were compared, after careful selection of individuals of nearly the same height and weight, the men were found to produce about 12 per cent more heat than women.

His Proof.

"Pop!"

"Yes, my son."

"Was Noah kind to animals?"

"Oh, yes, my boy."

"How do you know, pop?"

"Because there is no record that he carried a phonograph or a pianola in the Ark."