

A Business Transaction

By BELLE MANIATES

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EVERY seat in the car was taken when a young woman got on at Forty-ninth street. She did not eye the passengers with the demanding glare that often is so effective in bringing returns, but quietly, and as a matter of course, attached herself to the strap nearest the back platform. In an instant Gregory, at the farther end of the car, arose and, lifting his hat, motioned to the young woman to be seated.

She thanked him graciously and occupied the place he had vacated. Gregory continually cast surreptitious glances in her direction, for she was most fair to look upon, with a refined, prepossessing face. She was dressed in perfect taste though not richly.

The conductor came forward to collect fares and she removed her gloves to search for the correct change. Gregory noted appreciatively the shapely hands and the diamond solitaire that gleamed on the third finger.

He was so absorbed in his admiration of her that he forgot to have his own fare in readiness when the conductor came to him, and he fumbled in his pockets in vain for small change. He took out a long pocketbook which was well filled and selected a one dollar bill from others of various denominations. Having dropped his 95 cents in change into his pocket, he folded up the pocketbook and was about to restore it to its usual place when the young woman to whom he had given his seat dropped her purse. Quickly thrusting his pocketbook into the right hand outer pocket of his overcoat, he picked up her purse and handed it to her, receiving a courteous "Thank you," in a voice exquisitely low and sweet.

Just then the person sitting beside her left the car and Gregory instantly appropriated the vacant seat. He was not susceptible and not in the common acceptance of the term a ladies' man, but he was attracted by the person of this young woman and possessed of a desire to know her. He instinctively felt that he could not win her acquaintance by any other route than the conventional, straightforward introductory one. He wished he had not obeyed his first impulse in taking the seat beside her, for in his former position, he had the advantage of being permitted to look at her, which he of course could not do now without being guilty of staring. He opened a newspaper, and while apparently scanning the headlines, he was trying to fathom the problem of meeting her. They were in the suburbs now, and nearly all the passengers had alighted.

Presently the young woman beside him arose and walked quickly to the rear, and before he realized the fact, she had stepped from the car, and he was being whirled onward with the oft-experienced sensation of a face lost in the crowd. When he came to his street and was walking the block that intervened between the avenue and his apartments, he remembered the depositing of his pocketbook in his overcoat pocket. He mechanically felt for it, but found the pocket empty.

He started, felt again, turned to go to the street car barns, a short distance away, and then reflected. He had taken the seat beside the young woman directly after he had placed it in his pocket—the one next to her. No one had occupied the seat after she left the car and when he got off, there was no one on board save the conductor who had not been near him. All things pointed directly in the line of circumstantial evidence to her as the thief. But no! He would never believe so impossible a fact. Again he thrust his hand into his pocket in the vain hope of finding it. He encountered a small object down in one corner and drew forth a diamond ring, the diamond ring he had noticed on her finger. He recalled now that she had not put on her gloves again after paying her fare.

More bitter to him than the loss of his money was the convincing proof of her theft. He was a man of comfortable income and he would not suffer any deprivation from the abstraction of his pocketbook, which contained \$200 that had been paid to him that afternoon after banking hours. The ring was probably worth \$50. It was not a very large, though a very good stone, as his critical eye decided. He resolved to take no steps to recover his property, although he would like the papers and data in the pocketbook. He shrank from having it known that he had been the victim of a woman in broad daylight. Still more did he shrink from seeing her accused of such an act. He decided to keep the ring as a warning not to be a school-boy and go daffy over a passing face again.

He inserted in the papers a little notice signed "Z," notifying the person who took the pocketbook that the ring could be had in exchange for same.

Two days later he received a package with first-class postage on, but not registered. Opening it, he found the pocketbook with contents intact—save the money. His card with address had enabled the sender to return.

"She is considerate, anyway," he thought, with a suspicion of gratitude. Often as the days went by he speculated as to her motive in robbing him. Although it had been so smoothly worked, he was confident that she was not a professional. It could not be poverty. She was entirely "ultra" in dress and appointments. It must have been a sudden temptation that she could not resist.

At the end of two months' time he received an express package. He opened it and found \$202, also a note, typewritten, informing him that peculiar circumstances had led to the regretted act

of borrowing the money which was returned with interest, and the request that the ring be forwarded to Miss L. Y. Morgan, general delivery, Springfield, Ill. The note ended with the request that he make no effort to discover her identity or reason for her act. Her greatest desire was to never see him again.

Gregory's heart beat exultantly. His instinct had been correct. She was a lady and she had acted honorably. He liked the feeling that prompted the payment of the interest which he resolved to keep, as he knew it would in a measure assure her that she had made atonement. He returned the ring as directed, with a little note informing her that the restoration of the money was the least of his pleasure. The first was in finding that his first impressions were correct—that she was a woman good and true, his next in being able to return her ring, which she must have missed.

He regretted very much her wishes, which he of course would respect, that he make no effort to learn her identity, but he hoped chance would some day effect a meeting. He received a brief acknowledgement of the receipt of the ring. The months went by, and Stephen Gregory treasured her face in his memory. He knew the name she gave was fictitious and he also felt assured that Springfield was only a temporary abiding place.

At Christmas, however, he was invited to a house party in Minneapolis. He was the last of the guests to arrive, and when he was presented to "Miss Whitney," and the beautiful face of which he had been dreaming was raised, a thrill of pleasure ran through his veins. She turned deadly pale, but her manner was composed and controlled. The hostess moved on and left them alone, as they stood a little apart from the others.

"May I ask you," she said, in a low, strained voice, "to say nothing until I can have a few moments' conversation with you in private."

"Certainly," he replied. "I will make an early opportunity to do so."

An hour later they were alone in the music room. She was still very pale, and there was a hunted look in her eyes which made his heart yearn toward her. "Of course," she said wearily, "it is your duty to give our hostess a sufficient reason why I should not be here, but may I ask you to spare me that disclosure? I will have a telegram summon me from here immediately."

"My dear Miss Whitney," he said, and the sympathy and deference in his voice gave her heart its first hope. "I wouldn't be such a cad as that! Even if you give me no explanation—and I do not ask one—that little affair which resulted only in a purely business transaction, I shall be entirely convinced that you are an honorable woman, and I beg you to remain here and permit me to know you."

Her eyes filled with tears, which she quickly forced back, and in a moment spoke:

"I will tell you the whole truth. I have a modest income which I add to by writing for magazines. The date of payment for such labor is uncertain and not to be counted upon. My little sister had a severe illness early last summer. When she was convalescent the doctors emphatically ordered her to the seaside. My ready money had been exhausted by the expenses attending her illness. I had already anticipated my allowance, and I knew not where to borrow, although I was sure that in two months' time I would be in a position to repay. That day I saw you in the car I had been downtown to pawn my ring and watch. I had never done such a thing before, and I hung about the pawnshops until I lost my nerve, and resolved to wait and make an early morning trip, when fewer people were about. I saw your roll of bills and it made me sick to think how much money there was in the world and yet a life I loved might be lost for want of a paltry sum. I was desperate. The temptation came to me when you sat beside me. It was so easily done! I purposely left the ring in your pocket as security. I don't know how I got off the car and walked down the street, I was so frightened. I found your card, and by inquiry learned you were not poor, so I felt easier. And—you know the rest."

"It almost kills me when I recall what I did and what I am, but—under the same circumstances—I should do it again. The end justified the means. I was fortunate in that you are the man you are."

"Miss Whitney," he said, earnestly, extending his hand, "it was, as I said, a purely business transaction, and one most honorably met by you. I never shall regret the act. I am heartily glad of the occurrence that led to my knowing you."

CHANGES HIS SKIN YEARLY.

Strange Disease of a New Yorker Who Annually Dons a New Cuticle.

Most people have to wear the same old skin through life, but Galen, N. Y., has a man in the person of William Groescup, who has donned a new one every year for 15 years, and he is changing it again, although the one he now has is only a few months old.

Usually this strange disease makes its appearance in the early fall. Every part of the body becomes covered with scales, which slough off, requiring in the process from eight to 12 weeks. Mr. Groescup had the usual attack last fall, which lasted well into the winter and then recovered, not expecting another attack until next fall, but contrary to all former experience in this case, the disease has manifested itself again at this time and Mr. Groescup is again undergoing the painful and disagreeable process.

The new skin is always as soft and smooth as a baby's.

Saxony has seven special industrial schools founded for the sole purpose of training locksmiths and blacksmiths.



"I'm sorry summer is here."

"Why?"

"Our cook seems to be just learning how to attend to the furnace."—Chicago Chronicle.

SENDING A MAN BY POST.

There Is a Regulation in London Permitting of This Singular Postal Transaction.

The limit of weight for a parcel per parcel post is, as we all know, 11 pounds. No doubt, then, some reader will be surprised that under certain conditions the post office will undertake to safely deliver weights many times in excess of that stated in the regulations, says London Tit-Bits.

One day last year a city gentleman called at St. Martin's le Grand with the object of consulting a directory and finding the address of a customer who lived in a remote part of Balham. He was not acquainted with the locality and was most anxious to see his customer at once. These facts he mentioned to an obliging clerk behind the counter.

He was at once informed that he could be sent to the required address "by registered post" at a fee of three pence a mile. The gentleman gladly accepted the offer, and in less than a minute found himself in charge of a smart messenger boy, who very soon guided him by the shortest route to his destination.

The boy carried in his hand a printed slip with a description of his charge under the heading: "Article required to be delivered," and this he required the gentleman and customer to sign before he left the latter's house.

It is probable that very few people are aware of the regulation under which this curious postal transaction was accomplished. It reads thus: "A person may be conducted by express messenger to any address on payment of mileage fee."

SURGICAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

Operations Recorded by the Bioscope Copied and Exhibited in Paris.

Cinematograph records are now made of all operations performed by a certain famous physician and surgeon in Paris. The latter entered some time ago into an arrangement with an artist of the bioscope, who has taken pictures for the doctor on several occasions. It is stated, reports the New York Times, that the records in question are invaluable as scientific documents. One of the surgeon's operations which has been cinematographed was that by which the link of flesh connecting the Hindoo twins, Radica and Doodica, was severed, and which was pronounced to have been a remarkable success, though, to be sure, both twins died of it. The famous doctor has now fallen out with his photographer in ordinary. Having looked in at several fairs, the surgeon found that microscope views of operations of all sorts performed by him, from common bone sawing to delicate cases of trepanning and laryngotomy, were being exhibited in the chambers of horrors' sideshows at ten sous for grown-ups, children under 15 half-price, those under ten not admitted. The doctor is accordingly bringing an action against the photographer for infringement of a new kind of copyright. He argues that the defendant had no authority to make use of the records of cinematograph pictures without his consent, as the proprietorial rights belong in a great measure to the surgeon who performed the operations, and thus supplied the subject of the views.

AMERICA'S "WIDOW'S MITE."

One of the Most Noted Coins in the World Reposes in the Philadelphia Mint.

Everybody has heard of the "widow's mite," but how many are aware that a real specimen of this oft-mentioned coin is in existence? Yet this is the case, states the New York Times, and it now reposes in the cabinet of coins in the United States mint at Philadelphia, enjoying the reputation among numismatists of being the most noted coin in the world.

"The Widow's Mite" was found in some rubbish in the temple grounds, in Jerusalem, some years ago, and the finder presented it to the mint. Its original name was "lepton," from "leptos," very small. The word mite is English, formerly meaning a weight representing the twentieth part of a grain, but was used in the place of "lepton," when the New Testament was translated. The coin is of bronze, weighs ten grains, and has a diameter of three-tenths of an inch.

The nationality of the coin is not definitely known, but authorities say it is fairly certain that it is not of Jewish origin, there being little Hebrew money in circulation at the beginning of the Christian era. Just what was the value of the mite is also a subject of speculation, but experts numismatists suppose it to have been worth about one-fifth of a cent.

TOO BAD.

SALE IN A MINING CAMP.

Exciting Incident of an Affair in Which Luck Played an Important Part.

Long Jim was lounging on my right, and I noticed his eyes glisten at every bid; several times it seemed as if he was about to speak, but each time he shut his jaws with a snap and tried to smother out his excitement, writes D. F. Seton-Carruthers, in Pearson's. Finally he whispered hoarsely in my ear, "Say, Frank, will you stand in halves—I'm dead set on buying this claim—I feel I shall strike it rich if I do. Is it a deal? Shall I raise the ante," he concluded, eagerly.

I nodded. I was too busy with a mental calculation to speak; that finished, I said quickly, "Don't go beyond \$5,000. I can't spare more than \$2,500!"

"Five thousand dollars," nodded Jim, as he made himself comfortable on the edge of the side bar and prepared to light a cigar.

"Limit," laughed Dan, and then quickly, "Say, Jim, cut you who takes it at \$5,100. I guess we are not out to make Puffing Billy's fortune."

The latter gentleman did not look pleased at the suggestion, but it appealed strongly to the sporting instinct of the others, and was greeted with a roar of approval. A pack of cards was instantly produced, shuffled by the sheriff, and placed upon the bar.

"Ace high, I suppose?" queried Dan. "Let it go that," replied Jim shortly. "Better call to me for first cut—both of you," interposed the sheriff, spinning a coin.

"What's your fancy?" asked Jim. "Guess I call tails," returned Dan briskly.

"Heads for me, then," nodded Jim. "Heads it is," cried the sheriff, uncovering the coin for all to see.

"First blood to you, boy," laughed Dan.

"Sudden death or best of three?" asked Jim, looking up as he laid his hand on the pack.

"Oh, sudden death every time, and—I'll bet you a hundred I beat you," rejoined Dan, with a reckless laugh.

"Done," replied Jim, quietly. "Anybody else have a hundred on it?" shouted Dan, motioning Jim to stay a second.

"I will—or two if you like," I interjected, quickly.

"That's a bet," Dan nodded, and then, glancing at Jim, said "Now."

Jim cut and held up the ten of diamonds so all might see. I laughed aloud with delight; it was the luckiest card in the pack—to me—and I knew my bet was safe. Dan cut the nine of spades, shouting as he tossed the cards on the bar, "Pipped, by thunder! Well, Jim, here's wishing luck and the biggest strike yet made."

Then, turning to the eager crowd, he nodded, "The loser pays. It's my shout, boys; name your fancies, and drink luck to Long Jim."

Queer Effects of Sunshine.

Every one knows that the heat of the sun will expand iron and steel. Stevenson's tubular bridge over the Menai straits is 400 feet long. The heaviest train passing over it bends it just half an inch, yet on a July day, after the sun has been shining on it for several hours, it is found to be bent an inch and a half below its usual horizontal line. The heat of the sun acts on stone as well as metal, a fact which is proved by the Washington monument. It is 555 feet high, but it will be found to be about two inches higher in the evening than in the morning of a sunny day. A strange effect of sunshine was noted at Plymouth, where to lay the foundations of a sea wall the workmen had to descend in a diving bell. These bells had stupidly been fitted with convex circular glasses at the top. The sea was very calm and the glasses so concentrated the rays of the sun that the clothes of one of the workmen were set on fire, and that at no less than 25 feet below the surface of the water.—N. Y. Herald.

Encouragement for Boys.

Boys who, when they are "speaking their pieces," suddenly discover that they have forgotten what they were going to say, may comfort themselves with the knowledge that they are in distinguished company. So experienced a debater as Mr. Winston Churchill was lately obliged to sit down in the midst of a speech in the house of commons because his memory failed him. The boy may be sure that his audience will treat him as the house treated Mr. Churchill, with sympathy and consideration.—Youth's Companion.

The Parental Hand.

Mrs. Newlywed—Why is Bobby yelling? Because I won't do just as he wants.

Mr. Newlywed—Let him yell. We must begin to discipline him in some way.—Puck.

HIPPOPOTAMUS HUNTING.

Big Game Bagged by African Hunters Is in Great Demand as Butcher's Meat.

A hunter of big game in Africa writes: "Hippopotamus hunting, as a rule, is not exciting, except from a canoe or boat, where the animal has a chance of turning the tables. If a clean shot is made he sinks like a stone and before a few bubbles on the surface nothing more is seen till he rises to the surface, belly up, in from one to four hours. One can generally tell by the thud of the bullet if the shot has told. It is mostly snap-shooting as they blow and a novice or excitable person will often waste a lot of ammunition banging away at every nose he sees bobbing up, irrespective of distance or position. The vulnerable spot is the brain, and it is advisable to wait for a side shot, when a bullet in the neighborhood of the ear will surely find it."

This hunter, says the Chicago Daily News, writes further: "When we camped on the Kafue schools of from ten to thirty hippopotami were found together, but after being disturbed several times they shifted to a huge swamp to the north, where the only way to get at them was by polling canoes through about a mile of reeds and narrow channels to the lake-like patches of open water whither they had retired. The only canoes we could get were dugouts, capable of carrying not more than three men, very narrow, mostly rotten and patched with lumps of moist clay to stop leakage. If capsize they sunk like stones. So, as the place was full of crocodiles, we had always a spare canoe at hand. We hunted them successfully several times in their swamps."

Being useful as butcher's meat, the big river horses were hunted systematically. The hunter, Mr. Wright, says: "All the fat which we used for cooking was procured from hippo. We had to feed from 40 to 50 natives living on the station during the rains, when grain and native foods were difficult to get, so that a hippo, even if he weighed three tons, soon disappeared into bilting. Hippo make splendid tracks across country between bends of the river and the natives dig round, deep pits on these and cover them with branches and earth; the hippo, traveling along at night, drop head first into them."

COULDN'T USE THE EMBLEM

Sale of a Book Prohibited Because Mikado's Flag Was on the Cover.

The sale of a book about Japan has received a check in Japan because on the cover was printed a flag showing a chrysanthemum with a particular number of petals, reports the London Chronicle.

The flag was imprinted on the book back for no other reason than that it looked pretty. It, however, happens to be the flag of the emperor, or mikado, and is something like high treason to use it.

King Edward has a flag of his own—the royal standard. It should only be flown over buildings where the king actually is. I have no more right to fly the royal standard from my bedroom window when I get patriotic than I have a right to pluck the flowers at Windsor castle because I happen to be fond of plants.

Every child in England knows the stars and stripes is the flag of the United States. But it rather staggers the British visitor to the states to find his flag is very little known. When I was in the states during the Spanish-American war, and flew the union jack, I was asked dozens of times if it was the Cuban flag.

Even people who think they know the British flag don't really know it. The British merchant shipping flag—red, with the jack in the corner—is accepted by thousands of Americans as the British flag, and they are disposed to argue with you when you say it isn't.

In the old days, when Theebaw was king of Burma, and Col. Sladen was British resident at Mandalay, there was a perpetual feud between the court and the residency because in the hot weather Col. Sladen insisted on carrying a white umbrella to shield him from the sun.

The only person in Burma who had ever carried a white umbrella—very gorgeous and infinitely superior to the humble gamp which served the resident's purpose—was the king. I rather fancy it was Col. Sladen's white umbrella that precipitated matters which led to the deposition of King Theebaw.

Where Cloth Is Currency.

In Abyssinia American cotton cloth is the monetary standard of the country. Coffee is quoted at so many bolts a hundredweight, and crops are purchased by the French with American cotton. An agency has been established in New York to purchase the special quality of cotton accepted by the Abyssinians as standard of the realm. The French, controlling the trade of that part of the world, have been able to introduce American cotton in competition with the English product, but now that the fame of our fabrics has spread through Africa the Arabs and negroes will have no other. Everywhere along the coast and in the interior of Africa, where Yankee beads were once the money standard of the aboriginal races, American cotton has become king.—Success.

Not Into a Blockhead.

"If you had ten horses and sold nine of them, how many horses would you have left?" asked the teacher.

"I don't know," answered Johnny.

"The idea! Subtract nine from ten and you would have one horse left, wouldn't you? Can't I drive it into your head?"—Indianapolis Sun.



Mrs. Fairbanks tells how neglect of warning symptoms will soon prostrate a woman. She thinks woman's safeguard is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Ignorance and neglect are the cause of untold female suffering, not only with the laws of health but with the chance of a cure. I did not heed the warnings of headaches, organic pains, and general weariness, until I was well nigh prostrated. I knew I had to do something. Happily I did the right thing. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound faithfully, according to directions, and was rewarded in a few weeks to find that my aches and pains disappeared, and I again felt the glow of health through my body. Since I have been well I have been more careful. I have also advised a number of my sick friends to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and they have never had reason to be sorry. Yours very truly, Mrs. MAY FAIRBANKS, 216 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn." (Mrs. Fairbanks is one of the most successful and highest salaried travelling saleswomen in the West.)—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

SIGHTINGS OF SCIENCE.

That coral reefs are made up entirely of the skeletons of animals and algae is proved by borings to a depth of more than 1,000 feet in the Pacific island of Funafuti.

The discovery is said to have been made in England of a new spirit, "unlike either petrol or alcohol," and "not unpleasant" in odor, which is cheap and will take the place of petrol in running automobiles.

"The chromophone" was exhibited recently to an invited audience in a London theater. It combines the cinematograph and gramophone. Conversations and vocal and instrumental music, synchronized with the movements of the figures, accompany the pictures.

That thought must have some definite vehicle, even when unexpressed, most psychologists agree. That this vehicle is the mental image of speech has been asserted by some, while others believe that it may be also the image of written language or some special combination of images that is neither of these.

Edouard Meyer finds that the vegetable organism, as well as the animal, gives off N-rays in varying quantities, as may be made evident by the feeble fluorescent screen. The most marked indications are given by the green parts, such as stems, and especially leaves, but the emanations are feebly detectable from the flower. On treating tissues in active growth with the vapor of chlorine, so as to slacken their vital functions, the N-ray indications were correspondingly lessened.

WORLD'S FAIR FEATURES.

There are more than a hundred buildings on the 40-acre Filipino reservation at the world's fair.

Automobiles are used in collecting the mail from 84 mail and package boxes on the world's fair grounds.

A fine collection of boomerangs from Australia is one of the latest additions to the exhibits at the world's fair.

A working model of the Vienna filtering plant, said to be one of the most efficient in the world, is shown in the Model street at the world's fair.

FOOD FACTS

What an M. D. Learned.

A prominent physician of Rome, Georgia, went through a food experience which he makes public:

"It was my own experience that first led me to advocate Grape-Nuts food, and I also know from having prescribed it to convalescents and other weak patients that the food is a wonderful restorer and reserver of nerve and brain tissue, as well as muscle. It improves the digestion and sick patients always gain just as I did in strength and weight very rapidly.

"I was in such a low state that I had to give up my work entirely and go to the mountains of this state; but two months there did not improve me; in fact I was not quite as well as when I left home. My food absolutely refused to sustain me and it became plain that I must change; then I began to use Grape-Nut food and in two weeks I could walk a mile without the least fatigue and in five weeks returned to my home and practice, taking up hard work again. Since that time I have felt as well and strong as I ever did in my life.

"As a physician who seeks to help all sufferers I consider it a duty to make these facts public." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Trial 10 days on Grape-Nuts when the regular food does not seem to sustain the body will work miracles.

"There's a reason."

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."