

The Collector's Wife

She Was a Very Quiet Body, but Had a Head on Her Shoulders.

By ELINOR STEWART CATON
Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

News came that cholera had overstepped the boundary between Asia and Europe and had gained a foothold in Italy. Orders were issued to the medical officers along the American coast to quarantine every ship arriving from Mediterranean ports and to permit no sick person to enter the country without submitting the patient to a thorough test for the dreaded disease.

One autumn day, when a storm was sweeping the coast of New Hampshire, Jeremiah Whipple, newly appointed collector of a little port of New Hampshire, opened the window of his bedroom to more clearly examine a vessel that had just cast anchor in the harbor. She was a small steamer, and at her peak was the United States flag, upside down, which Whipple knew to be a signal of distress. Taking up a spyglass, he brought it to bear on the vessel and saw a group of persons standing amidships uncovered.

Then suddenly the group scattered, several of them going to a boat that hung on its davits, lowering it and manning it. The next move was the lowering of an oblong box into the boat, where it was reverently received by the crew. Lastly, a man, evidently an officer, took his place in the stern of the boat, grasped the tiller ropes, and the boat moved away from the ship.

"Patience," said the collector to his wife, "I guess they've got the cholera on board that vessel. They've put up a distress signal, and there, too, goes up a yellow sick flag."

"You're not going to let any of 'em land, be you?" asked the wife, blanching.

"Not till a medical officer comes. They were to send one today."

The boat pointed straight for the shore, at one moment its bow shooting up toward the sky, the next diving down toward the bottom of the bay. When it came within half a mile of the shore, Whipple, armed with his badge of authority, went down to the dock to warn them to keep off. He had never before been in a position of trust, and he felt that the keeping out of an epidemic which might sweep away thousands of his countrymen rested upon his shoulders. As soon as the party came within hearing he shouted:

"You can't land here!"

A tall, thin man rose in the bow of the boat, took out a bandanna handkerchief, wiped his eyes and said:

"We do not desire to remain ashore longer than to bury the body contained in this box. My wife was taken down with cholera six days out of Naples. Fearing that she would die, she exacted from me a promise that I would not permit her to be buried at sea. Both the officers and crew of the ship have respected her wish, and I now beg that you will permit me to inter the remains here on the shore."

Even if the collector had been more familiar with the duties of his office it is questionable if he would have felt any certainty with regard to the disposition of this case. He felt a dread of cholera and was anxious to get rid of the party as soon as possible. There could be no violation, so far as he could see, in either the revenue or quarantine laws. The party need not be searched since none of them asked to be permitted to remain ashore. It was possible that if allowed to land they might make a break for the interior, but this in the case of a burial party was not to be considered.

"I guess you can bury it up on that little knoll there," said Jeremiah, "if you'll be quick about it."

The thin man wept tears of thankfulness at the permission, the party brought the box ashore and, bearing it to the designated spot, dug a grave. Then, all standing uncovered, it was lowered to its last resting place, after which the party fled back to the dock, where the mourner again tearfully thanked the collector for his kindness and, waving a last farewell to the grave on the knoll, was pulled away to the ship.

During the scene Patience Whipple was looking out of the window watching the landing, the burial and the departure of the party. When Jeremiah returned to the house he sat down before the fire, feeling a sad comfort in having permitted a fellow being to carry out a promise to his dying wife. Patience was doing her morning duties and made no comment on what had passed. Then Jeremiah went to his little custom house on the dock, where he sat reading a newspaper, for since few, if any, goods ever came into the port he had no great weight on his shoulders. When he returned to his home for the noon meal his wife said to him:

"Jerry, if these men had been smugglers and had run away from the coast with diamonds in their pockets and the government found it out, what would they do with you?"

"Give me the grand bounce."

"And what would they do with you if you'd let in the cholera?"

"It would 'a' been the same grand bounce."

"You took a risk out o' the kindness of your heart, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"With nothin' to gain and all to lose."

"Yes."

"But suppose you'd 'a' caught 'em with something valuable on 'em."

"The goods would have been confiscated by the government."

"And you wouldn't get any of it?"

"No."

"That's a kind of a heads I lose, tells you win business, isn't it?"

"Mebbe so."

That night Patience Whipple said that little Billy seemed croupy and she would sleep with him in a room by themselves, while the father slept in the room with the little girl. Jeremiah awoke in the morning, evidently feeling very comfortable.

"Wife," he said, "how good it makes a man feel to do a kind act. I went to sleep last night thinkin' o' that poor feller that I let bury his wife, and I was thankful that I'd taken the risk and given him the satisfaction o' keepin' in his promise."

"You surely took a big risk, Jerry," replied the wife with a yawn.

"Didn't you sleep well last night?" he asked.

"Not very. Billy was breathin' hard and coughin' all night."

"Sorry," remarked the husband sympathetically.

After breakfast, when Jerry went down to his office, he noticed some loose earth on the knoll where the burial had taken place the day before. He went up there and discovered that the grave was open to its very bottom and the box had been removed. Turning to the harbor, he discovered that the ship which had been anchored there the evening before had also departed. He went in to his wife and said excitedly:

"By gum, Patience, those fellows were smugglers!"

"What makes you think so?" asked the wife.

"The grave has been robbed. It was a trick. Like enough the box had no corpse in it, but was full of dutiable goods. Some confederate has taken it out."

"Well," said Patience, wiping a dish, "mebbe after you've been a collector for a spell you won't get taken in so easy."

"Nobody but you and me knows anything about it," rejoined Jerry thoughtfully. "I must go right out and fill up the grave. I wouldn't have the secret get out for a thousand dollars."

Taking a shovel, he went out to the knoll, glanced about to see if any one was looking and, feeling satisfied that he was not observed, filled up the hole.

"By gum," he said to himself as he walked back to his house, "that was the slickest trick I ever heard of. I wonder Patience didn't get on to it. She is generally pretty wide awake, but this time they caught her nappin' as well as me."

"Patience," he said, "I wish we'd 'a' got on to those fellows. I might 'a' got some promotion."

"I guess that's all you'd 'a' got. You wouldn't 'a' got any of the goods."

Whipple looked more disturbed over the matter than his wife. His salary as collector was infinitely small, and there was not much comfort for him in life, his wife having a hard time to clothe and educate the children and make ends meet. Besides, the government might be informed of what had been done and he would lose his position. On the whole, he was as much depressed over the result as he had been elated at having done a good action.

One day Patience told her husband that she must go to a neighboring city to visit a dentist. He groaned, not knowing where the necessary funds were to come from. But Patience kissed him goodby cheerily and took her departure, leaving him to take care of the children for a while day.

The next morning Whipple received a document with the United States treasury department's official stamp, dismissing him from his office.

"I knew it!" he moaned. "Somebody saw the whole thing and reported it."

His wife sat down on his lap and put her arms around his neck.

"I reported it, Jerry."

"You?"

"Yes."

"I saw through that snivelin' mourner at once. He overdid his cryin'. As soon as you were in bed that night I went out with a spade and dug up the box. It was so light that I knew it didn't contain a body. I carried it to the old bathhouse and hid it up in one of the rottin' boats. The next day I went and opened it and found it full of laces and jewels. I wrote a letter to the government under an assumed name, tellin' them that I knew where smuggled goods were hidden and would tell them if they would give me half. They agreed, and I met them yesterday and took them to the goods. They valued them at over \$80,000 and offered me \$30,000 down to settle. I took it, and here's the check."

She held a United States treasury check before his astonished eyes. When he had recovered something of his equanimity, Patience continued:

"Two things would show that the goods had been smuggled in past you—the place where they were hidden and my real name, which must be disclosed. But before I gave either I secured a promise that nothin' more than dismissal should be visited on you. I, not belin' the collector, could sell the secret to whom I pleased or keep the goods, as I liked. They acknowledged that they had no case against me and didn't know who I was until all was settled."

"By gum, Patience, you're a brick!"

Mr. Whipple, having capital, went to the city, became a politician and is now collector of a large port. He has eliminated all trickery among smugglers in his department. But it is understood that credit for this happy state of affairs is due to his wife.

FIRST AID IN FAINTING.

Lower the Head to Let the Blood Back to the Brain.

Fainting is a loss of consciousness due to the diminution of blood supply to the brain. It occurs most frequently in weak, sensitive women, but may occur also to men as well. It usually occurs in crowds or in crowded halls, theaters and churches, where the atmosphere is close and the air foul.

Fainting usually lasts only a few minutes, and the person recovers immediately when taken out into the fresh air, but there are cases in which it lasts much longer, sometimes for an hour or more. The first aid treatment of fainting is usually very simple. Take the person out into the fresh air and lay him flat on the back, with the head lower than the feet.

This can be done by grasping the feet and holding the body so that the head hangs down, or take an ordinary straight back chair, turn it over so that the back forms an angle with the floor and place the person on the back of the chair with the head hanging down. This position with the head hanging down favors the flow of the blood back to the brain.

All tight clothing about the neck and waist should be loosened. Smelling salts or aromatic spirits of ammonia applied to the nostrils and cold water sprinkled on the face, chest and hands help to restore consciousness.—National Magazine.

THE SILVER DOLLAR.

Many Changes in Its Design Since It Was First Issued.

The silver dollar has undergone a great many changes since it was put in circulation in 1794. On the face of the first dollar there was stamped the head of a young woman turned to the right and with hair flowing, as if she was in a gale of wind. But in 1796 congress came to her relief and ordered her hair to be tied up with a bit of ribbon. The fifteen stars which appeared on the first dollar were after this reduced to the original thirteen in recognition of the number of states.

In 1836 the design was again changed, and the dollar bore the figure of a woman dressed in a flowing garment. The designer forgot, however, to put in the thirteen stars, and the coin was soon called in, the new design having the woman surrounded by stars. Her air was defiant and stiff looking, and in 1838 dollars were issued which were more artistic in treatment. The first dollars bearing the motto, "In God We Trust," were coined in April, 1864, and in 1873 the era of the trade dollar began, lasting just five years.

The Liberty dollar made its appearance in 1878. Miss Anna W. Williams, a public school teacher of Philadelphia, sat for the portrait.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Sure of a Raise.

An enterprising woman who rents several apartments in a new building and sublets them furnished, room by room, has profited at the rate of several hundred dollars a year by woman's propensity for telling everything she knows. To each applicant for a room she named an exorbitant price to start with.

"Now, understand, this is a concession to you alone and must be regarded as strictly confidential. If you tell a soul in the house that I have made a reduction in your favor I shall have to charge the original price."

Within two weeks rents had gone up.

"Mrs. Smith tells me," said the astute landlady to each gossiping tenant, "that you told her you pay only \$6 for your room instead of \$7." And as no one was in a position to plead not guilty the additional rental was exacted.—New York Times.

The Retort Courteous.

James Russell Lowell was once a guest at a banquet in London where he was expected to reply to a toast. The speaker who preceded Mr. Lowell said many contemptuous things about the people of the United States, avowing and repeating again and again that they were all braggarts. As American minister at the court of St. James Lowell could hardly overlook this speech, so as he rose he said smilingly: "I heartily agree with the gentleman who has just spoken. Americans do brag a great deal, and I don't know where they got the habit, do you?"

Big Mouthfuls.

"Yes," whispered the man who knows everybody, "the big chap over there at the third table is a great gormand. He's a mountain in the financial world, you know."

"I'm" commented the quiet observer. "Instead of a mountain he looks to me like a great gorge."—Chicago News.

Boiling Alive.

The last instance of boiling to death took place in Persia in 1890. The offender was guilty of stealing state revenues and was put into a large caldron of cold water, which was slowly heated to the boiling point. His bones were distributed as a warning among the provincial tax collectors.

Incorrigible.

"Nobody wants to play bridge with Mrs. Bean. She talks all the time."

"I suppose she's quiet when she's dummey?"

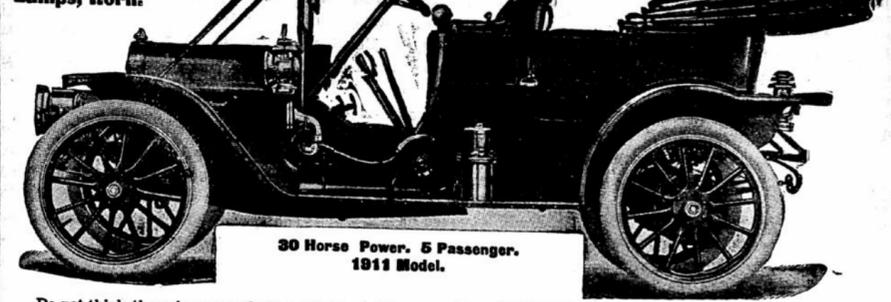
"Quiet! She talks twice as much."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Silence Is Safety.

After forty years o' married life I've made up me mind it don't matter how often a man an' his wife disagree as long as he don't let her know it.—Harper's Bazar.

A 1,350 AUTOMOBILE FREE

FULLY EQUIPPED
Top, Wind Shield,
Lamps, Horn.



30 Horse Power, 5 Passenger, 1911 Model.

Do not think there is no use finding out about this proposition. The offer is made and backed up by the oldest and most reliable agricultural paper in the Northwest. A Hudson Automobile was given to EDW. A. PEDERSON, BENSON, MINN., last January, and an Overland was given to C. R. HILL, CANBY, MINN., on April 10th, by the Farm, Stock & Home Co.

This \$1,350 REO is Going to be Given to Somebody
You have as good a chance as anyone. Send this coupon today.

FARM, STOCK & HOME COMPANY,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Farm, Stock & Home Co.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Please let me know how the Reo Automobile can be obtained free.

Name.....
P. O.....
Route..... State.....

This coupon counts 100 points. Only one coupon credited to same person.

TELESCOPE LENSES.

The Small Glass Magnifies the Picture Made by the Large One.

People sometimes wonder why a telescope has two glasses, one at the big end and one at the little end, and they want to know the difference. The glass at the big end is to gather light. It is simply a big eye. If it is a hundred times bigger than the eye in your head it will gather a hundred times more light. It gathers the rays of light coming from a star and bends them all into a common meeting point called a focus, which is a picture of the star. You can look at this picture of the star with your naked eye if you like. But you can see it better and examine it more closely if you look at it with a small magnifying glass. And this is the glass at the small end of the telescope. It magnifies the picture made by the big glass at the other end of the instrument. All telescopes are built on this principle. Sir William Herschel was the first to arrange matters a little differently. He took away the glass from the big end and admitted the rays coming straight into the tube in parallel lines. Then at the bottom of the big tube he placed a bright concave mirror made of burnished metal. When the entering rays fell upon this mirror they were again bent to a point called a focus, which was the picture of the star. To look at this picture he had to place the little magnifying glass at the side of the tube because the mirror had stopped up its lower end.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Something Blind.

In one of the crowded streets of New York a beggar was in the habit of taking his stand every day and appealing to the charity of the passers-by. By means of a short string he held a dog, around the neck of which a card was fastened with the words, "I Am Blind." A very kind old gentleman, who had been in the habit of dropping a penny into the beggar's hat, passed rapidly one morning without doing so. Instantly the beggar rushed after him and asked for the penny to be given, as usual. The gentleman, turning in surprise, said: "Why, I thought you were blind?" "Oh, no, sir!" was the cool reply. "It is the dog that is blind, as the card says."

Why a Horse Rolls.

Horses are fond of rolling on the ground, and no animal more thoroughly shakes itself than they do. After a roll they give themselves a shake or two to remove anything adhering to the coat. The habit is of much service to horses living in open plains. On being turned loose at the end of a journey an Arab horse rolls in the sand, which acts as blotting paper, absorbing exudations from the body. A shake removes the sand, and the coat soon dries. Cavalrymen in hot climates sometimes put sand on their horses as the simplest and quickest way of drying them.—Selborne Magazine.

Untainted.

Tempted by an offer of considerably more than the property had cost him, Mr. Kreezus, who counted his wealth in millions, had parted with his suburban villa.

"You didn't need the money," said his disgusted business partner, who had just heard of the transaction, "yet for a little filthy lucre you sold that beautiful home."

"I didn't!" exclaimed the equally indignant Mr. Kreezus. "I sold it for clean cash!"—Youth's Companion.

Bell Tones.

The peculiar magic in the tones of a bell is due to its striking not a single note, but a chord, and to obtain the perfect octave entails an immense amount of calculation as well as skill. The bell caster, therefore, has to be not a mere mechanic, but a highly trained specialist.

Regular Turn.

"What? You're engaged to Mr. Brown? Then you won't marry Mr. Jones, after all?"

"No, not after all, but perhaps after Mr. Brown."—Milwaukee News.

Glendorado Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Co.

O. H. UGLEM, President
CHAS. D. KALIHNER, Treasurer

Insurance in Force \$1,300,000

Average cost to members but one-half of that charged by old line companies. For further information write

J. A. Erstad, Secretary - Freer, Minn.

The Union Gives All the News All the Time

L. C. HUMMEL

Dealer in

Fresh and Salt Meats, Lard, Poultry, Fish and Game in Season.

Both Telephones.

Main Street, (Opposite Starch Factory.) Princeton, Minn.

Northern Cement Construction Co.

(Successors to Bergman Bros.)
PRINCETON, MINNESOTA

Contractors and Builders of

Cement Sidewalks, Curbs, Steps, Borders, Street Crossings, Lawn Walks, Cellar Bottoms, Barn Floors, Etc.

Agents for the Fama Stonewood Flooring

Arched Root Cellars a Specialty

Job Printing and Job Printing

THERE are two kinds of Job Printing—that which is neat and artistic and that which possesses neither of these qualities. The Princeton Union makes it a point to turn out none but the former kind, and the Union finds this easy because it has the type, machinery and skilled labor with which to accomplish it.

Nothing Looks Worse Than Botched Job Printing.

It is a drawback to the business of a merchant or anyone else who uses it. Botched Job Printing suggests loose methods. Then why not use the kind printed by the Union? It costs you no more and gives the public a good impression of your business. The Princeton Union is prepared to execute every description of

Commercial and Fancy Printing

at short notice and nominal prices. If you are in need of letterheads, noteheads, billheads, statements, cards, posters, programs, wedding invitations or any other work in the printing line, an order for the same placed with the Union will insure its being produced in an attractive and up-to-date style.

The PRINCETON UNION

Princeton, Minnesota.