

A TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFER

It was a bold stroke for a girl of 18, but I can't truly say that I've regretted it—opportunities must be taken when they come, or never. It was the peculiar combination of circumstances that led me to do what I did, but certainly never should have thought of such a thing if I had not been "clean one" on Frank Stanley. Frank and I worked for the old Continental, and we wanted to get married, but I had sense enough to know that the small income that enabled us to get along singly wouldn't begin to be big enough for us if we tried to "duplex." The telegraph company was being fast run out of the field by more vigorous rivals, and its affairs were in wretched shape. It was months in arrears with all its employees. The company owed Frank and me, between us more than \$600, and only paid us in dribbles enough to exist upon.

So, as I sat alone in the office that hot summer day I determined, badly as I felt about it, to tell the dear boy Sunday evening that we had better cancel our engagement until matters should look more promising for the future. Elverson, the cashier and nominal head of our office, had a few minutes before hurriedly finished his work, slammed the safe door and gone out, mumbling something about business. I knew very well he had gone to the big ball game. The other girls had all rushed off together, and I hardly expected Frank to come back that afternoon, as he was down the line somewhere looking after repairs.

While I was considering whether I should wait longer on the possibility of his return I happened to notice that the safe door was ajar. "How careless in Elverson," I thought. "He was in too much of a hurry to wait to see if it locked." As I hesitated about going to the safe, not feeling sure whether I had best meddle, the sharp clicking of my sounder checked me. Instead of being a "call" for our office, it was a message for Edgewater, ten miles up the line, the summer residence of the Hon. Russell Russell—"Old Hussey," we called him—the president of our company. I knew the touch of the operator sending it, too—she used to work beside me, but was now in the private office of the governor at Versailles.

Something queer in the wording first attracted me, and then a name came along that was very familiar, and I began taking the whole thing down in shorthand. It was, in effect, though in guarded words, that the electric railroad bill before the legislature, over which a fierce fight had raged the whole spring, was sure to pass, but would be vetoed that very evening, the last of a long and tedious session, instead of being signed, as everybody expected, and it would be impossible to pass it over the veto at that late hour. The bill practically nullified the charter of the Versailles electric road.

Frank was interested in the electric road, as his cousin was the inventor of the motor to be used, and he had an option on a few shares of stock, but, fearing the bill would pass, had not secured them.

The next message rattled out by the same operator was for the city. It was addressed to a broker and directed the immediate purchase of a big block of Versailles Electric railway.

The governor was the real head of the Edgewater Slate company, in which Mr. Hussey was a large shareholder, and it was known that the slate company came pretty near controlling the politics of the state. I must let Frank know at once, so he might secure his stock before the news got out. Then the audacious thought came to me: "Why shouldn't I be 'in it,' too?" There was a great obstacle—lack of money. The little I had in my pocket wouldn't go far toward margining railroad stock. I knew a broker in Versailles and I had worked his wife for him.

My eyes fell again on the gaping door of the safe. Here was a pretty temptation for a girl to square herself with her debtors by negotiating a forced loan! I had seen Elverson put away a roll of bills that must have counted up into the hundreds. I turned the matter over in my mind rapidly. Whatever there was to be done must be done now.

I opened the safe, took out the money drawer and counted the roll of notes. There was a little over \$500. The next train to Versailles would get me there before the stock-market closed.

I hastily wrote out on the official blanks of the telegraph company two copies of each of the governor's telegrams, pocketed them and the roll of bills and whipped on my hat. When the train rolled into the station at Versailles, I had my plan well in mind, and promptly proceeded to carry it out. Rushing up the narrow stairs of the broker's office I found the proprietor just on the point of going out. Drawing him back into his private den I told him I wanted him to buy me 100 shares of Versailles Electric, which was then quoted around 2 1/2.

"Here is enough to put up five points margin," I said, handing him my borrowed roll of bills, "but I want you to promise not to use this particular money, which I will leave with you for security. I will redeem it before night, and come to your house if necessary."

"All right," he said, "you have always proved to be reliable," and without any further talk he carried out my order.

The first plunge had been taken—now for the most daring part of my bold scheme. First, however, I must get word to Frank, so that, whatever happened to me, he should not lose the opportunity to secure his stock. By the greatest good luck, as I came out of the broker's office I met one of our linemen, who had seen Frank during the day and gave me some idea of his whereabouts, so that after some little search I succeeded in finding him, giving him a strong hint that he must bind his stock bargain at once, and leaving with him in a sealed envelope one set of my intercepted telegrams.

Boarding a horse car, I started for the State House, where I boldly told the first official I met that I wanted to see the governor.

His excellency was a spare, tall man, with a decided stoop, a cat-shaped head, sparsely covered with grizzled hair, and bright, shrewd eyes, much wrinkled at the corners, out of which he bestowed upon me a quizzical, but kindly, smile when I insisted on being left alone with him on business of the utmost personal importance to himself.

I went straight to the point, pulled out my copies of his telegrams and placed them in his hands. After the first start of nervous surprise he was cool and collected and I didn't have to threaten to scream, as I had expected.

"I see that you recognize those telegrams, governor," I said. "They are only copies, but other authentic copies are in safe hands. I value them at \$250 apiece, but you are the best judge of that. Of course, you can take all the force out of them by signing the bill, but then you will have a big block of worthless stock on your hands, and what will your friend, Mr. Hussey, think?"

"Will you promise me that all other



"I SEE THAT YOU RECOGNIZE THESE TELEGRAMS, GOVERNOR." copies of these telegrams are immediately destroyed, if I buy these?" he asked.

"I will cheerfully do so, if you make me a little promise in return," was my prompt reply.

"What is it you ask? You seem to be quite a woman of business."

"Only this: use your influence with President Hussey to have a young man named Frank Stanley appointed to the superintendency of this division of his line," I boldly answered. The governor smiled at my hot blush, nodded, gave the required promise, produced a fat pocketbook from which he counted out \$500, tore the telegrams into little bits, and politely ushered me out of the room. I lost no time in hunting up my broker, getting back my original roll of money, and returning by the last up train to the office, where I found everything as I had left it. It was with a tired sigh of relief that I restored the bills to the safe and saw that it locked this time with a decided snap.

Within two months Versailles Electric was at par, my hundred shares were worth \$10,000, and Frank's allotment half as much more. He obtained the position of division superintendent and was retained in it by the big company, which eventually absorbed our weak one, and then we got arrears of salary and I left the detested office and devoted my time to planning the cosy villa in the suburbs of Versailles, which we still occupy.

THE HEART COURAGEOUS.

Who hath a heart courageous
Will fight with right good cheer;
For well may he his foes out-face
Who owns no foe called fear!

Who hath a heart courageous
Will fight as knight of old
For that which he doth count his own—
Against the world to hold.

Who hath a heart courageous
Will fight while fight he can—
'Tis not the victory—but the strife,
That doth proclaim the man.

Who hath a heart courageous
Will fight both night and day
Against the host invisible—
That holds his soul at bay.

Who hath a heart courageous
Rests with tranquillity,
For Time he counts not as his foe—
Nor Death his enemy.
—Vivian Sheard, in Canadian Magazine.

The first artificial butter was "margarine," made in Poissy, France, in 1869. It was made from the fat of the loins and kidneys of cattle, which, when melted, is sometimes called "oleo oil." This oil, tallow, lard, olive and cotton-seed oil are used, combined with dairy butter, in making the various butterines. Coconut butter is largely used in northern Europe.

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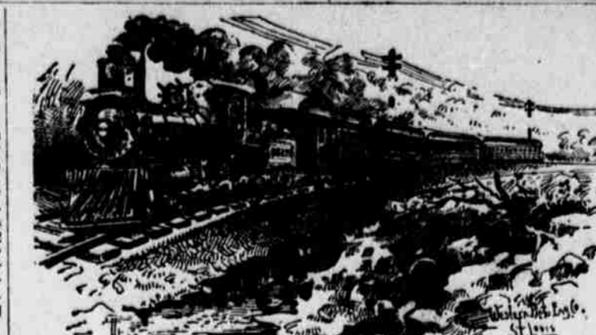
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- St. Louis & Gulf.
- *No. 103 For Thebes, St. Louis and Chicago 12:45 P. M.
- *No. 101 For Commerce, Benton, Morley, Morehouse, Kennett, Campbell and Caruthersville. 2:05 P. M.

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- *No. 6 From Hoxie, Walnut Ridge, Pocahontas, Naylor, Poplar Bluff, Puxico Bloomfield and Delta. 12:15 P. M.
- *No. 8. From Taskee, Bloomfield and intermediate points. 7:16 P. M.
- *No. 10. From Memphis, Caruthersville and Sikeston. 5:55 P. M.

St. Louis & Gulf.

- *No. 102 From Caruthersville, Kennett, Morehouse, Morley, Commerce and Benton. 11:25 A. M.
- *No. 104 From Chicago, St. Louis and Thebes 3:30 P. M.

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Gordonville	8:00 "	12:10 "	2:25 "	11:05 "	1:44 "	3:44 "
Dutehtown	8:35 "	12:24 "	2:40 "	10:45 "	1:30 "	3:30 "
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