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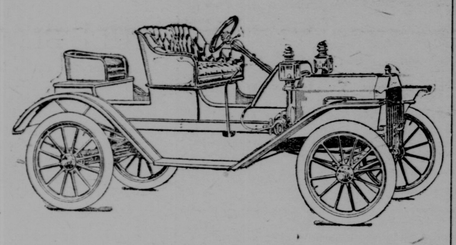
FORD MOTOR CARS



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[5-16-4m]

The Ingenuity of Agatha.

By A. W. KOENIG.

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"IT'S of no use, and it might just as well be in Halifax as in my barnyard," said Ebenezer Hankins to himself. "It ain't good for anything, and, what's more, I'm sure it never will be."

Old Farmer Hankins stood looking down in evident disgust at the water trough and faucet which had just been placed in his barnyard by order of the officials of the little town of Milldale. Not a drop of water came through the faucet, although it was wide open. When the town officials applied to Farmer Hankins for permission to dig a ditch and lay a water main through his farm on the way from the springs above to the village below he told them that he did not need any of the water, and he could not understand why he should have his property damaged and all dug up merely to benefit somebody else unless he should receive a substantial and an adequate financial return. The water commissioner of the village, big, brawny Hezekiah Banks, declared that he would resort to the law with Farmer Hankins. To this Farmer Hankins replied that if he chose he might "take the law and wallop him as much as he pleased."

While sitting on Farmer Hankins' fence he had argued with the old man the greater part of a whole day on the wonderful benefit it would be to the people of the village and that Farmer Hankins could not do anything better that would bring him so many friends. In fact, he would become a public benefactor. The village was poor and could not very well afford to go to any great expense in the matter of paying for the right of way. However, all argument was useless, said Farmer Hankins. The farmers were always being swindled in every way by unfeeling corporations, and he'd be just as foolish as the rest of them if he were to follow their lead, just like a "passel o' sheep." It was at this time that a would be arbitrator appeared on the scene, Agatha Banks, the charming daughter of the water commissioner, so fair and so very sensible that Hiram Hankins, the stirring son of the old man who owned the farm, had been suspected for over a year of caring more for her than any other girl in Milldale or any of the surrounding towns. One afternoon shortly after her father's failure to come to terms with Farmer Hankins she rode over to the scene of contention with her father and sat for quite a long time in the carriage intently listening, with a sorrowful expression on her face, to the conversation of the two uncompromising men. Finally she made a proposition.

"Mr. Hankins," she said very sweetly, "if the town would put a nice water trough here in your barnyard and furnish it with a faucet, so that you could

"MR. HANKINS," SHE SAID VERY SWEETLY.

have all the water you need all the year round, would you not be satisfied to allow them to lay the pipe line through your farm?"

Farmer Hankins thought that Agatha never looked prettier in all her life, but at the same time he was not to be so easily captured. If he wanted a water trough, he thought he could have put one there himself without the assistance of the town.

"But you haven's got the spring, have you?" Agatha asked innocently. So this settled Farmer Hankins' argument on the point. It was a fact that his farm was destitute of springs, so that when, as always happened in summer during the dry seasons, the wells on his farm failed his place was as dry as the desert of Sahara.

"Well, I'll have to think about it," said Farmer Hankins. "I ain't one of the kind to make up my mind in a hurry. You'd be willin' to do that, wouldn't you, Hez?"

"Why, it's really more than I ought to do," replied the commissioner, "but if you'll say right now that you'll accept the proposition made by Agatha I think we can close the bargain now. Tomorrow I might not want to do it."

"All right. So far as I am concerned it don't make no difference to me," said Farmer Hankins, with a tone of independence in his voice which immediately brought the commissioner to terms.

"I didn't propose it," said Hezekiah, "but I always stand by what Agatha says I must, and I will now."

At this remark Hiram Hankins felt his heart leap within him as Agatha gave him one of her most approving glances, and their carriage drove away. All that evening, while the two were doing the chores, Hiram labored with his father in behalf of the water trough. It was a joy to both of the young people when the next day Farmer Hankins allowed that he guessed they might go ahead with the laying of their pipe line. The water trough was duly installed in the barnyard, and the faucet was attached. Then, when everything was in readiness, on a certain day the water from the spring was let into the main. It leaped into the pipe and went rushing down to give joy to the townspeople, but not a single drop of water came through the half inch pipe which rose up from the main pipe five feet below to the trough in Farmer Hankins' barnyard.

Farmer Hankins then knew it was a conspiracy against him and the town officials never meant to do as they had agreed. Hezekiah Banks always was a rascal, and he might have known better than to trust him. But at the same time it was just as much of a puzzle to the water commissioner as to Farmer Hankins himself why the water went so scornfully past the water trough. He went all over the line himself, peering into the faucet and listening with his ear close to its mouth in the vain effort to solve the problem. Then, to satisfy himself that the work of laying the pipe and making the connections had been properly done, he ordered that the earth all be dug away and the pipe thoroughly examined. Everything was found to be right and no defect anywhere.

Finally an engineer from the neighboring city was engaged, and after very carefully examining the line he decided that, the spring being so much higher than the trough, the water came through the main pipe with such tremendous force that it had no time to stop at Farmer Hankins' farm. Some were so skeptical as to this man's judgment, however, that another engineer of still higher repute was summoned. His verdict was that the spring, instead of being higher than the trough, was, in fact, much lower; therefore there was not enough force from the spring to push the water up through the faucet.

"Now it's my turn to see what the law 'll do," said Farmer Hankins. "They promised me water, and they've got to furnish it."

Some one reminded the old farmer that the commissioner had only agreed to furnish the trough and the faucet and that the supplying of the water was not in the contract. It was a very perplexing situation. The town must either be deprived of water or the trough must be supplied with it, and Farmer Hankins brought suit against the town officials. And now Hiram and Agatha were in trouble again. What would become of their hopes and prospects for the future if matters went on like this?

"I know there must certainly be some way to get water into that trough," Agatha declared. "If I had half the knowledge some folks think they have it seems to me I could fix it."

Agatha suddenly developed a decided taste for studying water in its relation to supplying cities and towns through the medium of the gravity system. When all others would be sound asleep she would be poring over books bearing on the subject which she borrowed from the city library. Then she made numerous visits to the spring. She measured the distance between the spring and another, larger, farther up in the village, on the hillside, as accurately as she could with her eye.

Still further to complicate matters Farmer Hankins forbade his son Hiram from ever visiting Agatha again.

"We will have nothin' to do with them," he said. "They're a bad lot. I don't know as I really ever heard of anything that Hezekiah Banks had done before this, and I used to think I'd like well enough to have Agatha for a daughter, but this thing's enough to convince me that you never would have a minute's peace if you married her—a chip of the old block."

Hezekiah in the meantime declared that Hiram never must darken his doorstep again. "Good enough fellow, but what's bred in the bone will surely tell."

So matters remained thus for several weeks until it was almost time for the trial of Farmer Hankins' suit. On the night before the day of the trial Farmer Hankins was very restless and could get no sleep. He had always boasted that he never sued a man or had been sued in his life, but now the record was to be broken. While tossing on his pillow shortly after the clock had struck 12 he heard a very peculiar noise that seemed to be near the house, upon the hillside. The oftener he heard it the more mystified and curious he became. He looked out of his window, and the full moon was shining brightly, and by the aid of its beams he could clearly distinguish a man's form standing near the spring on the side of the hill, while from the ditch he heard the sounds which disturbed his slumbers. He dressed as quickly as he could and went out, creeping along the fence until he was within hearing distance.

"Now, Agatha, it's about time you get out of that ditch," he heard a voice say. "That's too hard work for you."

"All right, Hiram, but I think your hands are too sore to dig any more," was the answer Farmer Hankins heard coming from the ditch.

"I'll bet yours are blistered all over Agatha. This old ditch will kill us all, I guess."

"Oh, they'll get over it, even if they are blistered," came back the voice from the ditch clear and loud. "I have made up my mind that we will see the end of this before we go back home."

Then Farmer Hankins sprang toward the spot and looked down, with astonished face, into the ditch. There Agatha stood, with pick in hand and her face flushed red as fire.

"In the name of common sense, children, what's goin' on here?" he asked sharply.

There was a little shriek of surprise from Agatha, and Hiram made a flying leap down the hillside. But there seemed to be absolutely no way of escape for poor, brave Agatha. However, she just leaned against the bank of earth, with her hands still grasping the pick, and her head bare to the night breeze. The long line of newly

"YOU'VE WON TWO SUITS FAIR AND SQUARE."

dug earth which stretched away up the hillside showed the astonished farmer that a new trench was being dug from the other large spring to the end of the pipe which supplied the village with water.

"Oh, Mr. Hankins," Agatha cried, as something very much like a sob found its way along with her words. "I hope you will not be angry with Hiram and me, will you? It's all my fault anyway. I couldn't bear to think of letting that miserable old lawsuit go on about the trough. It has worried all of us most to death. I guess I have studied mostly all the books in the city, and finally I thought I would just get to work at it myself and use a little common sense. It seemed to me that there must be some reason why the water wouldn't run up into your water trough, and I made up my mind that if there could be a little more pressure back of the other spring that would be all that was needed. So Hiram and I have been digging this ditch. We have the pipe laid down as far as we have gone, and now we are almost to the spring. If you only hadn't come so soon!" And as Agatha spoke she turned her face away and dropped the pick.

"Come, father, won't you go back to bed and let us finish the job?" Hiram asked, after recovering his surprise. "We'll have the water running into the trough in less than half an hour. All we have to do is to make the connections between the pipes to the lower spring."

"You go to bed yourself! I'll not think of letting Agatha dig here in this dark ditch any longer!" And Farmer Hankins sprang down into the ditch, lifting her gently out of the narrow quarters in which she had been working so heroically. In a few minutes the job was completed, and the two pipes were joined by Hiram, who had provided himself with a rude kit of tools for that purpose. Then all three of them hastened down to the water trough in Farmer Hankins' barnyard. Agatha turned the faucet, her fingers trembling a little as she did so. A gurgle of joy greeted their ears, and a moment later the water came trickling through the pipe and then fairly gushed out in a stream. So that Agatha's ingenuity had solved the problem which had defied the knowledge and skill of the water commissioner and all the rest of the wise men who had made the unsuccessful attempts to run the water up through Farmer Hankins' water pipe. All three stood watching the water pouring out of the faucet for a few moments in silence. Then Farmer Hankins took Agatha by the hand and said: "Now you go home, little girl, and get a good night's rest. You've won two suits fair and square."

And that was the end of the trouble, but the town officials rewarded Hiram and Agatha for this little act, which avoided so much trouble and unpleasantness, when a few months later they set up the family hearthstone.

At the next meeting of that august body one of the officials made a motion "that a pipe line be laid from the village main to the farmyard of this worthy young couple and supply water for their stock free for all time, with a faucet at the back kitchen door within easy reach of the charming mistress." And the motion was passed and agreed to without a dissenting voice.

Many Times Married.

There are some very remarkable instances of people who have been married a large number of times, and also of husbands and wives who have lived together to an extraordinary age. St. Jerome mentions a woman who married her twenty-second husband, who, in his turn, had been married to twenty wives. There is an instance recorded in Bordeaux in 1772 of a man who had been married sixteen times. A woman named Elizabeth Nase, who died in Florence in 1768, had been married to seven husbands, her last wedding taking place when she was seventy years of age. Numerous cases exist all over the world of people who have been married four, five or six times. In 1768 a couple was living in Essex who had been married eighty-one years, the husband being 107 years old and his wife only four years younger. These cases are also not isolated ones, and it is somewhat remarkable that in most of such instances when one has died the survivor has died the next day.

Where He Was.

Pompous Judge (to little girl in the witness box)—Was your father under the influence of alcohol when your mother struck him with the poker? Little Girl—No, sir; he was under the kitchen table.—London Telegraph.

The collection of coins and medals in the British museum consists of over 250,000 specimens.

ATE HIS FILL.

The Sharp Traveler Had His Money's Worth and Caught the Coach.

There was a coach that used to run between Nola Chucky and Paint Rock, a matter of some forty miles. For lunch the coach stopped at a halfway house in Tin Can, and here a good fifty cent meal was put out—cake and pie, coffee and tea and all the cold meats you could mention.

But the landlord of the halfway house had a mean little secret dicker with the driver, whereby as soon as the travelers had paid for their lunch and got fairly settled to it a call would come for an immediate start. So off they'd all go, grumbling. They'd have paid for 50 cents' worth of food and only eaten, you see, about 5 cents' worth.

But along came one day a traveler with a sharp, bright eye. The landlord found this chap some ten minutes after the coach had started on again still tucking in pie and ham at a terrible rate.

"Why, man," he said, "you've let the coach go without you."

"I know it," said the traveler calmly. "I was too blessed hungry to stop eating."

Suddenly the landlord's face paled.

"Good gracious," he said, "all my silver's gone!"

It was too. Not a knife, fork or spoon was left except the sharp eyed man's.

He said as he kept on eating that he had noticed a suspicious looking character among the passengers, a man with a red beard, a hump and a limp—oh, very suspicious!

The landlord sent a hostler off to overtake the coach and bring it back.

In about forty minutes the coach returned. Then the sharp eyed man came forth, wiping his mouth. But he made no effort to identify the suspicious looking passenger. Instead he got aboard the coach, took his seat and said coolly.

"Thanks, landlord, for the good food. You'll find the spoons and things in the coffeepot. Now, driver, off we go ag'in."—Washington Star.

PAYING BY CHECK.

References Required to Open a Bank Account in England.

"I like the American custom of carrying money loose in the pocket," said D. H. Lieban, a retired banker of London. "In England gentlemen and business men carry very little money with them. Nearly everything is paid for by check, except, of course, money enough to pay the small incidental expenses of a day.

"If a man goes into a store to buy a hat, he does not pay money for it, but gives a check. If he is dining at a public place, he very likely pays for his meal with a check. The system of credit in England is different from that in this country, and the mere fact that a man has an account in a bank serves to give him standing.

"One cannot open an account with a bank in England merely by carrying money to the bank and depositing it. He must have two first class references before a bank will accept his account, and when reference is given it means that the person giving it would indorse or stand for the person to whom it is given.

"A reference in England means more than a mere phrase. Checks on banks in England cannot be obtained for the mere asking, and a man must have an account in order to get checks from any bank. They cannot be picked up on bank counters or in public places.

"Private accounts in English banks are not accepted unless they are paid for, the general charge being $50 a year. There are one or two banks in England which discriminate so carefully in the accounts they accept that when a person is fortunate enough to be permitted to open an account with them he can get credit in any city in England or the continent of Europe."—Washington Post.

Strength of Rings.

Some elaborate calculations, backed by experiments, have been made in England to determine the breaking strength of rings. It appears that a ring of ductile metal, like malleable iron, will be pulled out into the form of a long link before it breaks and that the ultimate strength of the ring is virtually independent of its diameter. Fracture finally occurs as the result of almost pure tension, and the resistance to breaking is a little less than twice that of a rod of the same cross section subjected to a straight pull. As the ring increases in diameter there appears to be a slight approach toward equality, with double the strength of a bar. Thus a three inch ring, made of three-quarter inch iron, broke at nineteen and one-half tons, a four inch ring at nineteen and nine-tenths tons and a six inch ring at twenty tons, the strength of a bar of the same metal being ten and one-half tons.

Worse Than Too Bad.

The suburbanite stood on the back platform of the car smoking his morning cigar. He struck up a conversation with the conductor when that brass buttoned gent was not busy.

"Whatever became of that basket of eggs that was left on your car?" he inquired.

"I took them home," gloomily replied the conductor.

At the astonished look from the passenger the conductor explained:

"You see, any article left in my car is mine if no one puts in a claim for it within six weeks. The six weeks were up yesterday, and the company told me to take the eggs away."

"Too bad," said the passenger.

"Rotten," said the conductor.—Kansas City Newsbook.

Shakespeare's Descendants.

Besides his first child, Susanna, Shakespeare's only other children were a boy and a girl, twins, born in 1585. Susanna married a Dr. Hall, a Stratford physician, in 1607, was left a widow in 1635 and died in 1649. She had only one child, a daughter, who, though twice married, left no children. Of the twins, the boy, named Hamnet, died at the age of eleven, and the girl, Judith, married Thomas Quincy and had three sons, who all died childless.