

Bellefonte, Pa., July 23, 1909.

THE BEAUTIFUL TOWN OF BELLE FONTE.

Written especially for the Watchman t Thomas A Baliey, of Pittsburg, while on a vis here during the week of the fourth of July.

To a beautiful town in the mountains, Where the crystal streams flow 'neath th

sky We came for a summer vacation. One beautiful day in July.

The mountains were covered with flowers, The gay trout basked in the stream. And everything seemed gay and happy, Like a beautiful mids

We saw the green valleys so fertile, We roamed through the woodland so cool, While the cattle stood under the willows, That spread o'er the clear crystal pool. The birds in the tree tops were singing. The bees hummed among the sweet flow

In the beautiful valley at Bellefonte, Where we passed many long, pleasant hor Oh, how different from our busy city, Where we see but the busiling throng; Where the noise of the street cars and wag Hum in our ears all day long. No wonder of this we grow weary,

And long for a pice place of rest And of all the places of beaty. I think old Beliefonte is the best. We sat by the clear running streamlet, As it peacefully flowed on it's way, And the murmuring sound of the water

Seemed as if it ever would say: Come, leave the city behind you, With its rivers and still, muddy ponds And come to the valleys and mountains, In the beautiful land of Bellefonte.

But our time of departure comes swiftly. We cannot stay here very long; We'll no longer see the clear brooklet, Or list' to it's murmaring song. When once more in our own busy city, At the close of each long toilsome day, We will then sit alone and be thinking Of the beautiful scenes fur away.

You may talk of your beautiful cities, Where the people are happy and gay, But my thoughts will ever be wandering To the beautiful land far away. You may praise the green hills of New Han

Or the green sunny dells of Vermont, But the beauties of old Penusylvania, Lies in the town of Bellefonte

THE LITTLE SUPER.

MacLeod backed the big compound mo gal down past the string of dark green coaches that he had pulled for a hundred and fifty miles, took the table with a slight iols, and came to a stop in the roundhouse. As he swang himself from the cab, Healy, the turner, came up to him.

'He's a great lad, that av yours," Healy began, with a shake of his head—"a great lad; but mind ye this, Jimmy Mac-Leod, there'll be trouble for me an' you an' him an' the whole av us, if you don't

"What's the matter this time, John ?" "Matter," said Healy, ruefully; "there's matter enough. The little cuss came blame near running 429 into the pit a while back, so he did?" "Where is he now?" MacLeod asked,

with a grin. "Devil a bit I know. I chased him out, an' said the bhoy was nowheres to be found, an' that you was to look for him." MacLeod pulled out his watch. "Six-thirty. Well," he said. "I'll go over and see if Grumpy knows anything about him. John, you give him the soft side of a tommy-bar, and send him home."

Healy scratched his head. "I will," he said; "I'll do ut. He's a foine lad."

ohecks. He glanced up as MacLeod came "I suppose you'r lookin' fer yer kid again," he said sourly.
"That's what I am, Steve," MacLeod returned, diplomatically dispensing with

the other's nickname. "Well, he ain't here," Grumpy an-"Well, he ain't here, or all he held MacDonaid, the core produced, returning to his checks. "I've all he held MacDonaid, the core is produced, returning to his checks. "I've all he held MacDonaid, the core is produced by the core is the core of t

be somewhere about, Steve. John said saw him come over here, and the

wife was down to the roundhouse looking for him, so he didn't go home. Let's go through the shops and see if we can't find

"I don't get no overtime fer chasin' lost kids," growled Grumpy. Nevertheless, he got up and walked through the door leading into the forgeshop, which MacLeod held open for him.

That winter, on top of the regular traffic, The place was gloomy and deserted. Here

"Wouldn't likely he here, anyhow," he said. "Fitting-shop fer him; but we'll try Hill Division sweltered. the machine shop first on the way

growing anxiety, gave surly comfort.

The two men went forward, prying be-hind planers, drills, shapers, and lathes. The machines took grotesque shapes in the deepening twilight, and in the silence, so incongruous with the usual noisy clang and clash of his surroundings, MacLoed's nervousness increased.

He hurried forward to the fitting shop. Engines on every hand were standing over sheir respective pits in all stages of demolition, some on wheels, some blocked high toward the rafters, some stripped to the bare boiler shell. MacLeod climbed in and out of the cabs, while Grumpy peered

"Aw ! he ain't here," said Grumpy in disgust, wiping his bands on a piece of waste. "I told you he wasn't. He's home, mabbe, by now."

MacLeod shook his head. "Bunty! Ho. Bunt-ee! he called. And again:

There was no answer, and be turned to retrace his steps when Grumpy caught him by the shoulder. The big iron door of the engine before them swung slowly back on its hinges, and from the front end there emerged a diminutive pair of shoes, topped by little short socks that had once been but very dirty, bare legs came gradually never will be, that'll stand the schedule into view as their owner propelled himself you're putting them on through the hills. forward on his stomach. They dangled for a moment, seeking footing on the plate beneath; then a very small boy, aged four, in an erstwhile immaculate linen sailor got no crawl. You're pulling the stay-

suit stood upright on the foot-plate. The yellow curls were tangled with engine grease and cemented with cinders and soot. Here and there in spots upon his face the skin still retained its natural color.

bolts out of my engines, that's what you're doing."
Stanton, being in no angelic mood, and glad to vent his feelings, growled assent.
MacDonald raised his head from the keys,

Bunty paused for a moment after his ex-ertions to regain his breath, then, still gripping a hammer in his small fist, he straddled the draw-bar, and slid down the pilot to the floor.

Grumpy burst into a guffaw.

Bunty blinked at him reprovingly, and

turned to his father.
"I's been fixin' the 'iger-'ed,'' he announced gravely. MacLeod surveyed his son grimly. "Fix-

ing what?" he demanded.
"The 'iger-ed," Bunty repeated. Then
reproachfully: "Don't oo know w'at a 'ig-"Ob," said MacLeod, "the niggerhead,

eb? Well, I guess there's another niggerhead will get some fixing when your mother sees you, son."

He picked the lad up in his arms, and

Bunty nestled confidingly, with one arm around his father's neck. His tired little head sank down on the paternal shoulder, and before they had reached the gates Bun-

ty was sound asleep.
In the days that followed, Bunty found it no easy matter to elude his mother's vigilance; but that was only the beginning of his troubles. The shop gates were always shut, and the latch was beyond his reach. Once he had found them open, and had marched holdly through, to find his way barred by the only man of whom he stood Grumpy had curtly ordered him away, and Bunty bad taken to his heels and run until his small body was breath-

The roundhouse was no better. Old John would have none of him, and Bunty marveled at the change. He was a rail-road man, and the shops were his heritage. His soul protested vigorously at the outrage that was being heaped upon him.
It took him some time to solve the prob-

lem, but at last he found the way. Each afternoon Bunty would trudge sturdily along the track for a quarter of a mile to the upper end of the shops, where the big, wide engine doors were always open. Here four spur-tracks ran into the erecting shop, and Bunty found no difficulty in gaining admittance. Once safe among the fittinggang, the little Super, as the men called him, would strut around with important air, inspecting the work with critical eyes. One lesson Bunty learned. Remembering his last interview with his mother, he took good care not to be locked in the shops again. So each night when the whistle blew he fell into line with the men, and secure in their protection, would file with them past Grumpy as they handed in their time checks. And Grumpy, unmindful of the spur-tracks, wondered how he got

there, and scowled savagely.

When Bunty was six, his father was holding down the swivel-chair in the Master Mechanic's office at the Hill Division, and Bunty's allegiance to the shops wavered. Not from any sense of disloyalty; but with his father's promotion a new world opened to Bunty, and fascinated him. It was now the yard-shunter and headquarters that evgaged his attention. The years, too, brought other changes to Bunty. The curls had disappeared, and his hair was out now like his father's. Long stockings had replaced the socks, and he wore real trousers; short ones, it is true, but real trousers none the less, with pockets in

the shops. An' | Bunty learned to pull the throttle, but the about an hour ago your missus come down reversing lever was too much for his small stature and the intricacies of the "air" swore he'd make a driver of him-and he

see if Grumpy knows anything about him. The evenings at the office Bunty loved Next time the kid shows up around here, fully as well. Headquarters were not much to boast about in those days. That was before competition forced a doubletrack system, and the train despatcher, with his tissue sheets, still held undisputed sway. They called them "offices" MacLeod crossed the yard to the gates of the big shops. They were still unlocked, and he went through into the storekeeper's attic floor over the station, with one room office. Grumpy was serting the brass time to it. The floor space each man's desk oc-

cupied was his office.

Here Bunty would sit curled up in his father's chair and listen to the men as they talked. If it was anything about a locomotive, he understood ; if it was traffic or bridges or road-bed or dispatching, he would pucker his brows perplexedly and y an-ask innumerable questions. But most of "I've all be held MacDonald, the chief de-patch-

Once, to his bage delight, MacDonald, hanged. Bunty was dressed by that time holding his hand, bad let him tap out an and he crept down-stairs and opened the order. It is true that with the O. K. came back an inquiry as to the brand the Junc-tion despatcher had been indulging in; but the sarcasm was lost on Bunty, for when MacDonald with a chuckle read off the reply, Bunty gravely asked if there was any answer. MacDonald shook his head and laughed. "No, son; I guess not" hasty summons, men, running from all

and that was not light, they began to puch and there a forge fire, dying, still glowed supplies from the East over the Hill Dividully. At the end of the room the men sion, preparing to double track the road stopped, and Grumpy, noting MacLeod's from the western side of the foot-hills as soon as spring opened up. And while the

Everybody and everything got it, the shops and the road-beds, the train crews and the rolling-stock. What little sleep Stanton, the Super, got, he spent in for-mulating dream plans to handle the busi-ness. Those that seemed good to him when he awoke were promptly vetoed by the barons of the General Office in the far-

off East. MacLeod got no sleep. He raced from one end of the division to the other, and he did his best. Engine crews had to tinker anything less than a major injury for themselves : there was no room in the

shops for them. But the men on the keys got it most of all. As the days were into months, Mac-Donald's face grew careworn and haggard; and the irritability from overwork of the men about bim added to his discomfort. Human nature needs a safety-valve, and one night near the end of January when MacLeod and Stanton and MacDonald were gathered at the office, with Bunty in his accustomed place in his father's chair, the Master Mechanic cut loose.

"It's up to you, MacDonald," he oried savagely, bringing his fist down with a crash on the desk. "There ain't a pair of wheels on the division fit to pull a handear. white, but now hung in grimy folds over the tops of the boots. A pair of sturdy, every day. The engine ain't built, nor never will be, that'll stand the schedule especially through the Gap. That's a four per cent. on each side, with the bed like

a red tinge of resentment on his cheeks. He picked up his pipe, packing it slowly as he looked at MacLeod and Super. "I'm taking all they're sending," he said quietly. He reached over for the train-sheet and handed it to the Super. "You and MacLeod here are growlin'about the schedule. It's your division, Stanton ; but I'm not sure you know just what we're handling every twenty-four hours. It's push them through on top of each other some-how, or tell them down-East we can't handle them. Do you want to do that ?"
"No," said Stanton, "I don't; and
what's more, I won't."

MacDonald nodded. "I rather figured that was your idea. Well, we've about all we can do without nagging one another. I'm near in now, and so are you and Mac-Leod here, both of you. I've got to make time, Gap or no Gap. There's so much moving there isn't siding enough to cross

"You're right," said Stanton ; "we can't afford to jump each other. We're all doing our best, and each of us knows it. How's Number One and Two to-night ?" MacDonald studied for a moment before he answered: "Number One is forty minutes off, and Number Two's an hour to the

Stanton groaned. The Imperial Limited East and West, officially known on the train-sheets as One and Two, carried both the transcontinental mail and the de-luxe passengers. Of late the East had been making pertinent suggestions to the Division Superintendent that it would be as well if those trains ran off the Hill Division with a little more regard for their established schedule. So Stanton groaned. He got up and put on his hat and coat preparatory to going home. "Look here," he said from the doorway, "they'll stand for 'most anything if we don't misuse One and Two. They're getting mighty savage about that, and they'll drop hard before long. You fellows have got to take care of those trains, if nothing else on the division moves. That's orders. I'll shoulder all kicks coming on the rest of the traffic. Good night."

When Bunty left the office that night and walked home with his father, he had learned that there was another side to rail-roading besides the building and repairing of engines, and the delivery of magic tissue sheets to train crews that told them when and where to stop and how to thread their way through hills and plains on a singletrack road, with heaps of other trains, some going one way, some another. He under-stood vaguely and in a bazy kind of way that somewhere, many, many miles away, were men who sat in judgment on the doings of his father and MacDonald and Stanton ; that these menwere to be obeyed, that their word was law, and that their names were President and Directors.

So Bunty, trotting beside his father, pondered these things. Being too weighty for him, he appealed: "Daddy, what's President and Directors ?" MacLeod's temper being still ruffled, he

answered shortly: "Fools, mostly."
Bunty nodded gravely, and his education as a railroad man was almost complete. The rest came quickly, and the Gap did it. The Gap! There was not a man on the division, from track walker to Superintendent, who would not jump like a nervous When school was over, he would fly up and down the yard on the stubby little en-short-like. A peaceful stretch of track it wreck. surroundings were undeniably grand. A sheer drop of eighteen hundred feet to the cannon below, with the surrounding mounwere still a little beyond him. But Healy tains rearing their snow capped peaks skyward, completed a picture of which the road bad electrotypes and which is used in their magazine-advertising. What the piostraight four per cent. to the lower levels. So when Stanton or MacDonald or Mac-Lead, reading their magazines, saw the pic-

ture, they shuddered, and, remembering past history and fearful of future, turned the page hurriedly. But to Bunty the Gap possessed the fascination of the unknown. He was wakened early the next morning by his father's voice talking excitedly over the special wire with headquarters about the Gap and a wreck. He sat bolt upright, and listened with all his might; then he crawled noise-lessly out of bed, and began to dress hastily. He heard his father speaking to his mother, and presently the front door

door softly.

It was just turning daylight as he started on a run for the yard. It was not far to the office,—a bundred yards or so,—and Bunty reached there in record time. Across

directions, were quickly gathering.

Bunty hesitated a minute on the platform, then he entered the station and tiptoed softly up the stairs. The office door was open, and from the top stair Bunty could see into the room. The night lamp was still burning on the despatcher's desk. and MacDonald was sitting there, working with frantic baste to clear the line. In the centre of the room, the Super, his father, and Williams, the wrecking boss,

It's a freight smash," Stanton was say ing to Williams—"west edge of the Gap. You'll have rights through, and no limit on your permit. Tell Emmons if he doesn't make it in better than ninety minutes he'll talk to me afterward. By the time you get there, Number One will be crawling up the grade. She's pulling the Old Man's car, and that means get her through some-how if you have to drop the wreak over the cliff. You can back down to Riley's to let her pass. We'll do the patching up afterward. Understand ?"

Williams nodded, and glanced impa-tiently at MacDonald.

The Super opened and shut his watch. 'Ready, Mac?' he asked shortly. "Just a minute," MacDonald answered quietly.

Bunty waited to hear no more. turned and ran down the stairs and across the tracks as fast as his legs would carry him. He scrambled breathlessly up the steps of the tool-car and edged his way in among the men grouped near the door. He was fairly inside before they noticed him. "Hello," oried Allen, Bunty's bosom friend of the fitting gang days, "here's the little Super! What you doin' here, kid?"

"I'm going up nounced sturdily.

The men laughed.

"Well, I guess not much, you're not,"

Allen. "What do you think your

The men grouped around him in a circle. run. "And it's a freight train, and-and

time William's face appeared at the car

pay up the line !"

Meanwhile, Bunty, taking advantage of the interruption, bad squirmed his way through the men to the far end of the car, and the train had bumped over the switches on to the main line before they remembered him. Then it was too late. They hauled him out from behind a rampart of tools, where he had intrenched himself. and Williams shook his fist, half angrily, half playfully, in Bunty's face.

"You little devil, what are you doing here, eb?" he demanded. And Bunty answered as before: "I'm going up to the wreck." "Humph !" said Williams, with a grin.

"Well, I guess you are, and I guess you'll be sorry, too, when you get back and your dad gets hold of you." But Bunty was safe now, and he only laughed. Breakfastless, he shared the meu's grub

and listened wide-eyed as they talked of termined. No truly engineer would leave wrecks in times gone by; but most of all his train; his father had not, and Bunty he listened to the story of how his father, did not. when he was pulling Number One, had saved the Limited by sticking to his post almost in the face of certain death. Bunglowed with happiness at the tale. He you're a chip of the old block," he said. shoulders, and planting his feet firmly to swing with the motion of the car.

The speed of the train slackened as they struck the grade leading up the eastern side of the Gap. Williams set the men busily at work overhauling the kit. He paused an instant before Bunty. "Look here, kid," he said, shaking a warning finger, "you keep out of the way, and don't get into trouble.'

It would have taken more than words from Williams to have curbed Bunty's eagerness; so when the train came to a stop and the men tumbled out of the car with a rush, he followed. What he saw caused him to purse his lips and cry excitedly,

Right in front of him a big mogul had turned turtle. Ditched by a spread rail, she had pulled three box-cars with her, and piled them up, mostly in splinters, on the tender. They had taken fire, and were burning furiously. Behind these were eight or ten cars still on the roadbed, but badly demolished from bumping over the ties when they had left the rails. Still further down the track in the rear were the rest of the string, apparently uninjured. The snow was knee deep at the side of the track, but Bunty plowed manfully through it, climbing up the embankment to a place of vantage.

volume, bit deeper and deeper into the volume, bit deeper and deeper into the Pale and terror-stricken, Bunty now

the track. the track dipping away in a long grade to the valley below. They called that grade the Devil's Slide, and the wreck was on There was a sickening slur as they flew half dozen cars still resting on the incline. his surroundings had worn off a little, and the arrival of the Limited offered a new at-

He clambered down from his perch and began to pick his way past the wreck. Williams, begrimed and dirty, was talking to Emmons. "I don't like to do it," Bunty heard Williams say, "but we'll have to blow up that box-car if we can't stop the fire any other way, or we'll have a blaze down the whole line. The train crew says there's turpentine-two cars of it-next the flat there, and if that catches-Hi, there, kid," he broke off to yell, as he caught sight of Bunty, "you get back to the tool car, and stay there!"

And Bunty ran-in the other direction. He knew Number One would stop a little the other side of the wreck, and that there would be a great big ten wheeler pulling ber, all as bright as a new dollar and glis-tening in paint and gold-leaf. When he pulled up breathless and happy by the side of Number One, Masters, the engineer, was giving Engine 901 an oil round, touching he journals critically with the back of his

and as he moved along. At sight of Bunty, the engineer laid his oil-can on the slide-bars and grinned as he extended his hand. "How are you, Bun-

ty ?" he asked. And Bunty, accepting the proffered hand, replied gravely: "I'm pretty well, Mr. Maeters, thank you."

"Glad to hear it, Bunty. How did you get here ?' "I comed up with the wrecker-train. It's a' awful smash."

"Is it now ! Think they'll have the line cleared soon?' 'Oh, no," Bunty replied, eying the cab of the big engine wistfully. and ever so long."

Masters' eyes followed Bunty's glance. Want to get up in the cab, Bunty ?' "Oh, please!" Bunty oried breathlessly.
"All right," said Masters, hoosting the lad through the gangway. Then warningly: "Don't touch anythig."

And Bunty promised. It was only four hundred yards up to the wreck; but that was enough. Masters and his fireman left their train and went to get a view at close quarters. When it was all over, it was up to the wrecking boss and the engine crew of Number One. williams swore he blocked the trucks of the cars on the incline; but Williams lied, and got olear. Masters and his mate had no chance to lie, for they breke rules, and they got their time.

Be that as it may, Bunty sat on the driver's seat of the Imperial Limited and watched the engineer and fireman start up the track. He lost sight of the men long before they reached the wreck. They were still in plain view, but he was very busy: he was playing "pretend."

Bunty's imagination was vivid enough to make a fascinating one whenever he insaid Allen. "What do you think your father would say?"

"Nothing," said Bunty, airily. "I just comed from the office," he added artfully,

He was engineer of the Limited, and they

"and I'll tell you about the wreck if you had just stopped at a station. He leaned ont of the cab window to get the "go-ahead" signal. Then his hand went The men grouped around him in a critical strong to the motion of throwing over the critical state of the company from the office at a strong to the company from the office at a strong to the company from the office at a strong to the company to the company from the office at a strong to the company the company to the company that the company the company the company that the company the company that the company the company that the company t rooked his body to and fro to supply the motion of the cab. He sat very grim and it's all smashed up, and—"

The train started with a jerk that nearly took the men off their feet. At the same was booming along now at full speed. They were coming to a crossing. "Too-oo-o, toot toot !" cried Bunty at the top of his shrill "All here boys?" he called. Then he treble, for the rules said you must whistle announced cheerfully: "The devil's to at every crossing, and Burty knew the rules. Now they were coming to the next

station, and he began to slow up. "Ding-

dong, ding-" Bunty nearly fell from his seat with fright. Ahead of him, up the track, there was a column of smoke as a mass of wreckage rose in the air, and then a crash. Wil liams had blown up a car. Bunty stared, fascinated, not at the explosion, but at the rear end of the wreck on the grade. He rubbed his eyes in bewilderment, then he scrambled over the side of the seat. He paused half-way off, looking again through the front window to make sure. There was no doubt of it : the cars were beginning to roll down the track toward him. He waited for no more, but rushed to the gangway to jump off. Then he stopped as the story Allan had told about his father came back to him. Bunty's heart thumped wildly as he turned white faced and de-

The reversing-lever was in the back notch where Masters had left it when he stopped the train. It was Bunty's task to reach ty's father was his hero, and his small soul and open the throttle. He climbed up on the seat and stood on tiptoe. Leaning over, begged so hard for the story over again that Allen told it, and when he had finished, he slapped Bunty on the back. "And I guess engine driving Bunty possessed, was lost in the terror that gripped him. The runaway And Bunty was very proud, squaring his cars were only a couple of hundred yards coulders, and planting his feet firmly to away now, and, gaining speed with every rail they traveled, spelt death and destruc-tion to the Imperial Limited, if they ever reached her. The men at the top of the grade were yelling their lungs out and waving their arms in frantic warning.

The train started with a jolt that threw

Bunty back on the seat. For an instant the big drivers raced like pin-wheels, then they bit into the rails, and aided by the grade, Number One began to back slowly down the hill.

Bunty picked himself up, his little frame shaking with dry sobs. The freight-cars had gained on him in the last minute, and had nearly reached him. Again he leaned over for the throttle, and hanging grimly to it, pulled it open another notch, and then another, and then wide open. 901 took it like a frightened thoroughbred. Rearing herself from the track under her two hundred and ten pounds of steam, she jumped into the cars behind her for a starter with a shock that played havoc with the passengers' nerves. Then she settled down to travel. The Devil's Slide is three miles long, and some pretty fair running has been made on it in times of stress; but Bunty holds the record, -it 's good yet, and Bunty was only an amateur.

It was neck and neck for a while, and

there was almost a pile-up on the nose of His eyes blazed with excitement as he | 901's pilot before she began to hold her watched the scene before him and listened own. Gradually she began to pull away, to the hoarse shouts of the men, the crash and by the time they were half way down of pick and ax, and, above it all, the sharp the hill the distance between her and the crackle of the fire as the flames, growing in struant freight cars was widening. The

From where Bunty stood he could see it no heed ; his only thought was for those

one set of drivers fairly lifted from the ture did not show was the two-mile drop to the eastward, and the one, a mile longer, of smoke. It was Number One climbing again, Bunty, shaken from his hold, was to westward, where the road-bed took a the grade. By this time the excitement of clinging to the reversing-lever. He shut Ice Cream. his eyes as he pulled himself back to his seat. When he looked again, he saw the freight-cars hit the curve above him, then slew as they jumped the track and, with a crash that reached him above the roar and rattle of the train, the booming whir of the great drivers beneath him, go pitching

eadlong down the embankment. Bunty rose to his knees, and for the first time looked out of the side window, to find a new terror there as the rocks and trees and poles flashed dizzily by him. He turned and looked behind. A man was clinging to the hand-rail of the mail car, and another, lying flat, was crawling over the coal heaped high on the tender. Bunty dashed the tears from his eyes; he was no "fraidy" kid. He stood up, and holding on to the frame of the window, staggered toward the through toward the throttle. As he reached for it, 901 lurched madly, and Bunty lost his balance and fell headlong upon the iron floor plate of the cab. Then it was all dark.

Number One pulled into the Junction that night ten hours late, and is brought Bunty. His father and Stanton and Mac-Donald and the shop-hands were on the platform. From the private car, which carried the tail-lights, an elderly gentleman got off with Bunty in his arms. The men beered, and while the Master Mechanic rushed forward to take his son, the Super and MacDonald drew back respectfully.
"Mr. MacLeod," said the old gentleman,

with tears in his eyes, "you ought to he pretty proud of this little lad." MacLeod tried to speak, but the words

shoked somehow. The old gentleman swung himself back upon the car. "Good-by, Bunty!" called.

And Bunty, from the depths of the blanket they had wrapped around him, called back, "Good-by, sir!" When Bunty was propped up in bed, his father told him how the express messenger had stopped the train and carried him back into the Pullmans.

Bunty listened gravely. "Yes," he said, nodding his head; "they was awful good to me, and the man that tooked me off the train told me stories, and then I told him some, too." "What did you tell him?" MacLeod

"Oh, 'bout trains and shops and presidents and directors and-and lots of things." "Presidents and directors !" said Mac-Leod, in surprise. "What did you tell him about them?"

asked.

"I told him what you said-that they was fools, and you knew, 'cause you'd seen them." MacLeod whistled softly. "And," continued Bunty, "he laughed, and when I asked him what he was laugh-

ing at, he gived me a piece of paper and told me to give it to you, and you'd tell me." MacLeod groaned. "Guess it 's my time all right," he muttered. "Where

the paper, Bunty?"
"He putted it in my pocket."

MacLeod drew the chair with Bunty's clothing on it toward bim, and began a hurried search. He fished out a narrow slip of paper and unfolded it on his knee. It was a check for one thousand dollars payable to Master Bunty MacLeod, and signed by the President of the road.—By Frank L. Packard, in the Century Magazine.

-Do you know where to get your garden seeds in packages or by measure Sechler & Co.

Titles at the Capital.

If you should bappen to be in Washington today, would you know how to properly address the various distinguished people you might chance to meet?

We live in what is supposed to be a democratic country, where all men are at least born free and equal, and where we love to

The rank is but the guinea's stamp, The man's the good for a' that,

The honest man, though e'er sae poor,

Is king o' men for a' that, Yet politeness and respect and convenience seem to call for some sort of titles, and even as we feel more respectful ourselves when we say, "Yes, mother," or "If you please, father," so we ourselves feel a bit elevated in rank when we are privilegd to address some one whose title shows that he has won some degree of wis-

dom, piety, fame or power. In order that our country shall hold its own as to customs of etiquette with older and more punctilious governments, we have little by little established a formal list of titles by which to designate those in official life. There are no printed guides to follow; the proper titles of polite usage must be learned from persons who have be come initiated.

Mr. Taft will now be addressed as "Mr. President." In early days, the Chief Executive of the United States was always addressed as "Your Excellency," but that custom has entirely gone by. It is now considered correct, both in speaking and writing, to say simply, "Mr. President."
We also say, "Mr. Vice-President" and "Mr. Chief Justice" in addressing the persons who occupy those positions. Cabinet officers are not "Secretary This or That,"

are addressed as "Senator Jones" or "Sen ator Brown." The speaker of the House is called "Mr. Speaker," and the fashion is growing of using the title "Mr. Congressman" in ad-

but "Mr. Secretary." Senators, however,

dressing members of the House.
Foreign ministers are addressed as "Mr. Minister." In the case of Ambassadors the form "Your Excellency" is used unless we happen to be very well acquainted, when we may say, 'Mr. Ambassador." when we may say, 'Mr. Ambassador.''
The diplomat's personal title of Baron, Count, or whatever it may be, is seldor used.

So you see, the plain every-day title of Mister is after all deemed good enough for almost anyone. - Christian Advocate

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Base-ball Up-to-Date.

"The game was called with Molasses at the stick. Smallpox was catching. Coal was in the box and had lots of steam. Horn was playing first have and Fiddle second and down the yard on the stubby little engine, and Healy, doing the shunting then
and forgetting past grievances, would let
Bunty sit on the driver's seat. In time

The stubby little enlooked, a peaceful stretch of track it
fire, with its long start, kept them from
making any headway against it. Already
it had reached some of the cars standing on
it had reached some of the cars standing on
it had reached some of the cars standing on
it had reached some of the cars standing on

Sawdust filled the bases. Song made a hit with frantic insistence. But Bunty gave and Twenty made a score. Every Foot of ground kicked and said Apple was rotten. Balloon started to pitch and finally went up in the air. Then Cherry tried it, but the Devil's Slide, and the wreck was on the edge of it, with the caboose and some round a curve. 901 heeled to the tangent, fly the crowd cheered. Old Ice kept cooling the game until Coal burned him with a pitched ball, then you ought to have heard

> Cabbage had a good head and kept quiet. Old Grass covered lots of ground on the field. Orange refused to play and Bread loafed around and put him out. In the fifth inning Wind began to blow about what he could do, and Hammer began to knock; then the trees began to leave. Knife was put out for cutting first base. There was lots of betting on the game and Eggs went broke, but Soap cleaned up. They all kicked when in the heat of the game Coal was put out and his future temporarily cooked, but not until he had roasted Pork good and hardon his pigheadedness. Balloon went up in the air again when Pigs began to root. The score was 1 to 0 when Apple told Fiddle to take the base. Oats was shocked, not having a grain of sense. Song made another hit and Trombone tried to slide, but was put out. Meat was playing for a big stake, but was put out at the plate, after being roasted by the umpire. The score was 1 to 0 and the game was over. Door said if he had pitched the game he would have shut them out."

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-Seeking and blundering are so far good that it is by seeking and blundering that we learn .- Goethe.

-Remember you have once been young, and never forget you may one day be old. -Piggott.

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