HOW HORACE WAS CURED

By BEN HAINS

(Copyright.)

He sat in a softly padded armchair by the window. He was rather small for a boy of 13, his figure too slight, and his face a shade too pale, but otherwise a son of whom any parents might have been proud. There was a gentle winsomeness in the soft, dark eyes, with that indefinable look that betrays at once an impulsively affectionate nature, whose very life, almost, depends upon a reciprocation of its gift. Several times he lifted his glance toward a lady of scarcely middle age, who, rather over-dressed for so early in the morning, was busily engaged with her pen. At last he spoke.

"Mamma, won't you please help me with this example?" he said. "I've got all the rest, but I can't see how to start this one."

"Don't bother me now, Horace!" the busy mother replied. "Ask your tutor when he comes. Don't you know that I have this paper to write for the Emerson club this afternoon?"

The boy subsided into a heap in the soft cushions.

The day wore away slowly to the boy—they usually did; but evening came at last. Mr. Gilmore took his lunch, perforce, at a restaurant, and as business was heavy now, did not usually reach home until dark, just in time for dinner. That meal over, the family of four were settled in the cozy library. Mr. Gilmore deep behind his paper, as usual. After some time the boy ventured diffidently to his father's chair, and silently stood with his hand upon his back, and his eyes fixed earnestly upon the strong, manly face beside him There was an intense wistfulness in his gaze, while he stood patiently, as if waiting for something. His father looked up with a frown.

"Get out of my light, Horace," he said; "I can't see through you!" The boy retreated as though disappointed sat down on a sofa, and began to read. Pretty soon he said:

"Papa, what does 'vertebrate' mean?"

"Got a back-bone," Mr. Gilmore replied, shortly. After a few moments of silence Horace spoke up again.

"Papa, what is a 'carnivora?'"

"A flesh-eater."

"And what does—"

"Oh, Horace, do keep still!" Mr. Gilmore said, in an irritated tone. "You know how little time I get to read anything." The boy made no answer, excepting to say to himself: "I wish there wasn't any old newspaper!"

The boy settled down in the sofa corner. Then he shut his eyes wearily, and went to sleep on the cushion, and if anyone had seen it, there were two bright drops that trickled down from beneath the closed eyelids on the blue silk.

The next morning Horace sat at the window, watching the boys on their way to school, with longing eyes. There were no private schools near, and the boys at the public schools had no manners, his mother said, so that she could not think of allowing him to go there; hence he must have a tutor. The dwellers in the neighborhood were such common people, too, that she did not care to have her boy mix with them, and no wonder that he felt very much alone.

It was a dreary winter day. Presently a large moving van came along the street, and stopped at the house across the way—a rather small house, with a bay-window.

Horace watched the house closely, and saw a lady with a little girl enter presently, and a little after noon a boy of 11 or 12 years came along the street. He was not so tall as Horace, but he was a sturdily-built, jolly little fellow. He looked at the numbers on the houses until he came to the one of the bay-windows, when he darted up the steps and was lost to sight. Horace was much attracted to him, and not only managed to see him when he left again for school an hour later, but also when he returned, about four.

Horace had brought his book to the window, and so it was that he was still there when, perhaps half an hour later, the new boy appeared within the bay-window, which commanded somewhat of a view down the street. After watching for a time, he suddenly disappeared, and quickly emerging from the door, ran hatless down the street to meet a man who was approaching. He joyfully reached his hand up on the high shoulder, when the tall man, putting one arm about him, stooped down and—yes—he did!

Horace's face beamed as he watched the happy comrades walk along together, and then a look of bitter sadness overwhelmed it. But in spite of the latter emotion, never a day passed but that hour found him watching from behind the curtains, and always came the hungry look over his face as he turned away.

One day, instead of leaving the window Horace continued to look down the street minute after minute. He seemed to be in a fever of excitement. At last the electric light on the corner began to glow, and an instant later he ran for the door and started down the steps with a glad smile. His father reached their foot almost as soon as the boy.

"Why, Horace!" said Mr. Gilmore, sternly. "What are you doing out in this wind with your hat off? Go straight in the house, and don't let me see you do that again—it will be the doctor to pay next!" Horace turned and followed his father in with shamefaced manner and drooping head. His heart felt like lead, and there was a burning spot in each cheek—it had all been so different from what he had meant it should!

So Horace could only longingly look on, from a distance, at the happiness of another. But one day he saw something that gave him an idea. It was quite early in the morning, and the tall man with the kind face had just descended the steps and started down the street when a voice stopped him.

"Oh, papa, wait a minute!" the boy called, as he ran after him, and reaching up, he pinned a red carnation on the lapel of the tall man's coat. Both looked very happy.

Mrs. Gilmore was preparing to go out that afternoon, when Horace spied four red carnations in a vase on her table.

"Mamma," he said eagerly, "can't I have one of those?"

"What for, dear?"

"Oh, I just wanted it."

"There are only four now," she answered, "and I will want all of those to wear. You do not need any to-day." Horace said nothing, but happening in the room an hour later, he saw one of the red carnations in the waste basket in the corner. The stem had broken off so short that Mrs. Gilmore did not think of wearing it.

"But men always wear them shorter," said the delighted boy to himself, as he picked it up tenderly, placed it in water, and hid it away safely.

And so it was that another boy ran after his father the next morning, with a "Wait a minute, papa!" He, too, reached up to pin the flower on.

"Did your mother say you might have it?" his father asked.

"No."

"You ought to have asked her." It was said more from force of habit than anything else, but what difference did that make in its effect? The boy was embarrassed, and consequently clumsy and slow. Just as he had at last gotten it fast a car whirled past the corner on the cross street below.

"There, now!" Mr. Gilmore exclaimed impatiently, "you have made me lose my car!" He did not see the crushed look on the small face as the words sank in, and a moment after he wished that he had left them unsaid, but he did not say so, and of what good was the wish? The sore-hearted boy rushed into the house, threw himself on the hall settee and hid his head in his arms so that no one could see him. He did not mean to, but tears would come. He had meant to please his father, so that—and he had only vexed him by causing him to miss his car!

"I don't believe Horace is well," said Mrs. Gilman to her husband one day several weeks after this had occurred. "He mopes around so."

"I'll send Dr. Kenzie up this morning," Mr. Gilmore said, a little uneasily. There was no physician in the city excepting Dr. Kenzie, Mr. Gilmore thought, and so thought many others. To be sure, his bills were apt to be startling, but what was that when it was a rich man's only boy! Besides, Dr. Kenzie was an old college classmate of Mr. Gilmore's, and a great personal friend.

Dr. Kenzie came, and came and came again, but the boy seemed no better. He was puzzled, and began to mistrust that dread foe, consumption, had marked the slight form as an intended victim.

Spring had gone, and June, in her rich beauty, beckoned those who were so fortunate as to afford a life beneath her leafy bowers. The doctor dropped in unexpectedly one evening when he knew he might probably find Mr. Gilmore at home.

"I don't want to see Horace to-night," he explained, when both parents had met him in the parlor, each secretly anxious to know why he had come at such a time from his down-town home. He came to the point promptly.

"I'm going for my regular month's outing in the Adirondacks next week," he said, "and I want to take your boy along with me. I have tried every remedy that I can think of, and if a change, and out-of-door life, with its fresh air and exercise, will not bring him out, I do not know what will."

"Why, doctor!" exclaimed Mrs. Gilmore, "I could not think of letting Horace go away off there, in the woods, among wild beasts and things. I could not feel easy a moment while he was gone." The smile left the doctor's face, and a look took its place so grave that it startled the mother, as he said slowly:

"Well, you can either let the boy go to the Adirondacks with me—or you may let him go to Greenwood alone, while you follow in the first hack."

"Greenwood!" she gasped. "Oh, doctor, you do not really mean that!"

"That is just about what it looks like now," he replied, seriously. Mrs. Gilmore had opened her lips, with a half smile to speak again, when she lifted her glance to her husband. The ashy look upon his face took away her voice.

"When did you say you were going, doctor?" he asked, in strained accents.

"A week from Monday."

"He will be ready." And there was something in his tone that made Mrs. Gilmore shudder.

The journey was a great treat to the shut-up city boy, from its beginning on the eelctric car to its last stage in the long wagon ride that took them far into the solitude of the hills and forest. He was delighted with the doctor's one-room cabin, on the shore of an exquisite bit of tree-enclosed water, and the doctor, who had chosen to come alone for several years, found it more than pleasant to have his company.

He soon noticed, however, a repressed manner about the boy that puzzled him. He would start, often, to say something, and let it die away on his lips before the first word had well gotten out. But he was a winsome little fellow, and there was something about his face that, to the doctor, was very attractive, even beautiful. In fact, confirmed old bachelor though he was, his heart warmed toward the boy wonderfully.

It was the second evening after their arrival, and the two were seated upon a large rock at the very edge of the tiny lake, when the boy, who had been sitting long in deep thought, suddenly spoke.

"Do you live all alone?" he asked.

"Yes, except for the servants in the house," was the reply.

"Do you ever feel lonely?"

"Sometimes. Do you?"

"Yes, often," and there was a great sadness in the tone.

"You!" said the doctor in surprise. "Why, there's your father and mother!"

"Yes, but papa is so busy and tired, and he has no other time to read the newspaper—and it's so long, you know." He did not mention the absorbing baby.

"But your mother?"

"Oh, mamma has so much to do. She belongs to three clubs, and she has to write papers and read up for them—read lots, and she is on the orphanage board, and—lots more things, beside ever so many calls to make, and then she has the headache so much, and I mustn't disturb her then."

"And you get lonesome—sometimes?"

"Yes."

"Pretty often?"

"Yes."

The deep pathos in that one little word was irresistible. The too small, too white hand lay upon the boy's knee, half open, half closed, as his companion could just see in the dusk, and he placed his own in it and drew his fingers gently shut. He was startled at the result. The small hand closed upon his with a sudden convulsive grip that sent a thrill through the man such as he had not felt for many years. He looked down, and saw an upturned face so full of gratitude and pure content that he smiled back—as, also, he had not done for years—while the boy nestled close beside him. The great doctor had at last found the medicine that the heart hungry little fellow needed, and its effect was instantaneous.

The days that followed were times of unbounded happiness to the boy in more ways than one, and of surprising enjoyment to the doctor, but before half the month was up he wrote, from a sense of duty, a letter to Mr. Gilmore, ending with these words: "Horace seems much better, but it is imperative for his recovery that you come here at once."

The busy man declared most emphatically that it was an utter impossibility, but nevertheless three days later found him, an hour before sundown, at the little cabin, where he waited in the shade of the small porch for its inmates to return. It was not very long until he heard the sound of animated voices, and they both soon came within sight, skirting the edge of the water. The boy bounded along joyously at Dr. Kenzie's side, and as they came near the cabin, threw his small arm around him and looked up into his face with a countenance radiant in its happiness. The father's heart beat in an unaccustomed manner at the sight. How happy the doctor seemed, with his boy beside him! What business had he—and why had Horace never treated him, his own father, in that affectionate manner, when he did everything for him? Then he blushed red as a thought smote him like a dagger. What encouragement had he ever given him! And, as new light fell upon the past actions of his boy, "Why did I drive him away when he tried to!"

"Well, I have at last found the medicine your boy needs," said the doctor that night, after Horace was fast asleep—"companionship — your companionship. He was grieving his heart away for want of it, while you gave yourself to business, and the newspaper! If you don't care for the boy, I'll give you $50,000 for him—give you my 30-day note till I can realize." His eyes twinkled, but Mr. Gilmore's shone as he answered:

"No, sir! not now. The boy market has gone up recently, and I'll hold on to my stock."

It was the father's turn to lay awake that night—until long past one o'clock—but as a result he arose in the morning a different man. The boy scarcely knew him, but it was all delightful, and it was hard to tell which one of the three enjoyed the next two weeks the most, though the doctor declared that he was getting really jealous since Mr. Gilmore had come. That gentleman, however, replied ungratefully that he did not care for that—he had not so enjoyed living since he was a boy himself; and as for Horace, the cure was permanent; but the newspaper suffered.

NEAR TO DISASTER

RAILROAD MAN TELLS OF NARROW ESCAPES.

Forward Truck Lost from Under Box Car While Train Was Moving Rapidly—Train Flagged in Nick of Time.

"There are actual happenings in railroading every year which are far more sensational than the wildest dreams of any writer of fiction," said a railroad man, and he proceeded to tell stories to demonstrate his theory.

The first story related to a freight train on the New Haven railroad. William Dellert, now traveling engineer on the New York division of the road, was the engineer. When the train reached Stamford the car inspectors examined the cars and in the middle of the train saw a sight that caused them to start back in amazement. The forward truck of one of the box cars was missing and the only thing holding that end of the car up was the coupling.

A hurry call was sent out for every available man to start in search of the missing truck, for an object of that kind loose on a four-track road was likely to cause a lot of trouble. The truck was located down a bank on an out curve at Cos Cob, six miles west of Stamford.

It seems that as the car started around the curve the pin connecting the car and the truck broke and the truck shot out from under the car and then ran down the bank, leaving the forward end of the car suspended only by the coupling. When it is considered that the train was running at a speed of 35 miles an hour when it rounded the curve, and that this gait was kept up into Stamford, the escape from a bad wreck was surprising.

Engineer Charles M. Clark, formerly on the Connellsville division of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, had an experience somewhat similar. He was firing an engine with three large driving wheels on each side, the middle wheel being without a flange. They had passed Glencoe and were mounting the grade to the long Sand Patch tunnel when they were flagged and stopped.

The engineer utilized the delay to get down and oil up a little. A moment later Clark heard him gasp: "Clark, for the love of heaven, come down here and see this engine!"

The middle driver on the engineer's side had twisted off its axle flush with the outside of the journal box, but the massive wheel was still in an upright position leaning at a slight angle on the side rod, which was the only support holding it on the rail. It was evident that in this condition the loose driver had been running along the rail for at least two miles of straight track at the end of which they were.

It was thought that the wheel was twisted from its axle as the engine rounded a sharp curve about two miles below, and it was pretty certain that it would have jumped the track and fallen in the way of the hind driving wheel as soon as the engine started to go around the very next curve. That this did not happen was due to the accident of the train being flagged. The engine ran along all right until the train was flagged, but once stopped, the engine was completely dead and had to be hauled to the end of the division.

OWN RAILROADS IN BRAZIL.

American and Canadian Capitalists Securing Control.

American and Canadian capitalists have secured a more or less perfect control over the system of rail and water transportation forming a "belt line" around the most productive portion of Brazil, says the New York Sun. In a report to the bureau of manufactures Consul-General C. E. Anderson at Rio Janeiro says that this "belt line," with the help of the government railroads and subsidized steamship line, practically reaches every important commercial center in the whole republic.

The "belt line" system of railroads is distributed over the republic in three main lines, as follows: The Sao Paulo-Rio Grande railroad lines, which cover the southeastern part of Brazil, reaching into the coffee districts; the Amazon-Bolivian line, which connects the republic of Bolivia and the great rivers of the northwestern part of Brazil, which is principally grazing country.

American interests are now organizing a syndicate for the further development of the Paraguayan and Bolivian connections. The amount of money at present invested and which will soon be invested in several enterprises now being begun, including the Bolivian development, will probably exceed $150,000,000. The movement of American railway and other material to Brazil, he says, represents the most active and the principal element in the export trade of the United States to Brazil and Bolivia.

Cars Run by Man Power.

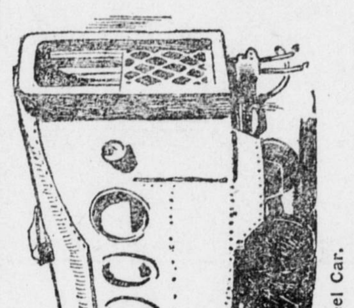
Street railways with cars operated by manual power are in use at Mambasa, in East Africa. The light, narrow gauge tracks are laid through the street, and the cars are for hire, like cabs, or are the private property of officials and wealthy residents. They are little four-wheeled cars, with one or two cross seats, and each is propelled by two natives. Spur tracks are run into private grounds, so that persons can take the cars to their doors.—Philadelphia Record.

NEWEST IN STEEL CARS.

Union Pacific Man's Invention May Have Solved Railway Problem.

Representing the highest form of passenger coach construction, the new Union Pacific steel car, which was on exhibition in front of the headquarters recently, attracted a large crowd of spectators and many scientific men who were interested in the possibilities it holds out for the future.

It is built on the very latest model, with round windows—which offer far greater resistance in case of accident, and side entrances, which also lessen the danger of telescoping. It has ventilators on the roofing which carry an air stream around underneath the car and distribute it evenly over the entire surface. There is scarcely a stick of wood in the whole car and conflagration in case of a wreck will be practically impossible.



The Perfect Steel Car.

The car is the work of Superintendent of Motive Power McKeen of the Union Pacific and is greatly admired by those who make a specialty of railroad construction. It has a large seating capacity. The car will soon be placed in active service and others will be immediately turned out of the shops in case it proves successful.

Growth of Canadian Town.

As an example of the increasing railroad facilities for the west, comes the report of the marvelous growth of Nokomis, Canada, as a center, caused by the increase of the wheat industry of that section of the country. Two lines have already been established in the town and the rich country lying between the Quill Plains and the famous Regina district is to be tapped with a line running direct from Regina, crossing the main line at this point, and running in a northeasterly direction to the fertile Swan river valley.

Government support has been given to the part of the new transcontinental lines that connect Winnipeg with the great lakes, and the Grand Trunk Pacific company, which builds the section to run from Winnipeg, is doing its utmost to get the rails down as far west as Edmonton before the ground freezes.

Already the line has been completed and is opened for freight as far as Minnesota, 186 miles west of Winnipeg.

The increased railroad facilities have made Nokomis the junction point with the Canadian Pacific and have also made it the most promising and the liveliest town in that part of the dominion.

Despite the fact the town is but six months old, it has 30 buildings, two banks and three hotels. Two great trans-continental lines run through the town, the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Pacific.

Eating on the Train in Spain.

As even express trains seldom attain a higher rate of speed than twenty-five miles per hour, travel is slow and tedious though fairly comfortable, and to enjoy Spain one must assume the leisurely indifference of the Spaniard to whom manana is always the chosen time. He is wise who carries his own luncheons and never are dainty tea baskets more indispensable than on these long journeys. Spanish etiquette demands that the traveler before partaking of his food must politely offer it to those who share the compartment with him. It may either be graciously accepted or declined. In no country is it so difficult to travel and to secure information, as but little English is spoken even by important officials.—Travel Magazine.

The World's Railroads.

A year and a half ago, according to a German statistician, the railroad mileage of the world was 563,771 miles, or 13,036 miles more than in the preceding year. Of the world's mileage the United States had 215,713 miles and Europe 192,247 miles. The world's capital in railways is estimated at over $43,000,000,000, and the average cost per mile, with equipment, etc., is $76,850. In the United States the average cost per mile was $68,038; in England, $305,000 per mile. If the reflective person considers what facilities for transportation the various countries have in their rivers and canals, the cost of their railways will appear to mark the extent of the deficiency of water transportation.

BRINGING GEORGE TO TIME

Some fellows have no idea of the value of a girl's time—that is, a girl who is somewhere between 25 and 30. They just fall into the habit of dropping in to eat fudge or bits of cold chicken. It is nice to do so.

Meanwhile, Maude is wondering how much longer she must keep her hair curled and pinch her cheeks to get the proper glow.

"If he doesn't mean business," she wonders, "why doesn't he move on and let Joe Smith have a chance?"

Joe isn't as good a prospect as George; still, he will do in case George can't be made to speak. But George continues to hold down the claim.

Maude tried many ways of inducing the backward one to toe the mark. Simple as the dear girl looked in her pretty white frock, she was deep and knowing. You couldn't blame her. It was necessary to do a little pulling. George really needed a derrick to hoist him. He had been coming there off and on for several years.

Maude was first in hot water, then cold. It seemed a century since the thought had first come to her that she would marry him. Maude was perfectly willing to settle down if George would only speak.

"Denver Is So Far."

But he wouldn't speak.

Several times she got matters where where she thought the cards would be mailed to their friends the following week. Then George would get off the trolley. So everything had to be done over again.

Now George was going away.

The evening he came to say goodby they strolled into Jackson park. Maude gently led him to just the right seat, in the shadows, with other people not too near.

Maude had made a resolution.

George was ignorant of his danger.

The lake was glistening. The moon was shining. The girl was nice.

"Oh, Maude, isn't it lovely here?" he murmured. He was happy to find her hand in his. "I wish this evening could last."

Maude meant it to last—until she had accomplished her object.

"I suppose it can't," she sighed.

"No, I suppose not. Shall you miss me when I am away?"

Maude knew he was going away.

"You are going away?" Maude's voice trembled just enough.

"I suppose you won't miss me?" questioned George.

"You don't think that," she said, just as if she felt hurt because he had doubted her. "I wonder if you'll ever think of—me."

"Every day—dear." The danger signal was flying, but George didn't observe it. How could he when Maude's eyes were shining in tears? A man adores a woman's eyes floating in tears—for him.

"Denver is so far," she sighed. Somehow the length of the seat had increased—at the other end. Maude hadn't noticed it.

"I don't suppose I'll ever see Denver," she continued. "They say it is a beautiful city. And you are going to live there!"

"Oh, Denver's all right. It won't be Chicago to me, though, for—"

"Have you never dreamed of a place where you could be happy—oh, so happy! Where there were views of mountains and balmy air to soothe you?" Maude was going some.

"Gee, Maude, you don't mean to say—Would you like to live in Denver?"

"Oh, George!" And her head dropped to his shoulder. "Perhaps you better speak to papa before you—you get the ring. This will take him so by surprise. He didn't think to lose his little girl so soon."

George was surprised, too. But what could he do? What could he say?

Squirming would not avail him. Not that he was unhappy; oh, dear, no! Not until then had he realized how dear she was to him.

As he brushed a little electric curl from her brow and whispered in her ear, he could only murmur: "How did I ever get up courage to ask such a pearl to be mine? I am so unworthy!"—Chicago Daily News.