

Freight Train.

"At the bottom, the road-bed was

forced in against the opposite mountain

by a noisy little river, that ran some

thirty feet below. There were three

tracks on the mountain side, and, stand-

ing on any one of the three, the other

"The road was stocked with Baldwin

"Matt Irwin was the ongineer. He

was a crabbed, cross, little, old man,

with a bald head and an iron nerve.

He had been on the road ever since it

had been constructed, and seemed to

think that the officers should respect

him-which they did in a way-instead

"Sixty-seven had just been housed

after a run. I was filling the oil-cans

" 'Matt, how seen can 67 go out?"

" Just as soon as I can pull on my

overalls,' was the reply. 'Her steam |

age, and this is how it happened."

the explanation:

two could be seen.

driving-wheels.

diameter.

of vice versa.

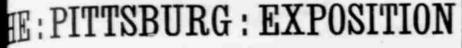
OIS D:

climbed into the cab.

he asked, abruptly:

mountain.

FIFTH AVENUE, PITTSBURG, PA.



Opens Wednesday, Sept. 3.

Exposition excursion rates on all the railroads to Pittsburg will induce a you to visit our city. The managers of the Pittsburg exposition are mak to make itinteresting, entertaining and instructive, and in every way patronage of the thousands who will come to see it. do our part by having a show there. It will be principally of CARPETS.

represents one of the many departments in our large establishment, we ome and sace our storerooms;on Fifth Avenue, the largest and finest in the will see the very finest and best Dress Goods of all kinds, Cloaks. Wraps, every discription, in the new stiles for Fall and Winter wear for Ladies hildren, Shawle of all kinds, and the latest fashions in Ladies' and Misses

ery Department, with all the new and nobby styles of Hats 'and Bonnets h th amping in Mamir.

g in the way of Fall Underwear. "Gloves, Hosfery and Trmmings as well, ukets, Flannels, Comforts, Table Linens, Sheetings and Housekeeping goods, upon piles of the pest. You are invited to call and see our store whether purchase or not. No pushing or boring to buy, polite and courteous treatily one price.



If you'll listen, wife, to me, For a fearful apprehension Now and then creeps over me; When our lives have reached the summit And the turning-point is called, And Old Age begins to evo us. Will you love me if I'm hald? When no more your gentle fingers

Wander through my waving hair; But go groping through the vastness Of the whoreness of the w(huir); When Oid Time's fantastic Engers O'er my face his name has scrawled, Do you think that you can love me Just the same if I am baid? When my brow shall shame the tombston

As it rises bland and bore. Write thereon: "This slab is sacred To his late lamented hair." Like a grinning skull I'll haunt you Till your senses stand appalled. Can you brave the test, my darling, Will you love me when I'm bald!

When my present jotty ringlets Have not died, but gone before, And until I go to meet them They will come-ah !- nevermore, When the flies of fifty summers O'er my helpless pate have crawled, And I have to wear a nightcap, Will you love me when I'm bald?

-Yankee Blade SQUARING THINGS.

How a Sharp Schemer Was Neat-

ly Outwitted.

Herbert Denison placed up and down he small room that had been the especial sanctum of his brother-in-law, Tom Thorpe, his brows knit in perplexed thought, his fingers nervously rattling his watch-chain. Jessie, his only sister. Tom Thorpe's widow, was sobbing on the sofa.

"Jessie, dear," he said, presently, "it is cruel to make you talk, but if I could only get some really clear idea of the business, I might, perhaps, holp you."

Jessie sat up, and tried to still the sobs that the talk about her husband-not yot a month dead-had called forth. She was a woman with fair bair and blue oyes, and young enough still to make her deep widow's mourning doubly pathetic.

"About the house?" she said. "Yes. You say it is almost paid for?"

of her packing was finished. But the day before that appointed for their start Bert sent for Mr. Paxon to make ono more appeal to his honesty

There was a long, rather stormy laterview in the dismantled library, where only the huge painting and two chairs had been left. Bert had left the room under some pretense of questioning his sister, and Mr. Paxon was peeping about in a Paul Pry way that Jessie had told her brother was habitual with him, when he made a discovery. There was an ugly space in a rocess, where Tom Thorpe's stationary desk had stood for ten long yoars against the wall. Scraps of paper and string, torn envelopes, all the debris of packing, were scattered about, but wedged into the top of the mop-board was an envelope, almost concoaled, that Mr. Payon was sure contained an inclosure. Warily he crept up

to it, selzed it and found it a sealed onvelope directed: "To JESSIE, my wife. To be opened only after my death." He crammed it hastily into his pocket, and when Bert returned took

his departure. Something important must be in that paper that had ovidently slipped out of the dosk when it was moved and oscaped observation. But the disclosure was a startling one. Without any scruples of honor or honesty.

Mr. Paxon broke the seal and read: "DEAM JESSIE: It has been long known to you, doar, that my life was a procarious one. and you will not be surprised that I have made a little provision for you and the children. Poor Fred left me ten thousand dollars in United States bonds, and unwilling to trust it to any bank, I have hidden it away in the low-or right hand corner of the picture he gave me. The interest will run on until you take the envelope from its hiding place, as no

one else will over more the please. Forgive me for keeping this one secret from you. Tox." No one alse! Why, they might tear it down any moment. A cold sweat broke out all over the rascal's body. All his hoarded wealth, the result of scheming, cheating, saving, was as nothing compared with this newly-discovered

treasure. Nobody else must find those bonds! But when he returned to the house

he found every thing in hurried conusion, and Bert isoning hurried orders "I can't talk to you now." he said, as Mr. Paxon came np. "I am obliged to leave on the 7:30 p. m. train from Band it is nearly two o'clock new. There is still a wagon-load to go, and the children and Jossie are getting dressed for the carriage at three o'clock. "But I must speak to you." "And that confounded picture has to he packed, too!" gried Bart, bustling into the house. "Here, some of you fel lows, bring a step-ladder!" "No! no!" cried Mr. Paron. "I-I came over to see if I couldn't buy that deture ? "Buy it!" Bert cried. "You might as

in a perfect deluge. Great drops, mixed with hall, and in such quantity that the

dry drains were soon transformed into raging creeks. "Want to hear how a man of my age "The wind howled and shrieked happened to have gray hair? Well, of above the rumble of the train and course you know it's premature. I am

threatened to lift 67 off the rails. only twenty-seven. It was six years When the telegraph poles began to snap off Matt's face began to lengthen. Having often wondered how it was "Good night for wash-overs,' he that Harry Bally should possess a head of hair the color of clean cotton and the said. 'And wash-overs are as had as washouts!" stoop of a man of sixty, while still

"It was all down grade and all the young in years, It was with a feeling of steam used was to run the air-pump. I satisfaction that I prepared to listen to had only to keep the fire alive.

"Eight miles down we ran past a "It was in Colorado, on one of the small station where a freight train was wildest and roughest railroads I know side-tracked. It had perhaps a dozen of. The scenery was similar to that of cars the Denver & Rio Grande on Dump

"Just before we reached it I saw a man dart in between two of the cars to escape the head-light.

"I thought him either a trainman or a tramp, but have since changed my mind.

"We were half way down the Haversack grade, with a straight stretch of track and a long curve before us, when Matt looked across and said:

angines, and, to facilitate the climbing "'I'm afraid the little pasteboard was of the heavy grades, they had small only a scare. If-' "There was the flash of a light be-"I was fireman on 67, which was used

hind, the rattle of coal, and Bob Dunin the passenger service. She had the can, the forward brakeman, stood in largest drivers on the road, and they the cab. His face was as white as a only measured forty-eight inches in sheet

"'Shut her down-shut her down, for Heaven's sake!" he shouted. 'A freight's broke loose and is coming down the grade two miles a minute!" "Before you could snap your fingers

my face was as pale as Bob's "Matt Irwin never lost his head, and,

with a coolness that comes to few men in a time of danger, he asked: 'How do you know?" "'Seen her by a flash of lightning.

and Matt was hauling off his overalls, O'Connor and Billy have jumped!" when Mr. Fox, the superintendent, "And then he swung out on the step and disappeared. "After a few commonplace remarks,

" 'Jump, if you want to, Harry,' called old Matt. "I'm going to stick to her!" "I gave one look at the Egyptian darkness and concluded that I would stay with old Matt.

"Keep your eve peeled for her."

ing on the fly, The grounds for his creation and the various isons why That the underlying motive, the real objective

Was to get another whack at

The baid-headed man. Now the fly is no respecter of persons or of

He lights wherever fancy or the scent of game His object is to suck up all the juices that ho

And he is no Nemests of The bald-hoaded man.

The fly has been created for a scientific use.

And there is no use of hunting up a thinly-clud He was made to give reporters, ever since the

world began, Another chance to ridicule The baid headed man.

You may talk of sticky paper and lay trains of dynamite. But the fly will live and flourish, as he always

hus, in spite, And the paragraphing punsters from Beershebu to Dan

Will keep up their persocution of The bail-boaded man.

But let them all remember there was once a prophet old

To whom the sportive urchins, in wickedness made bold, Remarked: "Go up, thou hald head." when out the big bears ran

And swallowed up the scoffers of The bald-headed man.

-Judgu

A FARMER'S WIFE.

Why Kate Blesses a Hardened Old Uncle.

"I never saw such lovely woods in all my life!" said Kate Blessington. "Wintorgreen and slender-stommod wildflowers, and gray, old, fallon logs hidden in ferns, and morry little tinkling brooks! And Charley has showed me where there is an ice-cold spring under the rocks, and a cave where the Indians used to hide in Revolutionary times!" "Humph!" said Mrs. Daggett, knit-

"Humph!" said Mrs. Daggett.

"That's twice you've uttered that still

Mrs. Daggett looked up at the lovely

lins, and the slender gold chain around

to speak, of the dazzling blue eyes and

the hair that was like a cloud of crinkly

gold, and the pure red-and-white com-

plexion. And she thought of honest,

an-burned Charley at work in the up-

land grass lots, and the conviction

nind that it was not a fairly-matched

contest between her grandson and her

"Did you ever read the fable of the

"Haven't 1?" retorted Kate, with a

"Because," said Mrs. Daggett, "what

was fun to the boys was death to the

"I mean," said old Mrs. Daggett,

shrewdly eying Miss Blessington over

the rims of her silver spectacles,

'that what you are enjoying so much

may be a sorry business for my grand-

"What nonsense," cried Kate, "as if I

"That's just it," said Mrs. Daggett

You don't mean any thing, but Charley

"Does he really dare to imagine that

"Stop a minute, my dear, stop a min

ute," interposed the old lady, whose

knitting needles had never for a single

moment abated their clicking. "What

is he to imagine, when you seek his

society, take pleasure in his companion-

ship, and put forth all your attractions

"Because I do like him," said Kate.

Kate's lip quivered; the deep carmine

"I'm sorry," said she, "I am, indeed

never thought that-Oh, if I could

The old lady eyed her still more

"So he's nothing more than an ordi-

"I like him," said Kate. "Oh. ever so

"There are people in the world worse

"Perhaps so," said Miss Blessington,

ent views. I am to go with him to

Europe, and be presented at court by

the American Minister's wife. I am to

Mrs. Daggett rose quietly up and laid

"I must go and see after my roast

ducklings and green peas," said she,

'And your beautiful bunch of ferns,

Miss Blessington, is all willing, for a

lack of a little cold water to put them

much! But-I never can be a farmer's

nary acquaintance, to you?" said she.

only put off this picnic business!"

loes! Charley is in earnest about every

"Boy and the Frogs," Miss Blossington?"

laugh. "Half a dozen times at least.

city boarder.

But why do you ask?"

"You mean-"

son Charlev!"

meant any thing!"

said she.

frogs."

thing!"

I would-"

to charm him?"

sharply.

wife!

"And he loves you!"

rushed into hor cheek.

be his heiress, and-"

aside her knitting.

pressed more doeply than ever upon her

her white throat. She "took stock,"

ting away as if each separate needle were freighted with electricity. "And we're going to have a picnic to-

morrow, all by ourselves," went on Kate, carelessly swinging her broad He sailed for Europe on Saturday, with

long ago.' But she pulled her hands indignantly away from him.

"How dare you speak so to me, Mr. Daggett?" said she. And the next instant she was gone.

Charley Daggett looked after her with a pained and bewildered face, like one who has received a mortal wound. Was it, then, possible that he had been so fatally mistaken? That all this time Kate Biessington had only been amusing herself at his expense;

Trying to break a country heart For pastime, ere she went to town."

While up in her own room Kate Blessington burst into a passion of tears, whether of pain or pleasure, she could hardly tell.

"I liked him so much," she sobbed out. "Oh, I did like him so much-and, now- But the idea of his daring to tell me that he loved me! I'll go home tomorrow

And the picnic by the mountain spring, whereat Mr. Daggett was to be instructed in the mysteries of Madranello's recipe for salad-dressing, never

came to mass. The old housekeeper in the Fifth avenue mansion stared when she opened the door to Miss Elessington, who had driven up to the front steps in a cab, piled high with luggage, in the purple dusk of the summer evening. "Is my uncle at home, Priscilla?"

"Well, Miss Kate," stammered the astonished old lady, "he just aln't, and that's a fact!"

"Gone to his club?" "No, Miss Kate, not ezackly." "Where is he then?" "Didn't you git his letter, miss?"

questioned the old woman. "I have got no letter. He isn't sick?"

"No, miss, but he's married." "Married?"

Miss Blessington sat down in the big hall-chair.

"My uncle? And to whom? "To Miss Nina Grey!"

his bride. Dear me, here's the letter now.

in the rack. I s'posed it had been

A cold, clear, cutting lotter in which

Mr. Orlando Blessington expressed his

conviction that in rearing and educat-

ing his nicce he had done all that

could possibly be expected of hlm.

That he had just been married to protty,

little Nina Grey, his partner's young-

est daughter, and that hereafter be

hoped that Kate would find it conven-

ient to shift for herself, as Nina pre-

Once, twice, she read the letter over

before she found herself able fully to

comprehend its cold, cruel meaning;

and then, with her eyes blinded with

"I may stay here to-night, I sup-

"As long as you please. Miss Kate!"

"No," she returned more firmly; "this

Mrs. Daggett could hardly believe her

"You are surprised to see me," said

eyes, the next week, when Miss Bless-

ington came back to the old farm-house

Kate, with a faint smile, "But-but

things have altered with mo. My uncle

has married a girl younger than myself,

and turned me in a civil sort of way.

to be sure-out of doors. I have got to

work for my living now. And there are

so few things, short of genteel starva-

tion, that a woman can do! So I

chanced to remember what you said

about a school-teacher being needed at

the Hadden Cross Roads public-school,

where nobody liked to go, because it was

such an unhealthful location, and the

scholars all so rough and stupid. But

beggars mustn't be choosers, and I

thought that perhaps Charley-Mr. Dag-

gett-could see the trus tees for me, in

you're kindly welcome, Miss Blessing-

ton, back to the old farm."

with blue-and-white stripes.

"Yes, I am back,"

od school teaching."

be a farmer's wife?"

"Well-Charley?"

Daggett homestead.

A. Lewis, in N. Y. Ledger.

"So I do."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Daggett. "And

But Kato cried herself to sleep that

first night in the sweet old room, where

the sweet-brier bushes sent up so subtle

a fragrance, and the walls were papered

said Charley, when he met her, the

"And you want to go to teaching?"

"Then why do you teach?"

ing, "there is no alternative."

"But I once heard you say you detest

"Because," confessed Kate, crimson-

"You would rather teach school than to-

"I haven't said so!" said Kate, biting

her lip. "And it's very wicked of you.

Charley-Mr. Daggett, I mean-to taunt

"Will you be a farmer's wife, now?"

"Of course I will be-if you ask me?"

"Because there is no other alterna-

So they were married; and Kate has

"For," she says, "a farmer's is the

been heard to declare that the kindest

office Uncle Blossington ever did her

was to send her back to the peaceful old

most independent life in the world-

next to that of a farmer's wife."-Jane

"No-because I love you, Charley!"

"So you are back, Miss Blessington?"

a day or two."

next day.

"Yes."

me so.

tive?"

"Kate!"

is no longer my home. Only-only !

have nowhere else to go, just yet, and

pose?" she said with a quiver in her

tears, she turned to Priscilla.

cried the old woman.

all this seems so sudden."

among the Berkshire hills.

ferred no divided rule in the Fifth av-

mailed a week ago."

enuo mansion.

voice.

Poor Katel

"Nina Grey!" gasped Kate. "Priseilla, you must be dreaming. She's younger than I am." "I ain't, miss, no more'n yoursuif.

stripe suitings, 36 inches , at 25c a yard.

lot of double-width cashe new colorings, made specfor us, only 25c. a yard ll-wool fancy stripes, in te new spring shades, 36 s wide, regular 5c. goods

mly 38c. a yard. pieces all-wool mixture ings, 50 in. wide, 36c. a yd. l lot of all-wool stripe trichoice colorings. 36 inches 44c a yard. he hundred pieces, everyone

tent in colorings or designs s, stripes, checks and crosscashmere weight cloth, a vard.

at of all-wool 50 in. sidesuitings, 75c. quality at yard.

other, 50 inch, all-wool ig weight stripe suitings.

tiner goods up to the finest us, made in foreign countries resaly for us, our stock is

unmer silks of every detion in very large varieties. tite to our Mail Order De-

OF EUROPE.



REAM : BALM Cleanses the Sasal Passages.

Allays Palu ' ad Inflammat.on, Heals Sore Eye Restores the The prover and the second enses of Taste and Smell. NOT WOMAN, SO NINCET

ROOMSA TO COVER THE SEC. Try the Cure. HAY-

Embler Shoes unless worn uncomfortably tight, will often slip off the feet. To remady this evil the "COLCHESTER" BUBBER CO. offer a shoe with the inside of the heel lined wi This clings to the shoe and prevents the Rubber from slipping off. Call for the "Colchester"

ADHESIVE COUNTERS' and you can walk, run or jump in them.



UNDERTAKER, AND MANUFACTURER OF

and dealer in all kinds of FURNITURE, Ebensburg, Pa.

A full line of Caskets always on hand. Bodies Embalmed WHEN REQUIRED.

Apr 30 85 LILLY INSURANCE & STEAMSHIP

AGENCY.

FIRE INSURANCE AT COST. POLICIES ISSUED IN GOOD RELIABLE COMPA-NIES AT VERY LOWEST RATES. STEAMSHIP TICKETS SOLD AND DRAFTS

ISSUED PAYABLE IN ALL PARTS

J. B. Mullen, Agent,



PLATES. SOMETHING NEW. For RESIDENCES, CHURCHES, CEMETERIES, FARMS GARDENS, Gates, Arbors, Window Guards, Trellises GARDENS, FIRENESS LATH, DOOR MATS, Ac. Write for Illustrated Catalogue: mailed free CENTRAL EXPANDED METAL CO

116 Water St., Pittsburgh, Pa. Hardware Men keep it. Give name of this paper -ELY'S - CATARRH CREAM BALM HAY FEVER

for the house and grounds. There is a very large orchard and vegetable gardon, besides the garden in front. Tom was to pay for it just as he could, but not less than three hundred a year. We were so anxious to have a home of our own, Bert, that we worked very hard for it, and that is the reason I know all about it. I put all my writing money in. too; not a vast sum, to be sure, but it helped along."

The price was six thousand dollars

"And you are sure there were five thousand dollars paid to Mr. Paxon?" "I am positively certain of it." "And the receipts are lost?" "Lost! Gone entirely. Hert, I never

lared say it, for I can not prove it, but I mly believe Mr. Paxon stole Tom's ceipt book." Why?" .

"Well, he is a man who is not much espected, and there have been several stories told about him that throw a doubt over his nonesty. Still, he keeps clear of the law. Tom took the receipts for the payments on the house in a small red account-book that had nothing else in it. That day-no, I am not going to ory again, dear-that dreadful day, he sent word to Mr. Paxon that he would pay him five hundred dollars. He had sold a lot of wool, and 1 had two hundred dollars saved. I know he had it when Mr. Payon came. Then there was that dreadful homerrhage, and how

could we think of any thing but Tom for the next three days? But, Bert, Mr. Paxon was alone with him when he was taken ill and gave the alarm. There was nothing to prevent his slipping the receipt-book into his pocket, and I believe he did it. It can not he found, and Mr. Paxon would not dare to assort that he has never been paid any thing but rent for the house, if he did

not know I can not produce the receipts.' "H'm! Yes, I see! But one can not accuse a man of such a crime as that without some proof."

"I understand that. I think he intended, if Tom got better, to pretend it was a mistake, or he might have meant to cheat hint."

"Was there never any witness to the payments?

"No. He would come over, or Tom would go to him and pay whatever we could spars. But I have seen the receipts often! And think, Bert, how that five thousand dollars would help me now7

Bert did think of it! He was a young nan who had made for himself a home in a Western State, over which he had sked his widowed sister to preside. He ad come to her with open hands and eart, to offer a home to her and her wo boys, knowing that his brother-inlaw had lived upon his salary as a clerk in a wholesale house. But he had found that these two by close economy, by fom's experiments in sheep-raising, and Jessie's contributions to magazine literature, had nearly secured a home of their own, when a sudden rupture of a blood-yessel had ended life for one, and left the other desolate.

Many long talks the brother and sister had about this cruel wrong pressing pon her, but arriving always at the nclusion that only the finding of the ceipt-book could help hor. They were till talking, in the room that Tom had evoted to his wife's literary labors and is own business affairs and dignified by the name of library, when Bert, pointing to the wall, said:

"Where on earth did you ever get that horrid daub, Jessie? What is it?"

"The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," said Jessie, smiling. "It is a daub, Bert, but Tom was fond of it for the sake of his only brother, who painted it. Poor Fred! He imagined himself a great artist, and this picture a masterpiece. But after vainly trying to sell it, he gave it

well ask Jessie to sell you one of her boys! Why, her dear brother-in-law painted it!" "But it looks se well whore it is, and will be so awkward to move!" cried Mr.

Paxon, watching with horror Bort's preparations to tear the painting from the wall. "I will give you a good price." "How much? But I am sure Jussic will never part with it." 3 "Five hundred dollars." "Bah!"

"A thousand "A thousand dollars for such a work

of art as that! Why, man alive, if Jessie ever could part with it it ought to bring five times that sum!" "Five times that sum! Hve thousand dollars!" cried Mr. Paron. "Certainly!" said Bert, coolly, ""But we do not wish to sell it at all. Come, urry up! Take out the top nails very

arefully, there." "I'll give you five thousand for it?" ried Mr. Paxon, desperately, rapidly alculating the ten years' interest on the bonds. "But we leave here in half an hour,

You don't carry five thousand dollars round in your pecket, do you?" "No, but I carry my check-book. I'll

zive you a check!" "Won't do! I can not stop to cash it." "I'll run over to the bank with it my-

"Well, you haven't much time. You get the money, and I'll speak to Jessie while you are gone. I'm not sure she will take it!" Off dasted Mr Paxon, and Bert hur-

ried the last boxes on the wagon and sent it off just as the carriage drove up Jossie and the boys were already seated when Mr. Paxon came round the corner, actually carrying the money in his hands.

Very carefully Bert counted it, the risp notes for five hundred dollars each, that represented the exact sum that Tom had paid the rascally landlord for

the house his widow was leaving. "Correct." he said, presently. "There is no need of a receipt. You can see the picture through the window. Goodbye!" The carriage whirled off, and Mr. Paxon entered the empty house. The workmen had gone with the wagon, but when he pulled the corner of the canvas, he found it already loosened from the frame. A large, yellow envelope, with three immense red seals, was behind it, and with trombling fingers he tore it open. A long slip of paper was the only

inclosere, and half-fainting, the disappointed schemer read: "This makes our account square." Anna Shields, in N. Y. Ledger.

The Agent Met Her Match. "I was settling down to work," said a

business man to a Boston Globe reporter, "when a pretty woman entered my office. No one would suspect that she was a book-agent. She placed a volume in front of me and began to talk. I told her I would not buy the book if I really wanted it. 'Never mind,' said she, gaily. 'It won't cost you any thing to look at it."

"As she desired, I did look at its I

hasn't been blown out yet, and her fire hasn't been drawn.

"The superintendent looked at both of us rather hard, as though he was sizing us up, and then he said, awful sol-

"'Mats, you've been with us a long time. You've been tried and not found wanting. To-night we call on you to perform the most dangerous piece of work yet. Will you do it?"

"Matt's eyes looked as large as saucers in the dim light of the cab. I confess I was trembling myself. ""What is it?" he asked.

"There's been a big mistake made in the higher offices-but that is not for

us to criticise-and there is but one way to rectify it.' Here the superintendent's voice dropped to a whisper. 'One hundred and fifty thousand dollars in gold has got to be in B--- before midnight, to connect with the Eastern express. and you're the man selected to take it through."

'Old Matt snowed his astonishment with his eyes, but never opened his mouth. As for me, I was so excited by this time that I had to stop my work, because I poured more oil on the floor than I did in the cans.

"'As I said before,' went on the superintendent, 'it's dangerous business. There are men in town to-night who, if they knew the nature of this run, would ditch you to secure the fortune. Guards would only excite suspicion, and if you left the track anywhere between Haversack grade and the bottom, one man would be as good as fifty, for none could escape. You'll-'

"'I'll go,' said old Matt, straightening

" 'And your fireman?' "'I'll take Harry, here. It's going to be a dark run to-night, and I don't want strange hands about the engine. We understand each other."

"That was as fine a compliment as Matt over gave, and I felt proud. But I was only little potatoes in this deal. The superintendent merely glanced at me, and, terning to Matt, continued:

""A lone engine might create suspicion, so we'll make up a wild freight. They'll all be emptice. Back down to the offices before you couple on, and we'll put the safe under the coal in the tender."

"That was all. He jumped off and disappeared. For some time Mast and I sat staring at each other, then he slid off his seat and said:

"'This won't do! Supper, Harrysupper! We haven't much time to lose. It only lacks a few minutes of six. Be back before the quarter."

"The wind was whistling among the cars, whisking the dust and papers about, while in the south a big black cloud was coming ,up, resplendent with chain lightning. Altogether, the night promised to be unusually bad.

"I was back on time, but Matt was there before me. He had lighted the shaded steam-gauge lamp, and stood scanning a small piece of pasteboard.

" What do you make of this, Harry?" he asked, as I climbed up beside him. 'I found it minued to my cushion.' "On it was scrawled, with a lead pen-

cil, the words: 'Danger! Don't pull the wild freight to might if you value your lives. "'A TECE FRIEND."

"'I make it that some one besides the superintendent and us knows of it,' I replied, the cold shivers beginning to chase each other up my spinal column. 'There's danger ahead!'

"'Aye, there is danger, my boy,' and old Matt spoke softer than I had ever heard him before. 'If you want to-' " 'I'll go where you lead,' I replied, quickly, knowing what he was going to

" "Then we'll go through if it takes the wheels out from under! Ring up

cried, and commenced to let 67 out. brimmed hat by one ribbon, "Charley

" 'There she is!' I sheuted. and I. I'm to pick a basket of wild "And there it was, sure enough. It strawberries, and he's to bring rolls and had just come out of a cut. One of the lettuce and hard-boiled eggs, and I shall boxes was on fire, the flame streaming show him Madranello's rocine for saladback half a car length and cutting dressing out there, under the trees. through the air like a meteor.

And wo'll cool a bottle of your currant-"She's four miles behind." said old wine in the spring and read Shako-Matt, 'and coming four feet to our one. speare, under the green vines, with the If we can get around the curve there's a blue-birds whistling in our ears: and, show of her jumping." altogether, it will be just like a dream

"And then began that terrible ride. of Arcalia!" "He booked 67 up to the first notch and opened the throttle. "With seven cars behind we shot

old monosyllable," said Kate, a little down the grade of one hundred and sevpiqued. "I wonder what it means!" enty-five feet to the mile. "67 set low in her frame; but every young thing, in her cool, rustling mus

low joint rung her bell for an eighth of a mile. She jumped and swayed and threatened to leave the rails. The wind shricked around us like a thousand demons, and the rain poured against the windows in a perfect stream.

""There's danger ahead and death behind,' shouted the old engineer. 'If the rain loosens a bowlder and drops it on the track-'

"I shuddered. There was the blasted pine that marked the curve. The next second we reached it. For a moment I thought it was all over. Then 67 righted. There was a sharp jerk. We forged ahead faster, and our seven cars cleared the road-bed and went down the bluff with a crash that was heard high above the storm, leaving a clean track for the runaway behind, that was coming as swift and sure as death. "If the runsway got around the curve,

the probabilities were that we would be knocked from the track into the river. "We were very near to the bottom now, where the road-bed followed the river, and engineers were cautioned not

to run over fifteen miles per hour. "But orders were not respected that night. We were making thirty miles

an hour when a flash of lightning showed me that dark string of cars coming around the curve. The blazing box was on the opposite side and invisible.

"Old Matt gave 67 the steam so suddenly she seemed to jump from under us; but the runaway was not more than half a mile behind and coming with the speed of a tornado.

"There was no getting out of the way. In a moment it would be on us. I imagined I could see the black mass coming down on us in the darkness, when a heavy rumble was heard, followed by

a tremendous crash. "The rain had loosened the rock and dirt overhanging the track, and it only needed the jar of the passage of 67 to set it in motion.

"Something like a thousand tons of debris rolled on to the track directly behind us, and into this those runaway cars plunged.

"But we did not find this out until afterward. Matt kept 67 up to what was a tremendous speed on that track. She plunged and rolled and rang her bell continually. A dozen times I thought we were going into the

off than farmers' wives," said Mrs. Dag-"We pulled through all right; but gett. that was my last trip. When I got off the engine my hair was streaked with a little haughtily. "But Uncle Orlando has brought me up with far differgray, and now it is as white as snow.

"For some time it was thought that the runaway cars had broke loose; but the company became suspicious and had the case looked into with the result of running down some tough characters, who finally confessed to cutting them leose with the intention of ditching us between Haversack grade and the bot-

tom and securing the treasure. "Old Matt has retired from the road; but I do not think that either he or I shall ever forget 'the run of 67.' "-W. F. Bruns, in Golden Days.

Kate Blessington went slowly across the wide hall, where the two-hundred-Singular Pension Claum.

A particle is applied into each nestrils and is registered. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail registered. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail registered. 60 cts. ELY BRUS, 56 Warren St., In ut Street. In ut Street.
