

May. I followed her advice to the letter, and the result is simply wonderful. May Heaven bless her and the good work she is doing for our sex! If you are sick or in trouble write to Mrs. Pinkham. Her advice invariably brings relief. Your letter will be received, read and answered MRS. CHARLES PARKER. by one of our own sex."

Druggists say there is a tremendous démand for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; and it is doing lots of good, that is the blessed thing about it.

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Three Books Worth Getting-"Guide to Health," "Woman's Beauty, Peril, Duty," "Woman's Triumph."-These are FREB

Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The second secon



patcher thought that she might have slipped past without Smith seeing her, the towers all along the road beyond declared that she had not passed them. A freight going west was stopped at Jones' tower and the conductor was asked if he had seen No. 4 between the two towers. He said that there was no

sign of her. "Then the perspiration began to stand out on the operators and dispatchers. The track between the two towers lies along the river. A high stone wall supports it. The only possible explanation seemed to be that No. 4 had gone over the wall into the river. She could not have gone up into the air. Nearly an hour had passed. The river seemed the only place where she could be. The freight conductor received orders to uncouple his engine and run back slowly. He ran back past two towers, but could see nothing of No. 4 on the track or in the river. There was not even a displaced rail where she could have gone over the wall. Then he was ordered to run slowly west, to see how things looked there. About half way between Jones' tower and the one west or him the express was found, with a broken cylinder head. She had never passed Jones at all, Jones had dreamed it, although he declares to this day that he was wide awake all the time.

"Jones was in bad repute for a time, but he was not discharged, as he was a good man, and his mistake had not caused a wreck. He redeemed himself within a few weeks. By his presence of mind and quick action he saved the limited. That was an unusual case also. It was the train dispatcher's mistake, so far as I know, but he may have been misled by some one else's blunder. One day the limited was going east in two sections. It is very, very seldom that the limited runs in more than one section. A freight was lying in front of Jones' tower waiting for the limited to pass. The train dispatcher sent out an order saying: 'No. 4 (the limited) will run 40 minutes late.' That gave plenty of time for the freight to get to the next siding. The message should save read: 'Second No. 2 will run 40 minutes late.' The first section was on time. Jones handed the order to the conductor of the freight, who went down out of the tower and started his train on to the main track.

"Just as the big freight engine began pufling the telegraph instrument began ticking, and Jones read a report saying that the limited had passed the tower above. It was just around the curve, not a mile and a half away. It was a question of seconds. There was no time to run down the stairs, and it was no use to drop the red signal. The engine had already passed. There was no time to think. Jones grasped his ink bottle and his red flag. He ran out on the balcony in front of the tower and threw the ink bottle at the engine. Then he waved the red flag and yelled with all his might. The bottle struck the cab and attracted the engineer's attention. He looked up and saw Jones waving the red flag and yelling like a madman. Just at the same moment they both heard the shrill scream of the limited's whistle as she approached the curve. "The engineer did not stop to ques-

tion what it was. The engine was clear out on the main track. He reversed the engine and sent her bumping back

the cause of the wreck. Then the president said:

"'Now, boys, I will tell you what I will do. I feel sure you know how this happened. If you will tell me I will give you my word that neither of you will be discharged. I thought I had a system here that was absolutely safe, and it is of more importance to me to learn how the wreck occurred than to punish the one who was responsible. I must find out how it happened so that I can take care that it does not occur again. Tell me the truth, and I will give you my word that you will not lose your jobs.

"Then the two boys confessed. During the long nights they would become sleepy. Sometimes one would fall asleep. Then if a train came the other could not get an answer from him. One night Smith was sleeping soundly and Jones could not get any answer. He did not like to hold the train, for fear Smith would lose his job. So he let the train go through. He knew it was perfectly safe, for Smith could not let train in without calling him up. When the train came out of the tunnel it wakened Smith, and Jones told him what he had done. Then they arranged a scheme so they could both sleep. They always kept the red block down, so that no train could enter the tunnel while they slept. If one called and received no answer he knew the other was asleep. and, therefore, the track must be clear, and he let the train in.

"One night both were sleeping as usual. A coal train came to Jones' end of the tunnel. The whistle of the train wakened Jones. He called to Smith and received no answer. So he knew Smith was sleeping and the tunnel was clear. He asked the conductor to throw him off a little coal for his fire, as he was entirely out. The conductor threw off two or three lumps and the train started into the tunnel. Those few lumps of coal cost the road thousands of dollars, and I believe they cost two men their lives.

"Jones went outside to pick up the coal as the train pulled out. Being out side the tower, the noise of the train drowned that of his instrument, and he did not hear Smith's call. A freight train had come to Smith's end of the tunnel at the exact moment that Jones was picking up the coal. As Smith did not get any answer he thought, of course, Jones was asleep and the track clear. So he let the freight in. Then the two trains came together in the tunnel.

"The president of the road kept his word with the boys, but he took them off that tunnel and gave them daylight jobs, where they were not so likely to sleep, and could not do so much damage if they did sleep. Those are but three of the many stories like them that have come under my personal observation." -Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette.

Not Needed. Tourist (looking back upon a difficult bit of mountain path he had just traversed)-Ugh! that's as ugly a bit of dangerous climbing as I've ever been over. There must have been a lot of accidents there. Why don't they put up a notice board to the effect that it's dangerous? Guide-There was an accident there

once, sir, and they put a notice at the went right over to Pete's place. I found entrance of the pass; but as nobody | thet he'd gone an' killed them beasts,

was always given to the mysterious siders.

I seated myself upon a stump and awaited his reply. He was a crude, rather stupid-looking man, clad in a rough garb that betokened his rural environments-a ragged cloth cap, a heavy, well-patched suit, which had once been of gray material, a collarless shirt and high boots. His hair had been close-cropped a few days before, in token of the coming of summer, and his unkempt black beard stood out in bold contrast to his seeming baldness. His nose was narrow, long and hooked, and his eyes were deep-set beneath

shaggy brows. After a long pause he replied to my question in a drawling tone, and with the manner of a man perfectly convinced of the truth of what he said: "Ef you ans hed ez much in your head

ez Pete Siders hes in his leetle finger, vou'd be a smart man." "But who is he?" I exclaimed. "I have visited this valley yearly since I was a boy, yet I never before heard of him. He does not live hereabouts, docs

Soper seated himself beside me and replied:

"No, he don't. He lives up the walley acrost the river. I useter live near him, tell me an' him hed words an' fell out. You see, Pete he was wonderful smart, an' I was no match fer him. My place almost jined his, an' he mawried me sister. He knowed a heap, did Petc, an' hed read most of the books they is. You uns 'ud hey enjoyed talkin' to him. you would, fer he'd traveled a lot in his younger days, an' hed a good edjurcation. An' at music. Hedgins! 1 kin feel that old fiddle of his'n a-goin thoo me yit. It jest made you all blue when he played sorrerful pieces. He tho't a heap of thet fiddle, he did. Ah! but I tell you they is few men like Pete

"How did you ever happen to part with this paragon, Sam?" I asked.

Siders!"

"Paragone," he repeated, sadly. "I never heard him called thet. Mebbe he v as one, fer he was most everything. How did we hey words. Hawgs; jest a few hawgs done it. Sometimes I think it was my fault, an' on them days when I 'low I'm to blame I allus intend to go over to his place an' make up. But I've never b'en able to git off at them times; an' when I kin git off I allus blame Pete an' cal'late he kin come to see me."

"It must have been a very serious trouble?" said I.

"Hawgs," he replied. "Nawthin' but a few mean pigs. You see I was livin' up there three summers ago. I made 'rangements with Hiram Bender, who hed a farm close be my place, fer him to let me hev three young hawgs in September. I 'tended to fatten 'em up an' butcher 'em when it come cold. One day, in corn huskin' time, I goes over to Hiram's to git 'em. When I ast him fer 'em, he looks at me surprised like, an' sais, sais he: 'Why, Sam, Pete Siders got them pigs. He tol' me you sayd he was to git 'em an' you'd pay me fer 'em, ez you owed him fer his hevin' helped you three days in the woods last winter.' I was jest knocked. I knowed Pete was hard up, fer he'd kinder be'n lavin' off all summer, but I never tho't thet of him. I never let on to Hiram, but jest

own life to save him. The craft gave a quick lurch over on one side so that the water rashed in and almost filled it.

"Get down," I screamed. "Let go there!" yelled Siders, frantically. "You'll upset me, you fool!"

He raised his fiddle and struck wildly as Soper, but his blow fell short of its mark; he lost his balance and toppled into the bottom of the boat, which

righted itself, but none too soon. Siders quickly recovered and cautiously crawled forward. "Git off there!" he yelled.

Soper made no answer, for he was almost exhausted. He clung more desperately to the craft, which was now within a hundred feet of the shore. The fiddle whirled through the air and crashed down on his head. Still he ching on. With a cry of disappointment Siders fell into the bottom of the boat. I ran out into the water, seized the inking craft, and dragged it ashore. When he heard the keel grate on the gravel, Sam Soper released his hold and fell into my arms unconscious. I lifted him out on the bank. Actoss his forehead there was a great gash from which the blood flowed freely.

Some men came to my aid from a neighboring field, and helped me to carry the injured man to his home, which stood a few hundred varids back from the river. The wonderful Siders, who had partially recovered his senses by reason of his immersion, followed us He explained that he had spent the night fiddling at a party and had at daybreak started for his home. The last thing that he remembered clearly was getting into a boat to cross the riter.

When Sam Soper recovered conscious ness a half an hour later he asked for his brother-in-law, and as Siders sank into a chair at his bedside he held out his hand and said:

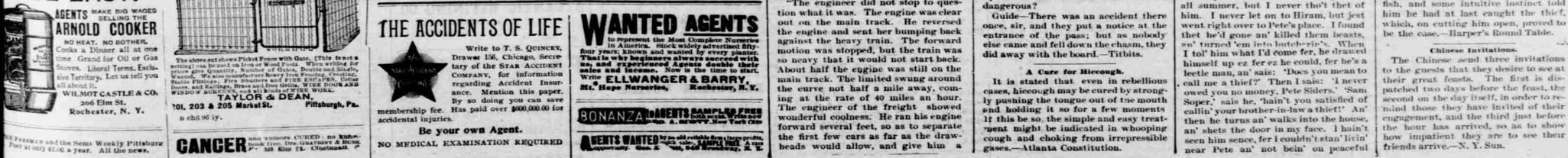
"Pete, I think I'll go over the river to live agin, fer I 'low I was to blame.' "I 'low you was, too, Sam," mumbled

the other, taking the proffered hand. "But I don't bear you no spite."-N. V. Evening Sun.

An Irishman's Patience.

In a next little white painted house up in Maine a baby's gold ring hangs upon the wall, tied with a bit of ribbon. The owner, an Irishman, a humorous scion of his race, when interrogated about it told the following story: While fishing one day in an adjacent lake he accidentally dropped the ring out of his pocket, and, slipping off the edge of the boat, it sank down through the clear water. As he watched it disappearing a large fish darted through the water, and, opening his mouth, gulped it down. The Irishman sadly lamented the loss of the ring, as it belonged to his little baby. He resolved to tish that lake until he found the rascally thief, and day after day he hauled in the shiny, struggling members of the finny tribe and cut them open in search of his ring. Weeks went by, and grew into months, until the cold weather arrived, but with a fisherman's patience he continued in his task, even to cutting holes in the ice to fish through. One day after a severe and long-protracted struggle he hauled in a fine fish, and some intuitive instinct told him he had at last caught the thirf. which, on cutting him open, proved to

be the case,-Harper's Round Table.



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