

COULD HARDLY DO HER WORK

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Made Her Eat, Sleep and Feel Better Every Way

Chicago, Ill.—"I was weak and run-down and in such a nervous condition that I could hardly do my work. I was tired all the time, and dizzy, and had no appetite. I tried different medicines for years, but they did not help me. Then I read in the papers about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for other women and gave it a trial. I began to eat better and could sleep, and consider it a wonderful medicine. I recommend it to my friends and will never be without it."

Mrs. M. O'LEEN, 3640 S. Marshfield Ave., Chicago, Illinois.


It is such letters as these that testify to the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. This woman speaks from the fullness of her heart. She describes as correctly as she can her condition, first the symptoms that bothered her the most, and later the disappearance of those symptoms. It is a sincere expression of gratitude.

For nearly fifty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been so praised by women.

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Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe. Try it today.



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MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES

The Blind Man's Eyes

By William MacHarg
Edwin Balmer

THE TELEGRAM

Gabriel Warden, Seattle capitalist, tells his butler he is expecting a caller, to be admitted without question. He informs his wife of danger that threatens him if he pursues a course he considers the only honorable one. Warden leaves the house in his car and meets a man whom he takes into the machine. When the car returns home, Warden is found dead, murdered, and alone. The caller, a young man, has been at Warden's house, but leaves unobserved. Bob Connery, conductor, receives orders to hold train for a party. Five men and a girl board the train, the Eastern Express. The father of the girl, Mr. Dorne, is the person for whom the train was held. Philip Eaton, a young man, also boarded the train. Dorne tells his daughter and his secretary, Don Avery, to find out what they can concerning him. The two make Eaton's acquaintance.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

"You mean—" The sentence, obviously, was one she felt it better not to finish. As though he recognized that now she must wish the conversation to end, he got up. She rose stiffly.

"I'll see you into your car, if you're returning there," he offered.

Neither spoke, as he went with her into the next car; and at the section where her father sat, Eaton bowed silently, nodded to Avery, who coldly returned his nod, and left her. Eaton went on into his own car and sat down, his thoughts in mad confusion.

How near he had come to talking to this girl about himself, even though he had felt from the first that that was what she was trying to make him do! Was he losing his common sense? Was the self-command on which he had so counted that he had dared to take this train deserting him? He felt that he must not see Harriet Dorne again alone. In Avery he had recognized, by that instinct which so strangely divines the personalities one meets, an enemy from the start; Dorne's attitude toward him, of course, was not yet defined; as for Harriet Dorne—he could not tell whether she was prepared to be his enemy or friend.

Eaton went into the men's compartment of his car, where he sat smoking till after the train was under way again. The porter looked in upon him there to ask if he wished his berth made up now; Eaton nodded assent, and fifteen minutes later, dropping the cold end of his cigar and going out into the car, he found the berth ready for him. A half hour later the passage of someone through the aisle and the sudden dimming of the crack of light which showed above the curtains told him that the lights in the car had been turned down. Eaton closed his eyes, but sleep was far from him.

Presently he began to feel the train beginning to labor with the increasing grade and the deepening snow. It was nearing the mountains, and the weather was getting colder and the storm more severe. Eaton lifted the curtain from the window beside him and leaned on one elbow to look out. The train was running through a bleak, white desolation; no light and no sign

lished as one by one the passengers went away to bed. Connery, looking into this car, found it empty and the porter cleaning up; he slowly passed on forward through the train, stopping momentarily in the rear Pullman opposite the berth of the passenger whom President Jarvis had commended to his care. His scrutiny of the car told him all was correct here; the even breathing within the berth assured him the passengers slept.

Connery had been becoming more certain hour by hour all through the evening that they were going to have great difficulty in getting the train through. Though he knew by President Jarvis' note that the officials of the road must be watching the progress of this special train with particular interest, he had received no train orders from the west for several hours. His inquiry at the last stop had told him the reason for this; the telegraph wires to the west had gone down. To the east communication was still open, but how long it would remain so he could not guess. Here in the deep heart of the great mountains—they had passed the Idaho boundary line into Montana—they were getting the full effect of the storm; their progress, increasingly slow, was broken by stops which were becoming frequent and longer as they struggled on.

At Fracroft—the station where he was to exchange the ordinary plow which so far had sufficed, and couple on the "rotary" to fight the mountain drifts ahead—Connery swung himself down from the train, looked in at the telegraph office and then went forward to the two giant locomotives, on whose sweating, monstrous backs the snow, suddenly visible in the haze of their lights, melted as it fell. As they started, he swung aboard and in the brightly lighted men's compartment of the first Pullman checked up his report sheets with a stub of pencil.

Again they stopped—once more went on. Connery, having put his papers into his pocket, dozed, awoke, dozed again. The progress of the train halted again and again; several times it backed, charged forward again—only to stop, back and charge again and then go on. But this did not disturb Connery. Then something went wrong.

All at once he found himself, by a trainman's instinctive and automatic action, upon his feet; for the shock had been so slight as barely to be felt, far too slight certainly to have awakened any of the sleeping passengers in their berths. He went to the door of the car, lifted the platform step, threw open the door of the vestibule and hanging himself by one hand to the rail, swung himself out from the side of the car and looked ahead. He saw the forward one of the two locomotives wrapped in clouds of steam, and men arm-deep in snow wallowing forward to the rotary still farther to the front, and the sight conformed fully to his apprehension that this halt was more important and likely to last much longer than those that had gone before.

CHAPTER IV

Are You Hillward?

The bell in the washroom at the end of the car was ringing violently, and someone was reinforcing his ring with a stentorian call for "Porter! Porter!"

Eaton realized that it was very cold in his berth—also that the train, which was standing still, had been in that motionless condition for some time. He threw up the window curtain as he appreciated that, and, looking out, found that he faced a great unbroken bank of glistening white snow as high as the top of the car at this point and rising even higher ahead. He listened, therefore, while the Englishman—for the voice calling to the porter was his—extracted all available information from the negro.

"Porter, where are we?"
"Between Fracroft and Simons, suh."
"Yet?"
"Yessuh, yit."
"That foolish snow still?"
"Yessuh; and snow some more, suh!"

"But haven't we the plow still ahead?"
"Oh, yessuh; the plow's ahead. We still got it; but that's all, suh. It ain't got much; it's busted."

"Eh—what?"
"Yessuh—busted! There was right smart of a slide across the track, and the crew, I understand, diagnosed it jus' fo' a snow bank and done backed right into it. But they was rock in this, suh; we's layin' right below a hill; and that rock jus' busted that rotary like a Belgium shell hit it. Yessuh—pieces of that rotary essentially scattered themselves in four directions besides backwards and forwards. We ain't done much travellin' since then."

Eaton no longer paid attention. "Snowed in and stopped since four!" The realization startled him with the necessity of taking it into account in his plans. He jerked himself up in his berth and began pulling his clothes down from the hooks; then,

as abruptly, he stopped dressing and sat absorbed in thought. He had let himself sink back against the pillows, while he stared, unseeing, at the solid bank of snow beside the car, when the door at the farther end of the coach opened and Conductor Connery entered, calling a name.

"Mr. Hillward! Mr. Lawrence Hillward! Telegram for Mr. Hillward!"

Eaton started at the first call of the name; he sat up and faced about.

The conductor was opposite Section Three; Eaton now waited tensely and delayed until the conductor was past; then putting his head out of his curtains he hailed as the conductor was going through the door.

"What name? Who is that telegram for?"

"Mr. Lawrence Hillward."

"Oh, thank you; then that's mine." Connery held back. "I thought your name was Eaton."

"It is. Mr. Hillward—Lawrence Hillward—is an associate of mine who expected to make this trip with me but could not. So I should have telegrams or other communications addressed to him. Is there anything to sign?"

"No, sir—train delivery."

Eaton drew his curtains close again and ripped the envelope open; but before reading the message he observed with alarm that his pajama jacket had opened across the chest, and a small round scar, such as that left by a high-powered bullet penetrating, was exposed. He gasped almost audibly, realizing this, and clapped his hand to his chest and buttoned his jacket. The message—nine words without signature—lay before him:

"Thicket knot youngster omniscient issue foliage lecture tragic instigation."

It was some code which Eaton recognized but could not decipher at once. The conductor was still standing in the aisle.

"When did you get this?" Eaton asked, looking out.

"Just now. That message came through yesterday some time and was waiting for you at Simons; when we got them this morning they sent it on."

"I see; thanks." Eaton assured that if the conductor had seen anything he suspected no significance in what he saw, closed his curtains and buttoned them carefully. The conductor moved on. Eaton took a small English-Chinese pocket dictionary from his vest pocket and opened it under cover of the blanket; counting five words up from "thicket" he found "they"; five down from "knot" gave him "know"; six down from "youngster" was "you"; six down from "omniscient" was "one"; seven up from "issue" was "is"; and so continuing, he translated the words to:

"They know you. One is following. Leave train instantly."

Eaton, nervous and jerky, as he completed the first six words, laughed as he compiled the final three. "Leave train instantly!" The humor of that advice in his present situation, as he looked out the window at the solid bank of snow, appealed to him. A waiter from the dining car came back, announcing the first call for breakfast, and spurred him into action. Passengers from the Pullman at the rear passed Eaton's section for the diner. He heard Harriet Dorne's voice in some quiet conventional remark to the man who followed her. Eaton started at it; then he drew's swiftly and hurried into the deserted washroom and then on to breakfast.

Harriet Dorne was sitting facing the door at the second of the larger tables; opposite her, and with his back to Eaton, sat Donald Avery. A third place was laid beside the girl, as though they expected Dorne to join them; but they had begun their fruit without waiting. The girl glanced up as Eaton halted in the doorway; her blue eyes brightened with a look part friendliness, part purpose. "Oh, Mr. Eaton," she smiled, "wouldn't you like to sit with us? I don't think Father is coming to breakfast now; and if he does, of course there's still room."

She pulled back the chair beside her enticingly; and Eaton accepted it. "Good morning, Mr. Avery," he said to Miss Dorne's companion formally as he sat down, and the man across the table murmured something perforce.

As Eaton ordered his breakfast, he appreciated for the first time that his coming had interrupted a conversation—or rather a sort of monologue of complaint on the part of Standish addressed impersonally to Avery.

They engaged in conversation as they breakfasted—a conversation in which Avery took almost no part, though Miss Dorne tried openly to draw him in; then the sudden entrance of Connery, followed closely by a stout, brusque man who belonged to the rear Pullman, took Eaton's attention and hers.

"Which is him?" the man with Connery demanded loudly.

Connery checked him, but pointed at the same time to Eaton.

"That's him, is it?" the other man said. "Then go ahead."

Eaton observed that Avery, who had

turned in his seat, was watching this diversion on the part of the conductor with interest. Connery stopped beside Eaton's seat.

"You took a telegram for Lawrence Hillward this morning," he asserted.

"Yes."
"Why?"

"Because it was mine, or meant for me, as I said at the time. My name is Eaton; but Mr. Hillward expected to make this trip with me."

The stout man with the conductor forced himself forward.

"That's pretty good, but not quite good enough!" he charged. "Conductor, get that telegram for me!"

Eaton got up, controlling himself under the insult of the other's manner.

"What business is it of yours?" he demanded.

"What business? Why, only that I'm Lawrence Hillward—that's all, my friend! What are you up to, anyway? Lawrence Hillward traveling with you! I never set eyes on you until I saw you on this train; and you take my telegram!" The charge was made loudly and distinctly; every one in the dining car—Eaton could not see every one, but he knew it was so—had put down fork or cup or spoon and was staring at him. "What did



"Mr. Eaton," she smiled, "Wouldn't You Like to Sit With Us?"

you do it for? What did you want with it?" the stout man blared on. "Did you think I wasn't on the train? What?"

Eaton felt he was paling as he faced the blustering smaller man. He realized that the passengers he could see—those at the smaller tables—already had judged his explanation and found him wanting; the others unquestionably had done the same. Avery was gazing up at him with a sort of contented triumph.

"The telegram was for me, Conductor!" he repeated.

"Get that telegram, Conductor!" the stout man demanded again.

"I suppose," Connery suggested, "you have letters or a card or something, Mr. Eaton, to show your relationship to Lawrence Hillward."

"No, I have not."

Connery gazed from one claimant to the other. "Will you give this gentleman the telegram?" he asked Eaton. "I will not."

"Then I shall furnish him another copy; it was received here on the train by our express clerk as the operator. I'll go forward and get him another copy."

"That's for you to decide," Eaton said; and as though the matter was closed for him, he resumed his seat. He was aware that, throughout the car the passengers were watching him curiously.

"Are you ready to go back to our car now, Harriet?" Avery inquired when she had finished her breakfast, though Eaton was not yet through.

"Surely there's no hurry about anything today," the girl returned. They waited until Eaton had finished.

"Shall we all go back to the observation car and see if there's a walk down the track or whether it's snowed over?" she said impartially to the two. They went through the Pullmans together.

The first Pullman contained four or five passengers; the next, in which Eaton had his berth, was still empty as they passed through. The next Pullman also, at first glance, seemed to have been deserted in favor of the diner forward or of the club-car farther back. The porter had made up all the berths there also, except one; but someone was still sleeping behind the curtains of Section Three, for a man's hand hung over the aisle. It was a gentleman's hand, with long, well-formed fingers, sensitive and at the same time strong. That was the berth of Harriet Dorne's father; Eaton was the last of the three to pass, and so the others did not notice his start; but so strong was the fascination of the hand in the aisle that he turned back and gazed at it before going on into the last car. Some eight or ten passengers—men and women—were lounging in the easy-chairs of the observation room; a couple, ulstered and fur-capped, were standing on the platform gazing back from the train.

"No, No! Isn't this—isn't this Basil Santeoine?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Tip.

When the girl keeps on calling your attention to what a lovely ring the moon has, grab your hat and go home. —Richmond Times-Dispatch.


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