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Commencing Saturday, August 10th, 1895.

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Missing From The 6.54 Express.

A RAILWAY INSPECTOR'S STORY.

By JOHN T. PARTINGTON.

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It is to me always an interesting occupation to look through my old note-books, for there I find memoranda of a number of very remarkable occurrences and mysterious incidents, in the clearing up of which my duties as a district inspector in the traffic department of the London and Northwestern railway have caused me to take a not unimportant part. And my experience has not been by any means peculiar or exceptional, for many of my colleagues in various departments of the service could tell of equally extraordinary events with which, at one time or another, they have been called upon to deal while performing the duties assigned to them by the company. I have often thought how much surprised some of our passengers would be if they only knew of the romances and strange life-stories of which they have, as it were, unconsciously touched the fringe now and again as they have perambulated our stations or traveled by our trains.

A case of much interest to me at the time of its occurrence, and of which I still have in my house a highly prized memento, was that of the disappearance of Mrs. Fairholme's little boy, a few years ago, as he was traveling from Rhyll to Connah's Quay by the 6.54 express one evening in midwinter. The case began, so far as I was concerned, with a summons on the telephone. I was sitting in my office at Chester station one morning, writing a report upon the previous day's working, when the telephone communicating with the superintendent's clerk's office gave the call for attention.

I responded, and then received the message: "Mr. Waters wants to see Inspector Barnes at once."

Mr. Waters was the superintendent of the North Wales district, and a summons from him always called for immediate attention.

I hurried along the platform, ascending the stairs leading to the district office, and after the usual preliminary knock at the door of the superintendent's private room, opened it and entered.

A lady, apparently young, and with a graceful figure and strikingly handsome face, was sitting by Mr. Waters' desk; and a glance was sufficient to show me that she was in great distress of mind.

"Barnes," said Mr. Waters, "this lady's name is Mrs. Fairholme. She sent her little boy from Rhyll to Connah's Quay last night by the 6.54 express, but he has not arrived at his destination, and she can get no tidings of him. You had better leave any other work you have in hand, and find the boy. Mrs. Fairholme will give you particulars. I have explained to her that I am due at a meeting now, and cannot

stay to go into the case further myself. Let me know the result of your inquiries as soon as possible."

Mr. Waters shook hands with Mrs. Fairholme, at the same time uttering a few reassuring words, and left the office; and I then turned to the lady and said: "Will you be good enough to tell me, madam, all the circumstances in connection with the disappearance of your son?"

"They are briefly these," she began. "I live at Walsall, but have been staying for a few days with my sister at Rhyll, and have had with me my two children—a boy of nearly 6 years of age, and a girl of 3. For a day or two my little girl has been somewhat unwell, and yesterday I thought I detected symptoms of scarlet fever."

"The doctor was uncertain about it, but said he would be able to tell what the ailment was during the day. I was terribly upset, and was anxious to get my boy away from the risk of infection. I have no friends at Rhyll except my sister, and at first did not know what to do. I then remembered that a faithful nurse of my mother's, who married a Welshman named Edwards some years ago, lived at Connah's Quay, and I telegraphed to her, asking if she would take charge of my boy for a few days. She replied at once, readily agreeing to do so, and I had then to decide how to get him there. I went down to the station about 3 o'clock, and at looking at the time bills, found that there was a train to Connah's Quay at 4.25 p. m., stopping at all stations, and another at 6.54 p. m., which did not stop till it got to Connah's Quay. I did not like to leave my little girl while she was so unwell, and for several reasons my sister could not go; and I therefore decided to send Frank (that is my boy's name) by himself by the 6.54 express. I thought that by choosing that train he would be quite safe, as I would see him away from Rhyll. There would be no stoppages on the way, and therefore no chance of his mistaking the station he was to get out at, or of his being molested by passengers entering the compartment at other stations; and Mrs. Edwards would meet him on arrival of the train at Connah's Quay station."

"To make quite sure that all was right I saw the station master, and he confirmed my reading of the bills, and said that my boy was sure to be all right if I sent him by that train. I telegraphed Mrs. Edwards again, telling her the train Frank would come by, and asking her to meet him; and she was kind enough to wire back saying she would do so."

"I took Frank down in good time for the train, which arrived punctually; and having taken a second-class ticket for him, looked for a compartment of that



It Was Necessary to Ask Some Questions.

class, but I could only find two. One was full of passengers, and the other was labeled 'Smoking,' and some noisy men were in it. I noticed a third-class compartment with two women in it, seated opposite each other close to the door; and as I was afraid the train would be going if I took up any more time by looking elsewhere, I thought I would place Frank in that compartment, and at once opened the door and lifted him in. I then noticed for the first time that there was a disreputable-looking man at the farther end of the compartment, and I was sorry that I had put Frank there; but it was too late to make any change, for the train was just starting. The porter closed the door, and I walked along by the side of the compartment as far as I could, throwing kisses to my boy, which he smilingly returned; and that is the

doubt they are doing all they can; but it was suggested to me that as my boy disappeared while traveling by train, I had better come to Chester and see Mr. Waters as soon as his office opened this morning, and ask his assistance in the matter, and that is what I have just done."

It was necessary for me to ask Mrs. Fairholme several questions before I could feel that I was in possession of all the necessary particulars. From her replies to my queries I gleaned the following further information:

Mrs. Edwards had seen the boy once or twice before, and would have no difficulty in recognizing him, although the boy might not so readily know her. The station master at Connah's Quay had confirmed Mrs. Edwards' statement that the boy did not alight there. He had delayed the train a minute or so to look for the boy in some of the compartments, but could not say whether inquiry had been made in the particular compartment in which the boy had been placed. The carriage in which the boy traveled was in the front part of the train, about the second or third from the engine. She was sure she could identify the man who was further end of the compartment. His face bore a coarse, brutal look, and was disfigured by an ugly scar which extended right across his left cheek. He was very dark, and had a bushy beard, but no mustache. One of the women in the compartment had a ruddy face and red hands, and the other was quite young, and wore a shade over one eye. Frank was considered a pretty child. He had golden hair, and was dressed in a little Lord Fauntleroy suit, covered by an overcoat of rough black cloth with brass buttons, and he wore a sailor cap. She had sent his luggage by the previous train, and it had been received by Mrs. Edwards in due course. She had given him a shilling to spend, and he also carried a small gold watch and a silver chain, which had been given to him a short time previously. The watch was old and not of great value, but Frank liked to wear it whenever he could, and she had, perhaps rather foolishly, consented to his taking it to Connah's Quay. Frank was rather proud of the watch, and might, in his childish way, have taken it out of his pocket to look at while in the train. It was the elder woman whom she spoke of about seeing that the boy got out at the next stopping station. She did not think she gave the name of the station. She had told the boy that he was to get out at the first station at which the train stopped, and look out for Mrs. Edwards, whom he was to call "nurse." She could not say whether the man and the woman were friends traveling together, or strangers to one another.

I had little doubt that I should find the train had stopped out of course at some station between Rhyll and Connah's Quay, and that the boy had alighted there in the belief that he had arrived at his destination.

I got a time-book and made notes of the timing of the train by which the boy had traveled. The train started from Bangor at 5.30 p. m., called at nearly all stations to Rhyll, and was timed from Rhyll to Chester as under:

Rhyll	depart	6:54
Prestatyn	pass	—
Hotwell	pass	—
Bagillt	pass	—
Flint	pass	—
Connah's Quay	depart	7:25
Queensferry	depart	7:30
Sandycroft	depart	7:35
Chester	arrive	7:50

"Met train, but Frank not arrived by it; will meet next. Mary Edwards."

"I don't remember anything very clearly for some time after reading the telegram," Mrs. Fairholme continued. "My sister tells me that I fainted and remained unconscious for a while, and when I came to myself the last train for Connah's Quay had gone. I could not rest, however, without making personal inquiries about my boy, and I therefore arranged with my sister that she should nurse my little girl; and I came to Chester by the 10 o'clock mail, and took a conveyance back from Chester to Connah's Quay, arriving at Mrs. Edwards' house about midnight, and finding our old nurse almost as much distressed as I was myself."

"Before leaving Rhyll I had communicated with the local police, and I did the same at Connah's Quay in the early hours of this morning, and no

Going to the trains office, I asked to see the guard's journal of the train for the previous day, and on examining it my conjectures as to a special stop were at once confirmed, for, clearly enough, there was a note on the journal stating that the train had "stopped



'Til Relieve You of Your Charge."

at Mostyn, by special instructions, to set down Sir Philip Sandford and party. The rest of the working had been exactly in accordance with the time-table. There was no passenger train to Mostyn till 11.45 a. m., but a fast goods train left at 10.20 a. m., and I decided to travel by that, and arranged for it to slacken at Mostyn to set me down. "Now, Hughes," I said to the station master, as soon as I arrived at Mostyn, "I shall be glad to relieve you of your little charge. I hope you haven't found him over-troublesome."

The station-master looked at me with some surprise. "I'm afraid you are trying to have a joke at my expense, Mr. Barnes," he said.

"Not at all," I replied. "I refer to the boy who got out of the 5.30 p. m. train from Bangor here last night by mistake. He ought to have gone on to Connah's Quay."

The station-master shook his head. "There's a blunder som-where," he said, "there was no boy got out here by mistake."

(To be Continued.)

RELICS OF THE NAPOLEON CRAZE.

A stout little boy having been presented to the Emperor, Napoleon took him on his knee. "Well, children," said he, "what are your names?" "Paul," said the boy, "and the other?" "I have no other," said the boy. "What? Only one name for both of you?" asked Napoleon. "I'm only one boy," returned the lad. "Why, you surprise me," said the Emperor, with a laugh; "you are so heavy I thought you were twins."

"I never really loved but one woman," said Bonaparte. "What?" cried Bourrienne, with a doubtful smile. "At one time," returned the Emperor.

"What is the matter, Bourrienne?" asked Napoleon of his secretary one morning; "you look blue." "I am blue, sire," returned Bourrienne; "I've written you up, and, as far as you've gone, you won't make more than one volume." "Well, fix that," said the Emperor, quickly; "I'll invade Russia. That will provide you with two more chapters, anyhow." And he did.—Basar.

PULL HIS TONGUE.

Dr. Laborde, a Parisian Savant, Claims That That is the Best Way to Resuscitate a Dying Man.

From the Times-Herald.

The Hellman horror, through which six human lives were lost, is too fresh in the public mind to need a recounting. An entire family, father, mother and four children, was killed by asphyxiation. Not one was saved! This is the particularly sad feature of the terrible tragedy, which would make any thoughtful man exclaim, "What was done to resuscitate these unfortunates?" The answer is, "Nothing!"

In the excitement attendant upon the discovery of the lifeless bodies, nobody thought of resorting to means to recall the apparently extinct spark of life. The report of the calamity, after describing in what positions the victims were found, "looking, except the father, as if they were enjoying a peaceful slumber, from which they could be awakened," ended by simply stating that "it was evident that life had been extinct for some hours, and any effort of resuscitation would have been fruitless."

The subject of resuscitating persons from asphyxiation, whether it be through drowning or otherwise, is just now receiving considerable attention from the faculty of the Paris Medical Academy. A number of the experts expressed their opinions that a large percentage of people who have apparently suffered death from suffocation might have been recalled to life by patient and scientific treatment.

Advocates Tongue Pulling.

It remained for Dr. Laborde to startle the learned body by his decidedly novel way of treating cases of suffocation. His bizarre method seemed both to amuse and frighten the assembled doctors. Dr. Laborde insists that the most effective and, as far as he has found, successful way of resuscitation is obtained by the rhythmical pulling of the tongue of the person suffocated. The modus operandi, he explains, is simple. The victim is laid on the ground, table, floor or any sufficiently large flat surface. (Most people dead, or apparently so, have their jaws firmly set. The mouth is forced open as wide as possible and kept in that position. The doctor or other operator seizes the tongue to pull it out to its full length toward himself with a steady but strong motion. This must be kept up at the rate of fifteen or twenty pulls an hour. The tongue is very liable to slip through the fingers, and this must be carefully prevented. Dr. Laborde advises the person performing this operation to wrap a handkerchief around his hand, by which means he will secure a very firm hold on the tongue. "There needs be no pulling too vigorously," he says, "so long as it is done with the regularity of clock work, this being imperative to insure success. Care must also be taken that the operator always pulls the tongue toward himself, thus getting all the muscles in play which would be prevented if the pulling was done sideways. If possible it is beneficial for the person who is being resuscitated to have somebody vigorously rub both the chest and the lower extremities."

How the Idea Came to Him.

Dr. Laborde says that the idea of this process suggested itself to him while trying some laboratory experiments. He had noticed that animals asphyxi-

ated by means of chloroform, for the purpose of vivisection, were strangely sensitive when their tongue was pulled out. They became restive and showed other signs of returning consciousness. This set Dr. Laborde to experimenting. He pulled the tongue a number of times and invariably caused the animals to break into a loud hiccough, first rather passive, but soon becoming spontaneous.

The doctor claims that he has made almost innumerable experiments with dogs, which he has suffocated and which to all appearances were dead. He feels confident through the success he has had that this method of pulling the tongue is invaluable. In one case he mentions a man who had been given up by everybody as dead through the inhalation of noxious fumes. Dr. Laborde happened to pass the house, was called in, and succeeded, after working less than two hours, in bringing the man back to life.

This method has met with the strong approval of leading medical men, and may be used not only in cases where suffocation from drowning or the inhalation of noxious fumes has occurred, but Dr. Laborde says it is as effective in cases of strangulation, lockjaw and similar afflictions. One man who, by accident, swallowed the contents of a bottle of bromide, and with who respiration had entirely ceased, was brought back to life and completely cured by having his tongue pulled in this fashion.

THE BUSINESS MAN'S LUNCH.

Hard Work and Indigestion go Hand in Hand.

Concentrated thought, continued in, robs the stomach of necessary blood, and this is also true of hard physical labor.

When a five horse-power engine is made to do ten horse-power work something will go wrong. Very often the hard-worked man coming from the field or the office will "bolt" his food in a few minutes which will take hours to digest. These too many foods are about as useful in the stomach as a keg of nails would be in a fire under a boiler. The ill-used stomach refuses to do its work without the proper stimulus which it gets from the blood and nerves. The nerves are weak and "ready to break," because they do not get the nourishment they require from the blood, finally the ill-used brain is morbidly wide awake when the overworked man attempts to find rest in bed.

The application of common sense in the treatment of the stomach and the whole system brings to the busy man the full enjoyment of life and healthy digestion when he takes Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets to relieve a bilious stomach or after a too hearty meal, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to purify, enrich and vitalize the blood. The "Pellets" are tiny sugar-coated pills made of highly concentrated vegetable ingredients which relieve the stomach of all offending matters early and thoroughly. They need only be taken for a short time to cure the biliousness, constipation and slothfulness, or torpor, of the liver; then the "Medical Discovery" should be taken in teaspoonful doses to increase the blood and enrich it. It has a peculiar effect upon the living membranes of the stomach and bowels, toning up and strengthening them for all time. The whole system feels the effect of the pure blood coursing through the body and the nerves are vitalized and strengthened, not debilitated, or put to sleep, as the so-called celery compounds and nerve mixtures do—but refreshed and fed on the food they need for health. If you suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia, nervousness, and any of the ills which come from impure blood and disordered stomach, you can cure yourself with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery which can be obtained at any drug store in the country.