## STATION 347 + 57.6.

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By WALCOTT LECLEAR BEARD, Author of "Spees," "The Martyrdom of John the Baptist," "Bisnaga's Madeleine," etc.

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Standing on a little bald excrescence of a hill, young Powers, the assistant-engineer-in-charge, waited for his men. Powers was hot and dry and hangry. No food, however, was to be had until the corps should have come up, and though the men were working toward the long red and white pole that Powers had stuck into the summit of the hill, as men do work when their overdue dinger is at the end of their labors, some time must clupse before they could reach the knoll. This made Powers cross, as well. To the north and south, as far as the eye could reach, and a thousand milest further, stretched the yellow desert of southern Arizona, split into halves by the green valley of the Cila, The en-gineer looked wearily over the dismal He turned to a cottonwood tree to which his horse was tied, leisurely slackened the saddle girths, and then

He could hear that the sounds of the working men, which drifted faintly through the hot, still air, grew plainer as the party neared him. Once they stopped for a minute, and Powers hear l the sharp report of a pistol that roused in him, for an instant, a languid inter est. It was not repeated. Probably it was only one of the boys shooting at a jack-rabbit, or a coyate, or something the big head chaluman, toiled up the steep little rise, the chain clanking be hind him, as he dragged it over the gione of the billside.

sat down in the shade.

Take off the plus, will you?" he shouted to his mate on the other end of the chain.

Three four seven plus five seven point gix," came in a monotonous drawl from where the rear chainman was concealed

"Three four seven plus five sever point six," repeated Carter, "Got it?" The engineer nodded as he entered the figures in his note book. "Say," Carter went on, "you know that horse-thief what swiped them bronch's of Une George Marden's, don't you? Him that the boys is out chasin'. "Haven't the pleasure," murmured

Powers, wearily, "I don't mean that way-Lord, no" eried the literal Carter. "But you know

there was a thief." "I know that Marden lost some horses or said he did. There hasn't been any thing else talked about in the camp

since they were missed. I'm sick of it.' "He's more sick of it when they betch him, then," responded Carter. I'm sayin' is-" he interrupted himself in order to bull out the rod from where it stuck in the ground. Then he marked a stake to drive in its place.

'You were about to say-?" suggested Powers, mildly.

"Yes. What I'm sayin' is that I shouldn't wonder if that thief wasn't camped 'roun' here somew'ers. I comalong o' two horses back there a ways. One had croaked for sure, and the other was just about makin' up his min' ter quit, so I helped him out. Likely you heard me shoot.

I did. But what makes you think that the thief's camped about here?"
"Them horses. They was picketed: that makes it sure that somebody's here where nobody wouldn't have to call to be, if ther business was on the dead, an' them bein' so killed up makes it seem prob'le that - here comes the

The big six horse wagon crashed through the chapparal, bearing the transit party and the food. A Mexican brush-cutter, his machete sheathed by his side, and several axmen followed it The seven horses were quickly unbridled and fed. Throughout the place there was a pleasant stir of preparation. Carter went to the wagon and lifted out the two big boxes of food, with three five gation canteens piled on top of them. Powers watched him admiringly Though neither small nor weak, he could not have begun to do that. Then the stir settled to slience, as the men devoted themselves to the fool before

"I seen Red Willis an' Cappy Lee early this forenoon," said the back flagman, at last, speaking with his mouth full. "They was shovin' fer keeps a cross the lower ford, hot foot after that they hawse thief. The rest or the poss comin' down above, an' they think they've got him ketched between 'em. Can't be much good in his business stayin' right around' here. Don't seem to have no savvy, somehow,'

"What am I tellin' you?" asked Car ter, triumphantly, of the engineer, "He's camped roun' here an' he stays here Them dead hosses was his; so he swipe them what belongs to Unc' George to make up his team. What's the matter with us takin' a hand, after dinner an -Good Lord, what's that?"

On the edge of the weedy thicket in front of him, there stood two children The elder, a girl of seven or eight years. held the hand of a boy, just old enough to walk alone. The men stared in genuine amazement, turning around as they sat, or dodging forward, in order to get a view unobstructed by the heads of their neighbors. For a moment, see ing the sensation caused by their ad vent, the children held bashfully back, giving time for the men to notice that the visitors were white children, and of a kind seldom found on the frontier, They were shoes and stockings, and their clothing was of good quality and clean. Though the face of the boy was dirty, it was as boy's faces generally

are; the dirt was evidently of a late deposit, and in itself was indicative of recent washing. With many invitations made as seductive as was possible for the rough men who offered them, the children were enticed over to where the engineer corps was sitting. The small maiden scanned the faces before he with deliberation and great gravity ther walked around the circle of men to the big chairman and seated herself at

ence fell on thegroup. "What do they like to eat?" somebody asked. The Black Flag suggested jelly Bread and butter was necessary as a foundation, the transitman said; otherwise, it would make them ill.

his side. No one knew just how to open

a conversation, and an embarrasse 1 st.-

The engineer said that it would make them ill anyhow. That was why they ate it; it was so bad for them.

As he spoke, he passed the suggested articles of food to Carter who seemed by tacit understanding to be the official host, and two thick slices of bread, wellspread with butterine and piled bigh

an't other kid was safe over here with us, an' sas said she knowed it, an' don't let 'em bother us, an' sen' 'em back soon, '1 hope you the way she talked meant; 'You min' ver own business.' She was polite, though-dead polite. She wasn't like none er the women you'll fin' aroun here. But I couldn't say no more, somehow-it was all in the way she talked. But this ain't no place for her. Her camp's seen the kettle bottom, an' they hadn't no sort of a proper outfit to start on. I reckon you'd better go 'n' try, Mr. Powers. Tell her any good lie you c'n think of. Them kids and her, they can't

Powers rose reluctantly. "We can't take the women by force," he said, dusting off his riding breeches. "I suppose you're satisfied now that your other notion was off, aren't you?" "Quien sabe?" responded Carter. "But.

all the same, they oughter not sty here." Fowers shrugged his shoulders and departed, following the line of bent weeds that indicated the course pursued by the chainman. The camp was much closer than he had supposed; he came upon it almost immediately. It was rather a comfortless little camp-one that told plainly of inexperienced hands Its equipment was all new and, expensive and unsuitable. In the shadow of the badly pitched tent sat Nan's mother, At first she did not hear Power's approach, and her back, as she sat, was the gown that covered it was both well six. fitting and well made. Then she heard though pinched and worn, was young and pretty.

Powers advanced a few steps and man. with the canned jelly, were placed in paused. The woman looked at him with



"HAS ANYTHING HAPPENED?" SHE ASKED.

the hands of the children. The boy at ] an air of well-bred surprise; as a lady, once began to eat his slice, leaving, as into whose house some one had forced ne did so, most of the jelly on the outdde of his face. The girl held hers untouched. Again an awkward pause fell on the company. It was broken, at last,

'What's your name?" she asked Carter. Carter answered promptly and in full, as though he were being examined really, you ought not to stay here." y a luwyer, "What's yourn?" he inquired, in re-

'Nan," she replied. Then she looked Carter carefully over and remarked

The men laughed. Nan regarded them with looks grave displeasure. Carter flushed crimson under his tan, and the men laughed more than ever. To cover Nan why she didn't eat her brend and | can't help but find it," urged the en-

jelly. Didn't she like it? Yes, Nan liked bread and jelly—mor specially jelly-very much indeed. But she could divide it with her mother. On being assured that her mother would also be supplied with as much jelly as she might core for, Nan's attention at once became absorbed in the piece that she held.

"Where is your mother, Nan?" asked Nan was too busy to speak, but she

made a motion with her head toward the direction from which she had come "An' yer pa, is he there, too?" inquired larter.

Nan shook her head. She could not answer more fully just then, but, as soon as articulate speech was possible, the said that her father had gone away, but was soon coming back. When did he go? It was yesterday, the day before estenday. Nan's friends puzzled over this chronological statement for some ime. Finally Carter said:

"I figger it out that she meant about three days gone. Jus' about three days. As he spoke, he looked narrowly at the ngineer. Powers could see how the chaluman's mind was running. It was three days since the horses had been "You are wrong," said Powers in

Spanish, in order that the child might not understand. "Horse thieves do not travel about with their wives. Neither o they have children like these chil-

"Quien sabe?" replied the redman "Anyhow this ain't no place for a wo-man alone with two kids. She oughter be at the big camp. Kecken I'll go over an' see 'f I can't be some good." Powers looked uncertain as Carter left his place and forced his way through the undergrowth that concealed the camp of the children's mother. In a few minutes he returned, looking puzzled.

"I couldn't say nothin' to 'er that was worth sayin'," he said, in a low tone, to the engineer. "I told her that Nan

a way, might regard the intruder. Powers lifted his hat.

"I beg your pardon," he began, awkwardly, "Your little daughter came over to us fust now and said that you were alone in the camp here. It isn't safe.

"You're very kind," sim rejoined, coldly, "but my husband is away, and expects to find us here on his return. We

At one side of the little clearing, out f the woman's sight, the men, who had followed Powers, were standing in the edge of the brush. Carter held Nan, perched on his shoulder.

"You can leave a note for your hushis embarrassment the chainman asked band, pinned to that tree, where he gineer, "We'll take all the things you vant up to the home camp, and you'll e quite safe there. All manner of things she was keeping it, she explained, until | might happen, if it was known that you were here alone, and it must beome known, sooner or later. Your husband has been detained, somehow, Why, it may be days before he comes back.

Weeks, possibly, The woman looked troubled, "He should have been back before this," she said, doubtfully. "When he went away he said that he would only be gone one day, or two at most. It's four days now. Our horses got ill, and one

I them died, and he went to get others." There was a stir among the men; they looked at each other and shook their heads. Carter lifted Nan in his arms. Even Powers now had little doubt that Nan's father and the horse thief were the same, therefore he redoubled the urgency of his plea. Something in his face must have showed that all was not right. Wriggling to the ground, Nan ran to her mother, who rested one hand on the child's shoulder. A twig snapped



TEIS AINT NO TIME TO TALK, SAID HE.

under the foot of the transitman; the voman heard it and turned. She saw the men looking at her with curiosity or pity. Again she turned her eyes on Powers, who flushed under her gaze. "Has anything happened?" she ask-

ed. "Do you know anything that has happened to him? Tell me, quick! Is anything wrong?" The hand that rested on Nan's shoulder clinched and opened convulsively as she was speaking. Powers, confused, hesitated for a moment, then shook his head. "No. I know nothing about him," he

answered. Her mouth twitched in spite of her attempts to control it. Suddenly she broke down under the strain. Covering her face with her hands, she sank on

the camp stool from which she had just

risen, and began to cry hysterically.

"They've taken him," she gasped be tween her sobs. "They must have taken him. You know they have, and you won't teil me. That's why you look at me so. If they haven't taken him, why isn't he here? And we came so far." Powers stood helpless and embarrass ed. There was a little murmur of sympathy from the men, but one of the

axmen remarked audibly: "Sure, it's none so far they've come, She seems to be on to the whole-" He never got further with his speech, for Carter prodded him into silence. Pow- impure blood.

ers violently fanned himself with his in drawing in the University of Upsala

I don't know anything about your hus-band, one way or another," he said, as Haartman, removed to St. Petersburg, the paroxysm were itself partially out, and the woman became somewhat more | wealth and his sons followed him to calm. "I haven't heard of his being the Russian capital. The Nobels were taken-never heard that there was such | all scientificially bent and Oscar Emil a man, until now. At all events, no one had taken anybody, when we left the camp this morning. Is his accuser around here anywhere?"

She was still crying, and her answer seemed, half mechanical. "No. Back in —, where we came from. They said he took money that belonged to the firm. But he didn't-oh, he didn't!" Nan was crying, too, her face hidden in her mother's skirts. Stepping forward, Carter touched her gently, but Nan wiggled her shoulder in a way that indicated a desire to be left alone. The men had gradually drawn nearer, making a ring around the woman and Powers.

Suddenly the Mexican brush-cutter sprang away from the group, and appeared to listen intently.

"What's wrong?" asked Powers.
"Escuche -e--ca!" screamed the Mex-

can, motioning for silence. From the direction of the home camp, four miles away, came the faintly shrill blast of a steam whistle. Another blast followed it, and still another. Then there was a pause, and the whistle began again. The engineer counted each toward him. It was a back utterly out distant scream as it floated down the of keeping with its surroundings, Also, Tiver valley-"one, two, three, four five,

As though the last were a command, him, and, rising, turned. Her face, the men scattered, plunging through the undergrowth to the noenday camp they had just left. Mowers turned to the wo-

"There's no time to waste; you must come with us, and come now. There's danger of some kind-I don't know what. That was the signal—that whistle. Come!" The woman hesitated. There was a shimmering crash over the nigh, black cliffs on their east, followed by a blow, crashing roar.

"The Wolfeley's gone out—the damand the water's coming down," con-tinued Powers, sharply, "Down on us. Come away; do you hear?"

Confused by the sudden alarm, the woman looked about her helplessly. Carter came crashing through the "This ain't no time to talk." said he, and picking up the woman, who still held Nan in her arms, he ran quickly back with his double burden. TO BE CONCLUDED.

## HIS MILLIONS FOR HUMANITY.

Concluded from Page 9.)

Its beneficence. Every year an immens sum, which will exceed \$2,000,000, will be divided among the five persons who have done most for the advancement of humanity in the preceding twelvemonth. With one sweep the great-hearted Scandinavian takes in everyoody from the grime-stained apprentice in the shop to the highest literary genius upon earth. Thus Sweden, first in education, has borne the first fruit of the Lest intellectual and moral growth among the nations of the world.

Mr. Nobel's funeral took place in Stockholm on Dec. 29. The ceremonies were impressive, but were marked by one feature which is a source of regret to the people of Sweden. No member of the royal family graced the occasion with his presence. In the future, when kings will be looked upon as an interesting phase of the progress of society from the semi-civilized to the civilized state, the name of Alfred Nobel will be greater than that of any monarch from Alexander down to the last perished example of the kind. It has been hinted broadly in Stockholm by progressive citizens that King Oscar would have been the individual honored had be forgot that sometimes even a man in trade may be greater than a king! But Mr. Nobel was not one who sought royal favor. No Swede did his country the service that Nobel did it while he fived. King Oscar distantly recognized these services by decorating him with the order of the North Star, a decoration the millionaire cared n more for during his life than he cared for King Oscar's absence at his fu neral. The king's course has not made him more liked by the people.

America has a public benefactor in the person of its great oil magnate whose fame in founding universities is not unknown to European educators It is an odd coincidence that Europe's greatest benefactor reared the colossal fortune which he has just bequeathed to humanity largely by his interests in the product and refinement of the coaoil. A glance at his fortunes and those of his brothers will, hence, not be uninteresting to Americans.

Alfred Nobel and his three brothers. Robert, Ludwig and Oscar Emil, were the sons of Emanuel Nobel, a shipbuilder of Sweden. The family was always of the common place. It came down from Olaf Nobellus, an instructor



A well selected text is half of the serthon. Given a good text and a preacher who is in earnest, and the result is sure to be good. The text of this article is a plain simple statement that proves itself in the reader's own mind without argument. The text is "Good health is bet-

ter than great riches."
Without health nothing really matters very much. A hacking cough takes all the beauty out of a landscape or a sunset, Erysipelas or eczema will spoil the enjoyment of sprightly conversation, of a be tiful concert, of a wonderful painting. The biggest bank account in the world won't pay a man for his health, but a very small amount of money will make him healthy and keep him healthy.

Most all bodily troubles start in the

digestive or respiratory organs. here that improper living first makes an opening for disease. The development differs as constitutions and temperaments differ. The causes are almost identical, To get at the root of the matter is simple nough if you start right. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

is a medicine for the whole body. It works through the digestive organs on

It cures the first thing it comes to and after that, the next. It puts health in place of disease in the stomach, and from the vantage ground thus gained, it reaches every fiber of the body and drives disease before it — indigestion, liver troubles, kidney complaint, biliousness, skin and scalp diseases, salt-rheum, tetter, eczema, and all the troubles caused by

in the reign of Gustavus III. Alfred I hope you'll believe me when I say was born in 1823. In 1827 his father, at where he soon acquired success and fell a martyr to his experiments in explosive. In Russia the father found a splendid chance for furthering his interests in the oil fields of the czar's great dominions. Robert took charge of this branch of the industries with which the family was concerned. The Nobels erected immense factories, and extending the distribution of the refined product through pipe lines and rail ways supplied all Europe with their commodity. They employed an army of more than 10,000 men in their works No one familiar with the history of off will forget their memorable fight with the Rothschilds and the Standard Oil company of America. The second son Ludwig, was in charge of the Russian industries when the father died at th family country sent in Sweden in 1888

> By this time the family had made its famous discoveries in the line of ex-plosives. Alfred had worked by his father's side in the laboratory, and now followed in quick succession the dis-coveries of dynamite, Nobel's explolive oil, and all of the great nitrogenous compounds used by men in the present day. According to an authority there are two kinds of modern explosives, the "Nobelites" and the "Abelites," the latter so called for the Eng lishman Able. But they are all founded on the experiments of the Nobels Smokeless powder is one of this ingenious family's discoveries. An important branch of their numerous industries was that of the manufacture of ordnance located in Sweden and in Russia, employing thousands of men Perhaps this fact explains the late Mr. Nobel's desire for the disarmament of the armies of Europe!

In every European country are to be found the enterprises of this moted family. Alfred Nobel was just with the thousands of workmen he employed and all of them loved him. He was an easy master. Simple in his tastes and unostentatious in his manner of living he was never heard of at the royal court, which may, indeed, be regarded as being to his credit. Immense wealth had no foundation in stock speculation, but was the result of direct and honest methods of dealing with his fellow men, who now more than ever, will realize the benefits that naturally flow from his gen

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WASHINGTON. '

tion and two days' accommo best Washington hotels, \$14.50 from York, and \$11.50 from Philadelphia.

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