



AT THE THREE-MILE BRIDGE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)
"Is he one of the distresses you were suffered from, and would rather now be free from?" one asks, in a general kind of way.

"Certainly not, I liked him very well, I liked him very well, indeed. But if he comes back now, it will be with a difference. Things have not altered somewhat—don't you feel that? This hardly means the same boat that used to lose itself in the middle of the Thames, with everybody trying different kinds of poles. Don't it feel long time since then? I believe it was the tunnels did it."

"Why, since we came through those tunnels we seem to have come into another world altogether. Everything is different—the landscape is different—'Are the people different?'"
"Are the people different?" she says, reflectively; "but I seem to feel a different kind of atmosphere around us somehow. Don't you think it will sound odd to hear Mr. Duncombe, if he comes back, talking about the theaters and comedies and magazine articles?"

"But don't you want to hear what has been going on in town, what new books are being talked about, what new plays?"
"Miss Peggy lifts her eyes for a moment. 'Don't you think,' she says, with a little hesitation, 'that it is interesting in rather small things? To write comic pieces for a theater—that isn't a great ambition, is it?'"

"Oh, yes. You laugh at the moment and forget. But these are not the things that remain in the mind. Sometimes I almost wish that Col. Cameron had not returned from day to day, Gordon of Brackley; if I happen to be awake at night it comes into my head, I seem to hear the very tones he used, and it makes me doze. It is so interesting to hear of your adventures. Col. Cameron to write out that ballad for me."

"Dar! That is an odd kind of word. 'Will you ask him for me?'"
"Certainly not. Ask him for yourself. Do you think he will bite?"
"Ah, why is he called 'colonel?'" she demands, with unreasoning petulance. "Why isn't he a major, or captain, or general—I wouldn't mind what it was, but I would like to hear of it."

"You are a little too familiar with the title on your side of the water," she says, instantly. "No, you don't. I can see you are a little too familiar with the title on your side of the water."

very unfastidious. But come along, Peggy, and we will get some things done; for no one knows how the time passes when you begin to smoke."
"They don't seem to know, anyway; that is their good fortune," remarked Miss Peggy; and forthwith these two disappeared.

"And very gay this little dinner party proved to be, when we all assembled in the small sitting room that Jack Duncombe had engaged; the table was bright and cheerful with flowers and wax candles; and the banquet a good deal more sumptuous than the modest repasts to which we were accustomed on board our boat. Perhaps, too, Queen Tita—if she were still cherishing certain dark designs—was pleased to observe that the young man's position as being a little more important, enabled him to display all his best points of manners. One could not help imagining that Miss Peggy was eyeing him a little critically, though surely that brief absence could not have transformed him into a stranger."

"How was it that he had been so long away?"
"Most perturbed and anxious frame of mind, should now on his return be in the best of moods?" He declared that the visitation had been a most opportune one; that if he had not reached him at that time, he would have come uninvited, and begged to be taken on board as a passenger, shifting for himself at night. So there was here no making up of any quarrel, or the removal of any misunderstanding, or anything of the kind; but he was just as if he had come once more among friends; and he was most anxious to please."

"After a rather festive evening, although Miss Peggy was without her banjo; for a little later on, when cigars had been lighted, Jack Duncombe, who had been educated in Germany, proposed to compound for a bowl of Maitrair, as appropriate to the season of the year; but Col. Cameron offering instead to brew some Scotch toddy, as a much wholesome mixture, Miss Peggy, who was not declared for the latter; and whiskey, hot water, sugar, lemon and the like, were forthwith sent for. We did not sit up all night, but we did not get to bed either; but it was a merry evening. And at the end of it, in her own room, Mrs. Threepenny-bit made these remarks: 'I guess it was sixty feet high, built on a sharp curve. It was a dangerous place for a bridge, and the railroad company always kept a man there at night to watch and signal the engineers that everything was all right.'"

"It used to frighten me just to stand at the door of Mr. Stuntz's shanty beside the track when the big trains flew by. You would think that they must surely jump the rails on the curve and rush right into you, or at least that the wind they raised would suck you in under the roaring wheels. But none of these things happened and the man who kept watch at the door never saw us or heard us at all."

"They're going to wreck the 2 o'clock express and we've got to stop 'em," said Duffey, his voice trembling. "This is where he made a little mistake. The robbers did not mean to wreck the train, but because it would have been very easy to flag it, just as if something were the matter with the bridge, and then rob the express car before the train crew really knew what was the matter."

"Now, we didn't know what time it was. They slipped under the fence again and were going to stop that train. So they felt that they had to fence that lined the right of way, crawled under it into the black woods and started toward town. It was so dark that you couldn't see your own hand, and we were nearly scared to death as we ran into trees and caught up with the train. It was a quarter of a mile of the woods and found that the railroad track had made a turn and that the shanty was out of sight."

out leaving a trace, except Mr. Stuntz, who was bound and gagged and knocked insensible with a coupling pin. They picked him up and put him on the baggage car. There was a doctor aboard, who soon had him fixed up in good shape. He wasn't very badly hurt."

"At the first station they telegraphed back to Janesville and a posse was sent after the robbers, but did not get them."

"So we didn't sleep outdoors after all that night. They carried us clear up to St. Paul on the sleeping car and treated us royally, too, and gave Duffey a whole new suit of clothes.—Chicago Record."

HE HAD PITCHED BALL
That was How the Slender Man Went to Teasdale.
They were making up opposing teams in one of the swager bowling clubs. Both of the captains were a little wary about choosing the tall, slender man whose hair was tinged with gray and whose outward appearance suggested a lack of physical stamina. He said nothing and quietly accepted a place with the eleven;—hour fellows, says the Detroit Free Press."

"When the first match came off, he did only fairly well, until he appeared as the last man on the last frame, and with 200 to beat. Enthusiastic members of the team now tell that when he let go of the first ball it left a streak of fire all the way down the alley. 'Pins were flying, the ball was kicked over and smashed and we could hear a body falling to the floor, and then we heard a strange voice say: 'The him up and gag the old cuss.' Then followed some muffled swearing."

"Were we scared? We were fairly well scared, but we stood on our feet and whole breezes ran up and down my spinal column. It was awful;—they might be murdering Mr. Stuntz. Somehow we didn't even once think of making an attack on the robbers. We just laid out from under that blasted fence and as quietly as we could, working our way, feet first, on our stomachs, down the hill. We would have been in a dreadful fix if one of us had started a stone to rolling or had snapped a twig. But none of these things happened and the man who kept watch at the door never saw us or heard us at all."

"Toothbrush Cause of Cancer.
"Can't see the lip," a physician stated the other day. "Can't see the lip," he said, "is a very easy to flag it, just as if something were the matter with the bridge, and then rob the express car before the train crew really knew what was the matter."

SERMON BY Rev. Dr. Caimage

Subject: The Best of All Books—The Bible's Divine Origin Upheld—Fulfilled Prophecies of the Old Testament Prove Its Inspiration.
(Copyright 1900.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In the great conflict now raging in Europe, as in this country, between Christianity and agnosticism, Dr. Caimage has taken a decided stand, and in this sermon declares his unwavering belief in the divine origin of the Scriptures; text, Matthew vii, 16, "Do men gather grapes of thorns?"

Not in this country. Not in any country. Thorns stick, thorns lacerate, but all the thorns put together never yielded one cluster of grapes or a single grape. Christ, who was the master of apt and pithy illustration, is thus setting forth what you and I well know, and cannot get that which is pleasant and healthful and good from that which is bad. If you had your own grapes, you would not have to eat that which is produced by a good grape, and get from a tangle of Canes and thistles. Now, do you think that the Holy Bible yields good fruit, healthful fruit, grand fruit, and good fruit, and will come to the conclusion it is a good Bible, and all the arguments of the skeptic are taken care of, and that it is a good book, will go overboard."

Do men gather grapes of thorns? Can a cluster of thorns ever produce a bunch of grapes? With great vehemence declare that the Bible is a cruel book. They read the story of the extermination of the Canaanites and of all the ancient wars and of the history of David and Joshua, and they come to the conclusion that the Bible is a book of laceration and manslaughter and that it is a book that will produce a cruel result."

You have friends who have been in the habit of reading the Bible a great many years. Have you noticed a tendency to become more and more kind and friendly and amiable and practical as you have read it? Have you noticed a tendency to become more kind and friendly and amiable and practical as you have read it? Have you noticed a tendency to become more kind and friendly and amiable and practical as you have read it?"

Next time all the others wore plasters, some as high as three. Judiciously distributed. They were practically in straitjackets; the team lost, and the old man vowed he would never joke again. He had worn no plaster at all, but he had pitched fourteen years in an amateur base-ball team."

Unscientific geologists try to pull away the corner stone of the Bible. They believe it. It cannot be there was light before the sun. It cannot be all this story about Adam. Every man has a Bible at the book of Genesis, and they have been pulling a great many of the corners of the book of Genesis. Standing just where it stood all the time. There is not a man on earth who has ever read it from the Bible."

And so the infidels have been trying to pull away the corner stone of the Bible. They believe it. It cannot be there was light before the sun. It cannot be all this story about Adam. Every man has a Bible at the book of Genesis, and they have been pulling a great many of the corners of the book of Genesis. Standing just where it stood all the time. There is not a man on earth who has ever read it from the Bible."