

THE MISSING FREIGHT.

BY HAROLD NAEMANSSON.

Rodney Graham was well thought of in Crescentville. His father, Nelson Graham, had run the general store there for many years, and was rated in "Dunn's" as "G. S. M. 3," which cabalistic letters established the Graham credit on a solid foundation throughout the United States, so that whenever a salesman happened to stop at Crescentville, he always made a call at Nelson Graham's.

Crescentville, Illinois, was a flourishing city of over 2000 inhabitants, and, of course, things were just rushing. The city contained two manufacturing plants, a brewery, a First National Bank of Crescentville, an Electric Light and Power Company, and a railroad depot. Also, various stores and small industries according to its needs. The railroad was a loop of the B. R. & C. S., the main line ten miles from Crescentville.

Nelson Graham, as the proprietor of the general store, was quite an influential citizen, and it was understood that his son, Rodney, was in a position to pick the profession of his choice. The law, medicine, art, music, poetry, stenography, bookkeeping, were all within his reach; he considered them all from different points of view (very differently from most people) and then deliberately chose the profession of stoking a freight engine. The masses of Crescentville resented his choice. They were surprised and displeased. They discussed it over tea tables, drug counters and saloon bars, and decided that Rodney, though smart, was born without ambition. For this reason they voted against Nelson Graham when he ran for mayor, and defeated him, which shows how the sins of the sons are visited upon their fathers.

Rodney Graham was peculiar in many ways. He came home to Crescentville once a week, and in his conversation frequently cursed the freight engine. Instead of having a consuming affection for it—as all well regulated stokers are supposed to have—he shamefully abused and (metaphorically) despitely used it. He said the boilers were bad—the brakes were no good—the engineer was crazy—and that were it not for his untiring zeal and sleepless watchfulness, fast freight Number Forty-Six of the great B. R. & C. S. R. R. would be continually jumping off the track and having to be lifted on again at great expense of life and money. He said that all stokers were excused from purgatory; but notwithstanding all the things he said he stuck to his job, and when his father solicited the votes of his fellow citizens for the honorable position of alderman, his fellow citizens elected some one else.

In addition to running the Crescentville general store, Nelson Graham was interested in the First National Bank of Crescentville. He had always deposited his receipts there, and as they had grown in volume he had invested what he could spare and was now vice-president of the bank. It was in the fall of the year that the freer silver agitation burst forth in all its virulence. The Democratic party would surely win the elections, and the value of the dollar would be cut in half. The farmers all around Crescentville wanted their money before the dollar depreciated. The Crescentville bank had money loaned out to a number of neighboring manufacturers on easy terms, and this money could not be called in. Therefore the Crescentville bank was in difficulties, and the farmers came up and besieged it.

If the bank suspended, Nelson Graham would go with it. If the bank pulled through, Nelson Graham would pull through. The bank wanted \$30,000 to meet the demands upon it, but no one knew where to get the money in time.

These were the circumstances when Rodney Graham departed from Crescentville one afternoon, to stoke fast freight Number Forty-Six, which he would join at St. Louis, stoking it to Chicago and back. The station agent was on the platform at Crescentville, and saw Rodney Graham get into the cab of the train which left Crescentville for St. Louis at a quarter before six. The freight agent at Mattoon saw Rodney Graham in the cab of Number Forty-Six when it stopped for water. It left Mattoon on time—passed Kalakoka on time. But it did not reach Dalabeke. It was signalled to Dalabeke, and the operator there waited for it, because after it had gone it was his intention to get his supper. Number Forty-Six was 15 minutes late; 30 minutes late; 45 minutes late; one hour late—clearly it must have met with some accident since it left Kalakoka.

The Dalabeke agent (Dimkins), wired Chicago that fast freight Number Forty-Six had met with an accident and was delayed. Then he arranged with some one to watch the depot, went home and took a hasty mouthful, collected two or three people and a doctor, and started up the track toward Kalakoka, a distance of about five miles.

The doctor's report of the adventure is as follows:—

"After ascertaining at the depot that no train of any kind had passed, I walked along the tracks to Kalakoka, expecting to discover the wreck of fast freight Number Forty-Six at any moment. To our great surprise, however, we saw no signs of the train anywhere, on account of which Dimkins said that Tompkins (the Kalakoka agent) must have been mistaken in signalling the train to Dalabeke.

"On arriving at Kalakoka we found the station deserted. We then went to Tompkins' house and found him in bed. On rousing him, he stated that fast freight Number Forty-Six most certainly passed through Kalakoka on time, and distinctly insinuated that, if Dimkins didn't see it pass through Dalabeke, Dimkins must have been the worse for something—perhaps liquor.

"Mr. Dimkins hotly resented this imputation, and the two men were fighting before we had an opportunity to interfere. The Kalakoka policeman unfortunately happened to be near, and rushing up, began clubbing us all, under the impression, I suppose, that we were an organization of bandits about to make a raid on the village. After an extended period of general misunderstanding, altercation and personal injury, the tumult was stilled, and we all returned to the depot. Here Dimkins wired St. Louis, only to be informed that fast freight Number Forty-Six had left that city on time and that nothing unusual had transpired.

"As nothing could be made of it we started back along the tracks to Dalabeke, where we arrived without incident of any kind. Part of the railroad ran through a wood which was fenced off by posts and barbed wire. The rest of the way the railroad ran through open prairie.

"It was ridiculous to suppose that a fast freight train could have utterly disappeared between Kalakoka and Dalabeke and the only probable hypothesis seemed to be that Tompkins was mistaken in some way in supposing that the train had passed Kalakoka."

Thus ends the doctor's narrative. The next morning it became evident that fast freight Number Forty-Six had in some way disappeared. Chicago, however, took it as a joke. The newspaper reporters went down to see Tompkins, who had seen the missing train pass Kalakoka. They plagues and exasperated him to such an extent that he resigned his position in disgust. A Chicago paper printed a funny article in regard to Tompkins, entitled, "The Freight That Didn't Materialize." The Federal Express company's representative called on the president of the B. R. & C. S. R. R. and was informed that freight Number Forty-Six had not yet left St. Louis. The Federal Express company's representative expressed his satisfaction and inquired when fast freight Number Forty-Six had not yet left St. Louis. The Federal Express company's representative expressed his satisfaction and inquired when fast freight Number Forty-Six would leave St. Louis, because she had \$50,000 in currency aboard, and the Federal Express company was anxious.

The president of the B. R. & C. S. R. R. answered that the \$50,000 was all right, and that the disquieting rumors were nonsense. Then he wired St. Louis that fast freight Number Forty-Six must be found at once. St. Louis replied that they would immediately put on a tracer, and thereafter maintained silence.

At Crescentville, Illinois, there were sensational doings. The bank had just managed to hold its own for the day by the method of taking an unprecedentedly long time over doing everything. When the hour for closing came there were certainly over 200 excited clients of the bank waiting their turn to withdraw their money, and these people camped in the street for the night, making all kinds of threats, and vowing all kinds of vengeance against everybody connected with the bank if they should not be paid promptly the next morning. The officers and employes of the bank stayed inside and did not venture out.

About 4 o'clock in the morning an extraordinary thing occurred. A posse of men rode into Crescentville, well armed and wearing masks. They rode straight to the bank, were admitted after a short parley, and did not come out again.

But at nine in the morning the bank opened its doors, and the run began anew with great desperation. Depositor after depositor was paid off until scarcely any were left, and the people stood around and talked about it. There seemed to be no end to the bank's resources, and at last a large and influential customer exclaimed—

"The bank is all right and we are a pack of fools. I am going to deposit my cash again!"

There was a murmur of approval, and then everybody began to laugh. Right after the influential man followed a long line of people desiring to re-deposit the money they had only just withdrawn. Such a day of business the Crescentville bank never had before, and it is not at all likely ever to have again. An enthusiastic meeting was held at the Masonic hall that evening, at which it was unanimously resolved to nominate Nelson Graham as next mayor of Crescentville.

In the meantime, the B. R. & C. S. R. R. people were still hunting for fast freight Number Forty-Six. They hunted for it in the train yard in and about St. Louis. Single cars had been lost in those yards in great profusion and never found again, but when a whole train could get lost like this it was evident that there must be carelessness somewhere. During the search a reporter discovered engine Number Forty-Six in a neglected looking roundhouse and promptly

wired the news to Chicago where the information was considered as quite important, although in what exact relation no official could say. It was quite possible, Number Forty-Six having been found, that Number Forty-Six might not be far off, unless it had accidentally plunged into the Mississippi, or strayed to Kansas City by means of a misplaced switch.

Dimkins of Dalabeke had accepted the explanation that the train could not have left St. Louis, and that Tompkins and others must have been mistaken. On the second night after the train was lost, Dimkins was quietly playing his usual game of checkers in the depot with a friend, Dimkins was in a terrible position where one wrong move would lose him the game, and he was intently studying the absorbing problem, when his friend said—

"What's that?" Dimkins paused on the brink of destruction and looked up aghast. He put his hand to his ear and—there was no doubt about it—he heard the slow puffing of an engine coming toward Dalabeke. Dimkins says he shall never forget the sensation.

"It's Forty-Six's schedule," said Dimkins, deliberately, "but it ain't Forty-Six." Therefore, speaking very slowly, "therefore, it must be Forty-Six's Ghost!"

Even as he spoke, the puffing of the engine grew nearer and nearer, and slower and slower, until at last it ceased entirely.

"She's gone!" whispered Dimkins in horror-stricken tones.

Then the sound of a yell came from somewhere. Dimkins got up and crept carefully along to the window, while his friend watched intently, as though he expected the ghost of fast freight Number Forty-Six to jump suddenly through the window at any moment. Then—

"Hallo!" said Dimkins. "Come here, Tom!"

"What fur?" demanded Tom, very doubtfully.

"It's Forty-Six!" said Dimkins. "Her light's a-burnin'!" repeats Tom, dogged and immovable.

But on few Dimkins, racing at top speed down the track toward the train. When he reached it there was no engineer, stoker, brakeman, nor any kind of living soul to be seen. But there was a fearful racket going on in the third box car.

"What's the matter there?" shouted Dimkins, from what he considered a safe distance.

"Break open the car and let us out!" responded a number of voices. "Get a rail and knock the lock off!"

"It's us!" shouted another voice, which Dimkins recognized at once as the voice of Rodney Graham, stoker.

So Dimkins followed directions, got a rail, broke the box car, and found the entire train crew laying on the floor of the car, bound hand and foot. Whether it was sheer bewilderment that caused it, or whether the subtle and pervasive odor of the box car was responsible, Dimkins says he doesn't know, but he says that altogether he felt so dazed that he hadn't the slightest recollection the next morning of the explanations that were hurled at him by the imprisoned men as to the cause of their extraordinary condition.

Fast freight Number Forty-Six puffed out of Dalabeke station en route to Chicago shortly afterwards, and was respectfully signalled, and notified, and switched, and a k'd through by operators. The train dispatcher, thinking he must have made a mistake, altered his schedule and said nothing.

The next morning the Federal Express company received their \$50,000, and they said nothing.

But a day or two afterwards the general manager of the B. R. & C. S. R. R. fished a memorandum out of some forsaken pigeon-hole and said—

"By the way, what has become of this freight Number Forty-Six?"

The clerk looked up the records and found that it was at St. Louis. "Where ought it to be?" demanded the general manager.

The clerk looked up more records and reported that St. Louis was where freight Number Forty-Six ought to be. So the general manager tore up his memorandum.

Critical persons may talk about the train's way bill and other railroad tape that is supposed to keep track of trains present or missing. In regard to this we have nothing to suggest, except that if one studies the records of some politicians there will appear many a hiatus irregularly filled in. We look askance, like good Samaritans, and pass by on the other side.

Dimkins sat in the depot, playing checkers with his friend, one night, when fast freight Number Forty-Six came thundering by.

Said Dimkins—"That's no ghost!"

Said Tom—"Queer go, that!"

"You may say that!" responded Dimkins.

"I've heard of ghosts' walks in my time," continued Tom, "but, you know, that was the first time I ever saw one."

"Ah!" murmured Dimkins, resting his finger on a checker.

"Right over behind the pond in Elijah Baker's wood," said Tom, "wast of the tracks, old Walker keeps a shooting box, and there's a lot of rails there and a switch."

THE REALM OF FASHION.

New York City.—No style of bodice is more generally becoming than the bolero in its many forms. The excellent May Manton design here illus-



LADIES' WAIST WITH BOLERO.

trated is adapted to many materials, but is never more effective than, as shown, in black taffeta with applique of Persian embroidery. The model from which the drawing was made is worn with a skirt of figured black silk and over a waist made of ready-tucked mousseline in cream white. The lining is white satin, but the revers are faced with black panne, which adds greatly to the effect. The high stock, which matches the waist, is finished with an applique of heavy cream lace. Pastel tinted taffetas are admirable and exceedingly attractive for garden party and informal evening wear, but the latest hint from Paris tells of taffeta enriched by embroidery into which gold and silver threads are introduced. The waist beneath may be of any contrasting material, but is most effective in such diaphanous filmy stuffs as chiffon, mousseline and Liberty gauze.

material thirty-two inches wide, or two and a quarter yards forty-four inches wide, with one-half yard of lining, will be required.

Autumn Fabrics Not New.

So far autumn fabrics are not distinctly new. Cashmere will number among the leading materials. Both plain and embroidered cashmires will be worn. Cloths will be as much in favor as usual, and the light weight variety the favorite. Silk canvas will be used extensively for simple frocks, especially in the autumn. Silks will be gorgeous. The Louis XV. and Louis XVI. brocades in beautiful tones and designs interwoven with silver and gold will reign supreme. The soft, becoming pannes will be in favor, as will also the liberty satin. The summer of lace will be closely followed by a winter of lace. In fact, lace will be so much in demand that it will be impossible to get certain desirable qualities.

Rainy-Day Washable Petticoats.

Ready-made washable petticoats for rainy day wear are shown at the remarkable prices of fifty-nine and sixty-nine cents. The material of which they are made is grass cloth, lawn, or seersucker, and they are trimmed with corded flounces or narrow ruffles of the same. The skirts are made adjustable to any size by drawstrings at the waist.

Terminate at the Waist Line.

The majority of the best corset covers terminate at the waist line, and their fronts are in surplice form. The high-necked or half-corset cover is no longer used by the best-dressed women.

The Favorite Garniture.

Black Chantilly appliques are the favorite garniture on filmy white costumes.

Skirt with Inverted Pleat in Back.

Skirts continue to be snug fitting about the hips, but are cut to flare at the feet and to allow all possible freedom. The smart May Manton model



GIRL'S BLOUSE SUIT.

To cut this bolero for a lady of medium size three yards of material twenty-one inches wide, or one and three-eighths yards fifty inches wide, with one and three-quarter yards of tucking eighteen inches wide for the waist, and one and a half yards of lining, will be required.

Ideal Costume For School.

The comfortable, serviceable blouse suit is always in demand. It makes the ideal costume for school wear and for the hours of play. During the warm months it has been popular made from khaki cloth, linen and duck, but as cool weather approaches serge and light-weight flannel will be in demand. The smart May Manton design illustrated in the large drawing is suited to all the materials mentioned, but the model is made from linen in two shades of red, the trimming being the darker and banded with white braid.

The skirt is full and straight, gathered and joined to a fitted waist that is quite separate from the blouse. The waist is in two pieces, and closes at the centre back. The fitting is accomplished by means of single darts and under-arm seams, but the darts can be omitted when the figure makes it desirable. The plastron is faced onto the fitted waist, and the collar sewed fast to the neck. The blouse is separate and fitted with shoulder and under-arm seams out. The sailor collar is seamed to the neck, and the blouse closes at the centre front, the fullness at the waist being arranged in gathers. The sleeves are one-seamed, gathered at shoulders and wrists and are finished with deep wristbands or cuffs. With the gown is worn a regulation sailor hat.

To cut this suit for a girl of eight years of age three and a half yards of

shown is equally adapted to the heavy linens, ducks and piques of warm weather wear, and to the woolen stuffs that will be in demand before many weeks. As illustrated the material is veiling in chartreuse green and can be worn as part of the costume or with odd waists as occasion demands. It is cut in three pieces, the shapely front gore, and the two circular portions. The inverted pleats at the foot of the front gore actually extend to the seam only, but as the seam is stitched down flat the effect is that of the stitched pleat without the burden of its weight. The fullness at the back is also arranged in an inverted pleat, so carrying out the symmetry of the design. The skirt can be made long for indoor use, or short, to clear the ground, for the street, as preferred.

To cut this skirt for a lady of medium size seven yards of material



LADIES' THREE PIECE SKIRT.

thirty-two inches wide, four and one-half yard, forty-four inches wide, or four and one-quarter yards fifty inches wide, will be required.

Created a New Industry.

About the middle of this century it was the universal custom to face the white keys of pianos and organs with ivory, and to make the black ones of ebony. Long ago ivory became too expensive for any but the finest key-boards, callulod taking its place. Now ebony also has advanced in price, so that a substitute for it is in demand. Dogwood has been found to serve the purpose excellently, and it can be stained a fine black and oiled and polished until it quite equals ebony both in durability and appearance. The industry of cutting and marketing dogwood, once a valuable tree, for this purpose, is already giving employment to a considerable number of people.

Sheng Is Prominent.

Prince Sheng, the director of telegraphs of the Chinese empire, has played a somewhat conspicuous part in the communications by cable between Pekin and the powers. He is said to be one of the most capable, intelligent and broadminded men of China. He has had charge not only of the telegraphs, but of the railways also. He is the head of the Imperial bank, a position akin to the secretaryship of the treasury.

Klondike Nugget Worth \$13,000.

The biggest nugget yet found in the Klondike was picked up on Gold Hill recently. It weighed seventy-seven ounces and was valued at \$13,000.

All goods are alike to PUTNAM FADELESS DYES, as they color all fibers at one boiling. Sold by all druggists.

Miniature Indian corn grows in Brazil. The ears are about the size of a little finger, and the grains are as small as mustard seed.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

E. J. GIBNEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WALDING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The ruins of a building that contained 1500 rooms has been discovered in New Mexico.

Travel South.

The Southern Railway is the great artery of travel in the South, operating from New York four magnificent trains daily, giving the most perfect dining and sleeping car service to all the prominent cities of the South and Southwest, Florida, Mexico and the Pacific Coast, with steamship connection at Tampa for Cuba and New Orleans for South American ports, Port Lincoln, Costa Rica, Republic, Colombia, Bluefields, Nicaragua, and ports of Guatemala, and on British and Spanish Honduras Coast. The Company has in New York City two offices, in addition to the offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The downtown ticket office is 371 Broadway, and General Eastern Passenger Agency is 1185 Broadway, corner 28th St., Alex. S. Thwaites, Eastern Pass. Agent. At either office full information can be had regarding routes, rates and sleeping cars, and literature on the reports of the South obtained.

It is estimated that Parisians spend \$120,000,000 every year on confetti.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All lung-tissue is restored if it fails to cure. E. W. GROV'S signature is on each box. 25c.

From the way some men are puffed up one would think they had swallowed yeast cakes for breakfast.

Happiness cannot be bought, but one of the great hindrances to its attainment can be removed by Adams' Pepsin Tonic Fruit.

The hardest thing for a woman to decide is something of no importance whatever.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago. Mrs. H. H. ROBINSON, Maple St., Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1901.

There is a great deal of human nature in the wag of a dog's tail.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children soothing, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

Self-conceit is a seat that every man should be encouraged to sit on.

Women

Think

About This

In addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are communicating with

A Woman

A woman whose experience in treating female ills is greater than that of any living person, male or female.

She has fifty thousand such testimonial letters as we are constantly publishing showing that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is daily relieving hundreds of suffering women.

Every woman knows some woman Mrs. Pinkham has restored to health.

Mrs. Pinkham makes no statements she cannot prove. Her advice is free.

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