

THE WHITE SATIN RIBBON.

Token That Figured in the Wooing of a Volunteer Nurse.

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

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As the train sped on in the darkness the girl leaned back and closed her eyes wearily. She was sorry now that she had decided to come, for she had grown so tired of these thoughtless, pleasure loving people—tired of their idle amusements. But anything had seemed preferable at the time to the desolate loneliness of the place she had left.

A trainman walking through the car called the name of a town in a sing-song voice. The girl sat up suddenly and consulted her watch. They were



"COME HERE!" SAID THE DOCTOR.

due to arrive at 8:15 o'clock, and it was now just 8:10. The train slowed down, and she left the car.

"If you are expecting friends to meet you," said the station agent genially, "you might sit down and rest a bit. All trains are delayed tonight."

"The Marshall carriage was to call for me," the girl explained. "May I use the telephone?"

"Never heard of them in Minnington," said the station agent, "but there's a family called Marshall in the town above."

The girl looked up in consternation. "So this is Minnington," she said slowly. "I should have gone on to the next town. Is there another train out tonight?"

The man shook his head. The girl sighed resignedly. "Then I shall have to spend the night here."

The station agent regarded her curiously. It was seldom that he had seen so lovely a face. The gray gown that she wore was exceedingly plain, and her features were almost hidden by a heavy veil, which lent to her an air of mystery.

The door was thrust open suddenly, and a man entered, stamping the snow from his heavy topboots. He wore a fur overcoat, and the frost was glistening upon his short white beard and bushy eyebrows. He looked about sharply and then advanced toward her.

"Get ready at once, please. There is no time to lose."

"Good evening, doc," called out the station agent.

The girl hesitated. "You were expecting some one?" she asked.

"Certainly," the man replied in his curt way. "I am Dr. Green and wired to the city for a nurse on a hurry up case. She was to arrive upon the 8 o'clock train." He looked at her questioningly.

"The nurse must have disappointed you," the girl responded, "for I was the only person who left the train at Minnington."

"It's more than a disappointment," the doctor said gruffly. "This is a question of life and death. A boy over there on the hillside needs skilled care tonight. I don't know of a woman that I could call upon in this town, if there was time to waste in searching for one."

The light of a sudden resolution shone in the girl's eyes. "I will go with you," she said. "Although not a trained nurse, I have been constantly caring for a patient for over six months. I have had experience, you shall see. Together we may save the boy's life."

The doctor gave her one long searching look, then brought the cloak that she had discarded and held it out for her. "Come on," he said. When he had wrapped the fur robes about her and the cutter went flying down the hill the girl spoke.

"Will you tell me about our patient?" she asked.

"Not much to tell," the doctor answered. "He was following a nasty trail near the mines this afternoon—he works over there—and thought to save time by jumping a trench instead of going around it. That's youth. Well, he broke his arm and cut his head, which will give us the most trouble tonight, for he has been unconscious ever since. We carried him to the nearest cottage, where an old woman lives with her rheumatic husband, and

they are both about as much help in a case of this kind as two children. Your job will not be an easy one, Miss—Miss—"

"Gray," said the girl promptly—"Eleanor Gray. It was too bad they could not have taken him to the hospital."

"Hospital!" the old doctor burst out fiercely. "We haven't such a thing in Minnington. When the men are sick we let them get along as well as they can in their miserable homes. When they are cut and injured we care for them in the surgery as best we may. Old Herriott, the millionaire mine owner, has always been too busy adding to his own dollars to think much of the comfort of the men who work for him."

"Pardon me," said the girl. "Are you the regular mine physician?"

"Yes," answered the old doctor. "I haven't grown rich over it," he chuckled, "but there are other things in this world besides money. Why, I know every man, woman and child in the place. 'My people,' I call 'em. I had a wife and a daughter who might have been about your age had she lived, but now there's only 'my people' left. Nothing could part me from them. Whoo, Rube," called suddenly, and the girl saw a light streaming from the window of a little cottage almost buried in the snow of the hillside.

A man's tall figure lay motionless on a bed at the farther end of the room as they entered. His brilliant black eyes shone unseeing from beneath a bandage which was wound around his head.

"Come here," said the doctor, "as quickly as you can."

"I don't care whether you are a trained nurse or not," said the doctor on leaving; "you are a good one."

When she resumed her duties in the morning she wore a bandage of soft white ribbon about her dark hair in lieu of the nurse's cap. "You are so much better," she said to her patient in true professional style.

"Did the doctor send for you last night?" he asked curiously.

"He brought me himself from the station," she answered.

"And I shall call you—"

"Miss Gray," said the girl—"Eleanor Gray."

He was a very tractable patient, but never had there been so model a nurse. She anticipated his every want, read to him when that was allowable and wrote a laboriously dictated letter or two which evidently referred to his work to some "Jack" at the mines.

"You are getting better fast, Dick," was the doctor's greeting each day. As she removed the bandage from his closely cropped head one morning she said, "You are pronounced convalescent and will require the services of a nurse no longer, so I am leaving to-day."

"Today?" cried the man. "But I can't let you go, Eleanor. Unconsciously he spoke her name. She was silent. The man sighed. "I suppose you must return to your people," he was beginning.

"I have no people," the girl interposed. "My mother died when I was a child, my father not long ago."

"Eleanor," said the man, speaking rapidly, "this is not the time or the place, I know, but soon I will follow you wherever you may be to ask you to be my wife. If it is to be yes, Eleanor, won't you tell a poor invalid to help him on to recovery? If it must be no," he laughed shortly, "you might as well finish me now."

He was holding the girl's two hands in his strong one as she bent over him with tear dimmed eyes and smiling lips.

"Richard," she said softly, "would you marry an unknown girl who is quite alone in the world?"

"I would marry you," he answered finally, "and my greatest happiness would be in the fact that you were dependent upon me for everything."

"For everything," she repeated slowly. She walked to the doorway, then looked back at him. "It is to be yes, Richard," she said, half laughing, half crying. "Remember that it is to be yes."

When he had fallen asleep upon his couch during the afternoon the girl entered the room softly. She was wearing her long cloak, and the heavy veil again almost concealed her face. She placed a little note upon his pillow, laid beside it the soft white bandage that she had worn in her hair, then passed quickly into the kitchen, where the old woman sat dozing before the fire.

"Goodby, Hannah," she said and left something shining in the roughened palm.

The doctor was just starting upon his round of afternoon calls when she entered. "I am leaving by the next train and wish to ask a favor," she said. "It was you who brought me from the station. Now, will you take me back?"

"We shall miss you," he said. "Is the boy reconciled to the loss of his nurse?"

She was silent until the horse had started upon his way. "I want to tell you," she said, "that Richard has asked me to be his wife. I did not know that the world could hold so much happiness, but when I have gone you will learn that I have been an impostor, deceiving you all, and his pride will not let him marry me. Then you must go to him—she laughed unsteadily—"and plead my cause as eloquently as you can. But send him to me. Promise me you will do that."

"I don't know what all this nonsense about being an impostor means," the doctor answered, "but if some fool notion is going to prevent that young idiot from marrying you, why, we will certainly send him to you if we have to chloroform him in order to do it."

The girl laughed, but tears were

glistening on her lashes. "It was not all a fabrication that I told you in the station," she said. "My own father was the patient that I had been nursing for six months before his death. He would have no other aid, and though you found a nurse that night, mine has been the greater benefit, for you have taught me to find myself."

"We shall miss you," the doctor repeated, and no more was said until they stood in the doorway of the little station. As the great train came rumbling toward them she thrust a sealed envelope into his hand. "Goodby, my doctor," she said softly.

He waited until he could see her smiling face no more, then climbed wearily back into the sleigh. When he opened the envelope two checks fell upon the lap robe, and the sum of money they represented seemed enormous. Presently he found a note:

Dear Doctor—The larger check is to be used for the erection of a new hospital, which will be planned and built exactly according to your directions. I will be pleased to forward more money as you may need it, and my business manager will call upon you tomorrow, so there need be no delay in carrying out your wishes. You are both urged and commanded to purchase with the second check all electrical appliances, etc., which would be helpful to you in your own private office. Hoping that you will keep me informed of the needs of "your people," always your friend,

ELEANOR GRAY HERRIOTT.

The doctor stared blankly before him. "Old Herriott's daughter," he muttered—"the great mine owner's daughter." A sudden moisture appeared upon his spectacles, so he took them off and drew a gloved hand across his eyes, then gathered up the reins and clucked to the horse.

"How do, doc?" called the station agent. The doctor looked back, and his face was shining like that of a boy.

"We are going to have a new hospital, Joe," he cried. "What do you think of that—a new hospital?" The cutter went flying down the hill behind old Rube, then tolled slowly up again until it stopped at the white cottage door.

Richard's face was very pale as the doctor entered, and his dark eyes shone out weirdly. The doctor seated himself for a long argument. "Well, she has gone," he began. "Old Herriott's daughter, boy—who would have guessed at that?"

"I know," said Richard impatiently. "I know. How soon can you fix me up to follow her?"

"Eh?" said the doctor, his eyes opening wide. Evidently urging and pleading were unnecessary here. "In two or three days if you obey orders," he answered. And so it happened that just three days afterward Richard waited in the reception room of Eleanor's home and frowned at the very evident display of wealth about him, wondering if the girl whom he had loved for her simplicity could be quite the same in such surroundings.

A rustle of silken skirts caused him to turn abruptly. A tall, imposing young woman entered the room.

"Have you a message for Miss Herriott?" she asked. "I am her secretary." Richard hesitated a moment, then thrust his hand into a coat pocket and drew forth a crumpled white satin ribbon, the one that the little nurse had worn in her hair. He smiled. "Will you take this to her. She will understand."

The secretary betrayed no surprise at this strange manner of announcement, and once more he was alone. Slowly the moments passed until at length the heavy curtains at the lower end of the long room were parted, and Eleanor stood there, diffident, wide eyed as a child fearing punishment. He saw that she was wearing the fa-



ELEANOR STOOD THERE, DIFFIDENT.

miliar gray gown. The man held out his arms and called her name. She came to him swiftly, silently.

"Richard," she asked, "can you forgive the deception? At first it was only a whim, and then—then I longed to be loved for myself alone."

The man smiled down at her tenderly. "And you would marry plain Dick, the miner?" he said. "There has been a little misunderstanding there, too, Eleanor. I am a civil engineer. We have carried out a pretty big contract back there in the hills, but now a much greater opportunity offers. It may mean a long and venturesome journey, and I shall need my little nurse all the way. Will you go with me, dear?"

The girl raised a radiant, smiling face. "To the end of the world," she said.

CHASE EXCITES. \$600,000 STOLEN.

Interest Deepens In Pursuit of Dr. Crippen Over Ocean.

Vast Sum Missing From Russo-Chinese Bank.

REPORTED ARRESTED ON SHIP.

LOSS WAS UNDERESTIMATED.

Montrose Will Today Probably Be In Wireless Communication With This Side—Speculation As to Events Aboard Vessel.

Cashier Erwin Wider, Who Has Confessed to Theft of \$80,000 and Who Will Plead Guilty, Is Still Hiding.

London, July 28.—What is going on aboard the steamship Montrose, in which Dr. Hawley H. Crippen and Ethel Leneve are supposed to be sailing to Canada, is today the subject of lively speculation in London.

If the fugitive suspect in the Belle Elmore murder mystery is really on the vessel it is expected that the passengers will have strange tales to tell of the voyage when they land in Montreal next Sunday.

The London Express publishes a circumstantial story of the arrest of Dr. Crippen and Miss Leneve on board the Montrose. According to this paper, on Friday the couple were overheard discussing their escape, and the captain of the steamer then communicated with Scotland Yard and on Saturday decided to arrest the couple.

Dr. Crippen was searched and deprived of a revolver and cartridges and a penknife. He demanded to know what offense he was charged with and was informed that he had contravened the law by giving an assumed name and traveling with a woman in the guise of a boy.

As he was unable to produce proofs that his name was Robinson or that the woman was his wife, he and the girl were placed under arrest in separate cabins and watched day and night.

Miss Leneve, it is added, denied all knowledge of Mrs. Crippen's murder and threw herself on the captain's protection.

An officer of the Montrose and a seaman keep watch over Crippen, while a stewardess has been placed in charge of Miss Leneve.

Crippen is said to have declared he can prove his innocence, but every precaution is taken to prevent him from committing suicide.

Definite Information Today.

Montreal, Que., July 28.—The C. P. R. steamship officials at Montreal stated that they had not yet received any information respecting the report that Dr. Crippen was on board the steamer Montrose. They expect to get into communication with the vessel by Marconigram today when they may receive definite information respecting the report.

The Montrose is expected to dock at Quebec on Friday next. The pilot will go on board the steamer at Father Point and he will be accompanied by police officers. Under no circumstances are passengers allowed to land at Father Point, so if an arrest is made the prisoner will be brought on to Quebec. The ship will reach Montreal probably on Saturday night.

Interest Is Intense.

Ottawa, Ont., July 28.—Montreal detectives and Canadian police everywhere are on the alert for Dr. Crippen and his stenographer, wanted in connection with the Crippen murder. The attention of all Europe is focused on Canada. Interest in the Jeffries-Johnson fight was great here, but is entirely eclipsed by the dramatic developments of this case.

Antwerp, July 28.—The two passengers on the steamer Montrose, which sailed from here July 29 for Montreal, who have been the object of minute inquiries by the London police, were booked at the steamship office as John Robinson and John Robinson, Jr. The older person gave their ages as fifty and seventeen years.

LARNED WINS CUP.

Tennis Champion Defeats Maurice McLoughlin.

Brookline, Mass., July 28.—William A. Larned of Summit, N. J., national tennis champion in singles, won the third and final leg of the Longwood Cricket club cup by defeating Maurice McLoughlin of San Francisco, the young member of last year's Davis cup team, three out of four sets, 6-2, 4-6, 6-1, 6-3, at the Longwood Cricket club. Larned thus obtained permanent possession of his third Longwood trophy.

"All Things Come."

The magnate looked up impatiently from his work.

"Well, my good man," he snapped at the diffident rural person who stood twirling his rusty hat, "what can I do for you?"

"I guess ye don't remember me, Hank," faltered the caller. "But you an' me use ter go swimmin' together in th' ol' town. Then you got a job in th' bank, an' I got a job in th' grocery store."

"This is all very interesting, and I seem to remember your face. But come to the point—my time is valuable."

"Yes, Hank. You got a better offer and left the old village. I stayed plugging along in th' grocery store."

"Well, well?"

"Well, Hank, when you left you owed \$73.02 on a grocery bill. Here's where you pay up!"—Cleveland Leader.

Poor Boobs. "I wonder," said the wild looking man, with the multiplied whiskers, "You wonder what?" asked the meek looking boob with the concentrated eyebrows. "If the man who figured out the length of a week was referred to as a weekling?" "Sure," said the boob. "They also called the man who discovered ink an inkling." Whereupon the driver from the asylum backed his wagon up and the pair were dumped in.

Is Your Blood Pure?

Does your head feel heavy and ache? your throat dry, nose stopped up and hot, no appetite, little dilly feelings creeping along the spine, hands hot, feet cold, tongue furred, eyes burn, you feel sick all over? Ever felt this way before?

You are bilious. Nip it in the bud; do the right thing first. Promptness will work wonders. Start using Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills, take two to four at bedtime. You won't need any more; they will cure you in a night. Don't wait till you get down on your back, then it will take longer but, even then, these pills will work wonders. They promote the harmonious action of the stomach, liver and bowels.

Get a bottle of your dealer today and take them home with you and use them when you experience any departure whatever from a healthy standard. They will make your blood rich, red, pure. Physicians use and recommend. They form no habit. You should always keep them on hand. These Little Vegetable Pills will ward off many ills.

To Cure Constipation, Bilioussness and Sick Headache in a Night, use



SMITH'S For Sick Kidneys. BUCHU LITHIA KIDNEY PILLS. Bladder Disease, Rheumatism, the one best remedy. Reliably endorsed by leading physicians; safe, effective. Results lasting. On the market 15 years. Have cured thousands. 100 pills in original glass package, 50 cents. Trial boxes, 50 pills, 25 cents. All druggists sell and recommend.

SPENCER

The Jeweler

would like to see you if you are in the market for

JEWELRY, SILVER WARE, WATCHES, CLOCKS, DIAMONDS, AND NOVELTIES

"Guaranteed articles only sold."

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of ALBERT WHITMORE.

Late of Borough of Honesdale, deceased. The undersigned, an Auditor appointed to report distribution of said estate, will attend to the duties of his appointment, on

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1910.

at 10 o'clock a. m., at his office in the borough of Honesdale, at which time and place the claims against said estate must be presented or recourse to the fund for distribution will be lost.

M. E. SHERMAN, Auditor.

Honesdale, July 29, 1910.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF ERIE TRAINS.

Trains leave Union depot at 7.20 a. m. and 2.48 p. m., week days.

Trains arrive Union depot at 1.50 and 6.45 p. m. week days.

Saturday only, Erie and Wyoming arrives at 3.45 p. m. and leaves at 5.50 p. m.

Sunday trains leave 2.48 and arrive at 7.02.



Time Card in Effect June 19th, 1910. SCRANTON DIVISION

Stations		Stations	
Except Sunday	Sunday	Except Sunday	Sunday
A	M	A	M
11:15	00	11:15	00
11:13	56	11:13	56
10:20	15	10:20	15
10:24	19	10:24	19
10:28	15	10:28	15
10:21	51	10:21	51
9:45	11	9:45	11
9:48	11	9:48	11
9:45	11	9:45	11
9:48	11	9:48	11
9:18	04	9:18	04
6:11	56	6:11	56
5:58	48	5:58	48
5:56	40	5:56	40
5:47	32	5:47	32
5:43	28	5:43	28
5:40	25	5:40	25
5:36	19	5:36	19
5:30	10	5:30	10