

THE WOMAN IN THE CASE.

"'Twas the woman! 'Twas the woman!" rang the cry through Eden's bowers, "'Twas the woman;" yet we hear it in these modern days of ours as the false bewhiskered sinners desperately try to place all the blame upon the shoulders of the woman in the case.

So 'twill be till time has ended, till the sun is stripped of light and the earth is in the blackness of the never-ending night. Till the bounding of the trumpet calls the dead from earthly sleep and the heavenly inspectors separate the goats and sheep.

Even at the bar of judgment when we're called upon to show the extenuating features of our sinning here below there may be full many cowards who will stand with brazen face and attribute their transgressions to the woman in the case.

CUPID KIDNAPED

It was a very dainty, gentlemanly baby. Craddock had entered the waiting room of the depot in haste and nearly dropped his gripsack into the seat before he saw that it was occupied by the baby.

Craddock stared down at it through his rimless eyeglasses and decided that it was a very decent sort. Babies were all "its" to him. As a usual thing he clasped them all under one head—as a floppy, inane backboneless crowd. But this particular one was different. Suddenly the baby saw him and smiled. It had blue eyes. Their expression was not the customary concentrated, disconcerting one, but was sensible and friendly.

Craddock forewore his prejudices and reached out his hand for a propitiatory shake, whereupon the baby, by one of those mysterious revulsions of sentiment peculiar to its kind, set up a howl of insulted exclusiveness.

Craddock fled, vividly conscious of a fiery battery of eyes directed at him from all parts of the room. By the time he had reached the farther end the howl had ceased as abruptly as it began, and he saw a young woman bounding over the baby.

She was slight and girlish-looking. With a feeling of warm, indignant sympathy for the baby, he decided



WONDERED WHOM SHE HAD MARRIED.

that she was an irresponsible, careless mother. It was a wonder nine-tenths of the poor little devils lived, the way this average woman looked out for them. She did not look over 19.

What business had a girl getting married and taking upon herself the responsibility of a new life to guard and guide? He frowned wrathfully at the young woman as she took her seat tranquilly beside the baby and began reading a book which she had evidently just bought at the news stand.

It was five minutes of three by the large round clock over the ticket office. Craddock glanced around him at the familiar objects in the depot and forgot the baby, in a solid sense of quiet happiness.

He was going home. The last year at college was finished. More than that. Already a slight opening into the arena was offered him. A corps of mining engineers and surveyors were to be sent south in a few weeks to Arizona on a prospecting tour, and he had the chance to join them.

It meant so much. After long years of study and theorizing, it meant the first practical application to actual, living work, and he felt as eager as a raw recruit for the first whiff of battle smoke.

And, besides, there was Carolyn. In fact, there had always been Carolyn. So far as he was concerned, the Craddock and Truesdale residences stood side by side in Winnetka, with one common fenceless lawn between.

He remembered the first time he had seen her. The Craddocks had just moved into their new home in the lake shore suburb, and he wandered about, a nine-year-old stranger in a strange land. There was a side porch to the Truesdale house. Clematis vines climbed over it, and on the stone steps sat Carolyn playing

She was five, and the glint of the violet's blue was in her eyes, and the wild rose bloom on her saucy, dimpled face as she turned to look at him.

"Hello, boy!" she called, in neighborly fashion. "Tum on over and buy sumtin'."

It was a most extensive store. There were fresh plantain leaves for lettuce and grass for asparagus. The potatoes were pebbles and the sugar white sand. There were buttercups for squash and daisies for cauliflower, and Carolyn was making mud pies.

From that day for ten years they had been faithful chums. At times the two porches were hostile citadels, but peace treaties never failed in their mission until the time when he departed for college.

The first vacation he had seen little of her. She was sixteen, and did not care to remember the mud pies. The next year it was roses and June time again, and when he went away he left his heart behind.

But last year—The sharp ring of the signal bell for trains startled him from his reverie. It had been all her fault. He picked up his grip. She was self-willed. She had gaped him unmercifully. She had a hundred and one brainless idiots kissing the hem of her trim white duck skirt. She was not true. And yet—

He started down the long waiting room in hot haste. There was a figure just passing through the heavy swing doors ahead. It was the young, irresponsible mother, and she was unmistakably hurrying to catch the suburban train.

He glanced back at the seat. The baby was still there, alone, and sleeping. It all flashed over him instantly. The irresponsible, absent-minded mother had buried her head in a novel and forgotten the baby. With Craddock to think was to act.

He prided himself on his ability to grasp a situation and twist it into proper shape. Disregarding the looks of the people around, he caught up baby, shawls and all, and strode after the young woman. Just as he passed through the tall iron gates she boarded the train, and as he swung on to the platform the train shook itself up and started on a slow trot.

He was wrathful, but determined. Rudely jostled from pleasant slumbers, the baby cried lustily all the way, and as he entered the car it took a fresh start.

She was sitting midway down the aisle, and had just settled herself comfortably when he dropped the bundle down into her lap.

"There's your child, madam," he said, bent upon withering her with polite sarcasm. "In your haste you forgot it."

The girl gasped in utter amazement at the sudden apparition and raised her face to look at the donor. As she did so Craddock felt a strange chilliness start at his toes and steal upwards. It was Carolyn. The next thought was worse. It was Carolyn's baby.

Before he could speak she had turned her whole attention to the crying baby with the natural woman's instinct, and as he saw the two heads close together he wondered vaguely why he had not known it must be hers from the blue eyes. No one on earth but Carolyn had big, serious blue eyes like the baby, with that look of innocent wisdom in them.

The train lurched as it swung around a curve, and he sank into the seat opposite her. A benevolent old lady across the aisle beamed on them with kindly interest, and he set his teeth hard as he read her thoughts. He would keep his temper, at all events. There should be no family quarrels enacted under the eyes of that old penguin opposite.

Under the influences of Carolyn's caresses and tenderness the baby had subsided, and was cuddling contentedly back to sleep in her arms. He dared not look at her until, accidentally glancing up, he saw that she was

regarding him with cold, serene disapproval.

It was maddening under the circumstances. He had read somewhere in a book, or had heard it said by one who knew, that a girl, after she had donned the cap of matronhood, and knew what was good for colic, always regarded former sweethearts with cold, serene disapproval.

He wondered whom she had married, and ran over the list of brainless idiots swiftly, discarding them all, however, as unworthy, and all the time there was that heavy heartache within, and a feeling that nothing mattered, and he was sorry he had come home.

All at once Carolyn spoke, steadily and distinctly:

"May I ask where you got this baby, Mr. Craddock?"

This was too much. He laughed, and hoped it was a sardonic laugh. The old sweethearts always met the look of cold, serene disapproval with a sardonic laugh, he knew.

"I got it where you happened to leave it," he replied. "You seemed somewhat preoccupied."

She was silent. He felt that he must rise to the emergency with triumphant unconcern.

"It is a very pretty baby." She smoothed back a loose curl from the little apple blossom of a face lying back on her arm.

He made a desperate move.

"Boy or girl?" Carolyn raised her eyelashes indignantly and looked at him.

"Rex Craddock," she exclaimed, under her breath. "How on earth should I know? You actually think it belongs to me, don't you? I never in my life met such a cold-blooded, barefaced presumption as you possess. Do you know what you've done? You've kidnaped this baby."

Craddock stared at her in crushed speechlessness, conscious of a wild, riotous joy somewhere inside of him. It didn't belong to her.

"I saw you with it, Carol—" he began, as she paused.

"Don't you dare to call me Carol," she flashed back at him, and the old lady across the aisle moved uneasily. "It belongs to the Rathburns. Mrs. Rathburn leaves on the 4:45 for Wheaton, and had gone to buy her ticket, so I watched the baby for her, when you scared it into a fit nearly. She will be nearly wild when she finds I am not in the depot with it."

A bright idea struck Craddock.

"I'll take it back," he volunteered. She met the proposition with scorn. Take it back, indeed! He take it back, when he carried the poor little darling like a sack of meal and let it screech all the time.

"It didn't screech," he protested. "It only cried a little, and I don't mind that. I can get off at Evanston and take the first train back to the city. It's asleep, anyway."

Carolyn shook her head resolutely.

"They might arrest you for kidnaping. Serves you right, too, but I'll take it back myself, for Mrs. Rathburn's sake."

"Then I shall go, too," announced Craddock. "It's too heavy for you to carry, Carol—"

"Don't call me Carol, Mr. Craddock. You have no right to."

"It isn't my fault that I haven't," groaned Craddock. "If you make a jump like that again when I speak you'll wake the kid."

"Don't call it a kid. Isn't it enough that you've run off with it, without insulting it? Your college life hasn't improved you."

He looked at her steadily. "Perhaps a few years out in Arizona will, then," he said, bitterly. "I leave in a week or so."

It was glorious to note the change in her face. He laid on another coat. "A man must see the world. It will do me good to rough it. And if anything should happen, it won't matter much now. I shall rather enjoy a dangerous life."

Her head bent lower over the baby. "Last year it would have been different," he went on. "But when a fellow has all the heart knocked out of him—"

"Don't—" The baby stirred and fretted, and she laid it back on her lap while she drew off her gloves in order to arrange its rumpled bonnet and cloak.

Half unconsciously his gaze strayed to her left hand. She wore his ring. It was not a solitaire, merely a boyish affair he had given her years ago, with a tiny cluster of forget-me-nots on it, in turquoise and pearls. And she wore it yet.

The train was entering Evanston. Craddock rose resolutely and took her umbrella and book from the seat beside her. The old lady was looking, but he bent over Carolyn's blonde head defiantly.

"Sweetheart, let's don't." How the old boyish words came back to him. "I love you so, Carol."

She did not answer. They had reached the pretty stone depot. He helped her lift the baby and the old lady smiled approvingly, but Carolyn was silent. When they stood on the platform a moment later he took the

soft, little bundle from her with gentle insistence.

"Will you wear the ring until I come back from Arizona in the fall, Carol?" he asked. She raised her blue eyes to him, and they were full of tears.

"Rex, I believe you kidnaped Cupid," she said, as they took the train back to the city together. — Utica Globe.

FACTS ABOUT EARLY ROADS.

First American Steam Railway Sixteen Miles Long Used to Haul Coal.

The first steam railroad in operation in this country was used by the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company in 1829 to carry coal from its mines to the canal for shipment to New York. The track was sixteen miles long. The rails, of rolled iron $\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$ inches, were spiked, broad side down, to hemlock joists laid on cross ties ten feet apart. The engine in its trial trip made ten miles an hour.

The Baltimore and Ohio was the first American road to organize on an extensive system. Begun in 1828, it had in 1835 a track mileage of 115.

The first trains between New York and Philadelphia ran on the Camden and Amboy, which road was begun in 1832 and completed in 1837, and is now part of the Pennsylvania railroad system. The Pennsylvania was chartered in 1846. Construction was begun in the following year and the road was opened in 1854. Trains to Chicago were first run over this road in 1858.

The first Western State to possess a railroad was Michigan, in 1836. Illinois, Mississippi and Indiana followed in 1830, 1841 and 1842. Railroad building in California began in 1856 and in the '60's seven of our Western States followed. Arizona had no railroad prior to 1879, and Oklahoma gave no pasturage to the iron horse until 1883.

In the pioneer days of railroading it was sometimes necessary for the conductor to run forward over the roofs of the cars to shout orders to the engineer. Traveling at night was generally avoided, though one road adopted the expedient of running ahead of the locomotive a flat car loaded with sand, on which a bonfire was kept burning as a headlight. On some early lines horses were used to help the trains on upgrades, so that the cry "get a horse" may be of earlier date than is supposed.

In 1898 Germany had 30,000 miles of railroad; Great Britain, 21,000; France, 25,000; Russia, 26,000, and Austria-Hungary, 21,000. No other country had a mileage in five figures—except the United States, with the modest figure of 186,000, nearly 20,000 more than all of Europe.—New York Sun.

SHE LIKES TO CAKEWALK.

Miss Roosevelt's Suggestion, However, Was Not Followed.

According to the Washington Mirror, Miss Alice Roosevelt enjoys nothing at a ball so much as where the piece de resistance, so to speak, is a good old cake-walk. She is said to be willing to lead the swaying, exaggerated procession that mimics the steps and gestures of old-time plantation darkeys, and the Mirror relates the experience of a St. Louis lady of high degree who entertained in honor of the President's daughter during her visit to the exposition last year. If there is any place where the conventions are carefully observed, it is in aristocratic old St. Louis, and this particular hostess was of the inner circle of the elite. Her ball was just what she thought should be arranged for the distinguished visitor, and—it was as prim as a china aster, Miss Alice, it is said, was bored by the tameness of the affair, and it was not long before one of the guests approached the hostess with a whispered hint that a cake-walk would please the girl from the White House. The grande dame, it is alleged, put her foot down decisively and flatly, and refused to follow the suggestion. Miss Roosevelt was not a late guest. She pleaded fatigue, and, with her companions, went home. I give the story for what it is worth, says a writer in the Honolulu Bulletin. It is well known, however, that Miss Roosevelt is not oppressed by a sense of her terrible importance as the daughter of a President. She is merely a young girl, with all of a girl's love of gayety, and I do not suppose she can imagine a lot of prim women getting together to give her an entertainment suitable to what they consider her exalted rank. Some women, with very high social aspirations in San Francisco, are not above showing a lively foot in a cake-walk, and they have not the excuse of extreme youth, either.

With the prospect of a visit from the President's daughter, the way of amusing her is of interest, and it is refreshing to find that she is inspired and is full of innocent amusements as a child.

Another Scandal.

"What's the matter with Mrs. Byrdleigh?"

"Jealous. She overheard her husband say that he was going to buy a ribbon for his typewriter, and she's been threatening to sue for divorce ever since."—Cleveland Leader.

TEXAS GIRL A SHERIFF.

Upholds the Majesty of the Law Among Cattle Rustlers.

On a ranch in Texas there lives a young woman who for months past has been engaged in a calling for which it has always been supposed only men were "cut out." She is a deputy sheriff in Mexico County. Her name is Clara Driscoll. She is no untaught lass of the "wild and woolly" southwest, but is a highly educated, extremely wealthy young woman, who numbers among her



CLARA DRISCOLL.

intimate friends the wealthiest and best known people of the North. Almost every year sees her in Chicago and New York. Miss Driscoll is a lithe, active and handsome girl. Her father is the owner of the great Palo Alto ranch of 400,000 acres, in southwestern Texas. The ranch is eighteen miles from Corpus Christi and a little more than 100 miles from the Rio Grande. When young she was sent to France, where she spent three years in a convent. Returning home she became known as the Diana of the Southwest for her daring horseback riding.

As a deputy sheriff she has had numerous experiences with cattle rustlers and bandits and has proved her worth as an officer of the law.

One of her experiences had to do with the rustlers, some of whom a short time before had shot and killed a trusted foreman on her father's ranch. It happened at a time when she had taken an unusually long ride and had started to return to the ranch over a more southerly route. It was midday. Entering a copse of low trees, she saw ahead the outline of a river bank. As she came nearer she detected a thin column of smoke rising from below the bank of the dried river bed. Thinking it was a part of her father's men, she rode up until she could get a better vision. There below, crouching over a fire they had built, were two Mexicans, villainous-looking fellows; near at hand lay their rifles. They were so absorbed in their occupation that they did not hear her approach. Her keen sense detected the odor of cooking flesh, and for the first time she noticed the carcass of one of her father's yearlings lying further on.

Then, as she thought of the fate of the former foreman, who had fallen a victim perhaps to these same men, she realized her peril. As an officer of the law it was her duty to arrest them at any cost. She drew her .11-caliber Colt's navy, and, covering them, she dashed down over the river bank. The men, taken unawares, threw up their hands. They were commanded to move away from the fire, while she secured their rifles; then, woman like, she saw that they appeared desperately hungry, and she allowed them to finish their roasting, and even ate with them.

This strange repast ended, the comely deputy mounted her mustang and marched these men ahead of her back to the ranch, where they were secured until a ranger took them in charge and saw them safely in Corpus Christi jail.

RAN \$1,200 TO THE TON.

Richest Mine Outside Mexico and Peru in Lake Superior.

"The richest mine of silver ever opened by man was not in Peru or Mexico," said Capt. Walpole Roland of Rainy Lake to the Milwaukee Free Press, "but on a mere reef in that greatest of fresh-water seas, Lake Superior. It has been forgotten by all but a few of the older inhabitants that only a third of a century ago the richest silver mine in the old or new world was operated under its waters at Silver Islet. The story of its discovery, its development under the most trying conditions and against the power of all the elements and the final triumph of nature over man affords a romantic chapter in the drama of real life equaling in apparent improbability some of the tales of Baron Munchausen, but all the details of which are verified by authentic records and the memories of men now living. The island was but 75 feet long by 60 feet in width, rising but a few feet above the water on a calm day, but entirely submerged by the long swells from the East in stormy weather. The rock ran \$1,200 to the ton. A single pocket of sixty tons yielded more than \$100,000. In the year 1877 750,000 ounces of silver worth \$1.32 per ounce was refined from rock taken from the mine. The mine produced \$6,600,000 worth of silver during the period of its activity. Old timers say there are millions of silver still there, but it will take \$1,000,000 to start work again properly. Since 1889 the mine has lain idle. The Detroit syndicate which owned it became discouraged on account of unusually heavy expenses for a few years. The pumps stopped, the mine filled with water and, to complete the ill-fortune, a big storm attacked the islet and did great damage."