

# THE FAMILY STORY



## SAVED THE TRAIN.

KANE CREEK was a railroad crossing on the S. & C. Railroad, about two miles from the divisional terminal at Mercer. It was in the midst of a scrubby pine forest, with a sandy road crooking out from the trees on one side and into the trees on the other. There were only two or three houses, a little general store with a porch like the visor of a military cap, and a schoolhouse, all arranged in a scraggy row along the railroad track. A dozen trains whirled through Kane Creek every day with only a shriek of greeting and a whipping wake of fine sand. Only two of them paid the slightest attention to the girl in a blue gingham dress who stood in the little observation window. One of them was the way freight, which stopped at Kane every time it came along while the conductor handed the girl a bundle of yellow papers and received another like it in return. The other was the night express, westward bound, from St. Paul, and running at forty miles an hour. It was a splendid train—ten cars, with the finest engine on the road, big No. 606. As its glaring eye flashed around the bend in the direction of Mercer the girl in the gingham dress often thought of the great train as a powerful and ferocious beast snorting and roaring westward on a race with the sun, and she knew the hand that trained it. When the train was a mile away there were always two blasts of the whistle. Every one in Kane thought they meant simply "Wake up, look out!" for that is what all locomotives say at every crossing, but the girl in the gingham dress heard "Hello, Polly!" and darted out on the platform and waved her handkerchief. As the great train thundered nearer a hand was thrust from the engineer's window, and although it was usually dark, she could see the flutter of something white, and oftentimes as the engine darted past the station she heard the blurred sound of a voice and caught a glimpse of a grimy face and a blue jean jacket, and then she went back to her place in the little station with a sigh of contentment.

For it was a moment of great joy to Polly Marshall when her father's engine went through. Polly was the station agent at Kane Creek. Any one could have told that a woman presided in the little depot, for was there not always a bouquet in the window and dainty pictures surrounding the grimy tables on the walls and a kitten curling upon the doorstep? At 17 Polly has gone in as assistant to learn telegraphy, and when Clark, the agent, was called to Mercer the company had left the independent girl in charge. She and her father lived in one of the wooden houses a stone's throw back from the depot, and since Polly's mother died they had been everything to each other.

Engineer Marshall was a big, silent man, and his companions, some of them, thought him gruff and ill-tempered, but to Polly he was always as tender as a kitten. Often when she was a little girl he took her with him to Mercer on his engine, and while she sat on his black leather seat at the cab window, clinging on with both hands, he explained to her how the big black creature under them was started and stopped; what this brass crank was for, and how, when the engine squeaked here or squeaked there, a little oil was needed in this cup or in that crevice, and Polly had learned to know an engine as well as she knew the neat little pantry in the house at home. Indeed, she had more than once managed the levers and throttle, although it was very heavy work for a girl to do.

It was one night late in the fall that Polly Marshall had need of all her knowledge of engines. She was sitting at her desk in the little observation window, a shaded light throwing its rays down on her telegraph instruments and the sounding key clicking sleepily. Suddenly she was startled by the call of her number. Instantly her fingers sought the keys, and she gave the answer that signified that she was all attention.

"Look out for —" clicked the sounder, and then it suddenly ceased, and try as she would Polly could get no further communication from the station next to the eastward. What could the trouble be? Polly sprang to her feet, remembering that the night express of which her father was the engineer was the next train due. Could anything be the matter? She ran out on the dark platform to see that her lights were all in place and that the switches were properly set, so that the express would slip past the station without an accident. Then she went back and called up Mercer.

"Can't you get Pinckney?" she asked. Pinckney was the station which had

that it must be fired or it would not go far, and so, leaving the throttle open, she sprang to the coal pit, flung open the firehole, and with the heavy shovel in her small white hands threw in load after load of coal. When she returned to her place she could see the first signal light of Mercer already blinking into view. She pulled down on the whistle cord and the engine shrieked its distress.

Five minutes later Polly strained at the heavy reverse lever, turned hard on the airbrake and brought the great iron horse to a sudden standstill. How she ever managed to stammer the story she never knew, but in a few minutes the engine was headed back with a half dozen armed men aboard of her. Behind them came another load of men on a switch engine and two men were racing up the street of Mercer calling the alarm.

They heard the firing before they reached Kane Creek, but it ceased soon afterward. The robbers had gone. They had taken with them much plunder from the passengers, but they had not been able to get into the express safe, although they were at work drilling it open when relief came.

From the time that the engine stopped Polly was missing. When the rescued and excited passengers and express messengers began to crowd around and inquire, the Mercer men remembered her. A party of them went out to find the girl who had brought help to the beleaguered train.

In a little clump of bushes they heard a man moaning, and an instant later they saw Polly kneeling in the sand with her father's head in her lap, crying bitterly, and they gathered up the brave engineer and his daughter and carried them down to the train, cheering all the way.

Engineer Marshall was not badly hurt, and he was able to be in Mercer when the general manager of the road thanked the blushing Polly officially and offered her a new and better position in Mercer, and, of course, all the passengers and express messengers heard about Polly's brave deed and said a great many pleasant things about her, but Polly, being a sensible girl, only blushed and said that she had to do it, and that any other girl would have done the same under like circumstances. Which no one believed, of course.

Later, when the robbers were captured, Polly was able to identify one of them positively—the one who had run the engine—and through him the entire party was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary.—Brooklyn Standard-Union.

### DEGENERATE FRANCE.

In Every Particular She Is Failing in the Race of Civilization.

In the view of the rest of Europe France is seen at her worst since the tiger-like outburst of the commune, writes Harold Frederick. The scandal of the Panama canal corruption was nothing by comparison, for that tainted only a single case in public life. Nor was even the commune itself so bad, for then it was only Paris which went wild, and it was the rest of France which roughly put it right. But in this abominable Dreyfus crime the dry rot permeates all of France. It is easiest to describe the disease as anti-Semitism, as that is what one sees on the surface. The cheap newspapers which have the largest circulations, have been for years openly preaching destruction to the Jews until they have filled the weak and ill-balanced brains of their hundreds of thousands of readers with the most savage ideas. But in reality anti-Semitism is a symptom and not the disease itself. The true malady is degeneracy. The French are no longer able to keep up with the rest of the world under the tremendous strain of the pace at which contemporary civilization moves. They have broken down by the wayside. Their adults cannot adapt themselves to the new conditions. Their youth are pitifully below the standard of any past generation of Frenchmen we know about. From every standpoint, numerically, commercially, financially, mentally and spiritually, they perceive themselves dropping further and further behind their rivals. Nobody any longer treats French opinion with intellectual respect. Even Russia, having borrowed more of their money than they could spare, laughs in their faces and makes open overtures to their enemy. It is the disordered, ill-formed and more or less vehement rage at the vague perception of these things which is the matter with the French masses. It needs no prophet to see that they will be much worse before they are better.

**Another Delusion.**

Mrs. Fadde, Faith Curist—How is your grandfather this morning, Bridget?

Bridget—He still has the rheumatism mighty bad, mum.

"You mean he thinks he has the rheumatism. There is no such thing as rheumatism."

"Yes, mum."

A few days later.

"And does your grandfather still persist in his delusion that he has the rheumatism?"

"No, mum; the poor man thinks now that he is dead. We buried him yesterday."

**Signs of the Times.**

With a single break about fourteen miles in length it is now possible to go in trolley cars from Providence, R. I., to Nashua, N. H., a distance of considerably over 100 miles. This is a striking reminder of how the trolley has spread over New England during the last ten years.—Boston Journal.

A colored philosopher says it is foolish to count your chickens before day break.

### SHAKESPEARE IN SHORTHAND.

German Rewriting the Plays in Elizabethan Tachygraphy.

Dr. Eduard Engel has written the following letter to one of the Berlin news papers:

"In a lecture I delivered some years ago to the Berlin Society of Stenographers, who use Stolze's system, I suggested that those accurately acquainted with the oldest English shorthand systems of the sixteenth century should try to ascertain whether many of the deficiencies of the text of Shakespeare might not be explained by stenographic mistakes. The idea was suggested to me by the old and well-founded conjecture of Shakespearean scholars that the oldest copies of Shakespeare's plays—the so-called quartos—were printed from stenographic notes, taken in the theater, and that many of the unintelligibilities of the text are due to this. My suggestion fell on fruitful soil, and I have now the pleasure of making the excellent work of a young savant, who has thus sprung at one leap into the ranks of our best Shakespearean scholars, known to wider circles. In a series of articles on Shakespeare and the beginnings of English shorthand, Herr Kurt Dewiseit has proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that the quarto editions of Shakespeare's plays were pirated editions printed from stenographic notes, that the stenographic system used was that of Timothy Bright, who was born in 1550, and that innumerable mistakes in the quartos, innumerable contradictions between them and the first authorized folio editions, can be at once and most simply explained by the defects of that stenographic system and the indexterity of the stenographers of that time. Herr Dewiseit has confirmed my own expectation almost beyond my own expectation. He is at present the only person who possesses all the requisite qualifications for this quite new kind of text investigation, and it is to be wished that he, with his accurate knowledge of the oldest English shorthand, combined with solid Shakespearean scholarship, would subject the texts of the dramas to a thorough reinvestigation. The purification of the text of Shakespeare is raised by him for the first time from arbitrary fancifulness to the rank of a strict science, with which, however, only Shakespearean scholars theoretically and practically trained in stenographic questions are at liberty to busy themselves. Seldom has a higher, never has a more delightful, task fallen to stenography."

### A BAD COMPANION.

He Didn't Like to Correct a Lady, But He Had To.

The man with bronzed skin and longish hair was hanging upon every word that the charming young woman spoke, says the Washington Star. She was telling of an actress whom she greatly admired.

"I will never forget how she looked," the young woman said. "She was as beautiful as Juno."

The weather-beaten auditor moved uneasily, and then said: "I beg your pardon, miss, but I ain't sure that I heard yer remark jest right."

"I said that she was as beautiful as Juno."

"It ain't fer me ter c'ect a lady," he began in apologetic tones.

"I am quite willing to be corrected when there is any reason for doubt," she replied, in a tone with traces of condescension through it. "But I do not perceive how this can be such a case."

"I don't presume to contradict nobody," he replied. "I haven't no observations to make further than that there ain't no accountin' fur tastes."

"Have you ever seen this actress?"

"No, miss."

"Then I don't see how you are qualified to speak."

"Might I make so bold as to inquire whether you was as ter west as British Columbia?"

"Never."

"Then, miss, you can't realize that I'm standin' up fer the lady's good looks as much as you are. Ye can't believe half of what these here miners that come East tell ye. If ye ain't even been as far West as British Columbia, it stan's to reason that ye can't have no idea of what a lonesome, ramshackle, frize-up-lookin' place Juneau is."

### Managing the Woman with a Whip.

It has always been a question with the country newspaper man what he would do if an indignant woman set out to horsewhip him. Some years ago W. W. Wick of Topeka was running a country paper and a woman assailed him on the main street of the town. He gathered her up under his arm and paraded around the square. She kicked and squirmed, but he marched laughingly along, displaying her to the crowd that had gathered. It mortified the woman so much that she left town on the first train and never bothered the editor afterward.

### His Linguistic Limit.

He had been a Latin scholar, And had mastered modern Greek, For a paltry wagged dollar He learned Hebrew in a week, Sanscrit and antique Phoenician, Or the scripts of Yucatan Were as simple as addition To this language-learned man.

Patois, race pronunciations And the Chinese alphabet He knew well—to fifty nations He could speak their tongue; and yet Finally his learning failed him And his thought and speech were "off," For so language gifts availed him With the dialect of golf!

### Cool Tar for Dyes.

Coal tar, when used for dyes, yields sixteen shades of blue, the same number of yellow tints, twelve of orange, nine of violet, and numerous other colors and shades.

Burning kisses always result from sparks.

### DIDN'T MIND BULLETS.

The Judge Liked an Argument Too Well to Be Feased by a Shot.

During the day I had attended court, where a lawsuit of considerable importance was on trial and which was not decided until 6 o'clock in the evening, says a writer. Then I went home to stop for the night with the judge who had the case in hand. On the way home we were stopped by a man, who said:

"Judge, it is quite likely that the loser of that suit will shoot at you through a window to-night to secure revenge."

"Yes, quite likely—thanks," pleasantly replied the judge, as we passed on.

At the supper table his wife appeared nervous and uneasy, and before the meal was concluded she said:

"Alfred, a man has been seen in front of the house acting rather suspiciously, and I'm afraid he means you harm."

"Yes, I'm afraid so, my dear," replied the judge and then took up the conversation she had interrupted.

After supper we adjourned to the library, and by and by, as we sat at the table with a kerosene lamp between us, there arose an argument connected with the political question.

"Sir," said the judge, as he grew heated by opposition, "they may bring all their sophistry to bear on the question, but nothing will convince me that—"

At that instant I felt a hot streak along my left cheek, and the lamp chimney was shattered into a hundred pieces and the light went out. The judge rang a hand bell which was within reach and I thought I heard the notes of the bell before the report of a rifle in front of the house. A negro man came running in, and the judge said:

"Julius, bring us another lamp."

When the lamp was brought I looked at the judge. He had not changed in the slightest.

"Wasn't that a bullet which broke the lamp chimney?" I asked.

"Very likely it was," he replied, as he looked around.

"And wasn't it meant for you?"

"I presume so. There it is, in the back of a law book. As I was saying, however, sophistry is not argument, and those champions—"

"Excuse me, judge," I interrupted, "but the next bullet may kill one of us."

"Oh, they never shoot but once, and I want to convince you that your position is untenable. You see, to begin with, the Democratic party—"

But his wife came in and insisted that he give an alarm, and the argument was never finished.

### Making Bread in Camp.

Good bread, on which your climbing and digging depend, may be made direct from the flour sack, with a little salt and water stirred in. After the dough is worked to the required firmness squeeze it into thin cakes about the size of ship biscuits, throw them on hot coals raked from the heart of your camp fire; turn them before they begin to burn, and when firm enough set them on edge to be toasted until thoroughly baked through. Or if the weather is bad, cut a stick about the size of a whip-handle, of birch pine, spruce, cottonwood or willow, according to the flavor desired, and sharpen it; squeeze a handful of dough, coil it in a thin spiral around the stick and set it upright in the ground at baking distance from the fire, giving it a quarter turn from time to time until the bread spiral is thoroughly baked and browned all around. Wholesome bread may be quickly made in this way in any kind of weather, with the flavor of sunny wheat fields in it, and that of the stick on which it is baked, while the losses from smearing of pans, and the soggy heart of thick loaves and dampers that must be thrown away, are avoided. If you must have your bread old-fashioned and light-bloated into a fluffy mass full of airholes—then instead of a heavy cake of powders take a quarter-ounce cake of baker's compressed yeast to start with, and after each baking put a handful of the fermented dough into the flour sack, and with this store you may go on raising cerealine billows as long as you like.—San Francisco Examiner.

# Blood

Is Life

## Pure Blood

Is Health.

Without blood circulating through your veins you could not live. Without pure blood you cannot be well. The healthy action of every organ depends upon the purity and richness of the blood by which it is nourished and sustained. If you have salt rheum, scrofula sores, pimples, boils or any kind of humor, your blood is not pure. If you take Hood's Sarsaparilla it will make your blood pure and promptly relieve all these troubles. In the spring the blood is loaded with impurities. Hence, all those unsightly eruptions, that languor and depression, and the danger of serious illness. Hood's Sarsaparilla is needed to purify, enrich and vitalize the blood and protect and fortify the system.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. Sold by all druggists. 51; six for \$5. Get only Hood's.

### Hood's Pills

are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

### SEND FOR A BICYCLE

High Grade "98" Model, \$15 to \$20. GREAT CLEARING SALE of '97 and '98 models, best makes, \$9.75 to \$15. Sent on approval without a cent payment. Free use of wheel to our agents. Write for our new plan "How to Save a Bicycle" and make money. SPECIAL THIS WEEK—40 high grade 27" models in quantity, \$10.15 each. "Wanderings A-wheel," a souvenir book of art, FREE for stamp while they last. K. C. HEAD CYCLE CO., CHICAGO.

### A Daring Joke.

The celebrated Handel had such sensitive nerves that he could not bear to hear the tuning of instruments, and so this was always done before he arrived at the theater. A musical wag wishing to make mirth from Handel's irascibility of temper, stole into the orchestra on a night when the Prince of Wales was to be present and untuned all the instruments. As soon as the prince arrived, Handel gave the signal for beginning *con spirito*; but such was the horrible discord that the enraged master started up from his seat, and overturning a double-bass which stood in his way, he seized a kettle-drum and threw it with such violence at the head of the leader of the band that he lost his wig in the effort. Without waiting to replace it, he advanced bareheaded to the front of the orchestra, breathing vengeance, but so choked with passion that he could not speak. In his ridiculous attitude he stood stamping and staring for some moments, amid a convulsion of laughter. Nor could he be prevailed upon to resume his seat until the prince went in person and with much difficulty appeased his wrath.

### A Trolley Coach.

The people of Greenwich, Conn., are riding in a trolley stage coach that needs no rails for its operation. The wires are at one side instead of being overhead. The coach can be turned around or moved in any direction without interfering in the least with the ordinary traffic of the highway. Certain property owners would not permit the operation of a regulation trolley over a road, and this trolley stage coach was devised as a means of overcoming their objections.

### A Pessimist.

"I suppose," he ventured, "that you would never speak to me again if I were to kiss you."

"Oh, George!" she exclaimed, "why don't you get over the habit of always looking at the dark side of things?"—Cleveland Leader.

### G. W.'s Motto.

"Boys," said the school teacher, "who can tell me George Washington's motto?"

Several hands went up.

"Phillip Perkasie, you may tell."

"When in doubt, tell the truth."—Detroit Free Press.

Lake Erie is the lake of the "wild cat," the name given to a fierce tribe of Indians exterminated by the Iroquois.

### THE SECRET OF A GOOD DISPOSITION.

Mrs. Pinkham Says a Careful Regard for Bodily Health Makes Women Sweet and Attractive to All.

The world is filled with sweet women who are held back from usefulness by some trouble of the female organs. Prettiness and nervousness rapidly destroy sweet dispositions. Sickly all-worn-out women cannot live happy lives. Nearly every woman may be well and happy if she will follow Mrs. Pinkham's advice. See what Mrs. Craig says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and think it is the best medicine for women in the world. I was so weak and nervous that I thought I could not live from one day to the next. I had prolapsus uteri and leucorrhoea, and thought that I would die. I had dragging pains in my back, burning sensation down to my feet, and so many miserable feelings. People said that I looked like a dead woman. Doctors tried to cure me, but failed. I had given up when I heard of the Pinkham medicine. I got a bottle. I did not have much faith in it, but thought I would try it, and it made a new woman of me. I wish I could get every lady in the land to try it, for it did for me what doctors could not do."

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—Mrs. SALLIE CRAIG, Baker's Landing, Pa.

That Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a safeguard of woman's health is clearly proven by the thousands of letters constantly being received. Here is one from Mrs. W. P. VALENTINE, 565 Ferry Ave., Camden, N. J.:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Before writing to you I felt very bad, had terrible sick headaches, no appetite, gnawing pain in stomach, pain in my back and right side; was tired and nervous, and so weak I could scarcely stand. I was not able to do anything, had sharp pains all through my body. Before I had taken half a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I found myself improving. I continued its use until I had taken four bottles, and felt so well that I did not need to take any more. I am like a new person."

Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best understands a Woman's Ills