T WAS Martinmas Sunday. The evening service was just over, and the congregation, more than usually scanty, had dispersed itself over the Moss toward the various farms and fields which were scattered here

and there upon it. A light still burned in the vestry, while Solomon Mucklebackit, the sexton, waited on the porch for the minister to come

"There'll be snaw the night," he muttered, placing the key in the paken door, preliminary to locking up; "there'll be snaw the night, or I'm sair mista'en. And the Annan's risingit's snawing noo amang the hills."

All at once the light in the vestry was extinguished, and the minister, a man about fifty years of age, appeared on the threshold, wrapped in a heavy winter cloak and carrying a thick

"Leek up, Solomon, my man," he said.

Solomon obeyed, turning the key in the inner door, and then that of the outer one of solid oak, while the minlater stood waiting on the path. Then the two, side by side, and with much the same kind of mechanical trot. passed across the churchyard, pausing now and again to struggle with the flerce gusts, and to hold on their headgear-the sexton his Sunday "bonnet," and the minister his broad-brimmed sierical hat.

Reaching the iron gate, which was rattling and creaking in the wind, they descended three moss-grown steps, and reached the highway. Here all was pitch dark, for the shadow of tall yewtrees fell from the other side, deepening the nocturnal blackness; but, crossing the road, they opened another gate, crossed the garden where the yew-trees grew, and reached the door of the manse.

Standing here in complete shelter, they heard the "sough" of the blast overhead among the tossing boughs, like the wild thunder of a stormy sea.

The manse was a plain two-story building, as old as the times of the Covenant and containing numberless cheerless chambers, the majority of which were unfurnished. Here the Reverend Sampson Lorraine had dwelt in solitude for five-and-twenty years. He had come to the place as a shy young bachelor, a student, and a bookworm; and despite all the sieges that had been laid to his heart, as was inevitable in a place where marriageable men were few and spinsters many, backelor he had remained ever since. People said that a love disappointment sarly life had made him thereafter en, but at first his single condition made him very popular. Presently, however, as his position as a bachelor erew more confirmed, and his eccentricities increased, he ceased to awaken much interest

Opening the door with a latch-key, he entered a bare lobby, and striking alight, led the way into a large room on the ground floor. It was scantily furnished with an old carpet, an oldfashioned circular table with drawers and several chairs; but on the walls were numerous shelves, covered with books. The room had two large windows looking on the back lawn which sloped down to the river, but was without curtains of any kind.

A fire burned on the hearth, and a rude box of peat fuel stood by the eside. One side of the table was spread with a clean cloth, on which stood a tray with bread, oatcake. cheese, and butter, and a large stone water-jug, a black-bottle, and some

"Sit ye down, Solomon," said the minister, placing a lighted candle on

the table.
Solomon stood, hat in hand. Every Susfay evering for many a long year he had entered the house in the same way, at the same hour, and received the same invitation.

Seen in the dim light of the room the sexton was a little wizened, whitehaired man, with hoary, bushy eyebrows, keen gray eyes, and sunken. tanned cheeks. He was dressed in decant black, with a white shirt, and the kind of collar known in Scotland as "stick-ups." The minister, on the other hand, was tall and somewhat portly, with a round, boy ish face, gentle blue eyes, and mild, good-humored mouth. His hair was white as snow, and fell almost to his shoulders.

"Sit ye down, sit ye down," he re peated; "and take a glass—the night

Solomon placed his bonnet carefully on the edge of the table, and seated himself respectfully on one of the cane-bottomed chairs. Then, leisurely

4 solemnly, he poured out a glass of having divested himself of his cloak and hat, sat down in the arm-chair by

"Here's fortune, sir." said Solomon, drinking off the whisky; then, wiping his mouth with his sleeve, he sat bolt-upright and expectant, waiting to see heart. of his superior had anything more to But in a moment the old man guess-MANIA, MEE.

say. But, as the minister remained

silent, Solomon rose to go. "Are ye mindin' the funeral the morn?" the sexton asked, taking up his bonnet

Mr Lorraine nodded. "Can I bring ye anything before I gang to bed? I maun rise at five to feenish the grave."

"No; go to bed. I shall sit up and read a little."

"Weel, good-night, sir." "Good-night, Solomon."

Thereupon Solomon left the room, closing the door softly behind him. Lighting a candle in the lobby, he made his way quietly to a chamber in the upper part of the house, where he slept, and which was, indeed, the only chamber in the manse, excepting the minister's sitting-room and adjoining bedroom, which contained any furniture.

Many years before Solomon had taken up his abode there, on the minister's invitation, and it was his only home. Besides performing the duties of sexton and clerk, he acted generally as factotum to Mr. Lorraine, attended to the garden, and groomed the pony on which the minister made his visitations about the country. An aged woman, Mysie Simpson, came in every day to clean and cook, but invariably retired to her own dwelling at nightfall. So the two old men were practically alone together, and, despite the difference in their social positions, regarded each other with a peculiar at-

The minister sat for some time musing, then with a sigh he took a book from the shelves and began to read. It was a volume of old sermons, written by a south-country clergyman, impassioned, wrathful, and in the narrow sense Calvinistic. As he read, the wind roared round the house, and moaned in the chimneys, and rattled the shutterless windows; but as the wind rose the darkness decreased, and the vitreous rays of the moon began playing on the window panes.

Mr. Lorraine lit his pipe-the only luxury in which he indulged; for despite his plump figure, which he inherited, he was abstemious and a teetotaler. Then, with another sigh, he rose and walked thoughtfully up and down the room; paused at one of the windows, and looked down the moonlighted lawn which sloped to the riverside; talking all the time to himself, as was his confirmed habit.

"Ay, ay, a wild night!-and snow coming. Solomon says! Eerie, eerie, is the sough of the wind in the trees. It minds me ever of her, and when the moon's up it is like the shining of her face out of the grave. Wee Marjorie! my bonny doo! Thirty long years ago she died, and I'm still here! still here!"

Tears stood in the old man's eyes as he looked out in a dream. Through erty-for his living was indeed a poor one-he had cherished the memory of one who had gone away from him to God when only in her eighteenth year. Suddenly, there came a loud single knock at the front door.

"Bless me, what's that?" he exclaimed. "I thought I heard a knock at the hall door, but maybe my ears deceived me. It was only the wind, I'm think-

And he placed his precious relics back in the drawer locking it carefully and placing the key in a worn leather purse which he carried in his pocket. At that moment the knock was re-

"Dear me!" he cried, "there's some one knocking after all. Maybe it's a sick call."

Lifting the candle from the table, he trotted from the room, crossed along the lobby, and opened the hall door. As he did so the wind sprang in like s tiger, and the light was blown out, but the front garden was flooded with moonlight, save under the very shadow of the trees. He saw nobody, however; whoever

had knocked had disappeared. 'Who's there?" he cried, looking round on every side.

There was no reply. Perplexed and somewhat startled, he stepped out into the porch, and instantaneously the door was banged and closed behind him. He took another step forward, and almost stumbled over something like a dark bundle of clothing lying on the doorstep.

"Bless my soul?" he murmured, 'what's this?" At the same moment a faint cry came upon his ear. Stooping down in great agitation, he lifted the bundle. and discovered to his consternation

that it contained the form of a living child.

CHAPTER II.



COARSE Paisley shawl was wrapt round the infant, covering all but a portion of its tiny face. As it lay like a mummy in its wrappings, it continued to cry loudly, and the cry went at once to the

m i n ister's tender

ed the truth-that the hapless creature had been left there by some one who had knocked and fled. Still holding the child in his arms, he ran out in the garden and looked on every

"Come back!" he said; "whoever you are, come back!"

But no one responded. The wind moaned dismally in the trees that lifted their black branches overhead, that was all. He ran to the gate and looked up and down the road, but could see nobody. As he stood in perplexity the child cried again loudly, and struggled in his arms.

"Bless me!" he murmured, "I must take it in, or it will die of cold!"

He ran back to the door and knocked loudly again and again. It was some time before he was heard. At last. however, he heard footsteps coming along the passage, and redoubled his knocking. The door opened, and Solomon Mucklebackit, half dressed, apppeared on the threshold. Without

a word the minister ran into the lobby. "Losh me, meenister, is it yoursel'?" ejaculated Solomon, in amazement. "I thought you were in bed."

"Come this way-quick!" shouted Mr. Lorraine. "Bring a light!"

And still carrying his burden, he ran into the sitting-room. Solomon closed the door, struck a match, and lighted a candle, and followed him immediately. Then his amazement deepened. To see Mr. Lorraine standing by the fireside with a crying infant in his arms was indeed enough to awaken perplexity and wonder.

"My conscience, meenister, what hae ye gotten there?"

"A child! Some one left it in the porch, knocked, and ran away. Run, Solomon, search up and down the road, and see if you can find them. Shame upon them, whoever they are, Don't stand staring, but run."

Perfectly bewildered, Solomon stood gaping; then with one horror-stricken look at the infant, left the room, and ran from the house.

Left alone with the child, the minister seemed puzzled what to do. He held it awkwardly, and its cries continued; then, to still it, he rocked it to and fro in his arms.

Finding it still troublesome, he placed it down in the arm-chair, and softly loosened the shawl in which it was wrapt, freeing its little arms.

Its cries ceased for a time, and it lay with eyes wide open, spreading its little hands in the warm twilight. The minister put on his glasses and

looked at it with solemn curlosity. It was a tiny infant, about two months old; its little pink face was pinched with cold, and its great blue eyes dim with crying. A common linen cap was on its head, and its gown was of coarse linen. But it was so small, so pretty, that the minister's tender heart melted over it at once. He offered it his forefinger, which it gripped with its tiny hands, blinking up into his face.

"Poor wee mite!" he murmured. "I wonder who your mother is? A wicked woman, I'm thinking, to cast you away on such a night as this!"

As if in answer to his words, the child began to cry again.

"I can see naebody," cried Solomon re-entering the room; "I hae searchit up and doon, as far toonways as Mysie Simpson's door, and beyont to the waterside, and there's nane stirring. It's awfu' strange!"

scratched his head; he looked at the minister, and nodded it ominously. A curious conjecture, too irreverent for utterance, had passed across his naturally suspicious mind.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE TROLLEY BUZZ.

And Something About the Trolley Care as a Cure for Headache

"Ever hear of the trolley buzz?" said a Brooklyn resident whose business is in New York. "They say that some people who travel regularly on the trolley cars get the trolley buzz. You know the sound of the trolley, the bz-z-z-z that begins low and rises gradually as the car increases in speed. keeping a uniform tone when the ear is running at uniform speed, and then declining again as the car runs slower and stopping when the car stops? They say there are people who travel regularly on the trolleys who hear this sound all the time wherever they are, except when they are asleep. They call this having the trolley buzz. I never had the trolley buzz, but the trolley cars sometimes do me a great deal of good. They cure me of headache. I work here all day, keeping very busy, and sometimes when I start home at night I have a hard headache. I get into a trolley car and take a seat over one of the axies. They say that no electricity gets into the car, but I imagine there must be more or less of it in the air. I know there is something there that cures my headache. I sit down in the car with the headache bad; I get down from it after a ride of about three miles, feeling bright and fresh and with the headache gone."

Max Maretsek. Newspaper men go into curious places, and are forever running across curious people in them. The last place I met dear old Max Maretzek was a hole in the wall in West Twentyseventh street, called, by courtesy, a French restaurant. We named it "Little Del's." One of Balzac's fat concierges was the head of the establishment and it was possible to obtain an excellent dinner there for twenty or twenty-five cents. Max enjoyed his repast, and appeared pleased with the company that surrounded him, though it was composed of singers, actors and artists

with more genius than money.

BURNED IN A WRECK.

AT LEAST TWENTY-FIVE PEO-PLE PERISH.

Head End Collision Between Trains in Colorado-Uninjured Passengers Pinned in the Wreckage Burned to Death-Cause of the Accident-Many of the Dead Unidentified.

Disastrous Railroad Collision

NEWCASTLE, Col , Sept. 11. - At least twenty-five persons were killed and most of the bodies burned and twentyfive more were injured in a collision shortly after midnight, due to the mistake of the conductor of an extra stock train on the Colorado Midland railroad in reading the wrong column of figures. The westbound passenger and express train of the Denver and Rio Grande railroad was telescoped, and all of the passenger cars except the rear Pulimans were burned.

A number of passengers who were not killed outright, but who were pinned in the wreckage and could not be extricated, perished in the flames. There were about 200 passengers, fully one-fourth of whom were either killed or injured.

MEET AT THE WORST POINT.

The accident occurred at the worst possible point. Two minutes running time each way would have avoided the wreck, as each engineer could have seen the approach of the other train. The trains collided on a curve or bend round a mountain, and there was no opportunity to even slacken the speed. The surviving trainmen say the trains were not running fast, but the facts seem to be that the passenger was going about twenty miles an hour and the freight ten or twelve.

The freight engine went through the passenger engine up to the bell. On the passenger train were about 200 people about evenly divided between the coaches. In the smoker next to the express car were about thirty.

The crash was followed by an explosion. Flames shot up from the ruins and in a short time the wreckage was a burning mass. The groans and cries of the imprisoned passengers was heart-rending. Those of the more fortunate who escaped injury set to work rescuing those who were caught in the wreck.

TRAINMEN PERISH.

The passengers in the day coach fared the worst. Out of twenty-nine people in that coach only six are known to have escaped, but all was confusion and some may have escaped unnoticed

As in all similar accidents, the engine men are first to lose their lives. Ostrander, engineer of the stock train, went down with his hand on the lever. Robert Holland, fireman on the passenger, was so badly hurt that he died at 5 o'clock. Gordon, engineer of the passenger, may live although he is badly injured and at first was thought to be fatally hurt. He suffered great pain from a rupture in addition to his other injuries. He was thrown over a barb wire fence by the force of the collision. Hines, the Midland fire-man, was so badly hurt that the doctors who examined him at 5 o'clock said that he could not recover. He was shockingly burned but bore his pain bravely. James Keenan, the pain bravely. postal clerk, will not live, the doctors

is terribly scalded. W. L. Hawthorne, conductor of the passenger train was in the smoking car at the time of the collision and was severely bruised. He says that the gas cylinder under one of the wrecked cars exploded and everything appeared to be in flames within a short

ESCAPES OF MESSENGERS.

Two express messengers on the Rlo Grande train, James C. Foley and William S. Messemer, both of Denver, had piled up the through baggage in one end of the car and were busy with the egg cases in the other end when the shock came. They were pitched headlong about the car and when it toppled over they were stunned and bruised by the loose baggage. It was several minutes before they were able to aid themselves. Then the car began to fill with smoke, and death by burning or suffocation seemed their fate. They realized their position and began to fight with an ax to liberate themselves. Finally, as the car burst into flames, they saw daylight through the hole they were cutting and by the aid of some men on the outside they were able to pull themselves through, bruised and bleeding, but still safe.

The express car and its contents were entirely consumed by fire. AN EDITOR IN THE WRECK.

Frank P. Mannix, editor of the Victor Record, was a passenger on the Denver & Rio Grande train. "I was in the smoker when the collision happened," he said, "and was jammed down in the seat. I saw daylight on one side and managed to pull myself out, and with the help of Brakeman Daniels, helped to pull three people from the wreck. At the time of the collision the tank under the smoker exploded and set fire to the train. The scene was awful. The mail, baggage, smoker, day coach and a tourist sleeper were burned, the rear Pullman and a private car remaining on the track."

Mr. Mannix was of the opinion that at least forty were dead and burned. One report as to the cause of the ac cident is that Conductor Burbank of the Colorado Midland stock train made a mistake of ten minutes in figuring on the time when the Rio Grande passenger train passed Newcastle, and therefore he was chiefly responsble for the disaster. Engineer Ostrander of the stock train, could either confirm or deny this report if he were alive, but it is believed he is dead nuder the debris

ONLY ONE OF A FAMILY ALIVE

In addition to the trainmen killed or injured, it is known that Alexander Hartman of Hersher, Ill., was fatally hurt. His wife and two children were the first of the dead to be

removed from the wreckage. Miss Pearl Cornell of Oregon, who was returning from a visit to friends East, was badly hurt. She was in a collision at Glen Falls, Idaho, while on her way East.

T. F. Daniels, the passenger brakeman who was hurt, came back to this place and notified the railroad officials of the accident. A special train was sent out with physicians and nurses as soon as possible. At 3:40 o'clock another special relief train was sent from Glenwood Springs, where news of the wreck caused great excitement. Neighboring ranch houses were used for the reception of the injured, and all did what they could to help.

IN THE KLONDIKE.

Winter Has Set In and the Situation is Very Serious.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 11.-The Examiner printed an extra edition this afternoon, the following:

"OTTER POINT, British Columbia. Sept. 10.-The steamer Cleveland has arrived from St. Michaels, bringing with her from the Yukon gold fields a story of distress and disaster. The miners she has on board and officers in charge of the ship tell the story of disaster and distress at Dawson.

"The winter has set in at the mining city of the frozen North and two stores of the place have closed their doors, for they have nothing to sell. Those who have been seeking gold must now seek for food or starve. While there may be a tendency to exggerate the actual condition of affairs there can be no question that famine threatens the adventurous men and women who made their way to the Klondike.

"Hundreds of unruly spirits are flocking to Dawson. Threats of vio-lence are being made on every side. Indignation meetings, heavy with muttered threats of vengeance, are held at St. Michael's by those who see little hope of advancing up the river and less of getting back to civilization.

The first signs of winter are apparent upon the river Yuken, which is beginning to freeze, and in a few weeks will be closed. Enormous prices are now being paid for food at Dawson, and it is impossible that more than four vessels with provisions can reach Dawson before the river is a mass of ice.

"On the Cleveland there are thirtyeight passengers, men, women and children, who have come from Dawson City. There are few miners in this party that are able to tell of prosperits. They report that July 25 the stores of the Alaska Commercial company and of the North American Trading and Transportation company announced that they had no more food to sell. Three weeks before that the same companies were unable to furnish outfits, and when the announcement was made that no more goods were available, consternation resulted on the part of the people of Dawson, with gold seekers piling in at the rate of twenty to thirty a day.

"Shortly before the Cleveland left St Michael's two of the expeditions, those of the National City and of the South Coast, held indignation meetings, threatening dire vengeance upon were unable to carry them further. They had been left stranded at St. Michael's and cannot possibly reach Dawson before next spring.

"The Excelsior was caught on the dangerous flats of the Yukon and broke two blades of her propeller. When the Cleveland reached Ounalaska she found the Excelsior undergoing repairs. It is probable, however, that she left Ounalaska last Monday to resume her journey to the south.

"Shortly before the Cleveland left for Seattle, the UnitedS tates revenue cutter Bear put into St. Michaels with Captain Whiteside, his wife, the first and fourth officer and four seamen of the steam whaler Nevach, The Nevach was caught in an ice pack in the Arctic ocean. Of her crew forty-two were lost. Thirty-one were crushed in the ice and were frozen to death. The Bear saw the vessel's signals of distress near Point Barrow and lost no time in going to her assistance. The captain, his wife, two officers and four sailors were glad to leave the dismantled crippled ship, but nine positively refused to go. They were lost in the desolate field of ice, and it is feared they have perished with their comrades.

Ruin Reigns in Ireland.

LONDON, Sept. 11.-Lamentable reports continue to pour in from all parts of Ireland of the havoc already wrought among the crops, and as the weather is still most unpropitious all hope of saving the remnant of the harvest is fading away.

Rich Colorado Gold Field. WOODLAND PARK, Col., Sept. 11.-Ore running \$20,000 to the ton has just been found one mile west of this place. Pieces of quartz the size of walnuts were taken out which were half gold. There is great excitement among mining men.

The Alaskan "Excelsior" Disabled.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 11.-The Alaskan Commercial company has received news that the steamer Cleveland, from St. Michaels, bas passed Vancouver island. She reports that the Excelsior has put back to Ouna-

laska in a disabled condition. Bland Dines With the Governor. JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Sept. 11.— Congressman R. P. Bland arrived here this morning, spent the morning at the penitentiary, and at noon took dinner with Governor Stephens. He left this afternoon for Lebanon.

NOT ABOVE CRITICISM.

Mr. and Mrs. Pensley's Observations of Old and New Proverba.

"I don't take any great account o' the proverbs an' axioms an' so on that's printed in the magazines nowa-days," remarked Mrs. Philander Peasley to her husband, as she laid down the last number of a monthly publication. "I've been a-studyin' over a volume of 'em that some man has writ here an' I wonder that folks publish such stuff! You can make em mean one thing or nothin', jest accordin' as you see fit. Now here's one on 'em: 'It is as unfort'nit to seize the wrong chance to do or say a thing as 'tis to let the right one pass by.

"Now, I'd like to be told how folks would come out of they was to be sca't at both sides like that? What I like is the old-fashioned proverbs; there ain't any two ways o' takin' them an' gettin' misled.

"Make hay while the sun shines." Now, ain't that clear? 'Haste makes waste.' What's truer'n that, I'd like to know? There ain't one of them old sayin's but what's true as preachin', howsomever you take 'em. They can't be turned an' twisted round to mean anythin' a body pleases."

"Do you recall one about 'A thing ain't lost when you know where 'tis?" inquired Captain Peasley, in

his usual shrill quaver.
"I should say I did," replied his wife, promptly, "an' many's the time I've heard it."

"Well," said the captain with a suggestion of a laugh in his trembling old voice. "I had a cook once thet quoted thet to me when the teakettle was washed overboard an' all the cups an' saucers, but we didn't seem to be able to find 'em Sary.

"I reckon you've set up about long enough this evenin'." said Mrs. Peasley, dryly, and she bundled the captain off to bed with considerable haste

Mere Bundle of Nerves.

Some peevish, querulous people scem mere-bundles of nerves. The least sound agitate their sensoriums and ruffles their tempers. No doubt tey are born so. But may not their nervousness be ameliorated, if not entirely relieved? Unquestionally, and with Hostet-ter's Stomach Bitters. By cultivating their digestion, and insuring more complete assim-ilation of the food with this admirable cor-rective, they will experience a speedy and very perceptible gain in nerve quietude. Dyspepsia, billousness, constipation and rheumatism yield to the Bitters.

Currency in Africa.

The wife of a missionary to Africa gives some amusing details of the mercantile value of certain articles among the natives, needles and cloth ranking highest. They are absolutely current coins. Three needles will purchase one chicken, one needle two eggs. Old tin and empty bottles are also much in request, old cans taking the place of drinking cups. A fewl can be had for two yards of cotton or a small piece of cloth.

Coe's Cough Balsans
Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker
than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

"Is this building fire-proof?" asked the man with blue glasses and a large gripsack. "Not if you're a book agent," replied the janitor, conclusively.

"When three months old my boy was troubled with scrofuls. There were sore places on his hands and body as large as a man's hand, and sometimes the blood would run. We began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and it soon took effect. When he had taken three bottles he was cured."

W. H. GARNER, West Earl, Pennsylvania. Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Best-in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills cure Sick Headache, 25c.



The Alaska Gold Mining and Development company, just organized by Omaha business men, will send a large number of experienced prospectors to the Klondike gold fields. Under the proposed plan of orgrating this company will possess great advantages over the ordinary parties going to Alaska and it is believed will yield those interested enormous returns. The officers and directors comprise some of the most active and experienced business men of Omaha. This company offers those who are able to go to Alaska a splendid opportunity to secure a share of its wast mineral wealth. All parties anxious to obtain an interest in the Klondike gold fields are invited to join this enterprise. For further information write The Alaska Gold Mining and Development company, Ground Floor, Paxton Block, Omaha,

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