



THE TELL-TALE TICK.

I had knocked around in Australia for five years, put in a year's service in India, and had a whack at the Transvaal insurrectionists as a volunteer, only to settle down at last, as a telegraph operator at Rocky Forks, a telegraph station between Omaha and Sioux City. It was my business to transfer messages between the two places, and to connect with points further along.

The next station, fifteen miles further up the road, was Dismal Point, and here Tom Brown, my oldest and truest friend, operated. Tom and I had roughed it all over the world together, and when we settled down here it was to be near each other.

One day Tom telegraphed down to me that he would meet me at Rocky Forks next Tuesday for a day's shooting. He said he would come down on the 5 o'clock train in the morning and wait for me to get off at noon. After that we would go up into the hills and shoot along the points of the ravine.

I liked nothing better than a day's outing with Tom, and I quickly ticked back word that he could rely on me next Tuesday, as that was my day off.

The following day there came a message through Omaha that the United Express would ship \$12,000,000 in bullion over the road to Sioux City the next Monday night, and that the train would pass through my station, Rocky Forks, at 8:15 in the evening. I telegraphed back that I understood it, and then I opened up the instrument and asked Tom if he had received his message yet. He said that he had, and would look for the train seventeen minutes earlier at Dismal Point.

That day and the next I passed in my usual way. Sunday was uneventful, and would have seemed long, except for the constant ticking of the instrument, which was kept busy sending messages about the important shipment to be made the next day. Monday evening at 7:30 I looked at my watch. "The train will soon be along," I said. "I guess I will call up Tom, and see if he knows where it is."



A DAGGER STICKING THROUGH HIM, PINNING HIM TO THE DESK.

I called up Dismal Point, and Tom answered. "The express train is one station up the road," said he, "and is ahead of time. It will wait here five minutes. I'll let you know as soon as it leaves here. Tomorrow—"

There was a sudden pause in the ticking and then a strange hand sent the message, "That is all."

I called up Tom again, but he did not answer. I kept calling, but no response came, and I thought that the wires had become entangled.

I waited for the express with its \$12,000,000 in bullion until 8:15, but it did not arrive. Then I telegraphed up road to Tom, but there was no answer. I waited five minutes longer and telegraphed again, but still no response. "The wires must be down," I said.

I walked out upon the platform and looked up the road. To my surprise I saw in the distance an engine coming toward me, slowly swinging down the track. As it came nearer I saw it was empty, and as it passed me I boarded it.

Reversing the engine, I started back up the road. I went with such fire as I could get up, back to Dismal Point. Here, in front of the station, stood the express car, riddled of its contents. Across one of the trunks the express messenger lay dead. The engineer and fireman were so badly stunned that at first I thought they, too, were killed, but after some time I brought breath back into the life of the former. He, poor fellow, was too dazed to speak, and I lifted him into the car, thankful that he was alive.

When I stepped into the little station where Tom always sat, an awful light met my eyes. There sitting at the instrument with his back to the door, was

my old friend, a dagger sticking through him, and fairly pinning him to the table. I grasped the wooden handle, and pulled it out with all my strength, only to receive his cold body in my arms.

Well! they never found out the robbers of the train. The engineer had been struck from behind, and could remember nothing; and after waiting only long enough to see my old friend buried, I resigned my position at Rocky Forks, and struck out again. But on Tom's grave, back in the woods at Dismal Point, I put a shaft of wood, and on it I carved these words: "Living, I will pursue you to the end of the world. Dead, I will come back to you."

Below it I put Tom's name and age, and vowed aloud the oath that I had there written, to find the murderer of poor Tom Brown.

Three years later, I found myself stationed at New Elsworth, a suburb of New York. I was in charge of a private wire connecting with the New Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company, which communicated with all parts of the world. It was one of the richest organizations of the new world, and I was proud to be an operator in its employ.

My duty here was to transmit the private messages of the company; for here the president had his summer home, and here also were the trustees, and those who manipulated the road. Many confidential messages passed through my hands, and I treated them with becoming confidence.

I never liked the president of the company, though he lived in the handsomest house in the place and treated me with uniform courtesy. He had a cold uncertain manner that did not seem to be worthy of trust. Certainly I should not have put my millions into his hands.

One night, when he did not reach home, his wife came down to the telegraph office and asked me if I had heard from him. I was forced to tell her no. This happened frequently; and one evening, when he had been late

and she had made three trips in her carriage to the telegraph office, he said to me: "To-morrow I will have a private wire put in my office in Pine street, and when I am detained, I will telegraph you, and you can send a message to my wife."

The next day the wire was put in, but as the president came home promptly that night, it was not used. I got on the following day at 5 o'clock but a telegram from him telling me that he would not be home until 8 o'clock, and ordering me to send word to his wife. I did so by the station messenger.

An hour later there came another message from the president's office. It was that he would be detained still later, and telling me to send word home to that effect.

"Is that all?" I asked.

The message came back in sharp staccato notes: "That is all." I leaned back in my chair cold and faint, for the hand was the same that had sent me the message on the night poor Tom Brown was killed.

The next day I came to the city on a leave of absence to investigate the life of Anson Tryson, president of the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company. I found that three years before he had been a laborer on the Sioux City Railroad, with not a dollar to his name, and that his sudden rise had been the talk of Wall street.

Well, I did not let it drop there, but I hunted down the case until I proved that Anson Tryson, with a gang of accomplices, had robbed the express train that night, and killed my old friend Tom Brown. And one day I took a trip up country to see him swing for it.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

TRULY A COMPOSITE.

RIG OF THE AMERICAN GIRL THIS SPRING.

New License in Tailor Millinery—Hats Are Now Very Elaborately Trimmed—Three Tailor Dresses Gotten Up in Varying Shades of Brown.

Surprises of the Spring. New York correspondence.



sets and squeezing. The skirt falls so close and smooth that femininity is not a bit insisted on in suggestion, though it is not likely to be forgotten in effect. Then the severity of fit and simplicity of outline are relieved by a little dash (as if all of a sudden the demurest pair of eyes twinkled with a little wink in one of them) of braiding more or less elaborately applied to bodice and skirt. The petticoat underneath is a dazzle

is, attired—product: for how welcome usually are specifications as to the latest styles. For the original of the initial picture these were modeled cloth, glove fit and trimming of fancy steel passementerie. In the two jackets of the second sketch are two distinct types of cut. The blazer was dark red cheviot trimmed with bias folds of black cloth, and was worn over an immaculate waistcoat of white broadcloth. The other was the newest box front shape, in blue cloth, trimmed with black soutache that was hardly larger than coarse thread.

The question of hats for such rigs is a serious one. Of these two models, the left hand one was a black straw shepherdess trimmed with cerise silk and a fine bunch of white hydrangeas. The other was turquoise blue straw, trimmed with blue and white gauze, cock's feathers and a most assertively fanciful buckle. Tailormade have changed toward severity, but what is lost in dainty suggestion by taboos highly wrought trimming, is more than made up by the new license in tailor millinery. Very early this season one of our best known men's hatters astounded his women followers by displaying a window full of sailors trimmed out of all severity, and of walking hats as gay as a Turk's turban, with winding scarfs, up-rising eyebrows and flashes of jewels and buckles. As a last flirting kick at severity, behold! a tilt is given to the brim of the walking hat that is even more startling than the gaiety of its composition. The artistic effect of this contrast between hat and gown is excelled by new fancies. It is one of those few complete changes that captivate the observer from the start, rather than filling her with doubts as to whether it can ever be accepted.

One of the best of the latest color de-



THE LATEST BLAZER AND BOX FRONT.

and splash of brilliant color, and a maze of audacious frills.

The hair—there again is the flip of contrast. It is a riot of half-held-back waves and curls. Time was, you remember, when the tailor-made dress implied hair austere smooth, wound in tight and shiny flat braids in the English fashion, and any other coiffure would be disconcerted as "ruining the effect" of the tailor gown. It is not a bit so now. Now the effect of the gown is heightened, and the face set between the strictly mannish collar and tie and the romping girliness of crinkly hair is simply irresistible. Yet she does not stop there. On top of the American hair and saucy, Yankee-tilted chin and you-can't-catch-me eyes, she sets a French hat or something of

velopments consists of combinations of browns, from chocolate through bronze into nuttiness gold, and three rigs that carried out this scheme attractively are presented in the concluding sketch. Right here it may be said that many of the women who respond to changes of style in hair coloring have dyed their locks bronze. The first gown of this trio was a dull tobacco brown, braided with tiny threads of red bronze. It was made on a drop skirt of orange taffeta finished with lemon and tea color frills and a chocolate brown belt clasped with a copper buckle. The cut was as severe as that of a riding habit, so were the linen collar and the swagger of plaided yellow and brown tie, but over all this, as yet not seriously broken austerity, was a hat of golden grass



THREE TAILOR RIGS WITH A SURPRISE TO EACH.

American make so suggestive of the French milliner's taste and skill as to prove that there is no longer excuse for buying headgear in Paris.

Dress after the manner of the women pictured here, and few of you will have an excuse to blame Nature very much for her outfitting. Yet from the girl dressed to the details of her dress, is a descent. That fact alone speaks volumes for the glory of the finished—that

woven into great soft curves and finished by a sunset riot of gown bloom. In the second costume, though square-toed shoes, English gloves and military shoulders conveyed the idea of most strict tailormade austerity, there escaped right under the chin a frill of golden chiffon that matched the dash of softness and color that constituted the stock over which a pretty chin will lift.

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ROMANCE OF ROOM 77.

Parted Lovers Accidentally Meet in It and Renew Their Vows.

The house must have been crowded that day or the room clerk would not have sent a drummer to "77"—the bridal chamber—says a Chicago paper. The smell of tobacco is an evil thing in bridal chambers and there never was but one drummer who did not smoke. This smart New-Yorker elevated his eyebrows when he saw the rich hangings and gave Buttons 4 a quarter—which, it may be remarked, was much more eloquent of his astonishment.

Mrs. Parks, the head housekeeper, was filled with indignation at the sacrilege to the bridal chamber. She sent Susy, the second-floor maid, to change some of the furnishings of the room to a less elaborate kind. Buttons 4, who was passing through the hall, heard a slight feminine scream from "77" soon after Susy entered.

After about an hour Mrs. Parks noticed that Susy had not returned. She sent the hall man to investigate. "Come in," answered his knock, and he stepped on the velvet rug and paused in astonishment. Susy was sitting on the sofa and the arm of the drummer was around her. She was blushing furiously, but seemed otherwise unconcerned. "I was sent for you, miss," began the hall man. "Well, you can tell Mrs. Parks that I am not coming—that I have quit the hotel." She pointed to the table, where her cap and apron—her emblems of office—lay discarded. The hall man had not the gift of speech—he retreated. Presently came the head housekeeper, the clerk and the head porter. The clerk, after the manner of his kind, was smooth. "May we ask what the meaning of this is?" he said.

The drummer spoke: "Susy, here, and I were engaged back in Connecticut four years ago—had a quarrel and separated. I went to New York and she came here to Chicago. We lost sight of each other until just now. I think I am paying only \$1.50 for this room—you had better charge it up at the bridal rate. There'll be a wedding to-night."

So there was, and after it the manager, who knows an advertisement when he sees one, sent for the reporters.

How's This!

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

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

WEST & THURAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

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

Red Tape of Court Life.

An English paper says that the other day, when Queen Victoria was seated in her drawing-room, with several of her household in attendance, the lamp placed close beside her began to smoke. To the horror and astonishment of the company the Queen promptly raised her august hand and turned down the flame. "Your Majesty," said the lady-in-waiting, in awestruck tones, "why did you trouble yourself to do that yourself?" "Because," said the Queen, "if I had called out 'This lamp is smoking!' one of you ladies would have said to the equerry: 'See! the lamp is smoking!' and the equerry would have called out to the nearest servant, 'Here! the Queen's lamp is smoking!' and that servant would have called to a footman to attend to it, and all the time the lamp would have gone on smoking; so I preferred to turn it down myself."

Louisiana Acadians.

The homes of the Acadians of Louisiana are, for the most part, to be found in the Attakapas country of the State, west of the Mississippi, although many of them are in the vicinity of the Gulf coast line of Louisiana, and some on the banks of the Mississippi along the German coast, above New Orleans. They comprise one of the best elements of the varied population of the State, and the story of their enforced exile from their homes in Acadia (Nova Scotia) has been beautifully recited by Longfellow in his noble poem, entitled "Evangeline; a Tale of Acadie."—New Orleans Picayune.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought and has the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897.

Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which even he does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought" BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher

Insist on Having

The Kind That Never Failed You.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

The Smithsonian Institution has just come into possession of what is believed to be the original first telegraph instrument constructed by Morse for actual use.

Never wear a shoe with a sole turning up very much at the toes, as this causes the cords on the upper part of the foot to contract.

Spring Is the Time

When Impurities in the Blood Should Be Expelled

America's Greatest Medicine is the Best Spring Medicine.

In winter months the perspiration, so profuse in summer, almost ceases. This throws back into the system the impurities that should have been expelled through the pores of the skin. This and other causes make the blood impure in spring. Boils, pimples, humors and eruptions then appear or some more serious disease may take its start. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy for the blood in all its forms, as proved by its marvelous cures of blood diseases. It is therefore the medicine for you to take in the spring. It expels all humors, and puts the whole system in good condition for warmer weather. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Get only Hood's.

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



Keeps both rider and saddle perfectly dry in the hardest storms. Substitutes will disappoint. Ask for 1897 Fish Brand Pommel Slicker. It is entirely new. If not for sale in your town, write for catalogue to A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

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