THE DISPATCH.

IN THE PRIVATE CAR.

BY GEORGE HYDE PRESTON.

The west-bound Overland was standing still on the plains. The sun beat down and the hot wind sifted the dust through every crevice.

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The girl, who was the sole occupant of the private car at the end of the train, looked forlornly out of the window and drummed on the pane with impatient fingers.

"What are we stopping for?" she exclaimed. "There is not a house in sight nor a thing stirring except this nasty dust." And she looked disapprovingly at a griny little hand. "It's one of those everlasting hot boxes,

of course," she added, and her eyes strayed listlessly across the barren country and then became intent on a cloud of dust that was moving towards the train.

She took up a pair of field glasses, put them to her eyes, and gave an eager cry. "They are cowboys! It's a race! One is way ahead! How splendidly he rides! He's coming this way! Oh, I could love a man who rides like that!"

And she dropped the glasses and clapped her hands.

The foremost man was rapidly nearing the train, and the girl watched him breathlessly. Then came a sharp whistle from the engine and the train began moving.

The girl ran to the end of the car and out on to the platform in her eagerness to see the finish.

As the train gathered headway the foremost horseman swerved in his course and made straight for her car, and when the rear platform came abreast his racing horse he made a sudden daring spring from the saddle to the step.

The crowd of horsemen behind shouted and waved at the train.

The man lay on the step for a moment. panting heavily, then he looked up at the girl with triumphant eyes.

"I made it, didn't I ?"

"Yes," she answered, her face pink with excitement. "It was splendid,-the way you rode. I thought it was a race. I didn't know you were trying to catch the train. Your friends got left, didn't they?"

"Yes, they did," he replied, looking back at the waving group with a grim smile under

rest of you come on. Sorry to disturb you, Ma'am, but I have to leave a man in charge son lives away out here somewhere." And road. Everybody knows I have no daughter here while we search the train. This is she waved vaguely across the country. "He mighty particular business I'm on, and I can't risk no slip up."

time before the Sheriff came back. When obstinate." he did he looked the girl straight in the eye. "We didn't find the man," said he.

"He must have stepped off the train, then," she answered.

"No, Ma'am! This train is surrounded," he retorted. "What's in them rooms? We'll have to search this car."

The girl laughed easily. "This is absurd-What interest could I have in concealing your man?"

"Beg pardon, Ma'am. I dont suspicion you, but he must have stepped into one of them rooms without your seeing him." "Impossible!" she answered.

"We'll, we'll have to search them, anyway." "This is insolence, sir!" cried the girl' "This car does not belong to the train. It is the private car of the vice-president of this road. Those are his private rooms. I am his daughter. I forbid you to search them!' The Sheriff's jaw squared.

"I don't care nothing about your vice-presidents. I respect a lady, Ma'am, but you are interfering with an officer of the law. Stand aside, Ma'am. Jim, open that door!"

As Jim stepped forward the door was opened a crack, and a smooth, drawling voice inquired, -

"Helen, what is all this noise about?"

"Who is that man?" demanded the Sherifi. "That man? That man is-my husband." said the girl in s clear, cool voice. "I thought you were asleep, Jack," she called.

"I'm not, though, but I am only about half-dressed," drawled the voice. "Now, what is the row about?" And the door opened part way, and just within the room stood a young man clad in faultless shift and trousers, his upper lip clean shaven, and the rest of his face thickly covered with lather. He peered out near sightedly at the group through his gold rimmed eye-glasses and repeated languidly, "Now, what is all this row about?"

The girl flashed a look at him.

"Oh Jack!" she began excitedly, "this is the Sheriff. He is after a man, and he says is hiding in this car, - in papa's car, -and he wants to search papa's rooms and I won't

had some trouble with his father and left

home, saying he would never come back till The train was a long one and it was some Lis father asked him to-and they are both The man started and clinched his hands

nervously. "Yes, I have heard of such cases," said he quietly. "I wish he would come home, though,"

went on the girl wistfully. "His mother is a dear old lady, and she misses him and wants him. He ought to be ashamed of himself!",

she added hotly. Then she laughed. "She is such a dear old lady. I am a distant relative,-did I tell you?-and she is very fond of me and often talks to me about her son, and tells me, if he would only come back, what a good wife I would make for him, because I am so quiet and domestic. If she could only see me today!" And her eyes danced.

"Have you ever met the son?" "No, it all happened several years ago, before I went to live with her."

"But-er-perhaps you would not love him."

"His mother says I could not help it. But I don't know about that," smiled the girl, looking at her watch. "Why it is two o'clock!" the exclaimed. "I hope you will stay to lunch," she laughed.

"Thank you, I will. I haven't had any. thing to eat since yesterday morning."

"Oh, I ought to have thought! Why didn's you tell me? I'm so sorry! Will you please touch the button?" And when the darky came in she said, "Johnson, have lunch right away. Have lots of lunch, Johnson! I'm awfully hungry! And-er-Johnson-myhusband got on at that station away back there, you know, early this morning. You remember, don't you? Someone on the train -some Sheriff-might ask you, you know." "Yes, Miss, yes, Miss, I sure remembers whatever you say," replied the darky, nodd ing gravely.

"And now, Johnson, hurry lunch as fast as ever you can."

"Yes. Miss"

As they were finishing lunch the young man looked across the table at the girl with troubled eyes.

"I'm afraid I have got you into an awful scrape," he said.

"No. They belong to the secretary. The tween you. This story will go all over the to say nothing of a married one. And the Sheriff will find out he has been fooled, and begin sending telegrams down the line to arrest you, young man. It's a pretty kettle of fish. Now, what are you going to do about it?" he demanded in puzzled despair. "It's all my fault," stammered Miss Lee "T'didn't know how to-to lie-properly." "Your faul , indeed!" cried Mrs. Blaker,

with her arms around her. "You're the bravest, sweetest girl in all the world!" "I'll do anything I can to straighten things

out, sir," sighed Miss Lee.

"You will?" cried the cowboy. And again the reckless fun came into his eyes-and something more. "So you shall! And I'll tell you how! And all the lies will come true besides! You said I was your husband -and I'm going to be. You said you were the vice-president's daughter-and you will be-in law. And I love you-and-"

"Oh!" gasped Miss Lee, "I-you-I can't -I've only known you one day, and----"

"Yes, only one day, Marian, but a big, long day. Long enough for you to save my life and bring me home and make me love you."

"Oh Marian! then my wish would come true!" cried Mrs. Blaker.

""You might as well give in, young woman," put in Mr. Blaker. "My son is the most obstinate boy alive."

"If you refuse, I'll go back and give myself up to the sheriff!" declared the cowboy. "Oh! don't do that - 'Jack,' " faltered Miss Lee. - In Lippincotte's Magazine.

Japanese Proverbs.

If you wait for the other fellow to hit first ou may never land your blow.

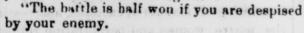
It is better to aim and miss than to keep our hands in your pockets. When you have decided to fight don't wait

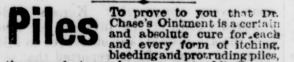
for the other fellow to pick out a soft place on which to fall.

By kicking him often enough and getting way unhurt a rabbit might kill a bulldog. Don't go tiger-hunting with bird shot.

He that seeks friends must make his friend hip worth seeking.

Before going into a fight make sure that your big brother is looking on.







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his mustache.

"The train is slowing down!" exclaimed the girl. "I believe it is going to wait for

them.' The man started and swore under his breath.

"Are there many passengers in this car?" he demanded.

"I am the only one at present. It is private car."

"Please come in here," said he, drawing her through the door and closing it. Then he looked straight into her eyes.

"Those men are not my friends," he said shortly. "They didn't want to catch the train. They wanted to catch me. They are a sheriff's posse. If I'm caught, its all day with me."

The girl breathed quickly. The train had almost stopped.

"I've been wild enough, God knows, but I didn't do this thing. I can't prove it. though, and I'll swing if they catch me. 1 must make a fight for it. Go into the next car, please. Quick! I don't want you killed too."

The girl looked at him.

"I'd like to help you," she said "I-be lieve you."

"Thauk you for that. But it,s no use, he added, a humorous light coming into hi eyes as he looked at her. "Women can' serve on juries in Montana."

The car was standing dead still now and they could hear the beat of hoofs.

"Quick! Go!" he cried, pushing her for ward.

"No!" she exclaimed. "Step into that stateroom and lock the door! I have a plan. Let the fight come last, if it must come. If it does; Fil get out of harm's way. Ob. please go! The men are here!"

He seized her hands and his eyes blazed into hers. "Whether you save me or not, God bless your pluck! Good bye!" and he impulsively stooped and kissed her, and was gone into the state-room.

And when, a moment later, the Sheriff and his posse entered the car they were faced interrupted. by a young woman with pink cheeks but composed manner.

"Gentlemen, this is a private car. The passenger cars are forward."

"Sorry to disturb you, Ma'am," said the Sheriff, glancing quickly around, "but we want the man who jumped aboard this car. Where is he."

"I told him this was a private car and he went on through," answered the girl cooly. | meet the car at Billings tonight." "Jim you stay here," the Sheriff. "The

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let him. That's all." "That's all right, Helen," drawled the

young man. "Let him see the rooms. He is perfectly right, and, besides, he is the Sheriff and you can't stop him, anyway." "I think it is a shame, Jack, but, if you say so, Johnson can show him through," she

answered, turning to a darky who had come tritely.

in and stood looking on in open-eyed astonshment.

"Yes, let-Johnson show him through. And if you are satisfied, gentlemen, that your man isn't in here with me I'll close the door and finish dressing."

"All right, sir," laughed the Sheriff, glancing into the room. "Very sorry to have laughed. disturbed you and your wife.'

The young man glanced at the girl as he closed the door.

She gasped and turned pink.

He did not open the door again until the search was over and the train under way. Then he came out. "I've finished dressiug," he announced calmly.

The girl looked at him, her cheeks flushed and her eyes demanding his excuse.

"Please forgive me," he stammered. "I thought it was all up with me. I never expected to see you again. I thought it was good-by forever-and you were so plucky. And besides," he added, with a flash of reckless fun in his eyes, "it isn't unusual for a husband to kiss his wife."

Her face turned scarlet. "Oh! why could'nt I think of some other

lie than that!" she stammered helplessly. "I might have said brother, or cousin, or anything but that," and she covered her burning face with her hands.

He took a quick step to her side.

"You did it because you knew it was the surest way to fool them. You did it because you have the quickest wit and the pluckiest heart in the whole world! Your father, the vice-president, might not approve of your helping a cowboy out of a scrape, but he---' "The vice-president is not my father," she

"But you told the Sheriff you were the vice president's daughter."

"I know I did, but that was another-lie." I thought if I said so they would not dare to search the rooms."

"Has he a daughter?" "No, only a son."

"Then you____" he began. "I am his wife's companion. They are to

"Are these the son's clothes that I have on?"

To Cure a Cold in One Day

"Oh, no!" she answered lightly. "Johnson is devoted to me, and he will say nothing. You'll get off somewhere this side of Billings. and I'll invent some story about the loss of the secrecary's clothes, -you'll have to wear them,

you know, --- and there you are! Oh, what a lot of fibs I've told today!" She sighed con-

> "I shall always remember this day-and you," said he unsteadily "How can I ever repay you, or even begin to thank you? shall probably never see you again, but before I go you'll tell me your name, won't you?"

> "Yes, I'm Marian Lee. And yours? It must be something wild and daring," she

He hesitated. "Please let me be 'Jack, as you christened me. I can't 'tell you my name. Not because I am ashamed of it or have dishonored it, but because you-because I can't."

In their eager talk they did not notice that the train had stopped at a station, and did not hear the car dcor open.

"Well, Miss Lee," called a cherry voice, "I found we had time to come this far on the east bound to meet the car, and-what!" "Oh Mr. Blake!" gasped Miss Lee. "I-

"Oh Will! Oh my son, my sou!" cried another voice, and his mother was clinging to Miss Lee's cowboy with trembling arms. "You have come back to us. Say you have!" The young man held his mother to his breast for a long moment. Then he looked

at his father and his face hardened. "I didn't expect, sir, to meet-" he began. Then he felt Miss Lee's hand on his

"You asked me a minute ago how you could repay me," she said in a low voice. "Pay me now-I demand it. Oh, please do, Mr .- 'Jack!'

arm.

"Will-my son-don't break my heart," whispered his mother.

He faced around. "Father, I have come home. I have been a fool."

"So have I, my boy, and so we'll say no more about it," and he walked down to the end of the car and looked out of the door for a moment. Then he came back.

"Look here, you two," he demanded, with his hand on his son's shoulder, "where did you meet? What have you been up to? What's this I hear about your repaying Miss. Lee, Will?" "I'll tell you, sir," and he did.

"' 'Pon my soul!" sputtered the old gentle. man "You've got me into a pretty mess be-

Cures Grip

in Two Days.



Sealed Tenders, addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Car Repair Shop, Sydney," will be received up to and including

TUESDAY, THE 15TH DAY OF MARCH, 1904

for the construction of a Car Repair Shop at Sydney, N. S.

Plans and specification may be seen at the office of Station Master at Sydney, N. S., and at the office of the Chief Engineer, Moncton, N. B., where forms of tender may be obtained.

All the conditions of the Specification must be complied with.

D. POTTINGER, Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., General Manager. 26th February, 1904.

Intercolonial Railway.

Tender for Station and Dwelling.

Sealed Tenders, addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Station and Dwelling," will be received up to and includ-

THURSDAY, THE 17TH DAY OF MARCH, 1904,

for the construction of a Passenger Station and Dwelling at Amqui, P. Q. Plans and specification may be seen at the Station Master's office at Amqui, P. Q., and at the Chief Engineer's office at Moncton, N. B., where forms of tender may be obtained. All the conditions of the Specification must be

complied with. D. POTTINGER, **General Manager**

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., S BR MOLES 27th February, 1904.

Intercolonial Railway.

TENDER FOR DOUBLE TRACKING.

Sealed Tenders, addressed to the undersigned and marked on the outside "Tender for Double Tracking," will be received up to and including

MONDAY, THE 14TH DAY OF MARCH, 1904.

for the work in connection with Double Tracking between Bedford Bridge and Windsor Junction. Plans and specification may be seen at the office of the Station Master at Bedford, N. S., and at the Chief Engineer's office, Moneton, N. B., where forms of tender may be obtained. All the conditions of the Specification must be

complied with. D. POTTINGER. Railway Office, General Manager. Moncton, N. B., 17th February, 1904.



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Hillsborough River Bridge at Charlotte-

town, P. E. I.,--2,323 feet of line.

Separate Sealed Tenders addressed to the underigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Line at Curtis Creek" or "Tender for Connection. to Hillsborough River Bridge," as the case may be, will be received until

TUESDAY, 15TH MARCH, 1904,

for the above works.

specifications may be seen at the Plans and office of the Resident Engineer at Charlottetown, and at the Chief Engineer's Office, Moncton, N. B., where forms of tender may be obtained. All the conditions of the specification must be

complied with. D. POTTINGER.

Railway Office. **General Manager** Moncton, N. B., Government Railways. 17th February, 1904.

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