THE

#### MOUNTAIN LIMITED.

A Thrilling Tale of Railroading.

BY ERWIN L. COOLIDGE.

CHAPTER V-Continued

Hal Harrod had stepped from the footboard to be greeted by President Wellington, whose honest palm was extended, potwithstanding the oil and smut upon | heart. the Boy Runner's hands.

Accompanying the railroad magnate were two of the most beautiful girls Ha! hope for the lad." Harrod had ever seen.

As he doffed his cap to President Wellington, his handsome face flushed with embarassment at the unusual presence of ladies at his engine.

"Good evening, Hal," said President Wellington, cordially. "On time as usual. Let me present my daughters. Grace, Maud, this is Hal Harrod, our Boy Runue:."

Hal Harrod bowed politely.

The girls both extended their pretty, delicately-gloved hand to our hero:

He looked at them and at the oil and dirt on his own palms.

"I-" he started to say, when President | eager interest. Wellington interrupted.

"Shake hands, my boy, never mind the dirt. Spoil their gloves, but shake hands. The girls have heard me speak of you. They know you have saved the road from ruin by bringing its stock up to standard and want to get acquainted with you."

"Yes, sir," said Maud in the sweetest tones Hal had ever heard. "I shall consider it an honor to take your hand, and if you will please soil my glove, I shall keep it as a memento of the event."

not resist such an appeal.

up to her father's gaze, crying :

"Oh, papa, look!" Boy Runner's fingers stamped as with in-

delible ink. laughter.

Harrod soiled another glove.

But notwithstanding the pleasure the present meeting gave our young hero, his thoughts were not with his visitors wholly. His mind wandered back to Little River

Bridge and to the poor fellow lying on the said Hal Harrod. blanket in the baggage car. And now a crowd of excited passengers

thronged about him, eager and boisterous. President Wellington was amazed. asked, with difficulty making himself will save the boy."

understood above the babel of voices. Hal Harrod replied quickly.

"I would ask you, sir, to climb into the waiting-room and wait for you there. We have the body of a man in the bag-Bridge."

President Wellington did not demur. thing behind the Boy Runner's mere them. They are calling to you." words, and instantly addressed himself to his daughters

They bowed adieu to our hero and to awai: his coming.

President Wellington followed Hal Har- | And he slammed the car door shut, rod into the cab of the locomotive.

"Now follow me to the baggage car," crowd back."

"Yes, sir." Springing off on the opposite side of the lips. engine, our hero and the railroad presi-

gage car, where the stricken man lay, There they found Conductor Frank Maynard bending over the body, and the lington. "Who is the young hero?" rest of the train hands keeping the crowd

off, and trying to silence them. The old conductor looked up anxiously as President Wellington and our here

stepped to his side. I think this boy yet lives. We must have ly, faintly and with difficulty. "Tella surgeon at once. Perhaps we can save my mother-I died to save-the-Mounhim."

Hal Harrod's heart leaped to his mouth he lost consciousness. with a tremendous throb of thanksgiving.

gage car, tumbling aside the baggage man who was piling out a mammoth trunk, and faced the crowd.

At his appearance a dead silence fell on

"Is there a surgeon among you?" shout. ed the Boy Runner.

In answer, an elderly, portly gentleman stepped forward, and Hal motioned him private office of President Webb of the to enter the car.

bospital," said the volunteer, intro- Johnson and the general passenger agent ducing himself. "I am at your service!" of the road were in heated discussion,

of the car, where the silent form lay. "Here is your patient," he said simply. speaking.

knelt at the boy's side.

"Murdered?" he asked, as he noted the men sat, "I say it must be done. We crimson stains on the handsome face, and must overthrow this confounded Eastern | fidgetin, uneasily, but the last words of

the ugly looking bullet hole above the

"Yes!" was Hal Harrod's reply. Dr. Grosblach's hand felt the boy's

His eyes kindled. "But not dead!" he cried. "There is

Then he examined the bullet wound.

"Ah," he said, "the ball struck here, glanced upward and passed out through the skin at the top of the head. See a hole in the crown of his hat."

He spoke truly.

"Some water and a cloth."

While his orders were being executed he opened a case of instruments, and laid them before him.

The water was brought, and the cloth. With a soft sponge Dr. Grosblach bathed the wound, and washed away the blood from the pale face.

President Wellington looked on with

He started.

He looked again at the handsome face

on the floor. Then at Hal Harrod.

There was a striking resemblance. "How did this happen?" asked Dr.

Grosblach, as he continued his work, and made a careful examination of the wound. Hal Harrod answered:

"I was running at a rate of a mile a minute through Lakeport," he said, "and was just at Little River Bridge. In the Hal blushed deeper than ever, but could | glare of the headlight I saw that a switch to a spur track on the river bank was He took the dainty hand and pressed it open and, reversing my power, whistled for brakes. But it was too late to save Then the beautiful girl held her hand us even if the brakes had worked, and I saw that we were scheduled for the bottom of the river. We were lost. But There were the distinct marks of the suddenly I saw this boy spring out of the darkness and grasp the switch. His form swaved and fell, and I heard the report of Maud Wellington burst into a peal of a pistol. But, thank God, the switch was closed and we went across the bridge in "Now mine!" cried Grace, and Hal safety instead of to the bottom of the

river. This boy gave his life for ours " "Merciful God! An attempt to wreck the Mountain Limited!" cried President

Wellington in horror. "Yes, prevented by this young hero,"

"Doctor," cried President Wellington, "will he live?"

"It's very doubtful," came the reluctant reply. "His skull is badly fractured. "What does this mean, my boy?" he Tender care and watchful treatment alone

"Such a hero must not die!" cried President Wellington. "Young man," to a brakeman, "send to the-hospital cab and request the ladies to go to the for the ambulance. We will have him taken to my house. Dr. Grosblach, I know you by reputation. Consider yourgage car. We took it on at Little River | self retained on this case. Call any assistance you need. Save the boy's life, I will pay all bills. Oh, why won't this He understood that there was some- crowd outside keep quiet? Hal, speak to

> The Boy Runner stepped once more to the car door.

"Silence, people!" he cried. "We have hastened away to their father's private a sorely injured man here and he needs office in the head-house of the depot there | quiet. Read the papers to-morrow and you will know all about this."

Doctor Grosblach's busy hands were

sewing up the boy's wound and then he cried the Boy Runner. "Joe keep the arranged a neat bandage about the muti-

A sigh escaped from between the white

"A good sign," said Doctor Grosblach. dent had an unobstructed path to the bag- While there is life there is hope. Does anybody know him?"

"I wish they did," said President Wel-At the words the handsome face of the

boy lighted up. His eyes opened and his lips moved.

"Yes, that's my name. Hero Raymond. I live in Lakeport. I-am-a-news-"Ah, he said. "I'm glad you have come. paper-reporter-" his words came slowtain Limited-express," and with a sigh

"Poor fellow," said President Welling. He sprang to the side door of the bag- ton, with his eyes full of tears, "you are well named. But you shall not die if it lies in human power to save you."

Other eyes than his filled with moisture.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE CAMP OF THE ENEMY.

A conneil of war was in session in the Athens & Northern Railroad.

"I am Dr. Grosblach, surgeon at the President Webb, General Manager

Hal Harrod led the way to the corner | President Webb, a hard-featured, evileved, satanic-appearing individual, wa

Dr. Grosblach threw off his coat, and "But, said he, bringing his fist down upon the table, around which the thre-

Central road. They are beating us out all along the line. All the business we are getting now is from our British American connections. The mountain traffic has all turned in to the enemy. Look at our Northern Flyer. Why, it does not pay for the coal used. All our passenger business has gone over to that devilish Mountain Limited."

"What can we do more than we are doing to control our share of the business?" asked General Passenger Agent Freeman

"Do as I say. Buy out that pig-headed ninny. Col. James Wilson Newburn."

"But he won't sell out," said General Manager Johnson. "Haven't we been at him for years? He merely sits in his office at The Springs and snaps his fingers

"Well, bribe him to delay the Eastern Central trains over his road," thundered Webb. "Have you tried that?"

"No." was the answer in unison.

"Go to him and tell him that the Eastern Central people are arranging to build through from Quarryville to Summit in order to take all of their through freight and passenger business away from him. Get him mad. Stir the tiger up in his den. He remembers that they once threatened to do so."

"It won't work," said Freeman. He won't scare at that."

"But he will be ready to put a freight on for us five minutes ahead of the time the Mountain Limited reaches him. He will do that for a price. We must delay the Limited somehow. Ever since that dare-devil Boy Runner of theirs took the train and humped it around the Dayona branch the night of their freight wreck at Lakeport, they have had things all their

"Why not buy off the boy?" suggested the general manager, in a low voice.

President Webb started.

"The very scheme. Not only buy him off, but fetch him on to our own road. Put him on our Northern Flyer. Why, it would be the biggest advertisement we could get. Have you noticed how everybody is talking about him and how the people crowd around his engine to see him as he starts out mornings? They even say that a crowd gathers at every station along the line of the Eastern to see his train go by. That's the scheme. We must have that boy."

"How shall we go about it to get him?" asked Johnson.

"Go to him and buy him over."

"Oh, no," said Johnson, "I am not much acquainted with this Boy Runner, as they call him, but I know that he can't be bought over like you would buy a

"Leave it to me, then," said President Webb. "Send Peterson to me when you go out."

The council of war adjourned.

Ten minutes later a low-browed, swarthy, cunning-looking man entered the railroad president's office with a catlike tread.

"Peterson," said Webb, fixing a steady gaze on his hireling's face, "I've warm work for you. You know the Boy Runner of the Eastern Central?"

The man started and his face paled

slightly at the words. "Yes. What of him?"

President Webb had noted the start and subsequent pallor of Peterson's face.

"I want you to get at him and win him over to the interests of the Athens & Northern. Can you do it?"

"I can do most anything," was the meaning reply.

"Now listen. Since a month ago this boy has well nigh been the ruin of our road. Business has fallen off so that our stock will go below fifty as soon as our stockholders find it out. We must get back at the Eastern Central and win this boy over to us."

ern Central a shaking up and then get the bered by hundreds here, and the entire boy over here?"

"Oh, any way to fix it. I'll leave it all to you. Get to work at once. A thousand dollars to you if you succeed. And five hundred dollars every time the Mountain Limited comes into Athens late with vated type by a few boxes, after his docthe Boy Runner in the cab. Win him ever or crush him. You understand?"

"How about money for expenses?" a-ked Peterson, with a grin. Dirty work was his forte. .

Athens & Northern Railroad.

"All you need shall be furnished you. "I understand," said Peterson. "I'll get Booth to work with me, and we'll fix this thing in shape."

"Booth!" repeated President Webb. It was not Peterson that started and paled this time.

"Yes, same old pal," said Peterson. "Turned up again."

"But I thought he-" "Thought he died in the Ohio Valley wreck?" interrupted Peterson. "So did I, But 'pears that he didn't, as he has come ap alive and kickin' again. Called on me e day. Be a good man to help out, von't he?"

"Yes," said President Webb, hesitatingly, "but don't tell him that-"

"Oh! he knows it already," interrupted Peterson. "Knew it long ago, so he said. Knew you were 'round where I was. Course he did. We had a nice friendly at over old times."

this chair President Webb had been

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Chelsea, near Ottawa, Que. Biliousness—"I have been troubled with headache and biliousness and was much run down. Tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and it gave me relief and built me up." A. Morrison, 89 Defoe Street, Toronto, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and

only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla

his hireling were more than his risibles

could stand. "Curse it! Peterson," he said. "Won't you shut up, and let the past rest? You are getting paid all the time. Why not let me alone?"

"Hain't said a word!" was Peterson's humble reply to the other's fierce words Only Booth has come back and wants j.b. Shall I take him in on this scheme?

"Yes. Anything. I leave it all to you. Here's a thousand to work with. When its gone come for more. Report to me all that is done. You can leave me now."

President Webb counted out for him, and left the private office. As the door closed behind him he mut-

Peterson eagerly grasped the roll of bills

"If the old man only knew what I dollar some day. It's funny though, isn't Oat Meal, Corn Meal, at Lowest Prices.

In his private office President James Webb, owner of more than one-third of the securities of the Athens & Northern Railroad, bank president and reputed millionaire, ground his teeth with rage. "Curse that man Peterson! And what delight he took in torturing me with his reference to Booth, and his insinuations

about the past. Would that Booth had died in the Ohio valley wre. k. Where has he been all these years? Certainly ten thousand dollars has not kept him all this time. What, seven o'clock? No. That clock is three minutes fast, according to my watch. In three minutes that cursed Mountain Limited will come whirling into the Eastern Central depot next door if the Boy Runner is in the cab to-day, as, of course, he is."

President Webb paced the floor for a moment in silence, and then took a position at a window commanding a view of a network of railroad tracks.

The yards of the rival roads. "I can see her coming now. Whew! How she rushes over the iron. And here comes the Flyer, half a mile away, with the Limited already emptying her pas-

sengers. That Boy Runner is a very

devil." "Peterson, what does this mean?" and with his face pale and his voice trembling. President Webb looked up from a newspaper as his satellite came into his pres-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A St. Thomas Case.

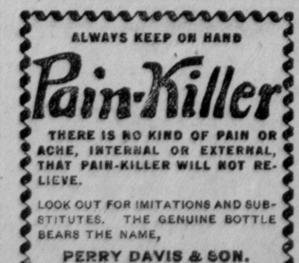
The Entire Population Talking of the Dodd's Kidney Pills Cures.

St. Thomas, June 12-The great wave has reached St. Thomas. The cures "I see," said Peterson. "Give the East- wrought by Dodd's Kidney Pills are num-

> population, almost, is talking of them. Michael Holleran, a farmer living near here told our reporter "Dodd's Kidney Pills saved me from an untimely grave." He was cured of Diabetes, of an aggrators had failed to even relieve him.

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A party of fishermen from this place who visited the lakes near the head waters of Great Salmon River caught over 600 fish in three days. Messrs. Geo. H. Barnes, F G. Lausdowne, C. W. Stock ton and Arthur Maggs, who comprised the party, are to be congratulated on the r immense catch which was the work of two days and two hours fishing. - Sussex



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