

KEEPER OF CRAGIE'S CUT

Baxter, the new inspector of the Evansburg & Sank Center railroad, was not the only person who had been astonished at the first sight of the keeper of Cragie's bridge and the rock cut beyond. L. C. Dolby, Section 27, he had read in his little book with the thumbled blue cover, and he had expected to see a grizzle-bearded man with a rough, red face and stubby black pipe. For Cragie was known to be one of the worst sections on the line. Its keeper was required to walk a mile from the end of the long bridge and through the cut twice every day, winter and summer, and it often required a cool head and a vigorous body to dodge the tramp freights that thundered back and forth with seeming disregard for time cards and running rules.

The new inspector had come down from Cragie's walking the whole length of section 27. He had found everything in the best of order, not bolt loose nor a spike gone, and he felt, after the manner of new inspectors, like complimenting the vigilance of the keeper.

"Is L. C. Dolby in?" he asked when he reached the keeper's house on the hill.

"Yes, sir; will you walk in?" asked the rosy-cheeked girl who came to the door.

He stepped into the neatest of little sitting rooms. There were flowers in the windows and a cheery fire on the hearth in front of which a lazy tabby cat yawned a good-humored greeting.

"My name is Baxter, the new inspector, and I wish to see L. C. Dolby, the keeper of 27," he said.

The girl flushed slightly. He observed that her hair was cut short like a boy's and that her chin was firm and sharp.

"I am the keeper," she answered; my name is Lettie C. Dolby and I've had the place since father was injured last winter."

"That's right, and as good as a man she is, too," came a gruff voice from the outer room.

Lettie flushed again.

"It's father," she whispered; "won't you step in and see him? He's very glad to have visitors."

Baxter had not yet recovered from his shock of surprise at finding that the slim, blue-eyed girl who stood before him was really keeper of Cragie's cut, and he allowed himself to be led into the other room. There, at a big bright window, sat a man in a rocking chair. His face was of the chalky whiteness that comes from being always indoors, and his lap was spread with a plaid comforter. He looked prematurely old and worn.

"How are you?" he asked. "I'd get up only—" and he motioned to his crippled legs with a faint smile.

"That's all right," responded Baxter, sympathetically; "keep your seat."

And Baxter, sitting there heard Lettie explain the condition of section 27, and make her reports as promptly and very much more clearly than any of the keepers he had ever met. She spoke in a frank, almost boyish way, and she understood her work as well as Baxter himself did. Her father sat watching her quietly, adding a word here and there. Presently the clock in the further room struck three, and Lettie started to her feet.

"It's for me to make the rounds of the section," she said, and a moment later Baxter saw her lithe form, wrapped in a stout, dark cloak, disappear over the brow of the hill toward the tracks.

As he looked back he found Dolby watching him intently. When he caught his eye the cripple leaned forward and touched Baxter's knee.

"There isn't a pluckier girl between St. Paul and Montana buttes," he said; "even if I do say it, who shouldn't."

"I don't see how she can manage the section," replied Baxter.

"That's what I say," exclaimed Dolby; "it's wonderful," and his pinched face lighted up with a smile that was beautiful to see. "It would go hard with us all if it wasn't for Lettie."

"How did a girl happen to be appointed to such a place, anyway?"

"She deserved it," Dolby answered energetically; "she deserved it. There ain't many people that know all the facts 'cep' the superintendent—he knows, and he says Lettie can be keeper as long as she wants to."

"Course you remember the big blizzard that we had last winter—the one that snowed in Evansburg and Brockton and Collinville, and killed all the cattle on the Puddin' Bottom range. Well, it struck the Cragie country, too. Came up over the hill from back of the house early in the morning, and long before 10 o'clock there wasn't a fence to be seen in the country."

Lettie's mother said I better not go down to the cut. She was afraid I might get lost. But I'd been at Cragie's off an' on for more'n eight years, and I thought I'd seen the worst the weather could do. So I went down the hill, and before I was ten rods from the house the snow had wiped it out, and all I could see were the whirling drifts and the path for a dozen feet ahead of me. And when I reached the cut there wasn't any cut there. It was filled to the top with snow. I wondered what the limited bound down for Cragie would do. It was pretty sharp and cold when I reached the track this side of the bridge, and I had to get down on my hands and knees and crawl along from tie to tie like a baby. I was strong in those days, too, only the wind and the snow was so terrible that I couldn't stand up. And first thing I knew I had crossed the bare knoll at the bridge approach, and there I was hanging over the edge of the embankment like a bat to a rafter. Slipped before I knew it."

"You're done for, Dolby," I said to myself when I saw how little held me falling into the chasm. It was 100 feet to the bottom, and jagged rocks all the way down, but I had grit, if I do say it, and I hung there for grim death, with the wind kicking me about like a dead limb. I knew well enough there would be no one to help me,

and that I couldn't help myself; but still I hung there. A man doesn't like to be dashed to pieces on a ledge of rocks unless it becomes absolutely necessary.

"Pretty soon I heard the limited squealing down the cut. I knew that Jim Crosby, the engineer, was floundering in the snow. I said to myself that if Jim succeeded in rooting through with his engine I might be saved, but I knew well enough that he wouldn't succeed. It would take four engines and two rotary plows to drive a tunnel during such a blizzard. And there she squealed and shrieked for hours, it seemed to me, while my hands and arms grew as numb as clubs."

"And Lettie—what was she doing all this time? When the snow covered the woodshed and began to creep up on the windows she was frightened. I'm afraid that father'll never get back," she told her mother—I heard all about it afterward—and her mother, who's always been fidgety and nervous like, began to walk up and down and wring her hands, not knowing what to do. Twelve o'clock came, and then one. Lettie started up and said: "Mother, I'm going out to see if I can't find father, and in spite of all her mother could do she bundled into her cloak and hood and opened the door."

"The snow was up to her waist, but the wind had mostly gone down. In the cut Jimmie Crosby's engine was callin' and screechin' for mercy, and Lettie, when she looked over the cliff couldn't see the train at all—only a big black hole where the smoke from the stack had melted the snow. But Lettie wasn't strong enough to get down to the tracks, for the path was drifted full, and a slim girl like her couldn't venture it without losing her life. She knew well enough that I was down the section somewhere—perhaps out on the bridge. But she didn't give up—not Lettie. There wasn't a man around the place to help—only in the train, and the train was at the bottom of the cut buried in the snow. She thought that if she could get word to Jim Crosby he'd help her, for she knew him well. So she ran and got a coil of rope and tied one end of it to that stubby oak—there you can see it at the edge of the hill—and then she took hold of it and slid into the cut. That took grit—there ain't many men would have risked it—let alone girls. Of course the snow got into her eyes and nose, and the rocky ledges cut and bruised her, but she never stopped until she was at the bottom. Jimmie Crosby said he saw something floundering in the snow outside of the cab, and then somebody called:

"Jim, oh Jim."

"It was Lettie. They dragged her into the cab, and as soon as she could talk she told Jim that I was lost in the blizzard."

"We'll save him," said Jim, and the fireman agreed to help, and so did a dozen other men who had come down from the train. And Jim, being a good climber, went up the rope hand over hand and helped a dozen or more men to follow him. By this time it had stopped snowing, and the sun shone bright in the west. They walked down through the drifts to the bridge Lettie following. They tried to leave her at home, but she wouldn't stay. "If father's in danger," she said, "I'm going to help find him."

"I heard 'em when they reached the bare knoll this side of the bridge. I had crooked one leg around a sleeper and still hung there over the chasm. I don't believe I could have let go. I guess I was frozen there. I tried to shout and let them know where to find me, but I couldn't get my mouth open. It was clean suffering, that. For there was help within reach and I couldn't make a sound."

"But Lettie knew the path I usually took and first thing I knew she was on her knees at the end of the bridge crying: 'Here he is; oh, father, father.'"

"After that I don't remember much. Jim said they carried me to the house and laid me on the bed, but I didn't get back to my right senses for two or three days."

"I almost forgot to tell you that one of the men who helped was Bradley the superintendent. When he saw Lettie and heard of what she had done he just took off his hat, this way, and held it before him."

"You're the bravest girl I've ever met," he said."

Dolby paused as if he liked to remember this part of the story.

"The passengers; oh, they escaped by Lettie's rope and were driven into Cragie's. And that night when the superintendent was talking about who who should be keeper of section 27, Lettie spoke up, timid-like:

"Mr. Bradley let me watch it; I can do it almost as well as father."

"The superintendent looked at her for a moment, and then he said:

"I believe you can, Lettie."

"From that day to this L. C. Dolby has been keeper of 27. I've never recovered—my legs and my back—but the doctor still gives me hope. And I couldn't get along without Lettie—"

But the old man's voice broke. Baxter shaking hands with him silently, went out toward Cragie's where he sent a glowing report of the excellent condition of section 27, L. C. Dolby, keeper.—Chicago Record.

FORTUNE IN A HAIRPIN

One Cost \$11,500 and is Worn by a New York Girl.

Costly hairpins are fast becoming the proper caper, and the girl who wears the most expensive one is the envy of her companions. These hairpins cost any amount from \$10 to \$15,000. The handsomest worn in this country is owned by a New York lady, and cost \$11,500. In length it is just six inches, while the upper, or ornamental part of it measures two inches across. It is not a pronged affair, like the old-fashioned pins, but is what a yachtman might call a single sticker. The great cost of this trinket is due not only to the profusion of the gems



with which it is set, but also to their rare and brilliant quality. The upper part of this hirsute adornment is shaped like a lyre, with a single string across it. This string, the sides of the lyre, and the bar, or pin proper, are all of solid gold, and quite broad and heavy. The sides of the lyre are studded with diamonds and rubies, the latter of a quality that makes them vie in value with their more sparkling neighbors. The string is similarly inlaid, and at each tip of the lyre is a superb diamond set about with rubies. In the bottom part of the bowl of the lyre is a golden lotus bud, with opening leaves, that reveals the largest and most valuable diamond of the ornament. The effect of the whole design is heightened by two flexible string of diamonds, ingeniously connected by delicate settings and theards of gold that run from the horns of the device to where the bar begins.

OLD TODMORDEN.

Happy Happenings in the Historic Hamlet.

Mr. John Gamble, jr., the well-known and popular son of John Gamble, Esq., proprietor of the Todmorden Hotel during the past four years, gives the following account of his rescue from heart and nerve trouble through the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Speaking to our reporter, Mr. Gamble said: "Some three months ago I began to feel very poorly; in fact, I felt as if I was moving around in a dream. This condition I wrongly attributed to biliousness, for I became very weak and seemed to have no staying power. I also became very nervous, and would jump or start at the slightest sound. The feeling was one of constant dread. I expected something dreadful to happen. I knew not what. Again I was dizzy, my memory failed me very often, and as a matter of fact my whole system was out of order."

Our druggist, Mr. H. W. Love, corner Broadview and Danforth avenues, recommended Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills some three weeks ago, and I have taken them according to directions. From the very first I began to improve, and am now surprised at the change in my condition. I am very much stronger; my nerves are steady, and my memory bright. I no longer suffer with that morbid feeling of dread. The pills have proved certainly, in my case, a remarkable remedy for weak nerves and reduced physical strength. I cannot too highly recommend them to all who suffer from any or all of the symptoms which I have mentioned to you, and must return my thanks to the manufacturers of these pills for placing such an excellent medicine before the public."

(Sgd.) JOHN GAMBLE, Todmorden, Ont.

MY DAD'S THE ENGINEER.

An Interesting Story Suggested by the Popular and Pretty Melody.

Mrs. James Smith, Don Mills Road, Todmorden, Ont., gave our reporter a kindly interview a few days ago, and spoke about the cure effected by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills in the case of her husband, Mr. Jas. Smith, the well-known, popular and efficient engineer.

Said Mrs. Smith: "My husband has been suffering for a long time with nervous debility, which seriously affected his general health. The use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills which he got from Mr. W. H. Love, the druggist, has been very beneficial to him. They did him more good than anything else he had ever taken before, strengthening his nerves, toning up his entire system. They are the grandest remedy for nervous affections, and moreover, the best tonic obtainable. They proved so efficacious in my husband's case that I commenced giving them to my daughter for nervousness, with which she has been troubled for some time, and they are already giving satisfactory results."

(Sgd.) MRS. JAS. SMITH, Don Mills Road, Todmorden Ont.



Does economy bore you?

It ought not to, always. Take the matter of washing with Pearlina, for instance. That is a pleasant economy. There's your work made light and short for you; and while your doing it, in this easy, pleasant way, you can be thinking of the actual money that you're saving by not rubbing things to ruin, as in the old way.

That ought to be pleasant to think of, whether you're doing the work yourself, or having it done. Millions use Pearlina.

Send it Back

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlina." IT'S FALSE—Pearlina is never peddled and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearlina, be honest—send it back. JAMES PYLE, New York.

DRIVING WITHOUT FATIGUE.

Some Important Advice to Those Who Take Very Long Drives.

Even in this age of the world, horses are rarely abused, sometimes through indifference, often because of ignorance. Mr. H. C. Merwin, writing in Harper's Magazine, offers some good suggestions to those who have occasion to drive long journeys. The most important rule, he declares, is to start off slowly.

The roadster should have an opportunity to stretch his legs and to get his second wind before being called upon for a real effort. No matter how great the hurry, time will be gained in the end by driving the first three or four miles at a gait not exceeding six or seven miles an hour. With a substantial load, or in very hot weather, the place should not be more than five or six miles an hour.

I happened once to see a pair of horses just as they had finished a drive of twenty miles over a very hilly country. They had accomplished it in the very excellent time of two hours and a half, and they arrived in good condition. A week later the same horses were driven by a different man over the same road in three hours and a half, and they were completely exhausted by the journey. The explanation was that the second driver had started at a great pace, and kept it up for the first three or four miles, although there were some steep hills to climb.

It is a more common mistake to suppose that a horse can maintain a fast gait without fatigue over a long, level stretch. When the road is perfectly level, the labor of drawing a vehicle, though not excessive is absolutely continuous, so that it becomes exhausting after a few miles. On such a road the horse should be permitted to walk a little once in every two, three or four miles, according to the weight of the carriage, the condition and ability of the animal, the weather, and other circumstances.

An up-and-down road, even though the hills are steep, is far less fatiguing to the horse than a level one, besides being, as a rule, much more picturesque. At least half of the villages in the mountainous parts of New England are connected by two roads, one through the valley, and another, but seldom used, over the hills. The traveller would do well in most cases to pursue the hilly route.

RECOVERING SUNKEN TREASURES.

The Remarkable Achievement of two Submarine Divers.

The perils of a submarine diver are freshly brought to mind by the recent remarkable achievement of two Australians named Arthur Briggs and Michael May. In 1869, two English divers recovered a treasure from a vessel which had been sunk in twenty-three fathoms— one hundred and thirty-eight feet—of water. At that depth the pressure is enormous, and it has been thought that no one would have the courage to go lower, or going, be able to survive. Briggs and May established a new "record," however, their work being done at a depth of twenty-seven and a half fathoms, or one hundred and sixty-five feet.

The brave Australians sought the treasure of a steamer which, about a year ago, struck on a submerged reef, the night after she left Sydney. In her specie-tank were ten boxes of gold.

Equipped in diving suits specially made to bear an extraordinary strain, the two men took turns in descending. Their first act was to carry a guideline from their steamer, moored directly overhead, to the wheel-house of the wreck. Another line

was made fast to the chart-room, from which the specie-tank opened.

To descend to the wreck, hand over hand, down the guide-line, took from six to ten minutes. If the slightest "sea" was running, the line swayed so violently with the motion of the steamer that it was almost impossible to maintain one's hold.

A diver was exhausted by the time the wreck was reached. Even then he had to fight the ocean currents, which were there very strong. At times he would have to hold on to something with both hands, to keep from being swept away.

A big shark had taken up his home on the steamer's deck. He was neither vicious nor timid. Unfortunately, though, he was curious, and Briggs says that he often had to kick the great fish to make him move out of the way!

It was May, when the drivers located the wreck. Not until August, so unfriendly was the weather, did they approach the object of their search. They blew open the door of the chart-room with dynamite—much to the consternation of the shark—and thus gained access to the specie-tank.

But this was dark, and the boxes containing the gold could not be found. Briggs procured an electric light enclosed in a strong, water-tight globe. He was so unwise as to turn on the current before he started. By the time he had reached the wreck, he was surrounded with myriads of fish, attracted by it, and could not see more than a foot in any direction! After that the light was not turned on until the diver had entered the chart-room. The fish would not pass the doorway, and the diver escaped their company.

On a memorable day, late in August, Briggs succeeded in lifting four of the boxes of gold from the specie-tank to the chart-room floor. It was that occasion that the "record" dive was made. Briggs remained at the bottom for fifteen minutes and nineteen seconds.

As soon as Briggs came to the surface May went down, and succeeded in netting the largest box, which contained five thousand sovereigns, so that it could be drawn up. On the following day, Briggs sent up four more of the boxes of gold.

In all seven boxes were recovered, containing nearly seventy-five hundred sovereigns, about thirty-seven thousand dollars.

People Do Read the Papers.

Some persons wonder why engaged people generally prefer to keep their engagements as quiet as possible until the day of the wedding. Perhaps the reason lies in the results of a newspaper announcement.

The other day an engagement was mentioned in one of the afternoon papers. It was in the last edition of the paper, but early the next morning several awning makers were at the home of the future bride's parents, soliciting the contract for supplying an awning when the event came off. On the same morning and in the first mail no less than half a dozen printers and engravers sent samples of their work, and quoted prices for which they would be willing to prepare the wedding cards, according to the latest dictates of fashion. During the remainder of the week milliners, caterers, dressmakers, liveries, furniture dealers, hardware men, and dry goods merchants made known their desire to supply the future bride and groom with all the outfit that they might need or imagine they needed. The young folks are now waiting for bids from ministers who are willing to tie the knot at bargain prices.—Buffalo Courier.

A GROSS FRAUD.

How to Avoid Deception and Loss.

Some dealers in Canada buy package dyes that are so poor and weak that it requires fully three packages to give the depth of color that is obtained from one single package of Diamond Dyes. These weak dyes, worth from four to five cents, are sold to consumers at ten cents per package, same price as the full strength Diamond Dyes.

Any woman who is urged by a dealer to buy these adulterated and weak dyes should refuse at once to be swindled. Such dyes are only a source of profit to sell them; they are certainly snares and deceptions to the woman who buys them. Loss, trouble and fraud can be avoided by asking for the Diamond Dyes. Examine each package, and be sure you see the name "Diamond." Working with the "Diamond," you are sure of good, fast, brilliant and lasting colors.

Glad to be Relieved.

Bold Highwayman—"Get off that wheel." Timid Bicyclist—"Are you going to take it from me?" Bold Highwayman—"Well, I am!" Timid Bicyclist—"All right, You can have it and welcome, if you'll only keep up the payments on it!"—Somerville Journal.