

LOST RIVER.

A Story of True, Honest Love and Much Thrilling Adventure.

By JOSEPH ARTHUR.

* Published exclusively by the Sunday Morning Globe. This story is founded on Mr. Arthur's successful play, "Lost River," under the direction of Jules Murry.

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CHAPTER I.

NEAR TO NATURE'S HEART.

So this is the wretched hotel you and Bob Blessing have been traveling to the skies! And where is your Madonna in the sunbonnet? I suppose she is on a par with her surroundings."

Gladys Middleton glanced scornfully about the little room.

Her brother Claude (or "Buster," as he preferred to be called) looked a trifle crestfallen at the girl's disapproval, and his eyes followed hers on a tour of inspection. But where she saw only a plain apartment with walls grotesquely lined with newspapers in varying conditions of age, a deal table whose only ornament were a Bible and an album, and a stairway running up to the second floor, the brother noted a general air of cozy comfort and intimate refinement that extended from the flowering plants in the window to the cupboard full of tin dishes and kitchen utensils.

Brother and sister were strangely out of place amid such surroundings. From the looks of their faultless riding clothes the pair might have stepped out of a handbox.

They were the twin son and daughter of Thomas Middleton, senior partner of the prominent New York firm of contractors, Middleton & Blessing.

The firm was engaged in building an aqueduct on Lost River, the stream which flows through the little summer resort of the same name, in Southern Indiana.

The junior partner, Mr. Robert Blessing, had come out in person to supervise the work. A few days earlier Mr. Middleton had sent his son and daughter to Lost River on a vacation.

There had been a double purpose in this: First, to enable "Buster" (a Harvard senior), to learn something of the work done by the firm; second, to allow Gladys to be near Bob Blessing, to whom she was engaged.

The twins, as well as Blessing, were stopping at the local hotel. Buster was enjoying every minute of his stay. Gladys spent most of her time (in company with the city girls who were summering at the hotel) in sneering at everything about her.

Sherlock Holmes instinct to get next to that fact. Hasten! Let us depart ere the contagion smites us!"

"I wish you'd stop trying to be humorous," replied Gladys, petulantly, "and try to find some of the creatures that live in this hole. We can leave word with them for Bob that we've ridden back."

As she spoke a bottle-browed, bearded man alighted into the room.

"It's Bill Loucks, the toll-gate keeper," said Buster to Gladys. "I remember Bob said he boarded here—he and Ezra Cookus, the bus driver, who leads the local orchestra at the hotel hops. I say, my friend," he went on, addressing Bill. "Can you tell me"

The rustic had stood gaping at him. Now with a roar of laughter he ran upstairs and disappeared into an upper room.

Scarce had he gone when a sandy-haired man, with the narrow, mean face of a ferret came in.

"Hello, Ezra!" called Buster. "Can you?"

A second roar of laughter and a second exit up the stairway answered him.

"Is this a crazy house, or what?" gasped Buster in amazement.

"I think, sir," respectfully suggested the groom from the doorway, "they're just countrymen tryin' to have a little fun with city folks. And as the sound of steps was heard outside, 'Here comes Mr. Blessing now, sir.'"

A tall, broad-shouldered young fellow stepped across the threshold and advanced toward the brother and sister.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting," he began. "My horse went lame and I had to go back to the hotel and borrow a bicycle. Why, hello Gladys!" noting the girl's scornful face. "What's up?"

"How dared you bring me to a place like this?" cried the girl, stamping her foot.

"What's the matter with the place?" asked Bob in surprise. "Ah," he broke off, glancing out of the door. "There comes Ora."

"Ora?"

"Yes. The Madonna in the Sunbonnet I told you about."

As he spoke Bob Blessing turned toward the door. There, framed by the threshold and against a background of forest and river, he beheld the loveliest picture his eye had ever rested on.

The newcomer was tall, slender, graceful; about her hung the wild, sweet atmosphere of the woodland.

From beneath her sunbonnet she scanned the guests with big, wondering eyes, like a startled fawn.

Then, as she saw Blessing, a bright smile lighted up her face.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Here already? I remember you sent a message over sayin' you all was comin' to dinner. I'll hurry up and get it ready."

"This is Miss Gladys Middleton, Miss Jones," said Bob.

"Hello! Pleased to meet you," was the hostess's cheery greeting, as with outstretched hands she advanced on Gladys.

But the girl turned away with a curt nod.

Bob hastened to cover his embarrassment by saying:

"And this is her brother, Mr. Claude Middleton."

"Buster!" corrected the lad. "Don't go queering me with Miss Jones by calling me by my own ridiculous name, Miss Jones, let me introduce myself."

Bob Blessing looked after the receding figure of the country girl with an expression that would have made Gladys still less kindly disposed toward Ora could she have seen it.

"Say," remarked "Gramma," as soon as they were alone, "you're from New York and I want to ask you a question. Do you know a fellow named Jones that lives there?"

"Jones? Several."

"The one I mean is Thomas Jones, Ora's father."

"Ora's father? Why I understood she was an orphan."

"She's worse than an orphan. No, her father's alive. The scoundrel."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, it's no secret hereabouts. If I don't tell you, there's those that will. It was this way: My daughter went to a hop at the hotel up yonder in the village, once, about twenty-two years ago. There she met this New York chap, Thomas Jones. They fell in love and he married her in secret so as not to offend his rich father, he said. Then he deserted her and she pined away and died. Died when my little grandchild, Ora, wasn't but a week old. I've been trying to find that Jones party ever since."

"Have you no clue?"

"None. None, that is, except this picture of him here in the family album."

Bob Blessing glanced idly at the photograph as the old woman opened the album. Then he looked again, and his ruddy face paled.

"Great Heaven!" he gasped.

(To be continued.)

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To more clearly set before our readers the opportunity given them to secure ten reserved seats to witness the dramatic representation of "Lost River" when it is presented in this city during the present season, we re-produce an extract from the private letter of Mr. Julius Murry, the manager.

511 Knickerbocker Theatre Bldg. 1402 Broadway, New York.

Managing Editor Morning Globe, Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR: I herewith enclose you seven chapters of "Lost River" novel as per our agreement. You are hereby given exclusive rights to publication in Washington. If you consider advisable, I would suggest you run a "Missing Word Contest," to be conducted as follows:

From an original sentence printed above a blank coupon, drop one word. Drop the same word from the story at some point and offer prizes for the first ten persons filling blank coupons with the correct missing word.

JULIUS MURRY.

Now that our readers may thoroughly comprehend the scheme, we desire to state that in Chapter II, we will drop the word which is here omitted in the coupon.

The River Nile, in Egypt, is famous for its ——— and crocodiles. Travelers descant on these two features of the great river.

In Chapter II, to be published next Sunday the same word will be dropped. The first ten correct answers will receive, as Mr. Murry offers, ten free reserved seats to the performance of the drama in this city, for which we have made suitable terms. These tickets will be mailed free to the successful contestants at the conclusion of the story. Cut out, after next Sunday, the above coupon and mail with the "Missing word," Sunday Morning Globe, Washington, D. C.

Look out for the next chapter containing the "Missing word."

Too Much for Macklin.

Charles Macklin, the noted English actor, was on one occasion boasting of the perfection of his memory, declaring that he had so trained it that he would undertake to recite anything upon once hearing it. Samuel Foote offered him the following sentence as a test to which he proved unequal:

"So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage leaf to make an apple pie, and at the same time a great she bear coming up the street pops its head into the shop. 'What! No soap?' So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber, and there were present the pickaninies of the Jobbies and the Ganyalies and the grand pandrum himself, with the little round outon at top, and they fell to playing the game of catch as catch can, till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots."

A Horrible Example at Home.

"Why is it, Mr. Blinkenham," the toady little match-maker asked, "that you have never married?"

"Well, I'll tell you," he answered. "In all my life I have never really loved more than three girls, and although they returned my love—of course you understand that I didn't love them all at the same time—it is a singular fact that in each case their parents objected to me."

"Pooh!" she exclaimed. "I don't think much of a map who will let parental objection stand in the way when we really and truly are in love."

"Perhaps not," he went on regretfully; "but you see my father and mother eloped."

An Ode From Wisconsin.

Mr. Walter W. Davidson, of Racine, Wis., sends along an ode to Autumn, in which he says:

Where are the songs of spring? Ay, where are they? Think not of them. Thou hast thy music, too, While barred clouds bloom the soft dying day, And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue.

There is more of this ode. It is a good ode, and we would be glad to publish it in full if it were not to be found in the works of John Keats, which we suppose all lovers of good poetry have at hand.

The wife—How dare you, sir, scold me before Mrs. Caller?

The husband—Well, you know, Maria, I daren't scold you when we are by ourselves.

A REVIEW

Of the District Wants as Expressed in the Appropriations

ASKED FROM NEXT CONGRESS.

Some Necessary Increases in Salaries, Especially in the Wages Paid Workingmen—Others Probably Will Bear Cutting Down—Altogether a Fair Bill Made out Against Congress

One of the facts disclosed by a perusal of the estimate of appropriations for the coming year, presented by the District Commissioners, is that the good work of The Globe in showing the low rate of wages received by the street cleaning laborers, has borne fruit. In their estimates the Commissioners have incorporated an item for \$15,000, which, if allowed by Congress, will raise the pay of 210 laborers employed on street cleaning from \$1.25 to \$1.50 per day.

An increased remuneration is asked for all along the line in the police department, including estimates for superintendent from \$1,800 to \$2,000; five captains, \$1,500 to \$1,800 each; four sergeants, \$1,200 to \$1,500 each; ten lieutenants, \$1,320 to \$1,500 each; 41 sergeants at \$1,200 instead of \$5 at \$1,140 each; and 25 desk sergeants at \$1,080 each instead of twenty-two station-keepers at \$840 each.

Under the fire department heading are two new items: Provision for 30 assistant foremen at \$1,000 each, and 35 privates at \$720 each. It is more than likely Congress will see fit to grant at least a portion of the increase in salary requested by the Commissioners on behalf of the firemen, herewith given: Superintendent, \$2,000 to \$3,000; chief engineer, \$1,200 to \$2,400; three assistant chief engineers, \$1,200 to \$1,500; fire marshal, \$1,000 to \$1,800; 30 foremen, \$1,000 to \$1,250; 17 engineers, \$1,000 to \$1,100; 31 drivers at \$960 instead of 25 at \$900; and 166 privates, from \$840 to \$900.

Increase in the salary of a number of officials is requested, as below: Superintendent water department, \$2,750 to \$3,000; police judges, \$3,000 to \$4,000; deputy health officer, \$1,800 to \$2,250; chemist, \$1,600 to \$2,400; veterinary surgeon, \$1,600 to \$1,500; secretary Board of Commissioners, \$2,100 to \$2,500; two privates secretaries, \$1,200 to \$1,400; deputy property clerk, \$1,200 to \$1,400; clerk of board of assessors, \$1,200 to \$1,500; two assistant superintendents of schools, \$2,500 to \$3,000; director of high schools, \$2,500 to \$3,000; deputy collector of taxes, \$1,800 to \$2,000; bank messenger, \$1,000 to \$1,200; acting auditor, \$2,100 to \$2,400; attorney District Columbia, \$4,000 to \$4,500; chief clerk engineer department, \$1,900 to \$2,000; computing engineer, \$2,700 to \$3,000; inspectors gas meters, \$1,000 to \$1,200; superintendent sewers, \$2,750 to \$3,000; assistant building inspector \$1,000 to \$2,000; assistant surveyor, \$1,800 to \$2,000; five principals of high schools, \$1,600 to \$1,800.

The Commissioners have made every possible provision for the Carnegie Library. Positions for thirty-three persons, covering all grades from the librarian to char women, have been provided. Other items under this head are \$40,000 for the purchase of books and \$6,000 for a bindery plant.

Purchase of ground for playground purposes, contiguous to the Brent, the Giddys and the Western High School is recommended. No less than eight buildings for school purposes are under process of construction at this writing.

Among the new officers provided are eleven medical inspectors of the public schools, to be appointed by the board of education, at \$500 each.

Under the new code a department of insurance is created. Salary of a superintendent thereof at \$3,500 and a clerk at \$1,000 is provided.

Seventh street merchants and shoppers will rejoice at the prospective asphalting of that thoroughfare between E street and Pennsylvania avenue and between G and K streets, material improvement over the present cobblestones. The price asked therefor is \$24,000.

Under the street schedule the Brookland section, heretofore faring well to secure one small paragraph, now forges to the front with a half-dozen more or less pretentious items. Paragraphs for the Georgetown and Northeast Section call for the annual grading and paving present thoroughfares.

To grade and resurface Delaware avenue, Second and Third streets, N. E., the sum of \$24,000 is asked. This section, gridironed, as it is, by the B. & O., could well afford to wait for its street improvements until some disposal is made of the track of that institution, either overhead, viaduct, or concentrated. Let some of the several plans under consideration be put into effect and there will be sufficient time to improve the unoccupied streets of the vicinity.

To grade and macadamize Twelfth street, N. E., from the Queen's Chapel to the Brentwood roads, \$8,000 asked. This is commendable, meaning not so much the improvement of the thoroughfare as the absorption of the first named road into the streets of the city.

While \$280,000 is asked for the general maintenance of the sewer system, no specific reference is made to the Tiber creek, that open sewer of the southeast section. On the contrary \$14,000 is appointed to pave South Capitol street to M to P, and \$21,600 to widen and pave M street from Fourth and-a-half street to South Capitol.

One crosses and the other parallels the death trap in question. With one voice the residents of that section should insist the streets be let alone until the creek, with its burden of sewage is arched.



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"GRANDMA GETS A SHOCK."

Today Bob had told the paid of a pretty little cottage some miles from the hotel, where lived a beautiful Daughter of Dame Nature, who kept up the farm and cared for her aged grandmother (a type of local character sure to amuse city folk).

Blessing had suggested that they all three ride out to the Gates cottage, as it was called, for dinner. The twins, accompanied by Pickles, their groom, had started ahead, leaving Bob to follow when he would have finished a bit of engineering in the aqueduct.

They found the cottage apparently deserted when they took possession.

"If you think I'm going to dine in this squalid place you're mistaken," broke out Gladys, after a survey of the room.

"But what's the matter with it?"

"It is not the place for a lady. It's a common farmhouse."

"Why, so it is!" exclaimed her brother, as if the idea had just dawned on him. "Do you know, I've been wondering why there were no Persian rugs over this hardwood floor; no old masters hanging on these tapestried walls and no array of priceless gold and silver plate on yon antique sideboard. I had expected to find all those things lying around loose at Lost River, Ind. The reason they aren't on deck is because this is actually a farmhouse. And it remains for my sister's

I am Buster Middleton, very much at your service. I beg you won't look down on me just because I wear store clothes. I'm not half a bad fellow. I was half-back on last year's football team, and I took a course of boxing with Kid McCoy, besides. Doesn't that make me more human and interesting in your eyes?"

The girl laughed in a puzzled way and turned to the groom, Pickles, who still stood at the door.

"How do you do?"—she began, when Gladys cut in:

"That is my groom."

"So you're a bride, are you? Bride and groom! Why?"

"Since we must stay here," interrupted Gladys, "I would like to lie down until dinner is ready. The ride has tired me."

Ora showed her to the guest room, opening out of the larger apartment where they had been talking.

As she returned an old woman, with bent figure and shrivelled, humorous face, came in, carrying an armful of vegetables.

The old woman was at first inclined to stiffness toward the guests. But under the influence of the young men's jolly friendliness she soon thawed out.

Ora and Buster went out at last to rather kindling wood for the kitchen fire and "Gramma" was left alone with Bob.