

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 Murray.

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CHAPTER III.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

The night of the great hop at the hotel had arrived. On a balcony overlooking the ballroom Ezra Cookus's orchestra had been rehearsing the evening's music.

They had all gone into dinner now except Bill Loucks and Ezra.

The former's hand was bound up and his face still bore pain lines. "Say," remarked Ezra as the two friends started to follow the rest of the orchestra into the dining room, "I guess you lied when you said you'd got struck by lightning and hurt your hand that way."

"What makes you think that?" growled Bill.

"I heard you talking in your sleep. That's how. You said something about tryin' to kill that Blessin' chap. What'd he do to you?"

"None of your business. You spy on me any more and I'll knock the head off'n you."

"I know why you say that."

"Why?"

"Cause you don't like me," said Ezra in an aggrieved tone.

"Yes, I do like you, only—"

"Well, then, tell me about Blessin'. I won't blab."

"It was this way," said Loucks, reluctantly. "He knocked me down. Then he started for hom on his wheel and I followed him on mine. Down by the towpath I overtook him, and, just as I was liftin' my hand to strike, Ora came ridin' up with her rifle and plugged me clean through the hand with it. Off I tumbled into the bushes and he rode on. It thundered so hard he never heard me comin' behind him nor even heard the rifle go off."

"Gee!" exclaimed Ezra. "That'll mean state prison fer you if she tells."

"I guess she hasn't told, then, for he'd have said something about it. He's ben down to the Gates cottage every day for two weeks."

"Yes, an' he's cut you out with Ora, just as that Claude Middleton, or Buster, or whatever he calls himself, has cut me out with Angie Vollmer. Well, so long! I'm going in to feed."

Bill was about to follow the orchestra leader when a figure rose from a chair near the door.

It was Gladys Middleton. The high chair back had hidden her from view.

"She must have heard!" thought Bill, in terror.

man who was hurrying in, and recognized him as Bard, the foreman at the aqueduct.

"What is it, Bard?" asked Blessing, in surprise.

"Sorry to disturb you, sir," was the reply, "but there's a story circuating among the men that you are not going to pay them their back wages at the dedication tomorrow. They're all come up to the village, and they're drinking there. They're in an ugly frame of mind, and there's talk of coming up here tonight and mobbing you."

"Tell them not to worry. My partner, Mr. Middleton, comes on the 9 o'clock train this evening, and he brings their pay with him. They'll get it tomorrow."

"I hope so, I'm sure, sir. If Mr. Middleton misses that train I won't be able to keep the gang from coming here and mobbing you."

Gladys Middleton returned to the ballroom just as Bard took his leave.

"Bob looks cast down!" she thought, exultantly. "Loucks' confession has mortified him. He will be glad enough to return to me now."

"Bob," she cried, "I'm so glad to find you alone. Why have you shunned me so since that day at the Gates cottage?"

"Your insults that day should excuse my neglect," he replied sternly, "but since you have forced this interview on me let me take advantage of it to release you from an engagement that I know you must find as irksome as I do. Please consider our engagement at an end."

"You shall suffer for this!" muttered the girl between her clinched teeth.

"I suppose your heart has been captured by this country hoyden—this girl you are trying to palm off on our family as my father's daughter."

"You know that?"

"I overheard every word of your talk with that old woman week before last," admitted Gladys, unblushingly. "You are bringing them here tonight to humiliate me."

"No! I am bringing Ora here to meet her father. She does not even know who he is yet."

A bustle in the hall announced the arrival of guests, and Gladys slipped away with a light in her eyes that boded ill for Bob's plan, just as Ora and her grandmother and Angie Vollmer entered escorted by Buster.

Buster took Angie and "Gramma" to see the view from the veranda after the first greetings were exchanged, leaving Bob and Ora alone together in the ballroom.

"Thank you for remembering your promise to come here," said Blessing.

"It was kind of hard to get Gramma's consent," she answered. "You know mother came here over twenty-one years ago to a hop and met my father. It's sort of set Gramma against such things. But you said you'd bring my father to me. Where is he?"

"He's—not here, yet."

"But you said—"

VICISSITUDES OF A GIRL N MALE ATTIRE.

[A TRUE STORY.]

"The experience of a girl tramp" is the autobiography of a lady who, after the murder of her husband and forced by her necessities to make her own living, assumed male attire for the special purpose set forth in her history. Her adventures on the road were not only interesting, but startling and sometimes quite sensational. They will all be truthfully detailed in the columns of THE SUNDAY MORNING GLOBE, on the staff of which this well-known newspaper writer and clever young woman is now a valued member.—EDITOR G. O. G.

Just as I left the ferry who should I see but the young man from the Union Mission, who had suspected my disguise and who now looked at me in the most inquiring and puzzled manner. I did not stop, however, to either satisfy his curiosity or my own. That he was not satisfied either as to my identity or his surmise was soon made evident.

There was really no reason to fear to meet any former casual acquaintance except that I desired to remain unknown to any immediate associates so as rapidly as possible and without seeming to be in haste, I walked down the first street from the ferry landing, with no definite plan or without having any special place in view. The young man who noticed me leave the ferry followed me. This I knew rather by instinct than by having seen him, for I never once glanced back nor retarded my rapid gait. A better walker, evidently, the young man mentioned soon caught up with me and asked me the time of day in an offhand manner. I replied, but did not invite further conversation. He was not to be so easily put off, however, but suiting his steps to mine walked along with me and chatted about matters of current interest. He was an interesting talker and presently I realized I was not only listening to him but was answering his arguments in quite a spirited way.

Seeing my reserve had somewhat relaxed, he stopped short and faced me. We had gotten to the river front by this time and I was gazing longingly at a steamboat bound for Baltimore and wondering if it would be possible to work my passage that far on my way. I was anxious for my companion to take his departure; but no, this was evidently the most foreign of his intentions for the time being.

"See here, partner," he suddenly exclaimed, "what's the use of your trying to size up that boat? They won't take you to Baltimore, if that's what you want, and besides the folks here are on to your little game and don't mean to let you leave us so soon."

For answer I simply stared at him in utter astonishment. That people might suspect my disguise was a possibility I had all the while expected to become a reality, but that I should be suspected of a "little game" of any sort never for a moment occurred to me. The young man must have realized something of the astonishment his remark caused, and with much sympathy in his voice continued:

"Well, never mind, if you are really in trouble and need a friend why not tell me all about it and perhaps I can help you?"

This was just what was needed to bring me to my senses, and so far from inducing me to unburden my mind, it had the opposite effect.

Thanking him for the offer of kindly assistance, which at the same time was not desired, I turned and left him. What conclusion he finally came to regarding my identity remains a sealed book to me, but it is certain he got no clue from me to aid him in any direction.

It occurred to me about this time that it might be profitable to do a little detective work myself, and to test how far one could deceive the public as to the true identity of a person in disguise.

Throwing all caution to the winds, I boldly walked down the main street in Norfolk, went to the postoffice, called for letters and actually received two, one of which contained \$2 which some time before I had reminded a friend was unpaid and which was the refund of a cash loan. Never was money so gratifyingly received. Then following a preconceived plan, I went to the Episcopal rectory and asked to see the rector. This gentleman (Mr. Waltham, if I correctly recall his name) listened to what I had to say, but declared he knew of no work just then that could be procured for me to do. "But I will give you a note to the Union Mission," he finally said, "and by presenting it at the secretary's desk you will be given room and something to eat until you can find work of some kind." Thanking him kindly I took the note and departed, but did not go to the mission, nor had I the least intention of using the note. It is still in my possession, as is also one received from a young stenographer in Franklin, Virginia, which town I went to from Norfolk, and of which further mention will be made.

Falling to find employment in Norfolk I went to Portsmouth, just across the river, thinking the many repair shops there would afford me at least a few days' work as helper, or even as a common laborer, but really when it came to the pinch my courage to ask for work in a shop where one would be compelled to mingle with all kinds and conditions of men. It was Easter evening, as I well remember. Counting my cash it appeared that 25 cents could be spared for lodging, and after comparing the exterior houses, one more home like than the others, was selected, the quarter dollar paid in advance, and I retired to my room and a good night's rest.

By this time my shoes scarcely deserved the name. For several days previous when "promenading" the streets of Norfolk, I had been compelled to take careful steps lest the hole in the sole of the right and the patch on the side of the left shoe disclose my poverty to the eye of the passing and fashionable throng. It is sary saying for oneself, they should be bathed with cold tea from which the leaves have been removed.

constantly gnawed at my purse strings, with but scant recognition and satisfaction.

It seemed at pity not to be able to put on a new pair of shoes for Easter, when on the morrow I knew all church goers would appear in newest gowns, freshest of bonnets, and daintiest of gloves and shoes. This did not worry me half so much as it might have annoyed some other woman.

In one corner of the room I occupied was a pair of good shoes. Almost new. An idea suddenly struck me. Why not swap shoes? Would they fit me? Yes. Very comfortably. They were strong, with heavy soles, and, best of all, were men's shoes. "It must be a young boy's room they have put me in," I mused, "and perhaps he has cast these shoes aside for the new Easter pair. I'll do it."

Writing a note in which I enclosed all my cash save sufficient for a slight breakfast on the morrow, I pinned it to my own shoes, set them where the others were, and appropriated the newly found foot wear. In the note I said that circumstances altered cases and my circumstances were such that for the time being I was constrained to take the shoes, but should send the balance of the price of the ones I took at the first opportunity, and I did. It would have afforded me much amusement, no doubt, to have been able to watch the facial expression and hear the audible expletives of the original owner of those shoes when he found and read my note.

The following week was full of incidents, though scarcely worth noting here. I walked to Suffolk, Virginia, on that Easter day, and as a prayer book was my constant companion, about 11 a. m. I sat down on a stump in the woods and read aloud the beautiful Easter service. It is certain that even with preacher's eloquence, music's inspiration and new clothes, no congregation worshipped on that day with more earnestness than did I alone in the woods with the winds and the trees and the birds my only audience when reading the church service.

(To be continued.)

A Gentle Rebuke.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 17, 1901.

To THE EDITOR OF THE GLOBE:

DEAR SIR: All who read The Globe must acknowledge your talent, courage and ability as a newspaper writer, they must also recognize the fact that The Globe has done a world of good in exposing wrong doings and meanness in the various Government Departments, and the city generally. No clerk or Government employe pretends to dispute this.

The way in which you handle mean and corrupt officials in high places shows that you are not pigeon-livered. I will venture to say that no man who has read The Globe every Sunday as I have done for the past six months will undertake to tweak you by the nose or give you the lie in your face. The Globe has to my personal knowledge toned down those petty tyrannical chiefs and their pets in the Department in which I am employed. It is a very different office from what it was before The Globe came out. I hear clerks in other Departments say the same thing. The pet female clerks are not near so clipper as they use to be before The Globe began to show them up. These pet female clerks are much more quiet and do a little more work now. God bless and prosper The Globe and its editor. I trust you may continue to turn on the light. While you have done much there is much more for you to do.

I was delighted to see a sermon in The Globe written by our dear sister in Christ Mrs. Phoebe Hall Lutterell, she is a pure, good, noble woman; but, dear sir, it grieved me to the heart's core to see how thoughtless and flip-pant you are in your expression regarding the Christian religion and the holiness church. The Holiness Church does not, as you seem to think, preach, teach or believe that a converted man or woman who becomes sanctified, i. e., who receives the Holy Spirit in their hearts, and allow original inherited or inbred sin to be taken out of the heart cannot commit any more sin. But the Holiness Church does teach, preach and believe that one who is truly converted to God and afterward receives the gift of the Holy Ghost, may live sinless lives. Of course, if he chooses to sin, he is a free moral agent, he can do so, but to argue that one cannot live without sin is contrary to the Bible and all reason. "Be ye holly even as I am holly." "Without holiness you shall not see the Lord," etc. I could cite hundreds of passages from the Bible showing that we are commanded to live pure and holy lives, without sin. Oh, if the editor of The Globe, with his talent, fearlessness and courage was a truly converted man, what a power he would be for good in this land. Give your heart to Jesus, my brother. I have ben praying for the editor of The Globe ever since I saw the first number of that paper, and will continue to do so. God in his own good time will remove the scales from your eyes.

The Globe fills a long-felt want in this city. I have on one or two occasions asked the other old Moss Backed papers, Star, Post, Times, to publish some criticisms on the tyrannical conduct of the chief and his male and female pets in the division in which I am employed, the answer would be "Oh, no, we can't make any attack," or "It would not be policy for us to publish your grievances," or "Yes, if you will pay for the article and put your full name to it and the division in which you are employed, we will publish," knowing full well that if one wanted to retain his or her position they dare not so such a thing, for if one did, civil service or no civil service, they would soon have to walk the plank.

Thank God we have a paper now that most humble Government employe can state his grievances, and if, after inquiry they are found to be true, can have them published without money and without price. Mr. Editor, I do not think you yourself do know the good The Sunday Morning Globe has done and is doing. Again I say God bless The Globe and its editor.

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SCENE FROM ACT I. "LOST RIVER." "BOB DANCING WITH ORA."

"Loucks," called the girl as he sneaked away.

"Yes, miss."

"I heard your confession just now."

"Your heard?" screamed Bill springing toward her.

"Lay one finger on me and I'll call for help," said the girl, coolly. "Then when I tell all I know the state prison will be your home for a few years."

"For Heaven's sake, ma'am, don't do that!" whined Bill. "I didn't mean on harm."

"Then you must do something for me."

"Anything on earth, miss."

"Mr. Blessing knows nothing of your attempt on his life. I want you to apologize to him—to pretend to be his friend."

"What! Me?"

"Yes, unless you'd prefer prison. And then you are to tell him something against her character."

"But there ain't nothin' to tell."

"Then invent some vile story that will make him despise her. You love her, you say. If you separate them she may turn to you. If you refuse you go to jail. Take your choice."

"I'd do it and glad of the chance!"

"Good! Here he comes. I'll leave you with him."

As she left the room Gladys laughed to herself.

"I fancy that will cure his love for her," she murmured. "So the story mamma told me about my father's early marriage is true! And this Ora Jones is mamma warning her to keep father at home reached her on time. He's due here on the 9 o'clock train tonight unless he is stopped. Well, if all else fails my forged telegram may save the day."

Meanwhile Blessing had strolled into the ballroom where Loucks awaited him.

"I want to speak to you, Mr. Blessing," began Bill, "about that Jones girl. She's—"

"Have you anything to say against her," thundered Bob.

Bill's heart quailed at the first fire in the other's eyes.

"No—no—sir," he faltered. "I only wanted to apologize for what happened there that day."

Without awaiting an answer he left the room.

As he did so he brushed against a

"Yes, I know. He's coming. He'll be here on the 9 o'clock train."

"You haven't even told me his name!"

"No. I want to keep it as a surprise. But I've got something else to tell you."

"What is it? Another secret?"

"The dearest secret in the world. Can't you guess it?"

"No. Tell me!"

"I love you!"

"Oh!"

"Didn't you know that before?"

"I—I suppose you wouldn't have spent every day at our house these past two weeks if you hadn't kind of liked me, but—"

"Do I? Do I? Why—why, I guess I've loved you from the very first minute I set eyes on you!"

The hop was at its height. Ezra and his orchestra ground out what they thought was music from the balcony, and the guests filled the big ballroom to suffocation.

In a pause Gladys found herself at Ora's side.

"Step out here on the veranda a moment."

"There is something I must say to you."

(To be continued.)

For Tired Eyes.

Eyes will be greatly strengthened by putting the face down into a glass of eyewash of water the first thing in the morning and opening them under water. This is somewhat difficult to do at first, but if the water for two of three days be tepid and gradually made colder by imperceptible degrees until it is no shock to put the face into quite cold water, it will soon become quite easy and is very invigorating and refreshing.

If done regularly every day, this treatment alone will preserve the sight into quite an old age. There is a right and wrong way of wiping the eyes after this, too, and the right way is to pass the soft towel very gently from the outer angle inward toward the nose.

If after a long day the eyes feel so hot and tired that they seem dim when one tries to read or to do a little necessary sewing for oneself, they should be bathed with cold tea from which the leaves have been removed.