

GRAND RAPIDS HERALD

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The weather for Upper and Lower Michigan: Warm, and fair; southerly winds; snow Thursday.

THE GREAT AMERICAN

The letter of Secretary Blaine declining the republican nomination to the presidency is such a relief to the democratic and independent newspapers of the country that some of them are expressing their honest convictions of the man. The Detroit News of yesterday has the following: "Much as may be said by politicians who express themselves as having long held that Mr. Blaine would not be a candidate for the presidency this year, there can be but little question that the letter published yesterday was unexpected to the general public. The people of the United States have come to look upon Mr. Blaine as a standing presidential possibility. He had once been his party's candidate and been defeated by a stroke of luck and an unfortunate incident for which he was not in any way responsible. He might have been his party's candidate four years ago, when his partisans hung on the faintest expression that would encourage them to put him in nomination. So far from getting it they got only an unqualified declination. Few men so long retain the favor of their parties as to be given an opportunity to lead them to defeat once and continue to be called upon for future leadership into better luck. But that is Mr. Blaine's enviable position. For the second time he has found it necessary to tell his friends and followers that they must not reckon on him in their political calculations. The men who are inclined to treat Mr. Blaine as a schemer and a deceiver declare that this second declination does not mean anything. We cannot conceive any impression further from the truth. Mr. Blaine is the biggest man in American politics today. He overshadows the president. He is so great a figure that it is only in the face of his refusal that the claims of other candidates for the presidency can come to be seriously considered. He is the idol of his party. His magnetism is proverbial. He has no need of deceit in the business of politics, as smaller men might have. If he wants a nomination from his party he has only to signify his desire. In the face of these facts Mr. Blaine's letter must be taken to mean what it says."

MR. POWDERLY'S WORK

Mr. T. V. Powderly in an interview in this morning's HERALD declares that the Knights of Labor, as an organization, are in the best condition they ever have been. Mr. Powderly is in a position to know, and his personal reputation is such that there is no reason for doubting his statement. Such a condition of affairs must necessarily be very gratifying to Mr. Powderly and is exceedingly flattering to his management of the organization. Whatever there is of strength and usefulness in the Knights of Labor as an organization is due in great measure to the conservative judgment and careful management of Mr. Powderly. He has piloted it over the shoals of dissolution and disintegration and through the still more dangerous breakers of almost unlimited strength. In all cases he has proved himself to be a cool, thoughtful, unimpassioned leader who exhausted every resource of his genius in behalf of his fellow workmen, but who in the midst of his most fervent demands in behalf of labor, never forget that capital itself is an essential factor in the great economy of industry, and that the maximum of good can be achieved only by the hearty co-operation of capital and labor and a mutual respect for each other's rights and privileges. While Mr. Powderly has perhaps made some mistakes yet they were only such as the wisest of men might make, and in comparison with the responsibilities and difficulties of his position are unimportant and sink in to obscurity by the side of the mighty work he has done in behalf of upright, intelligent, law-abiding organized labor.

COIN ASSASSINATOR

The subject of assimilation of coin is one that came up at the recent meeting of the national board of trade, in discussing the silver question. By assimilation is meant the making of the leading coins of the several countries alike in weight of precious metal contained in them. No very great change from the present weights would be necessary to bring this about—provided the French 50-franc piece were changed to a 25-franc piece. At present the amount of gold, expressed in grammes, in the gold pieces of the various great nations, is as follows: American half-dollar, 7.25 grammes; English sovereign, 7.32 grammes; French 50-franc piece, 7.35 grammes; German 20-mark piece, 7.16 grammes; Spanish 5-peso, 7.37 grammes; Japanese 5-yen piece, 7.50 grammes. Such an assimilation would certainly expedite and simplify commercial transactions among the nations, as well as greatly affect the convenience of travelers. But if such an assimilation should be attempted, it is probable that trouble would arise from the very fact that the present differences in the amount of metal in the coins of the several nations would have to be taken into the account, and it isn't at all likely that

any country would submit to the adoption of the coin of some other country as standard to the exclusion of her own. So great are the interests involved in international currency or its substitutes, and so vastly greater are they becoming every year, that the man who solves the problem satisfactorily will go down to fame as greater than all the Caesars.

The West Michigan Farmers' club, at its session yesterday, reviewed the old appeal for the establishment of a city market. This matter has been several times agitated and considered by both the common council and a meeting of citizens, and each time it has fallen to the ground. The prevailing opinion is that while the market is a good thing to have, an excellent thing for the farmers and of some benefit to the city, the great expense of such a project will at this time militate against its consummation. While the city is bending every effort toward the improvement of its streets and the extension of its sewer and water systems, there is little likelihood of the market scheme receiving serious attention at the hands of the city officials.

The independent voters of the country who have been in sympathy with Governor Boyd of Nebraska in his efforts to regain the position of chief executive to which he was elected, will regret that the man had so little appreciation of the fitness of things or of the common decency due the occasion as to refuse the proffered hand of ex-Governor Thayer. From the distance it looks as though Mr. Thayer knew Boyd better than the people did, and was keeping an unflinching eye on the gubernatorial chair. A man who cannot govern himself is not a fit man to place in a position to govern others.

The board of managers of the Soldiers' Home may well congratulate itself that it took heroic action in demanding the investigation of Captain Masley for the era of extravagance following his appointment has been converted into one of economy and good management, and the board is entitled to whatever credit belongs to it. According to reports the per capita expense has been reduced to \$130 in current expense account, and there will be an unexpended balance from the year's appropriation of \$6470 to turn back into the state treasury.

The national bank circulation decreased \$2,400,000 during the year 1921, and yet the inflationist howlers continue their cry that the national banking system is favoritism to capitalists. Observation, however, shows the system, with its many restrictions, to be a favoritism that capital does not court. In our own city two banks have been organized within the past year, and the organizers preferred to do business under state laws rather than receive their "favors" from the government. This is a bit of history that is repeating itself the country over every day.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Blaine's letter declaring that he is not a candidate comes just six days earlier than the Florence letter of 1893. That document, which was given out on February 13, was longer than this last one, but the shorter one leaves no room for the doubts and reservations that were alleged to exist between the lines of the letter of four years ago.

Now that Blaine has declined the presidency, who is there to follow his example? Has the democratic party a man in its ranks who dare follow the pace set by James G. Blaine? David Bennett Hill is just now attracting much attention, but voters of all parties may rest assured that he will not decline the presidency—not unless he concludes he can't get it anyway.

DAN FORK opposes Dave Hill's nomination on the ground of Hill's unsavory political reputation. A man whose name, even the Roper element of Michigan democracy, can throw stones at, must be "thrice damnably deplaved."

ENGLISH papers say that the action of the United States against Ouil has permanently estranged the whole of Latin America from us, and that the occurrence marks an epoch in the history of the two Americas.

WASHINGTON has a musical young lady who plays the piano with her toes. Probably a skirt dance with this kind of piano accompaniment will soon be all the rage in the Capitol city.

The grand jury of Banor, Mo., has indicted every liquor seller in that city—over two hundred in all. What a practical lesson to show the efficacy of state prohibition.

KENTUCKY will give \$100,000 to the World's Fair on condition that Sunday be observed, and that no liquor be sold at the exhibit. Just think—Kentucky.

A WEST VIRGINIAN reports himself as having died, decended into hell, and returned again. Probably came back to work for Dave Hill.

AMUSEMENTS

The sale of seats for "The Private Secretary" engagement will open at 7 o'clock this morning. This pure and wholesome comedy is well known here, and the company which has it in hand during the present tour is composed of reputable players.

"Blue Jeans," which had a long run in New York, was written by Joseph Arthur, the author of "The Hall Alarm." The scene of the play is laid in Indiana, and the piece is full of rural characters and incidents, as well as realistic scenery and effects. "Blue Jeans" will be at Powers' for three nights, beginning next Monday, with a special matinee on Wednesday.

Manager Geary has ever offered to his Grand Rapids patrons. The next session at 10 o'clock will be a comedy with the striking title "77." What does it mean? "Craps" New current at Smith's "The Firmness Ward" will be given its first matinee representation today.

AMERICAN WOODMEN

They Meet to Devise Means for Strengthening Their Order. A council of the Michigan Modern Woodmen of America began in Royal Arcanum hall yesterday afternoon. This is the second annual council of the Michigan organizations and it was called to discuss ways and means for promoting the growth of the order. There were forty-two delegates from the local camps throughout the state, of which there are fifty-one. Among those in attendance are W. A. Norcott of Greenville, Ill., head council of the national organization, T. M. Stevens, Fort Huron; J. H. Bitter, Miles; Dr. C. A. Fletcher, Kalamazoo, and J. T. Alcott of Lansing. The order extends over nine states with a membership of 55,000. There are 3000 members in Michigan. It is a fraternal and insurance order.

Last evening a literary and musical entertainment was tendered to the officers and delegates to the state camp by the members of Grand Rapids Camp, No. 1036, at Valley City Camp, No. 1195, in Hartman's lecture room. An address of welcome to the visiting delegates was given by Mayor Uhl after which presiding officer, Fred Crabb, presented a basket of beautiful cut flowers to the mayor. The mayor's address was responded to by J. T. Alcott of Lansing in a speech full of appreciative remarks. The program then followed which consisted of sixteen well selected numbers. A basket of pretty flowers was presented to each participant in the rendition of the program by members of the local camps. The room was decorated with the stars and stripes which were trimmed around the perimeter of the hall and the platform was loaded down with ferns, palms, and potted plants.

The council will be in session again today at which officers for the state camp will be elected. The session is expected to close this afternoon.

PATRIOTIC LITTLE ONES

The Kindergarten Pupils Will Celebrate Washington's Birthday. The ladies of the Free Kindergarten circle met yesterday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. John Peck, Sheldon street, the usual number being in attendance. The report showed that at present the number of children in the school on Ottawa street is 47, and that everything is in a flourishing condition. The little ones will celebrate Washington's birthday, and all friends who have small American flags will confer a favor by presenting them to the school before that date. It is proposed to decorate the school room with flags, and to present each child with one, in the hope that it will strengthen the tiny bud of patriotism that exists in every heart.

Russell's Art Lectures

It was expected that Edmund Russell would deliver a course of lectures on Delaite and methods of teaching his system of physical culture, to the teachers of the public schools, but the necessary arrangements could not be made. Instead, Mr. Russell will deliver three lectures on "Art and Art Criticism." The lectures will be given on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, probably at the club house of the Ladies' Literary Society, and will be given in the evening in order to accommodate teachers and other persons who could not attend an afternoon lecture. The first lecture will discuss English art, with reminiscences of London studios and artists, and descriptions of famous art houses. In connection, reading from Swinburne will be given. The second lecture will be devoted to technique and subject in art. The Free-Raphaelite Brotherhood, Rossetti, and his circle will be discussed, together with conversations with Holman Hunt, Watts and Frederic Shields, and readings from Rossetti. The third lecture will be on Decorative Art, with special attention to William Morris, his art work, his poems and his home; Burne-Jones, Whistler; and the schools of Oriental and Japanese art, and readings from William Morris.

From the Sunny South

George W. Perry of the Bellevue Gazette, deputy revenue collector for the southern district, was in the city yesterday. He presented a large orange wood case to Collector Stekler, which he brought from the south on his return from the recent press excursion.

Annual Report Filed

The Grand Rapids Wheelbarrow company filed its annual report yesterday as follows: Capital stock, \$50,000 paid in, \$15,450; real estate, notes, personal property, \$11,351; debts, none; credits, \$7,921.24.

Didn't Want to Be Blamed

There was a mistake in that last order that falls out in from the road, said the proprietor, scowling at one of the clerks.

"Was there?" asked the clerk casually.

"Yes, sir, there was, and it wasn't correct."

"No," said the clerk placidly.

"No. You shipped the goods according to that blamed fool order."

"Why of course. I supposed that Bellows."

"You're no right to suppose anything of the sort!" exclaimed the proprietor.

"He makes more mistakes than any man on the road."

"He does!" asked the clerk.

"Certainly he does. He's one of the most careless men I ever knew."

"And I'm supposed to correct them?" inquired the clerk.

"Of course you are."

"I'm supposed to be absolutely accurate?"

"You should detect his errors."

"Well, why don't you pay me for it?"

"What?"

The clerk dropped his pen in his excitement.

"Look here!" he said. "You hold me responsible for his errors, and you pay him more for making them than you do me for correcting them. Good day!"

He left without waiting to be discharged.—Chicago Tribune.

The Ladies

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative Syrup of Figs, in all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

Special Omelet Goods sold at Hatz's. See prices in another column.

A DEADLY DILEMMA.

By GRANT ALLEN.

CHAPTER I.



He bowed his head and turned along the footpath.

When Nettie Mayne came to think it over afterward in her own room by herself, she couldn't imagine what had made her silly enough to quarrel that evening with Ughtred Carnegie. She could only say in a pessimistic mood it was always the way with her with lovers. Till once they've quarreled a good round quarrel, and afterward solemnly kissed and made it all up again, things never stand on a really firm and settled basis between them. It's a move in the game. You must thrust in there before you thrust in again. The Roman playwright spoke the truth after all—a lover's quarrel begins a fresh chapter in the history of their love-making.

It was a summer evening, calm and clear and balmy, and Nettie and Ughtred had strolled out together, not without a suspicion at times of hand looked in hand, on the high chalk down that rises steep behind Holabury. How or why they fell out she hardly knew. But they had been engaged already some months, without a single disagreement, which of course gave Nettie a natural right to quarrel with Ughtred by this time, if she thought fit; and as they returned down the hanging path through the comb where the wild orchids grow, she used that right at last, out of pure, unadulterated feminine perversity. The ways of women are wonderful; no mere man can fathom them. Something that Ughtred said gave her the chance to make a half-petulant answer. Ughtred very naturally defended himself from the imputation of rudeness, and Nettie retorted. At the end of ten minutes the trifle had grown apace into as pretty a lover's quarrel as any lady novelist could wish to describe in five chapters.

Nettie had burst into perfectly orthodox tears, refused to be comforted in the most approved fashion, declined to accept Ughtred's escort home and bidden farewell to him excitedly forever and ever.

It was all about nothing, to be sure, and if the two older or wiser heads had only stood by unseen to view the little comedy, they would sagely have remarked to each other, with a shake, that before twenty-four hours were out the pair would be rushing into each other's arms with mutual apologies and mutual forgiveness. But Nettie Mayne and Ughtred Carnegie were still at the age when one takes love seriously—one does before thirty—and so they turned away along different paths at the bottom of the comb, in the firm belief that love's young dream was shattered, and that henceforth they two were nothing more than the merest acquaintances to each other.

"Goodby, Mr. Carnegie," Nettie faltered out, as in obedience to her wishes though much against his own will Ughtred turned slowly and remorsefully down the footpath to the right, in the direction of the railway.

"Goodby, Nettie," Ughtred answered, half chokily. Even to that moment of parting (forever—or a day) he couldn't find it in his heart to call her "Miss Mayne" who had so long been "Nettie" to him.

He waved his hand and turned along the footpath, looking back many times to see Nettie still sitting innocently where he had left her, on the stile that led from the comb, into the Foss across meadow. Both paths, to right and left, led back to Holabury over the open field, but they diverged rapidly and crossed the railway track by separate gates and five hundred yards from each other.

A turn in the path, as which Ughtred lingered long, hid Nettie as well from his sight. He paused and hesitated. It was growing late, though an hour of summer twilight still remained. He couldn't bear to leave Nettie thus alone in the field. She wouldn't allow him to see her home, to be sure, and that being so he was too much of a gentleman to force himself upon her. But he was too much a man, too, to let her find her way back so late entirely by herself. Unless himself, he must still watch over her. Against her will, he must still protect her. He would go on to the railway, and there sit by the side of the line, under cover of the hedge, till Nettie crossed by the other path. Then he'd walk quietly along the six-foot way to the gate she had passed through, and follow her, impressed at a distance along the line, till he saw her back to Holabury. Whether she wished it or not, he could never leave her.

He looked about for a seat. One lay most handy. By the side of the line the government engineers had been, at work that day, repairing the telegraph system. They had taken down half a dozen telegraph poles, and set up new ones in their place—all, clean and shiny. One of the old poles still lay at full length on the ground by the gate, just as the men had left it at the end of their day's work. At the point where the footpath out the line was a level crossing, and there Ughtred sat down on the fallen post by the side, half concealed from view by a tall clump of willow herb, waiting patiently for Nettie's coming. How he longed for that light coming! His heart was full, indeed, of gall and bitterness. He loved her so dearly, and she had treated him so ill. Who would ever have believed that Nettie, his Nettie, would have thrown him over like that for such a ridiculous trifling like, indeed! And best of all Nettie himself, sitting alone on the side with her pretty hair bowed down in her hands, and her poor heart watching how Ughtred, but Ughtred, could so easily de-

ceive in such strange ways in the familiar variety of the human heart. To be sure, she had of course dismissed him in the most peremptory fashion, declaring with all the voice propriety peculiar to the British maid that she needed no escort of any sort home, and that she would see thousands of times rather go alone than have him accompany her. But of course, also, she didn't mean it. What woman does? She counted upon a prompt and unqualified surrender. Ughtred would go to the corner, as in duty bound, and then come back to her with profuse expressions of penitence for the wrong he had never done, to make it all up again in the orthodox fashion. She never intended the real tragedy that was to come to follow. She was only playing with her victim—only trying, womanlike, her power over Ughtred.

So she sat there still, and cried and cried on, minute after minute, in an ecstasy of misery, till the sunset began to glow deeper red in the western sky, and the bell to ring the curfew in Holabury tower. Then it dawned upon her slowly, with a shock of surprise, that after all—incredible!—Ughtred had positively taken her at her word, and wasn't coming back at all tonight and to-morrow.

At that, the usual womanly terror seized upon her soul. Her heart turned sick. This was too terrible. Great heavens, what had she done? Had she tried Ughtred too far, and had he really gone? Was he never going to return to her at all? Had he said goodby in earnest to her forever and ever?

Terrified at the thought and weak with crying, she rose and straggled down the narrow footpath toward the farther crossing. It was getting too late now, and Nettie by this time was really frightened. She wished with all her heart she hadn't sent away Ughtred—if it were only for the tramps—a man is such a comfort. And then there was that dreadful dog at Milton court to pass. And Ughtred was gone, and all the world was desolate.

Thinking these things in a tumult of fear to herself, she staggered along the path, feeling tired at heart and positively ill with remorse and terror. The color had faded from her pretty red cheeks. Her eyes were dim and swollen with crying. She was almost half glad Ughtred couldn't see her just then, she was such a fright with her long spill of brooch. Even her bright pink dress and her straw hat with the poppies in it couldn't conceal, she felt sure, her pallor and her wretchedness. But Ughtred was gone and the world was a wilderness. And he would never come back, and the dog at Milton court was so vicious.

As she walked or rather groped her way (for she couldn't see for crying) down the path by the hedge, at every step she grew fainter and fainter. Ughtred was gone, the world was a blank, there were tramps and dogs, it was getting dark, she loved him so much, and mamma would be so angry.

Turning over which thoughts with a whirling brain, for she was but a girl after all, she reached the little swing gate that led to the railway, and pushed it aside with vague, numb hands, and stood gazing vacantly at the long curved line in front of her.

Suddenly a noise rose sharp in the field behind her. It was only a colt, to be sure, disturbed by her approach, dashing wildly across his paddock, as is the way with young horseflesh. But to Nettie it came as an indefinite terror, magnified ten thousand fold by her excited feelings. She made a frenzied dash for the other side of the railway. What it was she knew not, but it was, or might be, anything, everything—mad bulls, drunken men, footpads, vagabonds, murderers.

Oh, how could Ughtred ever have taken her at her word, and left her like this, alone, and in the evening? It was cruel, it was wicked of him; she hated to be disloyal, and yet she felt in her heart it was almost unmanly.

As she rushed along wildly at the top of her speed her little foot caught on the first rail. Before she knew what had happened she had fallen with her body right across the line. Faint and terrified already with a thousand vague alarms, the sudden shock stunned and disabled her. Mad bull or drunken man, they might do as they liked now. She was bruised and shaken. She had no thought left to rise or recover herself. Her eyes closed heavily. She lost consciousness as one. It was a terrible position. She had faintly on the line, with the force of the situation.

CHAPTER II.



He stretched it at last full across both rails.

As for Ughtred, from his seat on the telegraph post on the side of the line five hundred yards farther up, he saw her pass by the gate, then dash across the road, then stumble and trip, then fall heavily forward. His heart came up into his mouth at once at the sight. Oh, thank heaven he had waited! Thank heaven he was near! She had fallen across the line, and a train might come along before she could rise up again. She seemed hurt too. In a frenzy of suspense he darted forward to save her.

It took but a second for him to realize that she had fallen and was seriously hurt, but in the course of that second, even as he realized it all, another and more pressing terror seized him. Mark! what was that? He halted and thrilled. Oh, no; too terrible. Yes, yes, it must be—the railway; the railway! He knew it. He felt it. Along the up line, on which Nettie was lying, he heard the fierce whirr of the express dashing madly down upon him. Great heavens, what could he do! The train was coming, the train was almost this moment upon them. Before he could have time to rush wildly forward and snatch Nettie from where she lay, full in the path, a halpenny weight, it would have swept past him rainily and been

down upon her unawares. The express was coming—to crush Nettie to pieces. In these awful moments you don't think, they don't reason, they don't even realize that their action means they simply act and act instinctively. Ughtred felt in a second, without even consciously feeling it, as to what he should do to reach Nettie now before that devastating engine had burst upon her at full speed would be shattered hopeless.

His one chance lay in stopping the train somehow. How or where or with what he cared not. His own body would do it if nothing else came. Only stop it, stop it. He didn't think of it at all that moment as a feat of courage, or as a sudden feat of human life. He thought of it only as a horrible, cruel, devastating creature, rushing headway on at full speed to Nettie's destruction. It was a scowling wild beast, to be contended at all hazards. It was a hideous, ruthless, remorseless thing, to be checked in its mad career in no matter what fashion. All he knew, indeed, was that Nettie, his Nettie, lay helpless on the track, and that the engine, like some madman, puffing and snorting with wild glee and savage exultation, was hastening forward with fierce stride to crush and mangle her.

At any risk he must stop it—with anything—anything. As he gazed around him, horror struck, with blank, inquiring stare, and with this one fixed idea possessing his whole soul, Ughtred's eye happened to fall upon the dismantled telegraph post, on which but one minute before he had been sitting. The sight inspired him. He, hal a glorious chance. He could lift it on the line. He could lay it across the rails. He could turn it around its place. He could upset the train! He could place it in the way of that murderous engine.

No sooner thought than done. With the wild energy of despair the young man lifted the small end of the ponderous post bodily up in his arms, and twisting it on the big base as on an earth fast pivot, managed, by main force and with a violent effort, to lay it at last full in front of the advancing locomotive. How he did it he never rightly knew himself, for the weight of the great bulk was simply enormous. But horror and love, and the awful idea that Nettie's life was at stake, seemed to supply him at once with unvoiced energy. He lifted it in his arms as he would have lifted a child, and straining in every limb stretched it at last full across both rails, a formidable obstacle before the approaching engine.

Hurray! hurray! he had succeeded now. It would throw the train off the line—and Nettie would be saved for him. To think and do all this under the spur of the circumstances took Ughtred something less than twenty seconds. In a great crisis men live rapidly. It was quick as thought. And at the end of it all he saw the big log laid right across the line with infinite satisfaction. Such a splendid obstacle that—so round and heavy! It must throw the train clean off the metals! It must produce a fine, first class catastrophe.

As he thought it, half aloud, a sharp curve brought the train around the corner close to where he stood, great drops of sweat now cooling classily from every pore with his exertion. He looked at it languidly, with some vague, dim sense of a duty accomplished, and a great work well done for Nettie and humanity. There would be a real, live accident in a moment now—a splendid accident—a first rate catastrophe!

Great heavens! An accident! And then, with a sudden burst of inspiration, the other side of the transaction flashed in one electric spark upon Ughtred's brain. Why—this—was murder! There were people in that train—innocent human beings, men and women like himself, who would most certainly be wrecked and mangled, mangled, or writhing ferociously on the track before him! He was guilty of crime—an awful crime. He was trying to produce a terrible, ghastly, bloody railway accident!

Still that second the idea had never even so much as occurred to him. In the first wild flash of horror at Nettie's situation he had thought of nothing except how best to save her. He had regarded the engine only as a hateful, cruel, destructive living being. He had forgotten the passengers, the stoker, the officials. He had been conscious only of Nettie and of that awful thing, breathing flame and steam, that was rushing on to destroy her. For another inevitable second of time Ughtred Carnegie's soul was the theater of a terrible and appalling struggle. What on earth was he to do? Which of the two was to be sacrificed? Should it be murder or treachery? Must he wreck the train or let it mangle Nettie? The sweetest spot upon his brow in great clammy drops at that dread dilemma. It was an awful question for any man to solve. He shrunk against before that deadly decision.

They were innocents, to be sure, the people in that train. They were unknown men, women and children. They had the same right to their lives as Nettie herself. It was crime, these crimes, thus to seek to destroy them. But still—what would you have? Nettie lay there all helpless on the line—his own dear Nettie. And she had parted from him in anger but half an hour since. Could

Peculiar advertisement for Hood's Sarsaparilla, describing its benefits for various ailments and its long history of use.