

AFTER THE WRECK

By ARTHUR CLEVES.

Jim Driscoll found himself upon his feet, starting at the wreck of the train in which he had been traveling.

It was in the middle of the mountain district of Pennsylvania. Driscoll had left his little town in Illinois to go to New York.

The wreck had come suddenly. It had unsettled him. Of course, he was not going to interest himself in any of the injured.

His thoughts were changed by hearing a child's cry at his side. Stooping down, he saw a pretty little girl of eight or nine years, lying beside the truck.

Beneath his hard exterior Driscoll had a heart tender in one respect. He loved children.

He opened his eyes and stared into his wife's face.

If Mary and he could have had a child like that!

He spoke gruffly to the little girl, but she did not seem to notice his presence.

He started away—not in the direction of New York, however, but back toward his home.

The news of the disaster had spread rapidly, and five miles down the line, Driscoll passed a wrecking train.

"Have you seen the wreck?" he shouted.

"Yes," answered Driscoll. "I was aboard. My friend, Jim Driscoll, was killed, and that's enough for me.

"Yes, I'm a newspaper man," answered the other. "Give me a short account while I rest my horse. Quick!"

"I will if you'll put Jim Driscoll down as dead," answered Driscoll.

The bargain was struck and Driscoll gave the other a five minutes' account of the wreck.

He caught a branch train at the junction, and finally, about eight o'clock the next evening, attired in a shabby suit which he had purchased at a pawnbroker's, he made his way in the dark through the streets of Boxville.

"I'll be a hard blow for Mary," one of the crowd was saying. "Poor Jim!"

Driscoll recognized him as the local druggist, with whom he had been on bad terms for years.

man's cranky folks makes allowances for him. I tell you, a man who can keep the love of a woman like Mary Driscoll must have some good in him—it stands to reason.

"It's a pity there wasn't no children," sighed Miss Hemans, the sister of the butcher.

"No chance of his recovering, is there?" asked Austin.

"A small one," said the butcher. "The doc says that if he recovers consciousness he'll most likely get well.

"I tell you, Miss Hemans, when I saw Mary Driscoll start off this morning, she looked actually pretty in that black dress of hers, in spite of her sorrow.

Driscoll knew the speaker. He was the cashier of the local bank, and about the only friend he had in Boxville.

He, Driscoll, had been so wrapped up in his hatred and moodiness that he had never been able to tell his true friends from the false ones.

And, unable longer to restrain himself, he sprang for the door, opened it, and rushed into the parlor.

"I'm here, and I've heard every word!" he shouted to the assembly.

"Well, Jim Driscoll was a good man in his way," said Miss Hemans, wiping her eyes.

They had not heard him! Nobody had heard or noticed him! And, even as he stood there, bewildered, Nevins walked straight into him—and through him!

In an instant Driscoll understood. He was dead! He had died in the collision, and he was in his own home in the spirit, while the mangled flesh lay—in the hospital, no doubt, where his patient wife was watching!

"I agree with you, Miss Hemans," the butcher answered.

Jim Driscoll turned slowly away, and, with the realization that his last chance to redeem his life was gone, an agonizing sense of hopelessness crushed him.

"Jim!"

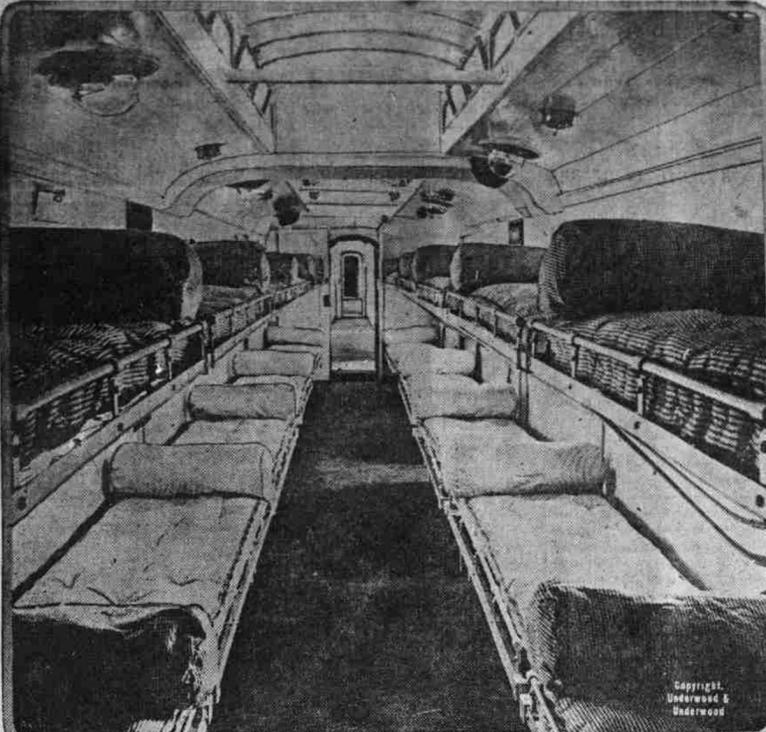
Jim Driscoll opened his eyes and stared into his wife's face.

"O, thank God, Jim! You are conscious. You are going to get well. Jim, God has answered my prayers. I have prayed for you night and day these ten days past, and the doctor said if you knew me again you would recover. Jim, my dear—Jim, O, my dear!"

And, kneeling at the bedside, she flung her arms round the sick man's neck.

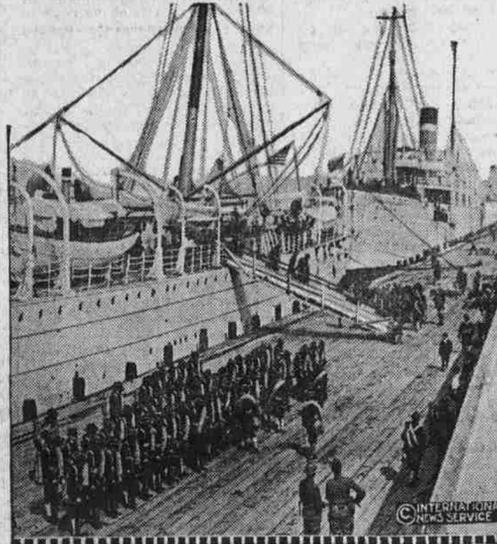
"Jim, everyone is talking about it," she said later.

BRITISH MILITARY AMBULANCE TRAIN



This photograph conveys an excellent idea of the appearance of a British military ambulance train. In its sparsely interior the wounded are conveyed from the battle lines to the base hospitals.

FUNSTON'S MEN BACK FROM VERA CRUZ



The transports Kilpatrick and Sumner, from which the American troops which occupied Vera Cruz are disembarking at Galveston.

PRINCE ABDUL MOUNEM



Little Prince Abdul Mounem is the eldest son of Abbas II whom the British have deposed from his position as khedive of Egypt because he joined forces with the Turks.

INDIAN TROOPS WEIGHING RATIONS



One of the great problems of the allied armies is the feeding of the troops from India. Several of them are here shown in a camp near Ypres, weighing out their rations.

Present-Day Caesars.

Since the days of that vigorous and successful man of war Julius Caesar, who did at last succeed in overcoming some parts of Britain (B. C. 55), after conquering Europe and the rest of the world, the Roman emperors took upon themselves the name Caesar, which became a title. After the destruction of the Roman empire, which had become Byzantine by the removal of its capital from Rome to the new city of the first Christian emperor or caesar, called after himself Constantine, several monarchs which arose upon its ruins claimed to represent the authority of the caesar, and called their monarchs by that title. Those surviving today are the czar of Russia, the czar of Bulgaria, the kaiser of Austria-Hungary

GERMAN LAUDS THE BRITONS

but very often for very dangerous attacks. The English infantrymen are very dangerous enemies. They defend themselves with great energy and when driven back they always try during the night to regain what they have lost. They are always helped strongly by artillery, which is the same quality as the German.

LOCATING A "SNIPER"



German "snipers" have harassed the forces of the allies to such an extent that details of men have been assigned to the task of locating and "potting" the snipers. The photograph shows one of these details of British fighters searching a beet field where one of the "snipers," dressed in khaki to make it more difficult to find him, is known to be hidden.

A Caretaker.

"This plant belongs to the begonia family." "Ah! And you are taking care of it while they are away."—Boston Times.

British Aeroplane Dart.

The British have a new aeroplane dart which is dropped a thousand at a time and will penetrate the roof of a dugout in the intrenchments.

HAPPENINGS of the week IN MISSOURI

Mrs. S. J. Weeks, 45 years old, died at Carthage from injuries sustained when she fell down stairs last March. She and her husband, who survives, celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary. She was born in Illinois, and was a close friend of Abraham Lincoln.

The American Association of Fairs and Expositions has fixed the dates of the 1915 Missouri state fair at Sedalia September 25 to October 2, inclusive. The Illinois state fair will be held the preceding week and the American Royal at Kansas City the week following the Missouri fair.

The first movement in Fulton toward aiding the starving Belgians took place when the teachers of William Woods college gave a private entertainment, the proceeds of which will be handed over to the Belgium relief committee. The affair netted about \$50.

The life of Mary Phillips, 15-year-old daughter of Mrs. Aaron Phillips, of Warrensburg, was saved by the mother after the girl had drunk concentrated lye by mistake. The family wash was in progress and a solution of concentrated lye had been prepared and placed on a shelf near where the drinking water was kept. The girl drank the poison, thinking she was drinking water. The mother gave her vinegar and she will recover.

Capt. William Greer, 70 years old, is dead at his home in Macon. In the Civil War Captain Greer was a member of the One Hundredth Pennsylvania regiment. He lost an arm while the Union army was engaged with General Longstreet. Shortly after his recovery from the amputation Captain Greer attended the Ford Theatre in Washington and was a witness of the assassination of President Lincoln. After the war the captain moved to Missouri, locating in Ray County, where he held various offices.

More carloads of live stock were marketed in Kansas City last month than ever before in November. Receipts of hogs were twelve thousand more than the previous high record, November, 1908, and total carloads were 625 ahead of the maximum ever before received, which was in November, 1909.

The annual convention of the Missouri County Clerks' Association was called to order at St. Joseph by Thomas J. Ashworth of Newton County, president of the association. The clerks were welcomed by Mayor Marshall and an address was delivered by the Rev. Graham Frank of Liberty.

The body of Stephen Prizer, 55 years old, a packing house employee, was found in an alley at St. Joseph, with the back of the head crushed. There was evidence that he had been struck and robbed.

Otto Dierking, 45 years old, machine foreman at the South mine, near Lexington, was killed by a fall of rock recently. His back was broken. He is survived by his wife and three children.

A much needed rain fell in Central Missouri the other day, greatly benefiting wheat and pastures. Because of good pastures the market is overstocked with butter at twenty cents a pound, the cheapest for years.

Joseph Taylor of Carthage, a miner, was killed recently at the Boyd mine, east of there, by a falling boulder.

Mrs. Frances Hart, 80 years old, for sixty years a resident of Carthage, was found dead in bed the other day.

Thomas C. Hunter, chief of police of Springfield, has been acquitted on charges of bribery in connection with alleged police protection of disorderly houses. The jury voted to acquit on the first ballot.

W. N. Phillips died at Carthage on his seventy-seventh birthday after a long sickness. He was a pioneer settler of that region and was a veteran of the Civil war.

A monument in memory of the soldiers and sailors of the Confederacy was unveiled in Forest Park, St. Louis, the other day. The monument represents a Confederate soldier leaving for the front and bidding farewell to his wife, mother and child.

Receipts from tag day in Independence are estimated at \$450. A number of solicitors and subscriptions will be reported later and the amount probably will reach \$500.

The Versailles Leader has changed hands. Samuel Daniels purchased the half interest of John A. Hannay, and thus became sole owner and publisher of the paper. Mr. Hannay has been engaged in newspaper work there for forty-three years. He will move to Portland, Ore., in March.

H. B. McDonald, 73 years old and one of the wealthiest residents of Andrew County, died at his home near Savannah recently. He was a brother of R. L. McDonald, the pioneer St. Joseph merchant and manufacturer.

An inch and a quarter of rainfall recently broke a two months' drought in the Ozark region. Stock water on the farms had gotten low and winter wheat was beginning to suffer. The rain extinguished a number of forest fires that have been burning in small areas in several counties between Springfield and the Arkansas line.

The Ulrich telephone exchange and system has been sold by A. M. Clark of Kansas City to the Missouri Union Telephone Company of Windsor and Clinton.

Advertisement for CHAFF'S DISTEMPER REMEDY, featuring an illustration of a horse and text describing its benefits for various ailments.

HOUSES PUT UP TO LAST

Workmen of a Past Generation Did Their Work in a Manner to Endure.

The Wayside inn, at Sudbury, of which Longfellow sang, was built in 1686. Repairs were made during the present year in which some of the original clapboards were removed. The wrought-iron nails holding those boards in place were found in almost perfect condition, though they had been in an exposed position for 228 years.

The nails were perfect because they were pure iron. Careful analysis could detect only the faintest traces of carbon, manganese, copper or sulphur. It seems established that pure iron will not rust. The celebrated iron pillar of Delhi that stood exposed to the weather for 900 years and seems good for 900 more. It is even more free from foreign substances than the iron nails of the Wayside inn, which accounts for its superior durability.

The problem of modern manufacturers is to produce pure iron by machine processes, and do it economically. A few claim to have gained this desired goal, but the world in general has its doubts. Work went slowly in the old days, but sometimes it went with a sureness which present-day industry has yet to achieve.

Another Horror of War.

The other day an innocent-eyed young lady, whose demeanor has always been sweet and gentle, went to a bookstore and returned with three volumes under her arm.

"What have you there?" she was asked by a male friend. Of course, he expected for an answer the titles of three fluffy novels full of moonlight and love.

Instead the gentle young thing rattled off glibly: "Oh, I've just bought Armies and Navies of the World War, The Beginnings of the Great European Struggle and Battles of the War on Land and Sea."

"Ye gods!" gasped the man, and then under his breath: "Sherman was right."—New York Times.

The Artificial Kind.

"I wonder why it is that terms of endearment are often followed by terms of separation?"

"I can't begin to say. What prompted you to ask that question?"

"A friend of mine who used to call his wife the light of his life recently obtained a divorce and made a contract with a musical comedy star to furnish him illumination."

Wonderful Activities.

"Julius Caesar was a great man," said the reflective citizen.

"What did he do?" asked the man with the high hat and sack coat.

"Why, he conducted campaigns and contributed to the enduring literature of the world at one and the same time."

"Is that so? I didn't know there was a bull moose party in them days."

Legal Love Letters.

"Who writes you so many letters, dear?"

"A young lawyer."

"And does he write nice letters?"

"In a legal way, yes. He says I have beautiful eyes and is constantly alluding to what he calls the aforesaid eyes, orbs or visual organs."

Natural Noise.

"Did they raise anything in the yellow dog fund?"

"Certainly; they raised a howl."

MESMERIZED

A Poisonous Drug Still Freely Used.

Many people are brought up to believe that coffee is a necessity of life, and the strong hold that the drug, caffeine, in coffee has on the system makes it hard to loosen its grip even when one realizes its injurious effects.

A lady writes: "I had used coffee for years; it seemed one of the necessities of life. A few months ago my health, which had been slowly failing, became more impaired, and I knew that unless relief came from some source I would soon be a physical wreck."

"I was weak and nervous, had sick headaches, no ambition, and felt tired of life. My husband was also losing his health. He was troubled so much with indigestion that at times he could eat only a few mouthfuls."

"Finally we saw Postum advertised and bought a package. I followed directions for making carefully, and added cream, which turned it to the loveliest rich-looking and tasting drink I ever saw served at any table, and I have used Postum ever since. I gained five pounds in weight in as many weeks, and now feel well and strong in every respect. My headaches have gone, and I am a new woman. My husband's indigestion has left him, and he can now eat anything."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. Postum comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages. Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins. The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same. "There's a Reason" for Postum.—sold by Grocers.