

Miss Pym from the West

By AMY F. CACKETT

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It was quite by chance that Miss Norah Hillington Pym found a place in our quiet boarding house; and to us it was a subject for constant wonder that she remained where things generally were so "slow."

The first night, arrayed in splendor, she looked around the room in amazement and pity, and then beguiled us with stories of the style people in our station kept up in the west.

On the second night three of our ladies turned in the necks of their blouses and wore lace. By the end of the week our ladies all appeared in evening blouses, our hostess introduced menus and entrees at dinner, and the kitchen girl was pressed into cap and frills and brought up to help in the waiting.

Our ladies made still further efforts to reach her level by wearing all their jewelry and making a show of everything they possessed.

One afternoon, after an interview in our hostess' private room, a suave, polite stranger was ushered into our midst and introduced as a new boarder. Within an hour he had won all hearts except that of Miss Pym. She looked on in silent scorn while he waited on the ladies with ingratiating smiles.

As soon as he was safely out of hearing quite a chorus of voices said: "What a charming man!"

Miss Pym fidgeted for a moment, and then suddenly jumped to her feet. "I reckon," she said, nodding her head, "we know a thing or two in the west. If a man comes fooling around, bowing and scraping, where the womenkin aren't young and good-looking, we put a double lock on our jewel cases and tell the police to keep their eyes on him."

"Good gracious! You don't mean to suggest that Mr. Compton—"

"Never you mind," broke in Miss Pym. "I've got a safe upstairs, so I



VERY BUSY.

am all right. But you watch if Mr. Compton isn't real interested in me to-night when I wear my diamonds?"

Mr. Compton appeared to see Miss Pym for the first time when she entered the room for dinner, her diamonds scintillating in the gaslight. But from that moment he had eyes for little else, and she looked around at us with a smile of knowing triumph.

The iron entered into our souls and we watched him narrowly. Hour by hour and day by day our suspicions were fed by small events, to which our attention was called by Miss Pym, until, at the end of a week, our views had become quite definite and decided.

During the whole of this time Mr. Compton paid her very close attention; in fact, she could scarcely move but he was behind her. This, as she pointed out, was owing to the fact that she wore rather more jewels than the other ladies, and he was only waiting the opportunity she never gave him in order to appropriate them.

One afternoon Miss Pym came into the drawing-room quietly but hastily, with a look of triumph in her eyes.

"Major Belshun," she said, excitedly, "Mr. Compton has broken open the wardrobe in my room and is now rifling its contents. Come and see!"

The ladies gave a little scream and huddled together at this startling statement.

"Hush!" she said, "you will spoil it all if you make a noise. You keep quiet here and nobody will hurt you, while the major and I creep up and lock the door on the thief. There are two doors to that room, major, and I want you to lock one at the same moment that I lock the other."

As usual, Miss Pym's nerve and confidence carried complete conviction. So, leaving the ladies quiet but thoroughly frightened, we crept softly upstairs to carry out her idea and catch our man red-handed.

Following her pointing finger, I saw in a mirror which hung on the landing a reflection of a door slightly open, and in the room beyond, Mr. Compton, very busy with the contents of the drawers of the wardrobe.

In a moment Miss Pym reached the other door, and simultaneously we slammed them and turned the keys. It did not seem strange to me then that both keys should be on the outside.

As the keys clicked there was a shout of rage from Mr. Compton. "You stay here and guard the door, major," said Miss Pym, "while I run for the police. I shall go quicker than

you," and she went as hard as she could, while the man inside began to bang on the door and demand his freedom.

"Do you hear? Is anyone there?" he cried. "Let me out at once."

"Oh, yes! I am here," I replied. "And you are there, and there you are going to stay until the police come."

"For Heaven's sake don't be a fool, man. I can soon prove to you that it is all right. Let me out quickly. Such a lot depends on every moment."

"I can quite believe that," I answered, with a knowing smile. "Every moment brings the police nearer."

"The police won't come, you idiot!" he shouted.

"You must have a little patience," I answered, sardonically.

"Tell you, man, they will never get here, unless you send a servant for them. For goodness' sake, send some one. I am a detective. They will know me."

"I can quite believe your last remark," I chuckled, "but I am not going to move from this door even to send for some police."

He then offered to push his credentials under the door for me to read, but I assured him that I was no judge of forged documents.

Something like a groan came back in reply, and I concluded that my man had given up hope of escape.

"After a while it struck me that Miss Pym had been a long time away, and on referring to my watch I found that almost half an hour had elapsed.

Quietly slipping downstairs, I discovered the servants huddled together in the kitchen. One of them went forth with instructions to hasten back with the first policeman she could find, and I returned to my station at the door.

In a few minutes I heard the welcome heavy steps, and two policemen (the maid did not believe in the efficacy of one) hastily presented themselves and opened the door.

But the rush did not come; and we entered to find Mr. Compton calmly brushing the dust off his clothes.

A word from him immediately gave rise to a look of surprise on the policemen's faces, and after listening to some hurried instructions they quickly retired from the room, leaving Mr. Compton and myself alone.

"As for you, Major Belshun," he said, turning to where I stood in amazement, "I am half inclined to have you arrested for aiding the escape of a criminal. You have done that pretty effectually," he went on, looking at his watch. "She has had almost an hour's start."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed; "you don't mean to tell me—"

"I mean," he interrupted, "that I am Detective Norton, and that I have been staying at this house for the sole purpose of watching Miss Pym. Unfortunately she must, apparently, have identified me, but she was very careful to keep the knowledge to herself. This afternoon I saw her fast asleep in the dining-room, and availed myself of the opportunity of searching her room. The little evidence that I have gathered here would be sufficient for my purpose. But now, owing to your clumsy interference and her cleverness, she has slipped off. There is only one thing to be thankful for, and that is that she hasn't taken anything with her this time."

"Are you sure of that?" I groaned.

"Quite," he answered; "the ladies had all their jewelry on last night, and I know Miss Pym has not been near any of their rooms to-day."

"You had better come down and see them," I said, helplessly.

He hastily explained to them how matters stood. But they were at first too frightened to understand.

"Now," he finished up, "I hope, ladies, you all have your jewelry and money safe."

"Oh, yes!" said Miss Molesworthy, timidly; "we gave it all to Miss Pym last night to lock up in her little safe."

Almost before she had finished speaking, Mr. Norton was up the stairs, and I followed quickly behind him. When I entered Miss Pym's room he was standing with the door of the safe open—and it was practically empty.

I am I regret to say, quite convinced of the cleverness of Miss Norah Hillington Pym, for she is still at large.

HER EYES.
Flowers are her garden's eyes;
They watch for her alone
Within whose smile these lies
A beauty like her own:
Their fragrant lids they open
In haste to look to see
Her who is all their hope,
So fair is she!
Stars are her heaven's eyes—
They watch her while she sleeps
Lilies of paradise!
White pearls in azure deep!
For her their glow and gleam
Throughout the tranquil night
Bringing the lovely dream
For her delight.
Nor flowers nor stars are eyes
For me, I follow one—
Her lover—shadow-wise
Companion to the sun!
Her eyes, both flower and star.
In loveless outline;
Mirror of her eyes are,
Reflecting mine!
—Frank Dempster Sherman, in Smart Set.

The Man Who Got a Pass

By CHARLES BATELL LOOMIS

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"Yes, sir, I'm going to Chicago on business," said Binkersley to a suburbanite who had stopped in to buy a pair of gloves. "It's quite an expense, but my wife thinks it's worth it."

Chicago is quite a bustling city, so I've always heard, and I may get ideas for my business. Castor gloves? No, we're all out of those just now. How would you go to Chicago? What train?"

"Why, there are a half dozen ways," said the suburbanite, who was a traveling man. "Why don't you get a pass?"

"Me get a pass?" said the little storekeeper. "No, sir. I've always paid my way."

"That's all right," said the traveling man; "but you know these railroad corporations are so cunning and shrewd, and if you can get a pass, I'd do it."

"Well, how do you do it? Don't you have to be rich?"

The suburbanite was something of a practical joker and he saw that Binkersley was already incoherently with "pass fever," so he said:

"Rich? No. It all depends on the way it's done. Let me concoct a letter for you. The general passenger agent of the eight-track road is a jolly fellow, and if you hit him right he may pass you all the way to Chicago, and then you can do him a good turn by crying up the road whenever you sell a pair of socks."

"Why, certainly," said the tradesman, quite delighted with the prospect. "I'll advertise his road, and may be worth a great deal to him before I get through."

"That's the idea exactly. You let me write the letter and then you copy it."

So the waggish customer sat down to his desk and wrote as follows:

Mr. J. C. Gregory—Dear Sir: I am nearly 35 and I have never let a man pay my fare even on a street car. Now I'm going to Chicago. Do you think I will let you send me a pass? If you do, just try it and see what I will do with it. You will find my address on the heading, and any time you want socks or gentleman's furnishings, drop in. Be quite sure that even if you did send me a pass I would never say a thing about you, and I think all roads are monopolies. Yours truly,

JOSEPH BINKERSLEY.

"There!" said the customer when he read what he had written, "Gregory will either think you're a crank or a very clever man. If it hits him all right you'll get a pass, and I'll have saved you \$20."

"Say, this is awfully nice of you," said Binkersley. "Have a dress shirt?"

"Thanks, but I only wanted to buy a pair of gloves, and you're out of those you say."

"You don't understand me. I want you to accept a shirt. I never would have thought of trying to get a pass. I'll save at least \$20, and I like to feel independent. Take a shirt along."

"Oh, you want me to have a shirt on you."

"No, on yourself," said Binkersley, to whom humor is an unknown quantity. The suburbanite allowed himself to be "blown off" to an open front dress shirt and a pair of patent cut clips, and then he departed, smiling warily.

After the customer had gone Binkersley copied the letter in his own hand and mailed it.

Next morning in Binkersley's mail was a letter from the general passenger agent. It was short but in the same vein as that which Binkersley had sent. It ran:

If you don't want to break that record of yours on passes, you'd better not come up to my office and have a talk with me or I might fix you out so you'd remember it. When Binkersley read this he was frightened at first. It looked a little like a threat. Then he handed it to his clerk

and asked him what he thought of it. Now the clerk was a wide-awake New Yorker and he said at once:

"I ain't going to do a thing but give you a pass. You go up and see him."

So Binkersley went up to the offices of the railroad company and asked to see the passenger agent. The passenger agent had gone out to lunch.

"Bah!" said Binkersley in a nettled tone. "I came here expressly to see him. It is on business that is important to him. Something relating to the road."

Binkersley said this so sincerely and looked so as if he had come a thousand miles, that the clerk, who was a new one, asked him in to one of the inner offices and settled him comfortably and offered him a cigar from the agent's box, and Binkersley went to the "gent's" man and sat back in a swivel chair and smoked a perfect to that tasted very strange to him, and felt that he was practically one of the high officials of the road.

He sat there until he was so hungry he didn't know what to do and then he asked where the railroad restaurant was, and he went down there meaning to spend at least a quarter on his lunch, but it looked so very swell that he felt it would be small in him to spend less than a dollar, and that is what the lunch cost him, exclusive of the tip. He had no change smaller than a half dollar, so he asked the waiter to change the silver for him, and he had a long wait, and brought back two quarters, which was in the nature of a hint. And Binkersley took it—that is, he gave a quarter to the waiter.

After lunch he "felt fine," and he went up to the offices again.

"Very sorry, sir," said the clerk, "but we've just received a telephone from Mr. Gregory and he won't be back until to-morrow or next day. He's called out of town."

Binkersley was disappointed, but he was a philosophical sort of chap and he had had a good time, and it was only a preliminary to big business.

That evening he took his wife to the theater, a thin little fellow, who since he stopped getting bill-board tickets, he got the very best seats in the second balcony, and after the play nothing would do for this man-about-to-get-a-pass but a supper at one of Young's restaurants, and that made another dollar look extremely ill.

Next morning Mr. Binkersley went uptown, and he went in a cab. It was expensive, as he well knew, but it could be charged to expenses eventually.

The passenger agent was in, but he was busy.

"Tell him," said Mr. Binkersley with an importance that he could not conceal although he tried to, "tell him that my cab is waiting for me outside and that I'd like to see him at once. I have been here twice before!"

This had the desired effect. That is to say, the boy delivered the message, and in a moment Mr. Binkersley heard a roar of laughter from the inner room and said to himself: "He's in a good humor."

A moment later the boy returned and said with a deference that seemed the real thing to simple Mr. Binkersley: "Come this way, sir."

Mr. Binkersley went that way and was ushered into the presence of a white-haired, bristly-bearded man who looked more like a genial farmer than the manager of a great business.

"Is this Mr. Binkersley?" said Mr. Gregory.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Binkersley.

"So you don't want a pass, don't you?" said the passenger agent, carrying out the spirit of the letter which the suburbanite had written for Mr. Binkersley.

"No, sir," said Mr. Binkersley in a puzzled tone.

"Then what did you come for?" said Gregory.

"Why—er—why, I mean I want a pass to Chicago and back, and in return I'll tell people to take your road."

Mr. Gregory had pictured a different sort of man from the one who stood before him and some of the humor of the letter seemed to leave it. He had evidently been put up to writing it.

"Suppose," said he, "we gave everybody in the country a pass to any place he asked for on condition that he advised his friends to buy tickets. How soon would we go into bankruptcy?"

"That would need some figuring," said Mr. Binkersley in such a simple manner that Mr. Gregory took pity on him and determined to give him a pass.

"Well, look here, Mr. Binkersley, I hear that your cab is at the door and I don't want your coachman to catch cold waiting for you, but I also want you to understand that I am general passenger agent of this road and if I want to give passes that is my own affair. You dared me to give you a pass and I am going to take your dare. Here is an order for a pass as far as Albany and return. That will take at least six dollars out of your expenses. I'm accustomed to having my own way and I insist upon your accepting the pass."

Mr. Binkersley was filled with mixed emotions. He was disappointed at the mileage of the pass, but he also wanted to set himself right with this man and he said:

SOME CURRENT VERSE.
Song of the Engines Man.
You may lounge on your velvet cushions
And mark each mile with a glorious dream—
You may say there is nothing of weird romance
In the practical prose of steam;
But you have never sat in the dust and smoke
And seen that the track was clear.
Nor held the reins of the steed that leaves the wind in its wild career.
No soulless, dull machine I drive, for I feel her passionate breath
When I hide her over the endless rails that run to the brink of death.
My steeman, lit by the flames' red glare,
Myself and our engine—o'er valley and height
We three are as one, and together we strive
The marvelous triumph and glory of flight!

My will is hers and her strength is mine.
Past the sand hills gray and low,
Through the shimmering corn field's long,
Green line and the sounding woods we go!—
There is naught on the bridge that checks her speed
And naught in the funnel she fears
For my slightest touch on the throttle she feels
And my softest whisper she hears.

Only a touch and a whispered word on the trestle, narrow and high
When she trembles and shinks on the dangerous curve,
Or a freight train thunders by.

Loud is the shriek of the startled air—
Lone is the stretch of the roadbed white;
We three are as one, and together we share
The marvelous triumph and glory of flight!

—Youth's Companion.

Padre Dominec.
Padre Dominec McCann
Hees great beeg Irish man.
Hees growl w'en he speak,
Like he gonna say in two,
Jus' for busta you in two.
My! he talk so rough, so queer,
You weel weesha you could be
Som'where else on you see.
Padre Dominec.

Padre Dominec McCann
Stop at dees penulta stan'
W'en my leetla boy sees seek;
Talk so rough he mak' me cry,
Say cos busta boy should die,
So he go to Heaven quick!
Hees speak so cold to me
Nevva more I wanna see.
Padre Dominec.

Den gran' doctor com'. Hees queer!
I ask you said heem here,
He jus' smile an' weel no speak
Only just w'en he say:
'You no gatta cent to pay,
I got' feex dees boy dat's seek.'
O' beeg-bearta man an' true!
I am gattin' on to you,
Padre Dominec!

—T. A. Daly, in the Reader.

All Alike.
Just a youth,
Just a girl,
Just a sigh,
Just a curl,
Blowing far,
Blowing far,
Two alone,
There you are.

Just a look
All around,
Then a silent sound;
Just a kiss
Has a birth;
Love's as old
As the earth!

Love's as old
As the earth;
Is your kind
Or love worth
More than all?
Just the best?
Then it's just
Like a rest.
—Houston Post.

Britannia to Japan.
Over the hundred years gone by
Voices are borne on the wind
'Ye have warmed our war, ye have cried our cry,
Ye have conquered, even as we.'

Tyranny darkened our western light
'Twas a hundred years ago,
When our fathers sailed for the fateful fight
And struck the all-saving blow.

Tyranny gasped at your island throne,
Darkened your realm of the sun;
But your signal to-day has been Nelson's own
And his word on your warships won.

Ye have learned our lore of the glorious seas,
Ye have proved it pure and true;
But your faithful virgins, your scorn of ease
God grant that we learn them of you!
—London Spectator.

Everybody Works.
Yes, father works most every day;
He sticks, with disposition sturdy,
And we are glad, who bear his name,
—McCurdy.

Our brother's working steady, too;
He gathers up what father misses,
And what is left, that husband grubs
Of his.

Then father's brother also works;
For some that clutches the other's fingers;
But father's brother nails it, and
It lingers.

Now ease and luxury are come;
We live without a bit of bother,
Because 'most ev'rybody works
With father.

—C. R. B., in N. Y. World.

The Head of the Family.
Way over yonder in de wes'
De sun he say good-night;
De clouds dey pile de kivers up
So he kin sleep all right.
He travel far, he travel fas'
Across de sky all day;
He reckons dat he'll jes' turn in,
Too tired for work or play.

But Mrs. Moon, she come along.
A-lookin' mighty fine,
An' all de family of stars
Is startin' on de shine.
De hard work's done by Mistah Sun.
Dey've sent him 'om de sky,
While all his kinfolks gathers 'round
To laugh and jolly.

—Washington Star.

The Mountains.
Oh, the mystery of the mountains!
With their caves and moss-rimmed springs,
Where no trespasser has ventured,
Save soft-footed wild wood things;
There are heights no man has conquered,
And delights no soul has found,
Treasure land of joy and romance
Is the high, enchanted ground.
—E. A. Lente, in Four-Track News.

Positively the Last.
I never saw a sort of wood;
I never want to see one;
But I can tell you (this is good)
I'd rather see than saw one.

of the city by dredging from the sound. These lands offer the best terminal facilities for railroads entering that city. Of late the Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul, Union Pacific and Canadian Pacific have been acquiring terminal there and there has been a tremendous boom in the tide lands. One day a price of property was offered for \$90,000 and the next sold it for \$135,000 and there is a great grumble for the build up sound front. Just how this affects Mr. Trenholme's holdings we do not know, but it cannot be otherwise than favorable. The old friends here, so many of whom have enjoyed the generous hospitality of the Trenholmes at Seattle, hope a goodly share of the profit reaping may be done by "Dick."—Bathgate Pink Paper.

FARMERS' ELEVATOR AT HANNAFORD WAS BURNED
Hannaford, N. D., Jan. 19.—The farmers' elevator at this place burned Monday night. A little after midnight the flames were discovered to break through the roof and the structure was soon in ruins.

The capacity of the elevator was 40,000 bushels, and it was about half filled with flax, wheat, oats and barley. The insurance on the grain was

STREET CAR SCHEDULE
TIME CARD NO. 4
GRAND FORKS TRANSIT CO.
Leaving University 8:00 a.m.
Leaving Third Street 8:20 a.m.
Leaving University 8:45 a.m.
Leaving Third Street 9:15 a.m.
Leaving University 10:40 a.m.
Leaving Third Street 11:00 a.m.
Leaving University 12:30 p.m. (Mondays only) 2:00 p.m.
Leaving University 2:30 p.m.
Leaving University 3:30 p.m.
Leaving University 4:20 p.m.
Leaving University 5:15 p.m.
Leaving University 7:00 p.m. (Mondays only) 7:20 p.m.
Leaving University 8:00 p.m. (Mondays only) 8:20 p.m.
Leaving University 10:00 p.m. (Mondays only) 10:30 p.m.
SUNDAYS
Leaving University 10:30 a.m.
Leaving Third Street 12:15 p.m.
Leaving University 1:00 p.m.
Leaving University 2:30 p.m.
Leaving University 4:30 p.m.
Leaving University 5:30 p.m.
Leaving University 8:20 p.m.

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MINNESOTA POLITICAL CHAT.
Librarian John King Gives Out Some Forecasts to Crookston Journal.
John E. King, state librarian, was in Crookston for a few hours Tuesday on his way to Red Lake Falls to look after his newspaper interests.

are Senator Lord of Kasson and A. H. Lindeke, the St. Paul dry goods man, it is the general expectation that Julius Block, present state treasurer, and J. F. Jacobsen, the Lac qui Parle firebrand, along with several others, will come out into the open within a few weeks. The republicans realize that they have an opponent worthy of their steel in Governor Johnson and a good many strong men who would ordinarily like to make the race for governor are "afraid of the cars." Governor Johnson seems to have the confidence of every faction of his own party, and a good many thousand republicans are

apt to conclude that "one good term deserves another." The governor's recent speech before the municipal league has undoubtedly convinced the voters that he is for "a square deal" for more equitable rates, for honesty and reform in all the departments of state government. Republicans generally are willing to admit that Johnson has made a good governor and set a high standard for executive righteousness and political probity.

For the other offices to be filled this year there will be none of a copasetic than on governor, as the republican nomination in these instances is equivalent to an election. For lieutenant governor Hon. C. M. Sprague the Sauk Centre banker and former chairman of the state board of equalization, seems to have the inside track although P. E. Dowling of Eveleth, A. D. Stephens of Crookston, and Thos. Gilling of Minneapolis are frequently mentioned in that connection. Julius Schmall of Redwood Falls has also announced his entry in the race for secretary of state and his strongest opponent is likely to be E. H. Nelson of "Hotchkiss," formerly state librarian. For state treasurer Peter Schwab of Dodge Center, F. C. Koerner of Litch-

field and Gus Widell of Mankato are the probable aspirants. Sam Iverson will hardly be opposed in his desire for a second term as state auditor—Journal.
LUCK FOR TRENHOLME.
Bathgate Man May Be In On Great Rise of Seattle Land.
Some years ago our ex-townsmen, J. D. Trenholme, and several others purchased extensive tracts in the "Tide Lands," section of Seattle. These lands were built up from the marshes along the South Puget Sound front