

and him under their feet in a minute. I jumped down, and Ben Buckley, the conductor, came running up. Between us we gave the little fellow a life. He squirmed out like a cat and backed instantly up against the tender.

"One at a time, and come on!" he cried hoarsely. "If it's ten to one and on a man's back at that, we'll do it different." With a quick, peculiar movement of his arm he drew a pistol and, pointing it squarely at Cameron, cried, "Get back!"

I caught a flash of his eye through the blood that streamed down his face. I wouldn't have given a switch key for the life of the man who crowded him at that minute. But just then Lancaster came up, and before the crowd realized it we had Foley, protesting angrily, back in the cab again.

"For heaven's sake, pull out of this before there's bloodshed, Foley," I cried, and, nodding to Buckley, Foley opened the choker.

It was a night run and a new track to him. I tried to fire and pilot both, but after Foley suggested once or twice that if I would tend to the coal he would tend to the curves I let him find them, and he found them all. I thought, before we got to Athens. He took big chances in his running, but there was a superb confidence in his bursts of speed which marked the fast runner and the experienced one.

At Athens we had barely two hours to rest before doubling back. I was never tired in my life till I struck the pillow that night, but before I got it warm the caller roused me out again. The eastbound flier was on time, or nearly so, and when I got into the cab for the run back Foley was just coupling on.

"Did you get a nap?" I asked as we pulled out.

"No; we slipped an eccentric coming up, and I've been under the engine ever since. Say, she's a bird, isn't she? She's all right. I couldn't run her coming up, but I've touched up her valve motion a bit, and I'll get action on her as soon as it's daylight."

"Don't mind getting action on my account, Foley; I'm shy on life insurance."

He laughed.

"You're safe with me. I never killed man, woman or child in my life. When I do, I quit the cab. Give her plenty of diamonds, if you please," he added, letting her out full.

He gave me the ride of my life, but I hated to show scare, he was so coolly audacious himself. We had but one stop—for water—and after that all down grade. We bowled along as easy as ninepins, but the pace was a hair raiser. After we passed Arickaree we never touched a thing but the high joints. The long, heavy train behind us flew round the bluffs once in awhile like the tail of a very capricious kite, yet somehow, and that's an engineer's magic, she always lit on the steel.

Day broke ahead, and between breaths I caught the glory of a sunrise on the plains from a locomotive cab window. When the smoke of the McCloud shops stained the horizon, remembering the ugly threats of the strikers, I left my seat to speak to Foley.

"I think you'd better swing off when you slow up for the yards and cut across to the roundhouse!" I cried, getting close to his ear, for we were on terrific speed. He looked at me inquiringly. "In that way you won't run into Cameron and his crowd at the depot," I added. "I can stop her all right."

He didn't take his eyes off the track. "I'll take the train to the platform," said he.

"Isn't that a crossing out ahead?" he added suddenly as we swung round a hill west of town.

"Yes, and a bad one."

He reached for the whistle and gave the long warning screams. I set the bell ringer and stooped to open the furnace door to cool the fire, when—chug!

I flew up against the water gauges like a coupling pin. The monster engine reared right up on her head. Scrambling to my feet, I saw the new man clutching the air lever with both hands, and every wheel on the train was screeching. I jumped to his side and looked over his shoulder. On the crossing just ahead a big white horse, dragging a buggy, plunged and reared frantically. Standing on the buggy seat a baby boy clung, bewildered, to the lazyback—not another soul in sight. All at once the horse swerved sharply back. The buggy lurched half over. The lines seemed to be caught around one wheel. The little fellow clung on, but the crazy horse, instead of running, began a hornpipe right between the deadly rails.

I looked at Foley in despair. From the monstrous quivering leaps of the great engine I knew the drivers were in the clutch of the mighty air brake, but the relentless momentum of the train was none the less sweeping us down at deadly speed to the baby. Between the two tremendous forces the locomotive shivered like a gigantic beast. I shrank back in horror, but the little man at the throttle, throwing the last ounce of air on the burning wheels, leaped from his box with a face transfigured.

"Take her!" he cried, and, never shifting his eyes from the cut, he shot through his open window and darted like a cat along the running board to the front.

Not a hundred feet separated us from the crossing. I could see the baby's curls blowing in the wind. The horse suddenly leaped from across the track to the side of it. That left the buggy quivering on the rails, but not twelve inches clear. The way the wheels were cramping a single step ahead would throw the hind wheels into the train; a step backward would shove the front wheels into it. It was appalling.

Foley, clinging with one hand to a

rod and bracket, dropped down on the steam chest and swung far out. As the catcher's foot past Foley's long arm dipped into the buggy like the sweep of a connecting rod and caught the boy by the bosom. The impetus of our speed threw the child high in the air, but Foley's grip was on the little overall, and as the youngster bounded back he caught it close. I saw the horse give a leap. It sent the hind wheel's into the corner of the baggage car. There was a crash like the report of a hundred rifles, and the buggy flew in the air. The big horse was thrown fifty feet, but Foley, with a great light in his eyes and the baby boy in his arm, crawled, laughing, into the cut.

Thinking he would take the engine again, I tried to take the baby. Take it? Well, I think not!

"Hi, there, busto!" shouted the little engineer wildly, "that's a corking pair of breeches on you, son! I caught the kid right by the seat of the pants," he



Foley dropped down on the steam chest and swung far out.

called over to me, laughing hysterically. "Heavens, little man, I wouldn't've struck you for all the gold in Alaska. I've got a chunk of a boy in Reading as much like him as a twin brother. What were you doing all alone in that buggy? Whose kid do you suppose it is? What's your name, son?"

At his question I looked at the child again, and I started. I had certainly seen him before, and had I not, his father's features were too well stamped on the childish face for me to be mistaken.

"Foley," I cried, all amazed, "that's Cameron's boy—little Andy!"

He tossed the baby the higher; he looked the happier; he shouted the louder.

"The dence it is! Well, son, I'm mighty glad of it." And I certainly was glad—mightily glad, as Foley expressed it—when we pulled up at the depot, and I saw Andy Cameron, with a wicked look, pushing to the front through the threatening crowd. With an ugly growl, he made for Foley.

"I've got business with you—you!" "I've got a little with you, son," retorted Foley, stepping leisurely down from the cab. "I struck a buggy back here at the first cut, and I hear it was yours." Cameron's eyes began to bulge. "I guess the outfit's damaged some, all but the boy. Here, kid," he added, turning for me to hand him the child, "here's your dad."

The instant the youngster caught sight of his parent he set up a yell. Foley, laughing, passed him into his astonished father's arms before the latter could say a word. Just then a boy, running and squeezing through the crowd, cried to Cameron that his horse had run away from the house with the baby in the buggy and that Mrs. Cameron was having a fit.

Cameron stood like one dazed, and the boy, catching sight of the baby that instant, panted and stared in an idiotic state.

"Andy," said I, getting down and laying a hand on his shoulder, "if these fellows want to kill this man let them do it alone—you'd better keep out. Only this minute he has saved your boy's life."

The sweat stood out on the big engineer's forehead like dew. I told the story. Cameron tried to speak, but he tried again and again before he could find his voice.

"Mate," he stammered, "you've been through a strike yourself—you know what it means, don't you? But if you've got a baby—" he gripped the boy tighter to his shoulder.

"I have, partner; three of 'em." "Then you know what this means," said Andy, huskily putting out his hand to Foley. He gripped the little man's fist hard, and, turning, walked away through the crowd.

Somehow it put a damper on the boys. Bat Nicholson was about the only man left who looked as if he wanted to eat somebody, and Foley, slinging his bouse over his shoulder, walked up to Bat and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Stranger," said he gently, "could you oblige me with a chew of tobacco?"

Bat glared at him an instant, but Foley's nerve won.

Flushing a bit, Bat stuck his hand into his pocket, took it out, felt hurriedly in the other pocket, and, with some confusion, acknowledged he was short. Felix Kennedy intervened with a slab, and the three men fell at once to talking about the accident.

A long time afterward some of the striking engineers were taken back, but none of those who had been guilty of actual violence. This barred Andy

Cameron, who, though not worse than many others, had been less prudent and, while we all felt sorry for him after the other boys had gone to work, Lancaster repeatedly and positively refused to reinstate him.

Several times, though, I saw Foley and Cameron in confab, and one day up came Foley to the superintendent's office, leading little Andy, in his overalls, by the hand. They went into Lancaster's office together, and the door was shut for a long time.

When they came out little Andy had a piece of paper in his hand.

"Hang on to it, son," cautioned Foley, "but you can show it to Mr. Reed if you want to."

The youngster handed me the paper. It was an order directing Andrew Cameron to report to the master mechanic for service in the morning.

I happened over at the roundhouse one day nearly a year later, when Foley was showing Cameron a new engine just in from the east. The two men were become great cronies; that day they fell to talking over the strike.

"There was never but one thing I really laid up against this man," said Cameron to me.

"What's that?" asked Foley.

"Why the way you showed that pistol into my face the first night you took out No. 1."

"I never showed any pistol into your face." So saying, he stuck his hand into his pocket with the identical motion he used the night of the strike, and leveled at Andy, just as he had done then—a plug of tobacco. "That's all I ever pulled on you, son. I never carried a pistol in my life."

Cameron looked at him, then he turned to me, with a tired expression. "I've seen a good many men, with a good many kinds of nerve, but I'll be splintered if ever I saw any one man with all kinds of nerve till I struck Foley."

How and When to Eat.

There are a few plain facts about how and when to eat which it would be worth a man's while to keep in mind even when well. If you are in a hurry, eat lightly. There is no virtue in gulping down a large meal just because it is meadtime. While the mind is actively engaged in the details and responsibilities of business the digestive apparatus is in no condition to undertake heavy work. The blood supply is drained off elsewhere, giving all the contribution it can to the brain, and if a quantity of food be taken in it simply remains undigested in the stomach. Worry, unsettled mind, low spirits, all tend to delay or to stop the activities of the alimentary canal. Students who go at hard head work immediately after meals often suffer from indigestion. So do letter carriers and other people whose meals are followed by prolonged physical exertion. Indeed, any kind of effort which forces the blood flow away from the alimentary region is injurious after hearty eating.—Dr. Gulick in World's Work.

Indian Medicine Bags.

The medicine bags of Navajos, Zulus and Apaches, all kindred tribes, contain a curious powder known as zorn pollen or hoddentia. This powder, which is the pollen of a rush and also of maize, appears to be used as a medicine, being eaten by the sick and put on the head or other parts to ease pain, but principally as a sacred offering to the sun and moon and as a sanctifier of everything. A pinch of it is thrown toward the sun and then toward the four winds for help in war or the chase, is put on the trail of a snake to prevent harm from it, placed on the tongue of the tired hunter as a restorative, hung in bags round the necks of infants as a preservative and sprinkled on the dead. In fact, every action of these Indians is sanctified by this powder, so that, as Captain Bourke writes in the ninth volume of "The Report of the Bureau of Ethnology" (Smithsonian), "plenty of accident has come to mean that a particular performance or place is sacred."

England's Coast Lights.

"The coastwise lights of England," of which Kipling sings, have been increasing in brilliancy as well as in number ever since the dawn of the nineteenth century. In that dark age weary mariners crawled into port by the flickering glare of twenty-five beacons and six floating lights. Now they may glide safely into haven under the powerful beams of 880. Lighthouses are as ancient as civilization. The Pharos of Alexander shined its light on the decks of oriental barges 2,237 years ago. The Romans, who loved the light, have left the ruins of one of their lighthouses on a cliff at Boulogne, while at Dover may still be seen all that remains of another. Petroleum and the electric light have made the early nineteenth century beacons ridiculous. On the summit of the tower an open grate was fed with billets of wood and later with coal. Scotland abandoned coal altogether for more up to date methods in 1816 and England six years afterward.

Mermals and Mermen.

Nearly all nations have folklore and fairy tale accounts of mermals and sometimes of mermen. Even the American Indians had their "woman fish" and "man fish." The Chinese tell stories about their sea women of the southern seas. Sometimes mermals and mermen are represented as leaving the water and living with human beings, but more frequently they are pictured as being so attractive that they sometimes will lure human beings to destruction in the depths of the sea. These myths have been utilized by many poets and have even been used for stories "with a moral."—St. Nicholas.

ROLL OF HONOR.

The Following Have Paid or Renewed their Subscriptions Since Last Report.

- | | |
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| Rev. D M Green | Ky |
| Mrs. A Mitchell | Ga |
| J L Hodges | Ky |
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| J I Lawson | City |
| Michael Shulzatz | Ill |
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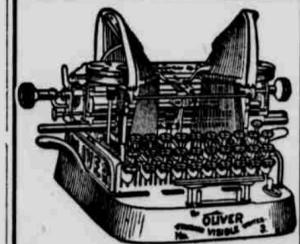
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Ramon Hughes (colored) Dead.

Ramon, the youngest son of Joseph and Adline Hughes (col.) was born Dec. 11th, 1884, and died April 28 1907. He was twenty-two years four months and seventeen days old. He leaves a mother, four brothers, one sister and a host of relatives and friends to mourn their loss. He professed a hope in Christ in the autumn of 1904, and soon thereafter he became a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian church at this place, in which he lived a faithful member until called away by death. He was a lover of Sabath School and rarely failed to be at his post at the opening services. He had served quite a while as secretary of the Sabath school, and it was said in presence of the writer: "That Ramon was the best secretary we ever had." Ramon was a good boy, he was an honored son, of an honored father. The writer preached his funeral to a large audience of his friends and relatives, after which his body was conveyed to the old family graveyard on Crooked Creek where it was deposited to remain until the resurrection morn. W. L. Clark.

Clothing of A Dead Child Gives Family Diphtheria.

Huntingburg, Ind., May 1.—The family of John Ellis, who reside near Heilman, a small town several miles south of this city, is having a siege of diphtheria, the disease having been caught in an unusual manner.

About fourteen years ago a child of Mr. Ellis died of diphtheria, and after its burial the child's clothes were packed away in a trunk and the trunk locked. For fourteen years this trunk was not opened until one day last week, when one of the children opened it and took out the clothes of her departed sister. A few days later the child became sick, and the physician called pronounced the disease diphtheria and said the child had caught it from the clothes that had been packed away in the trunk. Every member of the Ellis family is now sick with diphtheria, excepting the father. The mother's condition is reported quite serious.—Louisville Herald.

Notice to Users of Electric Fans.

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Local Time Table I. C. Railroad

NORTH BOUND	
Leave Marion 7:02 am	Arrive Evansville 9:45 am
Leave Marion 12:17 pm	Arrive Evansville 3:05 pm
Leave Marion 3:40 pm	Arrive Evansville 6:00 pm
Leave Marion 11:00 pm	Arrive Mattoon 4:30 pm
Leave Marion 11:00 pm	Arrive Evansville 1:00 am
	Arrive Chicago 9:30 am
SOUTH BOUND	
Leave Marion 1:15 am	Arrive Princeton 4:00 am
Leave Marion 11:17 am	Arrive Nashville 8:10 am
Leave Marion 3:40 pm	Arrive Princeton 7:15 pm
Leave Marion 7:15 pm	Arrive Princeton 1:00 am
	Arrive Nashville 9:55 pm
	Arrive Hopkinsville 9:45 pm

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