

The Bulletin's Daily Story.

A Race For An Income

By HERBERT MONTGOMERY

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Can you run over to Ireland, Mr. Catchem? "Certainly." "Could you cross by to-night's mail?" "I could. What must I do when I get there?" "It's a painful case," said kind-hearted Mr. Warmington, "but I'd best tell you the particulars shortly and let you judge for yourself what's best to be done."

Mr. Warmington was one of the wealthiest and wealthiest lawyers in London, and Mr. Catchem was the cleverest detective in all England.



MISS TRIXIE'S HEART WARMED TO HIM.

London, and Mr. Catchem was the cleverest detective in all England. "You know my brother-in-law, the Hon. Mr. Burton?"

Mr. Catchem nodded grimly. He had heard of the gentleman, not to his advantage. "Just so. He was always, I am sorry to say, a trouble to his family. My wife—though only a child at the time—remembers some stormy scenes before he went abroad. After our marriage I did what I could for him, but it was very little use. Though then well on in his fifties, he was as wild as a young colt—wild, not vicious, I'm bound to say. Well, eight years ago he had the good luck—for him—to marry an heiress who was young, beautiful and passionately in love with the elderly scapegrace. He kept as straight as a die while she lived and was terribly cut up when she died about a year ago. She showed her perfect confidence in him by her will, bequeathing to him her whole property, real and personal, 'with perfect confidence,' as she wrote, 'in his loving care for our dear child, Florence.'

"Within two weeks after his wife's death he came to me to prepare a deed, 'as tight as they draw them,' he said, assigning his whole property, a clear £5,000 a year, and a beautiful house and grounds, to his daughter, reserving only a moderate yearly allowance from his wife's personal property for himself. 'I cannot trust myself, Warmington,' he said, 'that's the truth of it. If I have money, I must splutter it! You may be sure the deed was as stringent as the lawyers could make it, and he signed it without winking. "Then, I suppose from loneliness, the Bohemian broke loose in him again. In an evil hour—one of the small hours in the morning, most likely—he fell in with Miss Trixie Mordant, the liveliest and at the same time the cutest young lady that grows the boards of the Empire."

"Well, I needn't tell you, when a man of sixty falls in love he comes a cropper. The cunning little baggage quickly coaxed him into an offer of marriage and then stood out for handsome settlements. She put her eye on the property, but he thought he had no power to touch it, and I didn't enlighten him on the subject, you may be sure. "He was wild with himself for his folly in having assigned it to his daughter. But Miss Trixie consulted lawyers on her own account, Sharkey & Snipit, sharp fellows as you'll meet with in the city. "They were not long putting my precious brother-in-law up to his legal rights. As the law now stands under an old statute of Queen Elizabeth, if the property is granted to Miss Trixie in consideration of her marriage with the grantor, the deed is poor little Florence is not worth the parchment it's written on. Sharkey & Snipit are now, I have reason to know, preparing marriage settlements and making over the whole property to Miss Trixie, who is in a seaside village in the west of Ireland."

"We have introduced a quiet little bill in the house of lords which will repeal the old act of Queen Elizabeth, which

allows a man to defeat his own grant, and will make voluntary conveyances absolute against what we call in law a 'purchaser with notice.' The bill is halfway through the lords. The lord chancellor has promised the royal assent—by deputy, of course—the day after the bill passes the third reading in the commons."

"It's a race, then, between your bill and their deed for a five thousand a year stake?" "Exactly."

"But I don't see where I come in." "I want you to run over to Mount Eagle, where Miss Trixie hangs out, and keep a sharp eye on her till the business is through. Sharkey & Snipit are as sharp as scissors and shut as tight. They are in constant communication with Miss Trixie. If you go to Ireland you may be able to tap the wire at that end. Miss Trixie is as loose and lively as they are close."

"I'll go. I'd like to do the little girl a good turn if I can."

Miss Trixie Mordant felt particularly dull during her voluntary exile in County Clare. The passionate appeals of her elderly adorer were monotonously dismal. Nothing to do and no one to talk to—that was her trouble.

"If I only had somebody to laugh with me at these yokels I could stand it," she muttered disconsolately. Then her eye wandered from the sea in front to the tennis ground on the left, and at a glance she knew that fate had been kind and her prayer was answered. A young man dressed in the extreme of fashion lounged across the ground carelessly swinging a tennis racket. His blazer blazed hot crimson and yellow in the hot sunshine. Miss Trixie's heart warmed to him at once as a kindred spirit. In five minutes she, too, strolled out on the ground. She was quite flustered at first when she found a young man on the ground and glanced at him—oh, so bashfully!—from under her long lashes when he dared to speak to her.

But in two minutes they were in the midst of a lively single of tennis; in two hours they were "Trix" and "Jer," as if they'd known each other all their lives. It was the day after when the lively young lady was planning a bicycle expedition that a waiter brought her a telegram. A monosyllable escaped her as she read it. Then she pettishly tore the pink paper into pieces and flung the fragments into the "turf bucket" that stood by the empty fireplace.

"Now what have I done?" she cried repentantly the next moment. "And old Sharkey specially warned me to be careful. Pick up the bits for me, Jer."

Jer instantly buried himself—head and shoulders—in the turf bucket. He quietly slipped an old telegram of his own from his pocket and, under cover of the bucket, tore it to pieces before he rescued the fragments of Miss Trixie's.

She took the bits he gave her, lit a match and burnt them in the empty grate.

Half an hour afterward Jer, in his bedroom, with the door locked, made a puzzle map of bits of pink paper on his dressing table, and this is what he read there:

"Just discovered child's friends putting bill through parliament to secure her in property. Hope to put spoke in their wheel yet. Must hurry up with deed. Is old man willing? Sharkey."

As he finished reading he saw with the corner of his eye through the window Miss Trixie on her wheel, sailing down the lawn in front of the hotel.

In a moment he was out and after her, making his bike fly. He drew abreast about a quarter of a mile from the postoffice.

"On for a spin?" he said. "When I've sent a wire." She slipped off dexterously behind her wheel at the postoffice and stepped up to the telegraph counter.

Jer stood at the open door dutifully holding the wheels. The telegraph instrument in the office was one of the old-fashioned affairs that conscientiously tap out their messages. Among his manifold accomplishments in another condition of life Mr. Jerome Blood-Smith had learned to interpret these taps. This is what they told him:

"To Sharkey & Snipit, London. Send deed at once. Old man has consented to execute, Mordant."

As they went down the slope together on their wheels Jer suddenly remembered. "By Jove," he said, "I want to send a wire, too, if you don't mind. Back pedal, Trix. I'll be with you in a minute."

He wheeled sharp round on the face of the slope and flew back to the postoffice. He scribbled five words to Warmington.

"Bill blown on. Look alive."

Next morning Miss Trixie was up early and restless. She was at the telegraph office before it opened, with the inevitable Jer, of course, dancing attendance. This is the message that was ticked out as he stood holding the wheels at the door:

"All serene. Bill blocked last night. Snipit starts by the morning mail for Rathcool with deed engrossed for execution. Sharkey."

own check. I must have a downhull search all by my own little self to work it off or I'll bust!"

Meanwhile Blood-Smith was strangely occupied in his locked bedroom. There was a timetable open beside him, and a big railway map of Ireland was spread out on the quilt of his bed, at which he was busy with a pair of compasses and a blue pencil.

"A little over a hundred," he muttered. "There is time enough to do it. But it's deuced risky work and dead against the law. Well, I've helped the law so often that it must make allowances this once. So here goes."

He fished out a strong bicycle bag, fitted with straps to be carried on the handle bar and packed in a very singular fashion. The two cans which held the oil for his lamp and lubricating oil for the bearings were his sole baggage on his projected expedition. These two greasy cans, both quite full, he wrapped up carefully in a couple of large silk handkerchiefs and stuffed into the bag.

Quietly and quickly the bag was fitted to the bars, and Blood-Smith slipped into the saddle at the hotel door and was off at a good, steady twelve miles an hour. All day long on his high geared wheel he pushed on at the same steady, unchanging pace. Evening began to close in. His cyclometer marked eighty-four miles already covered. "In good time," he muttered and slackened speed a little. At last! He could just distinguish the steep slope as the road rose abruptly and leaped off the railway. He dropped off at the foot, lifted the wheel over the wooden railings and stood it carefully in the shadow of the bridge wall. He took the bag from the handle bars and walked with it down to the rails. A few stars showed tremulously through the haze. A faint metallic gleam came from the rails that stretched, two threads of light, away into the darkness.

He took one of the silk handkerchiefs from the bag and shook out the folds. He drew the cork of one of the oil cans with his teeth, soaked the silk as full as it could hold, and then, bending down over the near rail, he began smearing the smooth metal thickly with the oil. So he worked steadily and swiftly for over a hundred yards down the steep gradient until one can of oil was exhausted. He crossed the line and came up mopping and daubing the other rail from the other can in the same plentiful fashion. Then he took his stand right between the rails at the head of the gradient under the bridge.

"I hope I am safe here," he muttered. "Right in the track of the mail train. We'll soon see."

Almost as he spoke there came right before him a steady, white star, distant and low. The star all the time grew bigger and brighter. Then came a curious vibration in the air and the roar and rattle of the mail train. Low at first, it grew and grew like a strong tide of sound forcing itself against the wind. Under a full head of steam the engine of the Lightning Express, with a long train trailing behind in the darkness, came thundering up the incline, sinking speed a little, like a horse out of breath, as it climbed toward the top. Then all of a sudden the wheels struck oil. There was an instant change in the roar of the train. The rough jar and rattle died out of it.

"The engine came on slowly."

But the acquired momentum still forced the huge weight forward, the wheels sliding like a horse's hoofs on a slimy pavement and taking no grip on the greased metal. The engine came on slowly and more slowly until it was within twenty yards of where Mr. Blood-Smith stood at the end of the greased slope. It wavered, stood still for one second and then began silently and slowly at first to slip back down the slope, gaining speed as it went. Far away down at the foot of the gradient the train came at last to a dead halt. Then he knew the train was safe for the night. So he drew his wheel from its shelter with an easy mind and with the wind at his back went sailing away swiftly and smoothly along the road he came.

Next day at half past 3 o'clock, while Mr. Snipit, with the deed in his black calfskin bag, was still a long five miles from Rathcool, a very curious performance was in progress in the house of lords. The lord chancellor was seated on the broad scarlet wood-sack. Two other lords were beside him. This combination represented the absent majesty of England. A short man was reading a list of bills which had passed through the storms of lords and commons and were now sailing peacefully into port.

"The voluntary conveyance bill," read the short man.

"La Reine le vent," jerked out a tall man.

In that second the bill was an act

and an integral part of the law of the land, and the rights of little Miss Florence Burton were secure.

All that afternoon at Mount Eagle Miss Trixie Mordant and Mr. Blood-Smith waited eagerly expectant of telegrams. It was well on in the evening when two arrived together at last. There was but one word in each message.

Her word was "Lost"—and his "Won."

FOR BENEFIT OF BIG FIRMS

MATTER WILL BE MAILED WITHOUT PUTTING STAMP ON EACH PIECE.

It will probably not be long until Cairoites and people all over the country will receive circular letters without any postage stamp on them to show that they came through Uncle Sam's mail.

The local office expects to receive by October 1, the order recently made by the postoffice department permitting the transmission of third and fourth class matter through the mails without being stamped. While this order is general, it is stipulated that every piece of mail must be identical in character and mailed in quantities not less than 2,000 pieces.

This order will be promulgated in the interest of the business firms which annually spend thousands of dollars for stamps. Third and fourth class matter includes circulars and merchandise. It has been necessary heretofore to place the requisite amount of postage on each piece of mail matter. Under the new rule the mail matter will be weighed in the gross and charges made at the regular postage rate. Instead of affixing stamps, however, the mail may be sent in direct and the amount of the stamps deposited with the office. The law under which this ruling is made became operative last month, but owing to a failure to secure the proper blank forms, it was necessary to delay putting it in operation.

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TROOPS GUARD NEGRO CHARGED WITH MURDER.

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Murder Common in Madrid. Five or six murders in one day are not an infrequent occurrence in Madrid.

Low Rate Excursions For June VIA

Big Four Route FROM POINTS IN ILLINOIS, St. Louis World's Fair

Every day until December 1st, 1904 Season Tickets. Sixty Day Tickets. Fifteen Day Tickets.

Warsaw, Ind., season tickets, from May 15th, to September 30th, 1904, inclusive.

Warsaw, Ind., fifteen day excursion tickets, May 15th, to September 30th, 1904, inclusive.

For full information and particulars as to rates, tickets, limits, call on Agents "Big Four Route," or address the undersigned.

WARREN J. LYNCH, General Pass. & Ticket Agt., Cincinnati, Ohio.

J. M. STONE, T. P. A. ELMER SMITH, Ticket Agent, Cairo, Illinois.

St. Louis, Mo., Tuesday, September 6, 13, 20 and 27, 1904

One Fare Round Trip—Tickets will be sold for all trains of September 6, 13, 20 and 27, and will be limited good returning seven days. Tickets will not be honored in Sleeping Cars, but will be honored in Chair Cars or Coaches in regular trains.

A. H. HANSON, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

C. C. McCARTY, Division Passenger Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

DICK JIM POWERS BROS.

The Hibernal Saloon—Wines, Liquors, Cigars, Etc. Barbecued Meats Every Day

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General Insurance Agent—Fire, Marine, Plate Glass. Office—Miller Schuh Building, Nos. 807-9 Washington Avenue, Telephone 18, Cairo, Illinois.

SPECIAL SALE ON ALL GUNS

During the next thirty days, Remington, L. C. Smith, and Davis guns. Also a fine line of opera glasses at half price. The Old Reliable Place.

Ben Michaels, 609 Commercial Ave

SMALLPOX EPIDEMIC

DOES NOT EXIST IN EAST ST. LOUIS AS WAS REPORTED A FEW DAYS AGO.

For the last few days rumors of divers and sundry kinds have been afloat concerning an alleged epidemic of smallpox in East St. Louis. Rival towns have filled their newspapers full of false rumors concerning the situation and have started some altogether needless alarms. A report from Dr. E. S. Baker, examiner for the state board of health, is to the effect that instead of there being 400 cases there are exactly 44. The city authorities have adopted rigid precautions to prevent a spread. The half block in which the disease exists has been fenced off and under an armed guard, though it is hardly needed. No apprehension is entertained of a spread of the disease.

UNION LEADERS INDICTED.

By The Associated Press. Sioux City, Ia., Sept. 15.—Charles McGuire, president of the Meat Butchers' union here, was indicted by the grand jury for conspiracy. Frank Caine was indicted for assault with intent to kill Deputy Sheriff Huntley during the riot at the stock yards during the strike.

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ILLINOIS CENTRAL R.R. CO

Bulletin of Rates.

World's Fair: Louisiana Purchase Exposition. St. Louis, Mo., April 30, December 1st, 1904. \$7.15 round trip, tickets sold daily commencing April 15th, to November 15th inclusive, limited to return December 15th, 1904. \$6.20 round trip, tickets sold daily commencing April 15th to November 30th, bearing return limit of sixty (60) days from date of sale.

\$4.50 Dawson Springs and return, \$4.50 Cerulean Springs and return, \$5.85 Ottendens Springs and return and \$8.40 Grayson Springs and return. Tickets sold daily limited to return October 31st, 1904.

One way colonist tickets to California. September 15th to October 15th, one way tickets will be sold to San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, Hornbrook, Cal., and all other California common points at rate of \$30.00 via St. Louis, and \$31.35 via New Orleans.

One way "colonist" second class tickets to points west and northwest, \$25.65 to Billings, Mont., and intermediate points on the Northern Pacific railroad and B. and M. railroad. \$35.65 to Helena, Butte, Garrison, Chinook, Anaconda, Missoula, Kalspell Grantdale, Ogden and Salt Lake City, Great Salt Lake.

\$32.15 to Spokane, Walla Walla, Wallula Junction, Ellensburg, Wenatchee, Washington, Umatilla and Huntington, Ore. \$34.65 to Portland, Ore., Tacoma and Seattle, Wash., Victoria and Vancouver, B. C. Tickets sold daily September 15th to October 15th.

A. H. HANSON, General Passenger Agent.

J. H. JONES, Ticket Agent.

FRISCO SYSTEM. St. Louis, Memphis & Southeastern R. R. St. Louis & Gulf Ry.

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W. R. POWE, Gen. Pass. Agt. Cape Girardeau, Mo.

And Iron Mountain Route to the Hot Springs of Arkansas. Good train service, low rates, limit limit. Leave Cairo daily 2:20 p. m. Arrive Hot Springs 8 o'clock following morning. Folders, maps and pamphlets of full information may be had by calling on or addressing H. C. Townsend, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis, Mo., or Elmer Smith, Pass. & Ticket Agent, Cairo, Ill.

MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY

ST. LOUIS UNION STATION

CAIRO

NEW ORLEANS

TIME OF TRAINS

NORTH BOUND

No. 1 Leaves (daily) 7:00 a. m.

No. 4 Leaves (daily) 11:00 a. m.

No. 6 Leaves (daily) 1:00 p. m.

SOUTH BOUND

No. 1 Leaves (daily) 7:00 a. m.

No. 5 Leaves (daily) 11:00 a. m.

No. 11 Leaves (week days) 1:00 p. m.

C. S. CLARK, General Pass. Agt.

JNO. M. BEALL, General Pass. Agt.

BIG FOUR ROUTE Best and Quickest

Evansville, Paducah, Danville, Terre Haute, Louisville, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Washington, New York, and all other cities.

HOLLISTER'S Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets

A Busy Medication for Busy People. Brings Golden Health and Renewed Vigor. A specific for Consumption, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Pimples, Eczema, Itchy Head, Bad Breath, Stomach Disorders, Headaches and Rheumatisms. It's Rocky Mountain Tea in tablet form, 25 cents a box. Sold by all druggists. HOLLISTER'S DRUG COMPANY, Madison, Wis.

GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE

Always Remember the Full Name Laxative Bromo Quinine. On every box, 25c