

still lay between the distressed man and his unfortunate child.

From McCloud to Ogadalla there is a good bit of twisting and slewing, but looking east from Athens a marble dropped between the rails might roll clear into the Ogadalla yards. It is a sixty mile grade, a ballast of slag and the sweetest, spiciest bed under steel.

To cover those sixty miles in better than fifty minutes was like picking them off the ponies, and the Five-Nine breasted the Morgan divide, fretting for more hills to climb.

The Five-Nine—for that matter any of the skyscrapers are built to balance ten or a dozen sleepers, and when you run them light they have a fashion of rooting their noses into the track. A modest up grade just about counters this tendency, but on a slump and a stiff clip and no tail to speak of you feel as if the drivers were going to buck up on the ponies every once in awhile. However, they never do, and Georgie whistled for Scarborough Junction and 180 miles and two winters in



A tremendous arrow shooting through a truss of fire.

its minutes out of McCloud, and looking happy, cussed Mr. McWilliams a little and gave her another haul of steam.

It is getting down a hill, like the hills of the Mattaback valley, at such a pace that pounds the track out of shape. The Five-Nine lurched at the curves like a mad woman, shook free with very fury, and if the baggage car had not been fairly loaded down with the grief of McWilliams it must have jumped the rails a dozen times in as many minutes.

Indeed the fireman—it was Jerry MacElroy—twisting and shifting between the tender and the furnace, looked for the first time grave and stole a questioning glance from the steam gauge toward Georgie.

But yet he didn't expect to see the boy, his face set ahead and down the track, straighten so suddenly up, sink in the lever and close at the instant on the air. Jerry felt her stumble under his feet—caught up like a girl in a skipping rope—and, grabbing a brace, looked, like a wise stoker, for his answer out of his window. There far ahead it rose in hot curling clouds of smoke down among the alfalfa meadows and over the sweep of willows along the Mattaback river. The Mattaback bridge was on fire, with the McWilliams Special on one side and Denver on the other.

Jerry MacElroy yelled. The engineer didn't even look around, only whistled in alarm back to Pat Francis, eased her down the grade a bit, like a man reflecting, and watched the smoke and flames that rose to bar the McWilliams Special out of Denver.

The Five-Nine skimmed across the meadows without a break and pulled up a hundred feet from the burning bridge. It was an old Howe truss and mangled like popcorn as the flames bit into the rotten shed.

Pat Francis and his brakeman ran forward. Across the river they could see half a dozen section men chasing wildly about throwing impotent buckets of water on the burning truss.

"We're up against it, Georgie," cried Francis.

"Not if we can get across before the bridge tumbles into the river," returned Sinclair.

"You don't mean you'd try it?"

"Would I? Wouldn't I? You know the orders. That bridge is good for an hour yet. Pat, if you're game I'll run it."

"Holy smoke!" mused Pat Francis, who would have run the river without any bridge at all if so ordered. "They old us to deliver the goods, didn't they?"

"We might as well be starting, Pat," suggested Jerry MacElroy, who departed losing good time. "There'll be plenty of time to talk after we get into Denver or the Mattaback."

"Think quick, Pat," urged Sinclair. His safety was popping murder.

"Back her up, then, and let her go!" cried Francis. "I'd just as lief have that baggage car at the bottom of the river as on my hands any longer!"

There was some sharp tooting; then the McWilliams Special backed; backed away across the meadow, halted and screamed hard enough to wake the dead. Georgie was trying to warn the section men. At that instant the floor of the baggage car opened, and a sharp featured young man peered out.

"What's the row? What's all this screeching about, conductor?" he asked as Francis passed.

"Bridge burning ahead there."

"Bridge burning!" he cried, looking convulsively forward. "Well, that's a deal! What you going to do about it?"

"Run it. Are you McWilliams?"

"McWilliams? I wish I was for just one minute. I'm one of his clerks."

"Where is he?"

"I left him on La Salle street yesterday afternoon."

"What's your name?"

"Just plain Ferguson."

"Well, Ferguson, it's none of my business, but as long as we're going to put you into Denver or into the river in about a minute I'm curious to know what the biases you're hustling along this way for?"

"Me? I've got \$1,200,000 in gold coin in this car for the Sierra Leone National bank—that's all. Didn't you know that five big banks there closed their doors yesterday? Worst panic in the United States. That's what I'm here for and five huskies with me eating and sleeping in this car," continued Ferguson, looking ahead. "You're not going to tackle that bridge, are you?"

"We are and right off. If there's any of your huskies want to drop out, now's their chance," said Pat Francis as Sinclair slowed up for his run.

Ferguson called his men. The five, with their rifles, came cautiously forward.

"Boys," said Ferguson briefly, "there's a bridge afore ahead. These guys are going to try to run it. It's not in your contract, that kind of a chance. Do you want to get off? I stay with the specie, myself. You can do exactly as you please. Murray, what do you say?" he asked, addressing the leader of the force, who appeared to weigh about 200.

"What do I say?" echoed Murray, with decision, as he looked for a soft place to alight alongside the track. "I say I'll drop out right here. I don't mind train robbers, but I don't tackle a burning bridge—not if I know it," and he jumped off.

"Well, Peaters," asked Ferguson of the second man coolly, "do you want to stay?"

"Me?" echoed Peaters, looking ahead at the mass of flame leaping upward. "Me stay? Well, not in a thousand years. You can have my gun, Mr. Ferguson, and send me check to 430 Milwaukee avenue, please. Gentlemen, good day." And off went Peaters.

And off went every last man of the valorous detectives except one lame fellow, who said he would just as lief be dead as alive anyway and declared he would stay with Ferguson and die rich.

Sinclair, thinking he might never get another chance, was whistling sharply for orders. Francis, breathless with the news, ran forward.

"Coin? How much? Twelve hundred thousand. Whew!" cried Sinclair. "Swing up, Pat. We're off."

The Five-Nine gathered herself with a spring. Even the engineer's heart quailed as they got away. He knew his business, and he knew that if only the rails hadn't buckled they were perfectly safe, for the heavy truss would stand a lot of burning before giving way under a swiftly moving train. Only, as they flew nearer, the blaze rolling up in dense volume looked horribly threatening. After all, it was foolhardy, and he felt it, but he was past the stopping now, and he pulled the choke to the limit. It seemed as if she never covered steel so fast. Under the head she now had the crackling bridge was less than five hundred, four hundred, three hundred, two hundred feet, and there was no longer time to think. With a stare, Sinclair shut off. He wanted no push or pull on the track. The McWilliams Special was just a tremendous arrow, shooting through a truss of fire and half a dozen speechless men on either side of the river waiting for the catastrophe.

Jerry MacElroy crouched low under the gauges. Sinclair jumped from his box and stood with a hand on the throttle and a hand on the air, the glass crashing around his head like hail. A blast of fiery air and flying cinders burned and choked him. The engine, alive with danger, flew like a great monkey along the writhing steel. So quick, so black, so hot the blast and so terrific the leap, she stuck her nose into clean air before the men in the cab could rise to it.

There was a heave in the middle like the lurch of a seasick steamer, and with it the Five-Nine got her paws on cool iron and solid ground, and the Mattaback and the blaze, all except a dozen tongues which licked the cab and the roof of the baggage car a minute, were behind. Georgie Sinclair, shaking the hot glass out of his hair, looked ahead through his frizzled eyelids and gave her a full head for the western bluffs of the valley; then looked at his watch.

It was the one hundred and ninety-ninth milepost just at her nose, and the dial read 8:55 to a second. There was an hour to the good and seventy-six miles and a water to cover, but they were seventy-six of the prettiest miles under ballast anywhere, and the Five-Nine reeled then off like a cylinder press. Seventy-nine minutes later Sinclair whistled for the Denver yards.

There was a tremendous commotion among the waiting engines. If there was one there were fifty big locomotives waiting to charivari the McWilliams Special. The wires had told the story in Denver long before, and as the Five-Nine sailed ponderously up the gridiron every mogul, every consolidated, every ten wheeler, every hog, every switch bumper, every air hog, every screamer an uproarious welcome to Georgie Sinclair and the skyscraper.

They had broken every record, from McCloud to Denver, and all knew it, but as the McWilliams Special drew swiftly past every last man in the yards stared at her cracked, peeled, blistered, haggard looks.

"What the dence have you bit into?" cried the depot master as the Five-Nine swept splendidly up and stopped with her battered eye hard on the depot clock.

"Mattaback bridge is burned. Had to crawl over on the stringers," answered Sinclair, coughing up a cinder.

"Where's McWilliams?"

"Back there sitting on his grief. I reckon."

While the crew went up to register two big four horse trucks backed up to the baggage car, and in a minute a dozen men were rolling specie kegs out of the door, which was smashed in, as being quicker than to tear open the barricades.

Sinclair, MacElroy and Francis with his brakeman were surrounded by a crowd of railroad men. As they stood answering questions a big prosperous looking banker with black rings under his eyes pushed in toward them, accompanied by the lame fellow, who had missed the chance of a lifetime to die rich, and by Ferguson, who had told the story.

The banker shook hands with each one of the crew. "You've saved us, boys. We needed it. There's a mob of 5,000 of the worst scared people in America clamoring at the doors, and, by the eternal, now we're fixed for every one of them. Come up to the bank. I want you to ride right up with the coin, all of you."

It was an uncommonly queer occasion, but an uncommonly enthusiastic one. Fifty policemen made the escort and cleared the way for the trucks to pull up across the sidewalk so the porters could lug the kegs of gold into the bank before the very eyes of the rattled depositors.

In an hour the run was broken. But when the four railroad men left the bank after all sorts of hugging by excited directors they carried not only the blessings of the officials, but each in his vest pocket a check, every one of which discounted the biggest voucher ever drawn on the West End for a month's pay, though I violate no confidence in stating that Georgie Sinclair's was bigger than any two of the others. And this is how it happens that there hangs in the directors' room of the Sierra Leone National a very creditable portrait of the kid engineer.

Besides paying tariff on the specie, the bank paid for a new coat of paint for the McWilliams Special from canvas to pilot. She was the last train across the Mattaback for two weeks.

Professor Swallowed It All.

The scholarly William E. Byerly, professor of mathematics at Harvard, was once asked by a student how to develop a retentive memory. The professor answered that ordinary mental exercise was sufficient to secure a good memory, whereas the student asked if he might test the mental capacity of his instructor. Professor Byerly agreed, and the student asked him to listen to and remember several varied items for a test. He began:

"One quart of whisky."

"Um!" said the professor.

"Six pounds of sugar, a pint of sour milk, three onions, half a gallon of molasses and two raw eggs."

"Um!" said the professor.

"Two green apples, twenty-six peanuts, one and a half cucumbers and four mince pies."

"Um!" said the professor.

"A package of starch, sixty-seven cakes of yeast and the skins of seven bananas. Got that down?"

"Yes," answered Dr. Byerly.

"How does it taste?" asked the student.—Boston Herald.

Close Questioning.

In recalling incidents connected with Virginia politics some years ago a prominent Virginian recently related to a Washington man an account of an investigation of election frauds in the lower section of the state. In the course of the proceedings it developed that the ballots in an important precinct had not been sealed after the final count, thereby being exposed to fraudulent practices. The chairman of the investigating committee closely questioned the election judge as to why the prescribed duty of carefully securing the ballots had been neglected.

"Could you not obtain any mullage in the town?"

"No, sir."

"Could you not procure some sealing wax—some shoemaker's wax, if nothing else?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, sir, why didn't you go out into the woods and get some resin? Do you mean to tell me that there were no pine trees around there shedding tears at your infamous rascality?"—Washington Star.

The Bible of the Poor.

The "Bible of the Poor" was one of the most interesting of the early block books, which were printed in Belgium in the fourteenth century, before the use of movable type, from blocks. The book consisted of forty leaves, printed on one side, making twenty when pasted together, and gave a pictorial representation of scenes from the life and passion of our Lord, with suitable inscriptions from holy writ in the abbreviated Latin of the period. The "Biblia Pauperum," as it was called, was intended as an aid to devotion for the use of poor persons who could not afford to buy complete copies of the Bible. Originally the book is believed to have been specially designed for the poor friars, who found the pictures useful when they went about preaching, to illustrate their sermons and to rouse the interest of their congregations. A richly illuminated MS. of the "Bible of the Poor," executed in the Netherlands about 1400, is kept in the British Museum. An early copy of the "Biblia Pauperum" was sold some years ago for 245 guineas.

ROLL OF HONOR.

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

- L F White Ky
- J R Siglar R R
- John Yates Ky
- L L Hughes City
- C H Woodyard Ky
- F B Hearst City
- G W Stone "
- J M Hardesty Ky
- E S Horning "
- G D Kemp "
- G R Miles Ky
- J W Brown City
- W S Kemp "
- Miss Edie Thomason Ky
- J T Hardin City
- R H Moore "
- A L Alley Ky
- C C Glassgow "
- W H Crow City
- M M Postleweight "
- Robt H Hughes "
- J M Brown Miss
- J W Branson Ky
- Mrs C M Mayes "
- Henry Gordon Butler City
- J S Thomas R R
- Mrs E P Beavers Ky
- A P Love "
- T S Brown R R
- Markham Terry Ky
- Henry McMeican "
- Jas Couch R R
- C C Crayne R R
- R C Neal Mo
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SALEM

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hust returned from Smithland Monday.

James H. Walker is confined to his room.

Miss Della Neal of Pineknayville, is visiting friends in Salem this week.

Miss Dedie Ford spent Sunday in Tolu.

James Boaz is visiting his father in Dycusburg this week.

Mrs. Laura Hill will leave Thursday for her home in Kansas.

John Harpending was in town Monday.

Mrs. Jim Guess and baby is visiting her father near Tolu this week.

Call and see Miss Flora's hats.

Salem will have a railroad soon, if some body will run her through.

Don't Put it Off.

Dick Is a Lonesome Swan

Dick is the name of a lone swan at Mount Washington cemetery. A few months ago Dick's mate was killed and eaten right before his eyes by a red fox.

He made all the noise possible and flapped his wings in an effort to frighten the fox away. It was a cold night and the fox was hungry. Dick was slightly wounded in the effort to protect his mate. Since its death Dick has gone into mourning. For days at a time he hides among the weeds in the edge of the water in the lake, taking only an occasional bath in the deep water.

The attendants at the cemetery try to force Dick to mate with other swans, but he obstinately refuses. He is true to his first and only love. Like the ostrich, the swan mates only once.—Exchange.

for tomorrow what you can do today. If you put off buying a bottle of Ballard's Snow Liniment, when that pain comes you won't have any, buy a bottle today. A positive cure for Rheumatism, Burns, Cuts, Sprains, Contracted Muscles, etc. T. S. Graham, Prairie Grove, Ark., writes:

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Local Time Table I. C. Railroad

NORTH BOUND

Leave Marion 7:02 am	Arrive Evansville 9:45 am
Leave Marion 12:27 pm	Arrive Evansville 3:45 pm
Leave Marion 3:40 pm	Arrive Evansville 6:50 pm
Leave Marion 11:00 pm	Arrive Mattoon 9:30 pm
Leave Marion 11:00 pm	Arrive Evansville 1:50 am
Leave Chicago 9:30 am	

SOUTH BOUND

Leave Marion 5:56 am	Arrive Princeton 2:00 am
Leave Marion 11:17 am	Arrive Nashville 8:10 am
Leave Marion 1:17 pm	Arrive Princeton 12:15 pm
Leave Marion 3:40 pm	Arrive Princeton 4:50 pm
Leave Marion 7:15 pm	Arrive Nashville 9:45 pm
Leave Marion 7:15 pm	Arrive Princeton 8:15 pm
At Hopkinsville 9:45 pm	

Definition of Statesman.

The popular conception of a statesman of the first rank is that he is a man who is wise in all that pertains to government; that he is discreet, self-contained, and well balanced; that he never allows his prejudices to run away with his judgment; that he is dignified in manner and practices always that sobriety of speech which is most becoming in men of exalted position. This was the American ideal for many years. Perhaps it is the ideal even now of the majority of the citizens of this republic, albeit times have changed.

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