## Stories of Adventures In Love



there from force of habit on their off-"Dad" was day. there because his years had given couldn't rest up

right any other place than about the yards. The boys all liked "Dad" because he was a fine old man, and never bragged about how much more head-work it took to run an engine in his day than in theirs.

"The 'Joe' had only been built a few years," the veteran went on, "and the management had a sort of religious prejudice against settling claims for damages. Idea was to make it unpopular to litigate a railroad on account of the expense.

"Over by New Wales, on the Cloverdale division, there was the dickens of a hill, and the boys never tried very hard to stop for cattle or anything else once they got started down.

'We had a claim agent named Bill Stivers. A tall, rawboned Yankee he was. They said nobody ever got a dollar out of him without they took a drill and bored. For a farmer to sue for a cow killed by the steam cars Stivers thought was a greater indignity than to walk on the flag. He took all the litigation against the road as a personal insult. Funny way of looking at it, according to our notions out here; but the big guns of the road

at the shanty with right. "Stivers divided all humanity into the boys, who were

two classes-fellows who were of honest reputation because they hadn't been found out, and known swindlers. "Naturally, when Colonel Barnbart,

who had come from a Southern state him an honorable up into this country, put in a bill for retirement, and he ten dollars for two hogs kiled on the New Wales hill, Stivers went on the theory it was a hold-up, and proceeded accordingly. He made a trip over to the place of the disaster to the hogs, and met a tall, soldierly-looking man wearing a broad felt hat and grayish mustache. Stivers hated that kind of

a man, because, as a loyal supporter of the government by proxy, he just couldn't abide one o' them darned rebels who sought to tear down the principles of our nation, is the way he put it.

But Stivers was wise to his job. He smiled at his enemy, rubbed his hands sorrowfully for the pigs, and said the matter should receive his very earliest and most considerate attention, et cetera. He could use flowery language when he had to, that man Stivers, and

the Colonel believed every word he was telling him. "The claim drifted along six months

or so, when the Colonel writted a very nice little note, apologizing in humble terms for the 'presumption,' but doubtless the matter of the sudden demise of those porkers had been overlooked. Mr. Stivers being a very busy man; but would he, at his leisure-when all weightier things were out of the way-

AD" HANSLOW was seemed to think Stivers was about please give such attention as the occasion warranted to the claim of Yours that bond." very cordially and sincerely, Coloncl Barnhart.

A Masked Battery

Int is merchanny VARIAN

"Stivers grinned in that death'shead way he had when he was satisfied with himself, seized his quill and a sheet of paper, and 'regretted very much to inform your honor that your claim for two hogs killed on New Wales hill, in the year of grace 1875 or thereabouts-in figures and spelled out-has been annulled by the statutes herein made and provided to the effect. that such claims must be filed and prosecuted within six months!

"The next news was from the constable serving notice of suit in Squire Tumulty's court.

"Let 'em suc.' says Mr. Stivers. 'He won't bluff me. The old noddle of a squire will find for him because they drink out of the same bottle, and then I'll appeal to the Circuit Court. where a persecuted railroad stands a show for justice. If they want law they can have it.'

"In due course the case came of for trial, and Stivers was notified that judgment by default had gone against the railroad; he would be allowed ten days to appeal by putting up a bond

for two hundred dollars. "It was getting close to the ten days when the Colonel strolled quietly

'round to Squire 'Tumulty's justice shop, squated down on a chair, and tilted himself comfortably against the wall "'Any news. squire?"

'Lemme see it.' says the Colonel.

The Squire fished it out of a pigeonhole and handed it over. Then the Colonel asked, kinder careless: "'Know the men on this bend,

Squire?" "'Know whether they be worth two

hundred dollars?" "By gum, I don't Do I have to

know that?" "'Turn to your statutes.'

"The Squire fumbled through the pages until be found Bonds and Appeals, and saw where it said he must be satisfied of the solvency of the fellows that signed bonds.

"Geel' cried the old man. 'What'll do? "'You might send it back and ask

them to guarantee the bond,' replied the Colonel, mildly; 'that's one way. "And that's the way the Squire did

the next day. The day following he got a certified check for two hundred dollars and the endorsement of the home banker that he would cash it, or any amount that might be needed to make good the appeal. 'Squire Tumulty communicated

with, Colonel Barnhart, who hunted up an almanac. "Case tried and judgment went

against defendant on the 3d of April?" he asked. 'That's right, Colonel: I got it

right down here on my book." 'Approved bond got here 15th?'

"'Yesterday. Yes, that was the 15th.

"Nope-none, for sure. They filed By gum-they're out! What'll I do the general offices,-the president or- agent

"'You might iry an eccution!' "In the early dawn of the net day. Terry McNamara was making the run of his life with his old hog to get No. 15 over the hill. He hadn't the slightest intention of stopping at New Wales. but a pile of ties across the track and a man standing on the track, waving a red flag, caused him to change his mind. When he had got all the brakes on and recognized the man with the flag as the agent, he started to make Colonel had in his inside coat pocket offensive remarks, but he stopped at finding a double barreled shotgun ing it as by the statutes made and proclose to his head. "'What the h-

'Hands up! Step down! The other man, too! Lively now! Faces to the wall! That's right. Don't move! Now, Sembo, you and Rastus put the chains through those big wheels."

"Colonel Barnhart and the two niggers that work for him on the farm had captured the train. The conductor came scooting down the platform. wanting to know. The Colonel p'inted his gun and made him join the dead line, face to the wall. Several of the passengers piled out on the platform and offered the Colonel money if he would spare their lives. Some of the women screamed, and the Colonel went back to pacify 'em.

"He didn't seem in a hurry. Another train came from the east, but the engineman saw something was up and stopped. The agent sent a man west to flag a train coming from that end. When all this news was wired into

By Annette Angert

argent. "'It's up to you. Some a president, handing him to ma president, and ing him to ma dered the agent to hunt up the constable and have him arrest Colonel Barnhart for stopping the United States mail, threatening the lives of fired. I don't like he as the crew, and blowing open the coress ness anyhow." safe; to get in as many things as he down the room to get the m could think of, so some of 'em would stick sure. runs this over to New Vis

"The agent replied that the constable was down the river fishing, and we've hurt your feeling. that Squire Tumulty had appointed to the city some night guest. Will give you the tas Colonel Barnhart to act; that the an execution for \$125.17, and was servvided.

"Wish you boys a pitase remarked the Colouil, a s way of his, as he ground a motioned to Terry and its The Squire offered to telegraph to headquarters the section under which conductor to break ratis he was proceeding, if the railroad some time when you're sain would stand the tolls

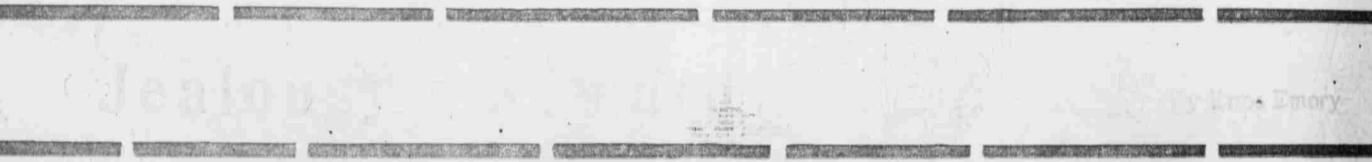
"The president called Stivers and and I'll drive you out to the showed him the muss they were in. give you some butternih." While they talked the dispatcher reported No. 23 was blocked on the east "The Colonel slowly le tar end with twenty cars of stock, and the fall over his beautiful and left one and Terry srine owners were roaring about missing the market. "Here's to you and me health. Colonel, he say, also the gangway and mate lies

"'Stivers,' said the president, 'what did you do to that man? Nothing. He had two hogs killed

and forgot to bring sult in time. "'I see. You're too far from home. I'll manage this deal now.'

an' bandy-legged mules fait injuns can't get by at all" So he wired in to the agent at New gineman of the new granter Wales to settle the Colonel's claim for both the hogs and the mule, and io ask the Colonel if he would please let the Cloverdale division." steam cars move along.

"and went to raising the "He says he won't let go till some- live stock. He made and body apologizes to him," replied the now and then-mostly as



HEN Emily and Dick Stanley started it all until she saw Florence's own housekeeping in what Dick called boudoir. Then her loyalty to her own fy her action in his eyes. young simple little home died, and left her 'a dinky flat" they felt that with a heart full of discontent.

in all the world there was no hapniture was of white cnamel; the wall white with a deep bor-

over the dainty loveliness of her she determined to have the room done friend's new possessions, and enjoyed over without consulting him, and de- Dick walked into a veritable hornet's sullenness which refused all overtures pend upon the charming effect to justi-

But the best laid plans of many a young housekeeper have been ruth-The room was truly lovely. The fur- lessly disarranged by a visit to the shops, and so it proved with Emily. The room could not be done for a pen-

strings, and all unknowingly poor Dick found expression in a stubborn vividness. There had been a gasoline now as did her fraste name while he wanted her to be happy, he simply could not spend the moncy.

things until the business is well

passed with Enhappiness and gloom in to be Dick's deathbed. Every bateful mply could not spend the moncy. the little home where once love and word: every disagreeable action of the And another day and a "You know, dear," he said gently, unselfishness reigned. Dick seldom past week flashed through Emily's yet another. And the b "that we agreed to do without all these now spent any but absolutely neces- mind as she knelt by the white hos- pronounced Dick out of an sary time at home. Every minute was pital bed and implored the inanimate

explosion at the garage, and she had er to be unkind again its nest when he regretfully explained that at reconciliation, and a dreary week been summoned to what might prove could get well.

So the day dragged by, and Once again Emily Init h

"Then the president

"'My dear Colonel, why

JOSEPH SEXTON IN

'What !' cried Terry be

drinking something out dis-

may ye raise so many large

'And Bill Stivers" mid

"Oh, he bought a farm or

themselves. Dick made a com-

fortable living from the automobile business, but he knew that if they some day hoped to be independent they must economize and turn back into the business a goodly percentage of his carnings. Emily cutered loyally into the spirit of things and gladly helped. Then her dearest friend married, and simultaneously with the setting up of her home in the little cemmunity the happiness of the Stanleys took flight.

Florence's home was much more elaborate than hers, but Emily's gencrous nature found no cause for envy -at first. She exclaimed with delight

woven with an elusive suggestion of blue. What charmed Emily most was that the cretonne overhangings at the windows, the portieres and the soft. thickly upholstered cushions on the white wicker chairs exactly matched the border of the wall paper.

The effect was wonderfully pretty. And it looked so simple and inexpenmentally planning to do her own room in the same way. Her furniture was white, and the rest would be easy. Of course, she told herself, it would cost

a little extra, and Dick wanted her to the expense would prove irifling that against the tyrant who held the purse-

der of softly tinted pink roses inter- ny less than \$50. A wave of bitter disappointment swept over Emily as End heard the verdict. Dick would never consent to her spending the money and she dare not do it without consulting him. Fifty dollars meant a lot in these days of competition.

Emily's heart had been so set upon the pian that she found it impossible to see the matter in a sensible light. sive that almost at once Emily began All day she schemed and figured. But always she was forced to return to the cold, hard fact that without Dick's cooperation she could accomplish nothing. And, such is human nature, that before night she had worked herself economize, but she felt so sure that into a spiendid case of indignation guilty conscience and unjust anger at

established. Then you shall have as much and more than Florence. But it's out of the question now." "Out of the question now!" blazed

Emily. "Everything that I have wanted has been out of the question since I married you! When it comes to buying a car, or fixing up your old garage

you spend money enough, I notice! Dick's face went white with anger. For one single moment he stared in amazement at his wife, and then turn-

ed and left the room. If he had argued with her; if he had even reproached her it is more than likely that Emily would have repented for her cruel speech and begged forgiveness then and there. But her own

devoted to hi found herself hating it with all the bitterness of which unjust anger is capable.

"Emily, when are you going to forget this idea and be yourself again?" Dick asked one evening after a particularly silent and gloomy dinner.

"When I can have the things I need. perhaps I will feel more like myself." she snapped.

Dick looked at her with eyes full of silent reproach. "Sometimes I wonder, dear, if you love me at all," he said wistfully.

"Sometimes I wonder if I do!" she repeated defiantly.

An hour later the unkind words were brought back to her with awful

her But ngure lying there to speak to side, but now the blue eyes there was no response, nor did Dick all of Dick's face left m smilled a welcome Emily's h too full for words as she sh regain consciousness during all that long night.

In the morning there was slight im arms about him and buried provement. The doctors insisted that in his shoulder. Emily return to her home; her pres-"Dear," he whispered sets ence could do no good, they assured I come home we'll have if her and she must keep up ber done over. I've planned Ball strength. It was a weary and sorrow-"That room will stay just ful girl who stumbled into the little flat that morning. And as she looked she said almost satapit about her simple little room, which in nothing the world that spite of its lack of imported cretonnes baving you-and helpin ; was wonderfully pretty and homelike. cretonne is not necessary in And in the little hospital and Emily wondered how she could have

thought that anything but Dick's hap-piness mattered. was a deep slience as a spectrum of the start start anything but Dick's happiness mattered. But regrets seemed as utterly futile daged one.



Wanted===A Wife



NNIE was plain and oil stove, and read books when she able pungency of eigar smoke, she knew it. She obtained from the public library. had known it over was a servants bought groceries at Daiton's handed her \$10 in an envelope. She resince she child of 7. Her father died when she was 18. Annie had a small apartment shabby house- his money and gave him his receipt.

funeral was over, she went to work in Dalton's store.

There was a small closed-up office she gasped. with a desk, a typewriter, and a ledger. Sometimes when there was a rush or sale Annie came forth to wait on customers.

During her spare hours and holidays she tried to improve herself. She cooked her own meals over a small

came in to pay a bill. He was a lawyer who had acquired considerable money and fame at his profession. He watched Annie as she quietly received hold gear, and noth- Suddenly he said: "You'd better came ingelse. After the to my office. I'll give you \$10 a week.

Annie looked at him. "I'll come,"

The next Monday morning found Annie, very neat and plain at Lawyer Fairbanks' office. It was a great airy. well lighted, commodious office, A new desk and typewriter of the fluest make awaited her. The stale odors of the store were changed to the agree-

Mr. Fairbanks was gruff, but kind One day, an old gentleman whose to her. Every Monday morning he ceived many bunches of flowers and small gifts from Mrs. Fairbanks.

One Monday morning when he handher the pay envelope he said: "You'll find \$15 there. Annie. I've raised your wages a little."

"Thank you, Mr. Fairbanks," Annie merely replied. Now she began to be happy, she

bought a new dress for the office, and began to carry a bankbook.

Then one morning late in June the office door opened and a young man came in briskly. He rushed toward Mr. Fairbanks and behind her back there was a joyous meeting of father and son.

Fairbanks' only son, Robert, and who to Europe. just come home from college. But, despite the fact, that he was a fine looking, clean cut young man, he meant nothing to Annie. She considered herself a born spinster. Meanwhile, Annie kept on studying

harder than ever, and never failed to have a law book on her desk, and when there was time she read it. Mr. Fairbanks at the and of the

month again raised her wages. This time to \$20 and complimented her. You are a good, smart girl, Annie, and a splendid help." he said. "Thank you, sir," she answered.

That fall Robert began work with his father for be had been admitted to the bar. Mr. Fairbanks had been advised by his doctor to take a long rest. He

She knew this young man was Mr. decided that he and his wife would go and told Robert that he ought to give deak when she entred at When he came to say good-by to Annie, she realized for the first time that Robert was in charge and that it was a self-evident fact that Mr. Fairbanks would never practice law again.

"Good-bye. Annie." he said as he shook hands with her. "Next Monday morning you will find \$25 in your envelope.

Now she gave up her cheap room and went to board at the only hotel. read it. of course?" here she had a pretty and comfortable room and the best food.

She had many friends, one of these was an elderly lady, a teacher of real culture. She grew fond of Annie and directed her in many wise ways. The years wore on, and Mr. Fairbanks returned. One day he came in very attractive. Robert was at his

Good news-the very best.

There, now! Mr. Scutt has raised my

pay and he've given me a week's leave

"We'll go to Perch's Point," breathed

Annie a vacation, for she had never up, and rushed toward in had one.

By Walt Gregg

Then turning to Annie, he said: Take a couple of months off during this hot weather, and go to the mountains or the seashore. Annie, your wages shall go on just the same. Annie sat on the beach with Miss

again." said Robert. Whitney, the teacher. I read in the morning's Post of

'Yes," roplied Annie.

You terribly. "Mr. Fairbanks," Robert Fairbanks' marriage. "Your wife-?" It was Miss Whitney who spoke.

He laughed unstead So you have heard I never thought She had two wonderful months of

the day on which she returned, she until you weat asa' vacation. On the worning following one. appeared at the office. She was dress- that I wanted you ed in a new gown, very simple but will you be my wife "Yes. Robert," falles

you.

RS. SNYDER started did. I've raised six children and done postcards with emphatic messages much to say about it. Mrs. Snyder the house; I've got something to tell everything in Aries. my own work since I married Myron she was a llittle, Snyder. And I've never seen the outcager, n c r v o u s woman whose daily endeavor it was to keep not up with the current of modernity as expressed by Aries society, but just a bit shead nobody ever will."

of it. When her old aunt, Sarah Cronk, died and left her \$1,000 she felt that fate had placed a power in her hands. A thousand dollars was a gleat deal of money for the Snyders to have, and she determined to make every benuy count.

"I shell have a vacation," she jold we're doing.

side of Arles six times in my life. I'm going to spend two weeks two whole weeks-at Perch's Point. I shall-have some new clothes made to wear and I shall sit around on a hotel veranda with my hands folded while somebody else is cooking my meals. And if I don't have the time of my life I guess

"I envy you." said little Mrs. Todd, and she sighed. "I'd like a vacation. too, and Felix needs one, but there's no use in thinking about it, because it's an impossibility. It takes all Felix as silent as his wife was talkative, And can earn now to just live the way

scrawled upon them. And when she hinted that they probably found it too returned she was full of enthusiasm. "The most enchanting place on

earth!" she cried. "Wasn't it. Myron? I cau't begin to tell you. I'm no hand at description, but if you could just see it! The sea and the rocks! And if ever there's a place where one could take real, solid comfort, it's that botel. I never ate such food in my life. And everybody so lovely to you. I'd advise anybody who can afford it to go to Perch's Point."

Myron Snyder said nothing. But then he never said anything. He was experience had trained bim in discre-

expensive. She was still declaring the

attractions of Perch's Point. The Wheelers and Miss Finch folof absence, with my wages going on lowed after the Latimers. They the same as if I worked. I didn't know stayed ten days.

what to say when he told me. Oh, There came a spell of torrid weath-er Little Mrs. Todd nearly melted Bess, we'll have that vacation yet!" over her kitchen stove. Every night Felix came home from the grocery store limp and white and silent. One breathless afternoon Mrs. Todd was getting supper when Felix came home.

He was earlier than usual. "Oh. Felix!" she cried, and got as much of him as she could in her arms. as if she would hold and keep him against any adverse occurrence. "Are

little Mrs. Todd. And she could not help crying. The potatoes were burning, but it did not matter. They were almost too excited to eat.

They had just seated themselves at the table when the back door opened and Mrs. Latimer came in with a dish of salad. "It's Waldorf, and I thought rest were holding their tongues. I just you'd like a bit of it." shi said. "Any- made up my mind I'd never speak un-

"He's had a raise and a week for vaeation," said little Mrs. Todd proudly She was all one shining flush. guess we'll do what everybody else is

She looked very queer. "Don't!" she fools of. Now 700 "The last.

"But Mrs. Snyder sald-

Mrs. Latimer looked grim. "I know. Because of what she said we went there. Everybody else has gone for the same reason. I could have stopped it all by a word, but I thought I'd Leep and a kind of relation. And we didn't go when we had downright wi Point is like misa the money. When I saw that the made up my mind I'd never speak un

is about it. agreement with th boost their place. Everybody white knows it, but noted Little Mrs. looked at Felix. her hand to Mrs. a million times t we've had a part know how I fell



calmly. "Annie!" Be cried.

Mr. Fairbanks "Annie!" cried Rober missed you, dear. "O, no!" laughed An

"But, you must