

A Card

This is to certify that all druggists are authorized to refund your money if Foley's Honey and Tar fails to cure your cough or cold. It stops the cough, heals the lungs and prevents serious results from a cold. Cures la grippe coughs and prevents pneumonia and consumption. Contains no opiates. The genuine is in a yellow package. Refuse substitutes. T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

An Insidious Danger.

One of the worst features of kidney trouble is that it is an insidious disease and before the victim realizes his danger he may have a fatal malady. Take Foley's Kidney Cure at the first sign of trouble as it corrects irregularities and prevents Bright's disease and diabetes. T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

The man who is anybody, and who does anything is surely going to be criticized, vilified and misunderstood. This is a penalty for being great, but it is not a proof of greatness. If you work for a man, in Heaven's name work for him! He pays the wages that supply you with bread and butter; so speak well of him, stand by him and the institution he represents. If you must vilify and condemn, resign your position. Get in line or get out.—Elbert Hubbard in the Pathfinder.

Bad breath has probably broken off more matches than bad temper, and that's a good many. The best cure for bad breath is the tonic-laxative, Lane's Family Medicine.

His play is a rank failure. It is a frost and a fizzle, and he knows it.

The dramatist bows his head upon his hands and refuses to be comforted, for it is his first flunk.

One by one his friends try to say something that will console him, but to no avail.

Finally his trusting wife finds one sunny gleam in the clouds.

"Anyway," she said, "you didn't have to go through the ordeal of making a speech before the curtain, and you know you always said you would be thankful beyond words if you could escape that."—Success Magazine.

It Does The Business

Mr. E. E. Chamberlain, of Clinton, Maine, says of Bucklen's Arnica Salve: "It does the business; I have used it for piles and it cured them. Used it for chapped hands and it cured them. Applied it to an old sore and it healed it without leaving a scar behind." 25c at Chas. Rogers' drug store.



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The Phantom Train.

I was standing beside the railroad track on a desolate prairie of Manitoba waiting for a train. There was no station, no station agent, baggage agent—nothing, no one—on that dismal winter morning except myself, unsheltered, the wind driving the loose snow past me in sheets. I had twenty minutes to wait for the train, which I must flag myself. The engineer, however, in so sparsely a settled country would have no objection to stopping for the purpose of taking on a single passenger.

Half the time had elapsed when, hearing a footstep crunching on the snow behind me, I turned and saw a man approaching. As he neared me I noticed that he carried his right arm in a sling and had his overcoat buttoned at the throat over the arm. A felt hat was drawn down to cover his face, so that I would not see much of his features. When he came and stood beside me, looking up the track for the train, I saw that he had dark, sandy hair and a red beard, a rather unusual combination.

"Train on time, sir?" he asked.

"Don't know," I replied. "I don't fancy waiting long for it here."

The man seemed nervous. He cast a glance at me that made me uncomfortable. He was an ugly looking fellow, and if he were prepared to do so it would be an excellent place to murder and rob me, then hide my body in the snow and escape by the train when it came.

"I don't like the looks of this mist in the air," he remarked.

"Singular, isn't it? I don't know that I ever saw anything just like it before. Hello, there's the train coming!"

It sprang suddenly into sight without a sound to give us warning. I jumped off the track on which I was standing, then waved my handkerchief for it to stop, which it did, but some 200 feet before it reached us. Seizing my satchel, which I had set on the end of a tie, I ran up the track to get aboard, followed by the man who had joined me. But before we had covered a quarter of the distance the train disappeared as suddenly as if it were a ghost train run by ghost officials. I stared for a few moments at the place where it had been, then glanced at my companion. He was looking up the track with the most terrified expression I have ever seen on any man's face.

"Did you see it?" I asked.

He didn't hear me. He was muttering incoherently and acting in other respects like one demented. I tried to reassure him by telling him that we both were so anxious for the train to come that we had created it in our imaginations—a very lame explanation, by the way—but was unable to quiet him. Suddenly I saw him looking out over the snow with a new and heightened terror in his eye. I followed its direction, and there out on the prairie was the train running along as smoothly as if it were still on the rails.

So intense was my astonishment, so eerie the feeling the phantom train gave me, that I forgot my companion completely till, hearing a groan, I looked about and saw him lying writhing in the snow. This startled me, and I forgot the train in the responsibility of being out on a broad prairie with a man who might be in a death struggle. There was little I could do for him except get his head on my knee and, taking a flask from my satchel, pour a drink of whisky down his throat. While he revived, he did not recover his head even twelve minutes later when the train—the real train—preceded by a rattling on the rails and the usual clatter, steamed up and at my signal stopped beside us. The conductor, standing on a platform, saw me beside the sick man and, jumping off, assisted me to get him aboard.

A number of persons were crowding around the invalid, gazing at him, when one of them, a trainman, exclaimed:

"I'll bet that's Dan Horgan!"

"Who's Dan Horgan?" I asked.

"One of the men who threw the train off the track two weeks ago, killing the engineer, fireman and several passengers. Then they robbed the express car. One of the gang is in jail, has turned state's evidence and named Horgan as their leader."

"But why do you suspect this man to be Horgan?"

"The informer has described him as having sandy hair and a red beard. Besides, he says that Horgan's right arm was shattered by a shot from the conductor. We've had the description on this train ever since it was circulated by the company ten days ago."

The invalid had not regained his head when we reached the next town, where the sheriff, advised by telegraph, entered the train and took him into custody. He did not know that he had been betrayed by his fright at the phantom train, which he doubtless supposed was the one he had wrecked coming back to haunt him. Had it not been for this he could easily have concealed his identity for the short distance he had intended to risk a ride.

I learned that the phantom train was due to the mirage not uncommon in Manitoba. When I saw it first stop it was at a station some eight or nine miles away. When I saw it a second time careering over the prairie it was coming from that station.

The man who's guilty conscience was moved by the steaming apparition to give himself away turned out to be indeed the leader of the band that had wrecked the train and thus committed murder.

F. A. MITCHELL.

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