

## A "SPECIAL" THAT WON.

BY FRANCIS CRANE ARNOLD.

From National Recorder.

### CHAPTER I.

The postmaster's assistant at Mayfield, stood behind a queer triple row of pine letter boxes and watched for the wagon with the morning mail from Lyndon. She was in charge for day.

"No, there is nothing for you," she said pleasantly to a heavily bearded questioner, as she tiptoed to look in box 121. He was the first caller of the morning and Eunice listened intently when he remarked, and seemingly glad to tell her:

"S'pose you heard about the depot?"

"No, what did it do?"

"Depot didn't do nothing. Robbers broke in last night, though—cut out a light o' glass, took all the money in the safe an' shot the watchman, but he ain't killed."

The girl's eyes brightened. Her questions followed fast; who were the robbers? Where had they gone? What was being done to capture them? How much had they taken?

The man knew nothing about these details and wondered at her interest in the matter.

Had he awaited the arrival of the Lyndon mail he would have been enlightened. Distributing the letters and papers as quickly as possible and answering the few waiting patrons, she seized eagerly a copy of the Lyndon Evening Herald and turned to its telegraph page. Yes, there it was: "Mayfield Musings" in large letters and in a smaller line beneath, "From our special correspondent." She cut out the three inch bit of news about the town and placed the clipping carefully away in an envelope.

Eunice was "our special correspondent," and the editor of the Herald was proud of her. When Lyndon was a country village she had been the chronicler of Mayfield doings; and now that the factories had in two years made Lyndon almost a city and enabled the Herald to start a daily edition, she was still its representation. Little escaped her watchful attention and the Herald had published more than one notice boasting of having beaten its rival, the Star, because of the ability of "our correspondent at Mayfield." But, better than that, it sent her every month a generous check for her services, based upon the long string of clippings by which she showed the amount of her work the paper had published.

Leaving the office she sought the telegraph operator and this message was sent:

"To the Herald, Lyndon:

"Depot burglarized last night, watchman shot.

E. ARNOLD."

It was her "query" and the answer came promptly:

"To Eunice Arnold, Mayfield:

"Wire six hundred words. Send more by mail tonight if necessary. HERALD."

Then Eunice began her real work leaving the post office in charge of her brother Frank. It was already 10 o'clock and the paper must have the news by two o'clock for the first edition.

She went direct to the depot and asked for the station agent.

"He can't be seen, Miss," said the office boy.

"But I must see him—where is he?"

"With the superintendent down in the private car—superintendent just got here."

Following the little stretch of tangled tracks she hurried toward the handsome coach with its gilt and glass reflecting the sunlight. Climbing to the platform, she came face to face with the uniformed porter.

"I want to see the agent."

"He's busy with the superintendent, Miss."

"But I want to see the superintendent too."

"I'll take your card—but he won't see you."

The porter was right. When he returned with Eunice's card there was written across the pasteboard: "Can see you in one hour."

She was disappointed and showed it, but hurried away to spend the wait profitably. She sought the town's one policeman and asked point blank for the particulars of the robbery.

"We ain't been consulted," was the gruff reply from the burly officer. "The railroad seems to want to look after justice itself an' we're goin' to let 'em."

Then the big fellow softened a bit and told her the story practically as she had already heard it. "There ain't nothin' done and nothin' known about the burglar unless the company's got it," were his closing words, and she departed.

The quiet little western town had no street cars on any but its main streets and seeking the home of the wounded watchman she had another long walk.

Again a vain excursion. A weeping woman met her at the door.

"We can't let you in, Miss, the man's badly hurt."

"How bad and where?"

"We don't—that is, well, you're a reporter, ain't you? I thought so, you see we've orders not to give the papers anything. You see how it is," and the door slammed.

Three quarters of the hour was gone and she turned toward the depot once more. On the way she passed the post office and stepped in to speak to Frank.

"Much business?" she asked

"Fo. Sold one money order."

"I'll see to that, when I come back."

A prolonged whistle sounded from the depot's vicinity; then came two short blasts close together, just as Eunice reached the first switch track. Rolling along from the labyrinth of switches came the glittering private car with a special engine. It was moving slowly, though with increasing speed. The superintendent was evidently homeward bound. But Eunice had his promise to "see her in an hour" and she clutched the card closely as she waited the car's approach. Stepping lightly aboard, she entered the open door, startling the porter, and causing considerable annoyance to a florid man sitting in a willow rocking chair.

"Is this the superintendent?"

"Yes," said the heavy man.

Eunice presented the card. "What do you know about the robbery?"

"Nothing at all."

"But you suspect someone?"

"See here, young lady, how do expect to get off?"

"They must stop at the crossing a mile above. I'll walk back."

She had realized that the superintendent was running away from her and was determined to play her part through

"Well, what do you want?" The superintendent was in bad humor. The car was moving fast.

"About the robber—all you know about him."

"You are a good one. It was just like this: one of the train porters saw him go up town. We also know that there were eight Mexican quarter dollars in the agent's money drawer, paid in yesterday by a cattelman. The burglar, we think, was recognized sufficiently to arrest him, but we are waiting further evidence. The man we suspect is—"

TO BE CONTINUED.

## BUCKS! BUCKS!!

W. D. HUFFMAN will be in Burns again this fall with Grade and Thoroughbred Bucks.

Will sell Grades from \$3.50 to \$6 per head. Thoroughbreds \$6 to \$10.

## ST. VITUS' DANCE

A Nervous Disease Characterized by Involuntary and Purposeless Spasms.

It Occurs Most often in Girls; is Often Hereditary, but Articular Rheumatism and Scarlet Fever Predispose to it.

From the Chronicle, Chicago, Ill.

Notwithstanding the poor are always with us, Thanksgiving is none the less a day of rejoicing. Many charities have been dispensed and through numerous instrumentalities the necessities and sufferings of many a worthy person have been relieved. Absent members of households reunite at the old homestead and gathered around the festal board recount the incidents that have taken place and the various blessings that have been vouchsafed them, since they assembled at the last annual meeting by the same fireside. It is a time for memory and for joy. Among the countless families of Chicago there is perhaps, not one to-day that feels a deeper sense of gratitude to the Giver of all good and perfect gifts than Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Collier, of 4004 Armour Avenue.

Mr. Collier, who is the electrician at the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad shops in this city came here from Hamilton, Canada, a little more than nine years ago accompanied by his wife and little daughter, their only child Etta, then aged four. Little Etta was a bright and beautiful girl, but not a very robust one.

For the last few years she had been somewhat ailing, but her condition was not such as to create any uneasiness in the minds of her parents, who almost idolized her. In the school she was regarded as one of the brightest scholars of her class and was the envy of her class-mates. Although but a little over twelve years of age, her intellect was phenomenal. She was possessed, however, of a very nervous temperament which is frequently the case with children of her advanced intelligence. Early in the month of June last, owing to a sudden fright, she was thrown into violent spasms, to recover only to be afflicted with St. Vitus' dance in the worst form. The contortions of her parents may well be imagined.

Of course the best physicians were summoned at once but their efforts to restore her to her normal condition were devoid of results. She continued to grow worse, her appetite wholly failed and commencing with her right arm her whole right side and lower limb became limp, numb, and useless and what little nourishment she was able to take had to be administered by others. To add to the seriousness of the case she was unable to obtain any sleep whatever.

It was while in this deplorable condition hovering between life and death with all the prospects of a premature grave before her, that one day on returning home from his duties Mr. Collier found awaiting him a newspaper, which an old acquaintance in Hamilton, his former place of residence, had sent to him by mail.

In the local columns he read of the case of a certain person he had known years before having been permanently cured of the complaint of which his own daughter was now suffering, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He had often heard and read before marvelous accounts of the efficacy of this remedy but as no names with which he was personally familiar appeared, he not only doubted but positively disbelieved the statements. But here before his eyes was apparent evidence from one he knew. He therefore lost no time in making assurance doubly sure and as soon as he learned that the story was absolutely true, he lost no time in procuring the Pink Pills for his suffering daughter. This was on the 15th of September. Prior to this date and after consulting doctors of different schools of medicine, he had taken her to the Homoeopathic Dispensary where her case was discussed by all the members of the faculty who unanimously declared in the presence

of the class that there was no longer any hope to be held out as it was a malady which in this instance at least was incurable. It was therefore with a feeling of utter despair that Mrs. Collier first began to administer the Pink Pills.

She says a perceptible change came over the little one before even the second box had been emptied and how after having used six boxes her health is entirely restored. In the early part of her illness her intellect was very much clouded. She had become extremely dull of comprehension hardly realizing the meaning of words when addressed. Seen to-day in the cheerful home of the Colliers on Armour Avenue, she is the personification of health. Her nervousness has entirely disappeared, her intellect is bright, keen and active, her strength has returned and the roses in her cheeks attest to the complete recovery of her bodily health.

She is now ready to resume her music lessons and as soon as the schools open after the holidays she will again take up the studies which she so suddenly left off on that eventful June day. The sister-in-law of Mrs. Collier, Mrs. Lewis, who was present at the interview emphatically confirmed all that Mrs. Collier has said regarding the past and present condition of little Etta, adding that a famous physician in Hamilton invariably recommends Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in such cases as this and many others.

Mrs. Collier herself has for a number of years been a constant sufferer from a female complaint which so far has baffled the skill of the doctors, and during a period of less than six months her husband has expended over two hundred dollars in fees for medicines. She has now begun the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and while it is as yet too early to announce a cure in her case she feels so much improved as to express the belief that her physical troubles will shortly be of the past. These are some of the reasons why the Collier family return thanks on this our national day of praise and festivity.

The above is a correct statement of facts concerning my little daughter and myself. MRS. A. COLLIER.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2nd day of December, 1895.

DAN GREENE,

Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all druggists. Thousands of boxes have been disposed of. This was one of the few remedies which was not cut in price during the recent druggists' war. This fact shows that the price is within the reach of all. Their cures are positive and permanent. They are an unfading specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, nervous prostration and "that tired feeling," which is a result of the latter. It also is a permanent cure for all diseases resulting from vitiated humors of the blood, such as scrofula, erysipelas and like diseases; diseases peculiar to women, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. The pills build up the general health, thicken the blood and send it coursing through the veins with renewed life. And one very peculiar thing about this remedy is that there are no unpleasant after effects. Thousands of former sufferers are now rejoicing to know that they are cured. Children may take them with perfect safety.

These pills are manufactured by Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade-mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and are never sold in bulk. The public should beware of fraudulent imitations, as many unscrupulous medicine companies have been making for interior imitations.

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