

A "SPECIAL" THAT WON.

BY FRANCIS CRANE ARNOLD.

From National Recorder.

CHAPTER II.

A long whistle from the engine interrupted the superintendent and he finished: "I have told you more than I should already. If you can help us we shall be glad. Be sure and report the matter correctly," and the porter was helping her down the steps.

In a moment she was alone beside the track, the car and engine hidden in a cloud of smoke many rods away.

The walk back was tiresome, and reaching the post-office Eunice sank into a chair. It was noon and she sent Frank for his dinner.

Scarcely had he gone when there entered the office a woman, her face pinched and drawn as are sometimes those of the very poor, her thin shawl worn and shabby.

"Is Miss Arnold here?"

"Yes ma'am, what can I do for you—come inside," and Eunice opened the door to the inner office, back of the triple row of letter boxes.

"Is there anybody can hear us?"

"No one."

"You are a reporter, ain't you?"

"I am a correspondent for a Lyndon paper."

"That's what I mean. Are you going to write up the burglary?"

"I expect to."

"Who are you going to say done it? You don't know? Of course you don't and don't let anybody fool you. Do you know what they say? They say my Jim done it, but he didn't. Jim is too good a boy for that."

"I have heard nobody accused yet."

"But you will, though they can't prove it. Jim don't care, but he don't like to see his name in the paper this—way—you know. For me,—it would break my heart—Jim's all I've got, Miss, an' I want to see him be something."

The woman was crying and even Eunice felt a suspicious moisture in her own eyes. Finally the speaker went on:

"I want you to do me a favor, don't put it in the paper to day that Jim is suspected an' see if it don't come out all right—will you do it?"

Eunice hesitated. This was a new problem: Was her duty greater to the newspaper she represented or to this mother asking for mercy? To the impulse that was within her to shield a fellow creature from the world's gibes or to the demand of the news as it existed, regardless of human hearts or lives? One road must be taken—which?

Lifting her eyes to the woman's face, Eunice read in the lines on cheek and brow something of the suffering that had been apart of the visitor's life and putting out her hand she gave her verdict:

"Of course, Mrs. Ward—I have known your name through the post-office—I can't save your boy nor keep his name from the papers if he is arrested; but for your sake I will send nothing about him to the Herald today. Is that enough?"

It was, and the woman, still weeping, thanked Eunice as if a great gift had been conferred.

But it was nearly one o'clock—would Frank never come? The

work on the special dispatch commenced. Carefully it was written, that no superfluous words might appear, yet that the facts might all be given. Anxiously she counted the words—there were five hundred and fifty. She had as yet said nothing concerning the burglar and now she added:

"Watchman at depot saw the robber as he was leaving and thought he recognized him, but not positively."

What should she say next? If she could only give some suspicion or something! But her word was out and no thought of bad faith occurred to her.

"I'm going to the telegraph office, Frank," to the young brother returning. "Then I'm going to get some lunch. Please stay here unless Mr Lyon returns." The post-master might be home on the noon train.

Down the street she heard a voice behind her.

"Oh, miss," it was the town's big policeman, "hold on a little."

She waited, half wishing she had not been called.

"I wanted to tell you," said the officer mysteriously, "that we've got our eye on somebody for that burglary. The railroad's found that they needed a little expert help," straightening up and looking important.

"Have you arrested anyone yet?"

"No, not yet, but I'll tell you—seein it's you, Miss—a warrant's out. Issued it myself—had it issued, I mean—and it's for Jim Ward—over on southside."

More than ever Eunice wished he had not called to her. She looked impatiently at her watch. It was 1:15 and her despatch should be on the wires.

"Thank you, I must hurry. You have not arrested anyone, you said?"

"No, but we expect—"

She was too far away to hear the remainder. At the big writing-table in the telegraph office she added a sentence to her message:

"Up to 1 o'clock this afternoon no arrests had been made."

E. Arnold

Then across the top of the first sheet she wrote:

"Collect day newspaper rate. Rush!"

and handed the story to the waiting operator.

A half hour later the editor of the Herald was reading the dispatch and supplying a number of

TO BE CONTINUED.

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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 4904 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 consternation 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 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 marvellous accounts of the efficacy of this remedy but as no names with which he was personally familiar 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 19th of September. Prior to this date and after consulting a series of different schools of medicine, he had taken her to the Homeopathic 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 Collier's 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 unfailing 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 far inferior imitations.

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