TWO IN THE CAR

By Henry Berlinghoff

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"If only we could win that reward," said Jessie wistfully, "we would not have to wait until you got your raise."

"I'm more likely to meet the robbers than the reward," laughed Halliday. The girl's face went white.

"Joe," she cried, grasping his arm, "do you mean to say that they are likely to hold up your car?"

"I was only fooling," he laughed. "I didn't mean to scare you, dear."

She turned from the poster announcing $5,000 reward for the arrest of each of the three men who had been holding up the trains on the R. and G., and they went across the street from the station to where the polished marble of the soda fountain gleamed attractively in the light.

Halliday did not commence his run until nearly midnight, and there was still an hour before the train should roll in from the east.

They said nothing more about the circular, but Jessie's face was clouded, and, try as he would, Joe could not coax a smile from her.

The Denver Red gang was operating along a line some 300 miles to the south, and Halliday had given no particular thought to the poster. Even now he did not realize that Jessie was conjuring in her brain visions of an express car shattered by dynamite and an express messenger, with a face very like his own, bleeding from a dozen wounds.

When the whistle of the limited sounded far down the valley they arose and retraced their way to the station, and in the rush of checking his lists Halliday lost sight of Jessie. When at last he stood in the doorway of the car watching the loading of the baggage car behind he did not see the eager face upturned toward his. It was too late to jump down and go in search of her, and as he stood in the door of the car while the train rattled through the yards he wondered what had become of her. Usually hers was the last face he saw as they pulled out on their long run over the divide.

Then he turned to his invoices again and soon was so busily occupied that he never heard a footstep until a pair of hands were clasped over his eyes.

With a cry he sprang to his feet and reached for the shotgun in the rack by the door. He was in the very act of taking it down when a cry caused him to turn again and he confronted Jessie.

"I know it's wrong and it's against orders and all that sort of thing," she announced defiantly, "but I just know that there is trouble ahead for you tonight, and I wanted to be with you."

"There'll be trouble enough ahead if the super finds out," he agreed. "It's dead against the rules for any one to be permitted to ride in the express cars."

"You didn't permit me," she argued with feminine logic. "I stole a ride, and you can't very well put me off. That's all."

"I wish it were," he said quietly as he turned to his seat again.

"Joe," she cried penitently, "I'll be very good and won't bother you at all." She crept back to the end of the car, where, aided by the dim light, she had concealed herself and snuggled down. It was a long run, and there was much work to be done. Suddenly Halliday gave a low whistle, and she sprang to his side.

"What is it, dear?" she asked anxiously. He pointed to an entry in the invoice.

"If Denver Red and his gang knew of that they'd be up here in a hurry," he declared. "There should be $80,000 worth of diamonds in that safe."

"You don't suppose they can find out, do you?" she asked anxiously.

Joe shook his head. "I don't suppose so," he said; "but, all the same, they have been lucky in picking up only the cars with rich loads. That's probably why the shipment was made over this line."

For twenty minutes they talked of the possibility of a holdup. Then Jessie crept off to her nook again, and Halliday went on with his work. Suddenly, with a screech and a jar, the engine came to a stop. Joe sprang to the partly opened door to close it, but he was half a minute too late, for two burly forms sprang through the opening, and while one covered him with a pistol the other floored him, securely binding him with the bell rope.

Before he had concluded the engine had started again, and Joe knew that they were taking the car down the road to where they could work with greater freedom. They were climbing a grade, and while they were headed for the top the other cars were probably slipping back.

Presently there was another jerk as the engine slowed down, and the two robbers turned to Joe. "Where's the key to the safe?" they demanded.

"I haven't any," was the cool response. "That's the through safe. I'm not supposed to unlock it."

"He must have the key somewhere," suggested the second man. "Lend a hand."

They knelt beside him on the floor and unceremoniously rolled him over as they searched his pockets. So occupied were they that they gave heed to nothing else until a stern command of "Drop that!" rang through the car, and they sprang to their feet to confront a short barreled shotgun in Jessie's hands.

Instinctively they threw up their hands while they commented upon the situation with a vigor of language that led Jessie to remark that she would shoot anyway unless they kept silent.

Still covering them with a gun, she moved forward to where Halliday lay and with one hand cut the cords which bound him. It was an easy task after that to bind and gag the two men, and together she and Joe, who had armed himself from the outlaws' belts, dropped from the car and got to the aid of the fireman and engineer, who were under the guard of the third member of the party.

Here they were four against one, and ten minutes later the engine and car were backing down the grade to pick up the train, while Jessie, now that the danger had passed, sat in Joe's chair, her girlish frame alternately shaken with laughter and tears.

"It was easy," she explained. "I was asleep until the train stopped. That woke me up, and I was just going to ask what was the matter when I heard the two men.

"I thought it would be best to wait a moment and see what was happening, then I remembered how you jumped for that shotgun in the rack.

"It was right over my head, and they were so busy with you that they never thought that there might be a second person in the car."

"Weren't you afraid?" he asked curiously.

"Awfully," she confessed frankly. "You see, I was afraid I might have to shoot them, and I never shot any one, and I knew it would be horrid."

"It's a wonder they didn't take chances of you missing and make a try anyhow," suggested Halliday.

"Huh," came a voice from out of the darkness, "her hand shook so that Bill and I couldn't tell what she was going to shoot at. She was waving that gun round so she'd have blown the whole side of the car off if she had fired. If it had been a man we'd plugged him, but we haven't been used to feminine society lately, and we were kinder taken aback."

Sage, the superintendent, took much the same view of it the next morning when he had Halliday in the office.

"Of course," he said, "it was a distinct violation of the rules to have the girl aboard, and yet it was the fact that a woman was holding them up that did the trick."

"I didn't let her come on the car," protested Halliday, to whom a violation of the rules seemed more important than the capture of the outlaws.

"Well," said the superintendent, with just the suggestion of a smile, "the best way to stop that is to get you a place as express agent and keep you in the station. That ought to keep your wife from breaking the rules about strangers in the cars. With the larger salary and the $15,000 reward you ought to make a pretty fair start."

"Can't start any too quick for me," muttered Halliday, and he proved it the next morning by getting married.

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The chances for living a full century are excellent in the case of Mrs Jennie Duncan, of Haynesville, Me., now 70 years old. She writes: "Electric Bitters cured me of Chronic Dyspepsia of 20 years standing, and made me feel as well and strong as a young girl." Electric Bitters cure Stomach and Liver diseases, Blood disorders, General Debility and bodily weaknesses. Sold on a guarantee at Barrington Pharmacy. Price only 50c.

THE OCTOPUS.

Its Terrible Army of Suckers and Its Powerful Jaws.

Both the octopus and the cuttlefish have arms that are clothed with a formidable array of suckers which are wonderful pieces of mechanism. When the sucker comes into contact with an object the central piston, having previously been raised so as to completely fill the cavity of the sucker, is at once withdrawn and a perfect vacuum produced, explaining the great tenacity with which the suckers cling. They number upward of 100 pairs to each arm of the octopus, and once they obtain a grip on the victim, unless the arm is actually torn away from the body of the octopus, it is practically impossible for its prey to disentangle itself.

In addition to these suckers the octopus has a powerful pair of jaws, shaped like the beak of a parrot, behind which is a formidable armor plated tongue used as a rasping organ. The octopus will attack and kill crabs and lobsters of considerable size, ripping open the body by means of its powerful jaws and devouring the contents. In spite of being a creature of such awe inspiring looks the octopus has several enemies in various species of whales, sharks and conger eels. In fact, the latter are particularly fond of devouring the smaller octopuses.

Conger eels hunt for the octopus and, when found, proceed to browse on its limbs. The octopus tries to hug the slippery, slimy conger tight, but in vain, and, finding its limbs growing less, discharges its ink in the face of the foe and under cover of the turbid water beats a hasty retreat. It is to escape the too pressing attention of its foes that the octopus possesses the power of changing its color to correspond with that of its surroundings.

A Modern Miracle.

"Truly miraculous seemed the recovery of Mrs. Mollie Holt of this place," writes J. O. R. Hooper, Woodford, Tenn.; "she was so wasted by coughing up puss from her lungs. Doctors declared her end so near that her family had watched by her bedside forty-eight hours; when, at my urgent request Dr. King's New Discovery was given her, with the astonishing result that improvement began, and continued until she finally completely recovered, and is a healthy woman to-day." Guaranteed cure for coughs and colds. 50c and $1.00 at Barrington Pharmacy. Trirl bottle free.

A THIMBLE OF GOLD

IT IS MADE OF METAL ALLOYED DOWN TO FOURTEEN CARATS.

The Process of Manufacture, From the Ingots of Pure Gold Fresh From the Subtreasury to the Finished Shining Product.

Out of whatever part of the earth it may originally have been dug, the gold from which thimbles are made in Philadelphia was bought at the United States subtreasury in the city in the form of snug little ingots, brick shaped and about two and a half inches long, an inch and a quarter wide and about an inch thick.

These little ingots would be of a convenient size for paperweights. But they would be rather heavy for such use and probably too expensive for most people, for each one contains, of pure gold, 24 carats fine, metal of the value of about $600.

Gold of this fineness would be much too soft for thimbles, and it is alloyed down to 14 carats, in which condition it is rolled into sheets of suitable thickness. In the first process of manufacture a sheet of this gold is run into a machine which cuts out of it a disk in size sufficient to form a thimble, the same machine stamping this disk also into the form of a straight sided capsule with irregular edges.

Then the thimble blank goes into another machine, in which a die stamps it into its conical shape. Out of this machine it goes into an annealing furnace for tempering and from that into an acid bath for cleaning and the removal of the fire coating.

Then the thimble is put into a lathe to be turned down to its final shape and dimensions. It is dull colored when it goes into the lathe, but at the first touch of the keen edged cutting tool it shows a glistening narrow band of bright gold surface, which is widened in a moment to cover the whole length of the thimble as the skillful worker shifts the tool along.

With repeated application of the tool the operator brings the crown of the thimble into its perfect form and cuts down along the thimble's sides to bring the walls of the thimble to the requisite thickness, and he defines and finishes the smooth band that runs around the lower part of the thimble and brings into relief the rounded rim that encircles the thimble at its opening at once to give it a finishing ornamental grace there and to stiffen it. The glistening little gold shavings that he cuts off in these various operations all fall into a canvas trough suspended between him and the bench upon which stands the lathe.

With that last touch to its rim in this stage of making the former has grown marvelously more thimble-like in appearance, but somehow it still lacks the breath, so to speak, of thimble life; it lacks yet the familiar indentations in its surface that serve to support the needle and to hold it in place. These the thimble maker now proceeds to make, and the making of these is nice work indeed.

It is done with a tool called a knurle. There is an end knurle and a side knurle. An end knurle is simply a handle having set in it a tiny, thin revolving wheel of steel, upon whose periphery is a continuous encircling row of little bosses or knobs corresponding in size to the indentations to be made. The side knurle has in place of such a wheel a little steel cylinder of a length sufficient to cover that section of the thimble that is to be indented on its sides, this cylinder having knobs all over its surface, as the end knurle wheel has around its edges, and turning, like the wheel, on its axis.

The thimble in the lathe is turning with 2,500 revolutions a minute, and it seems as though the application to its surface of any sort of tool with protuberances on it must leave there only a jangled and mixed up lot of irregular marks. But now with the end knurle the thimble maker makes an indentation in the center of the top of the thimble, and then he proceeds rapidly and with perfect certainty with the end knurle to describe around that center concentric rings of indentations, with the indentations all perfectly made and the rings all perfectly spaced, from the center to the circumference of the top.

You may see him do this, but you can't tell how he is able to do it. And then with the side knurle he makes the indentations in the sides of the thimble, making there as well, as he deftly presses the tool against it, indentations that run absolutely uniform and true and that end at their lower edge in a perfectly true encircling line.

It is astonishing and a pleasant thing to see how it develops and comes to itself with the making of these familiar indentations, and now there remains to be done to it only the polishing inside and out and you have the finished gold thimble.—Philadelphia Press.

How Exclamations Originate.

"Halloo" and "hurrah," which are among the exclamations in common use, can be traced to curious origins. The author of "The Queen's English" tells us that the people of Carnwood forest, Leicestershire, when they wish to hail any one at a distance call out not "halloo," but "halloup." This, he takes it, is a survival of the times when one cried to another "A loup! A loup!" or, as we should say, "A wolf! A wolf!" "Hurrah," according to high authority, is derived from the Slavonic "huraj," "to paradise," a battle cry which voiced the prevailing belief that all soldiers who fell in the fight went straight up to paradise.—Pearson's Weekly.

In Bohemia courtships are abnormally long. In that country engagements frequently last from fifteen to twenty years.

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A Tithe Collector.

When any one, even the minister, attempted an argument with Miss Maria Higgins, he was pretty sure to find himself worsted in the end.

The minister objected at times to the firm manner in which Miss Higgins placed his duty before him at every opportunity, although he had a great respect for her character.

"I can't see my way to preaching a sermon on tithes just yet," he said meekly, one day, when Miss Higgins had been making him a long call. "Our people haven't much money, you know, Miss Higgins, and they can't divide up other things very well. Even you couldn't, always. Suppose, for instance, you should go home and find your hens had laid fifteen eggs, how would you manage to give a tenth of them to the Lord?"

"I should come back and take you and your wife home to tea with me," said Miss Higgins, with a grim smile, "and I guess when I'd made a scramble of six of those eggs and set you two down to it the Lord would get his tithe fast enough."

Half The World Wonders

how the other half lives. Those who use Bucklen's Arnica Salve never wonder if it will cure Cuts, Wounds, Burns, Sores and all Skin eruptions; they know it will. Mrs. Grant Shy, 1130 E. Reynolds St., Springfield, Ill., says: "I regard it one of the absolute necessities of housekeeping." Guaranteed by Barrington Pharmacy. 25c.

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