

the best picture of the lot, to my taste. So this is Miss Neale, is it? Well, I confess I should never have recognized her but for the costume. This is a much fairer girl—more like the style of Lotty.”

“Do you think so?” said Walter. His tone was careless, but his face was very pale. “It is only a sketch, a portion of a larger picture. Perhaps you would like to sit for her husband, King Edward, in chain-armor; I will give you half-a-crown an hour, and your beer.”

“You should have made that offer before you lent me these fifty pounds,” laughed the captain, taping his pocket. “Well, good-bye, old fellow, for the present; and if I have any good news, you may be sure you will be the first to hear it.” They parted very cordially, but Walter did not accompany his friend down-stairs. He stood gazing at the uncovered picture, and muttering scornfully to himself: “I need not have been so apprehensive,” ran his thoughts; “his indifference makes him blind. More like the style of Lotty,” he said. Perhaps she pleads with him like this, sometimes—upon her knees. Poor Lotty!”

(To be Continued.)

BRAVE MARY SEXTON.

How She Saved Her Lover and the Express Train.

“Is it true, John, that you are to bring in the express to-morrow night?”

There was a world of solicitude in Mary Sexton's voice as she looked up into John Manning's face, her eyes showing even more than her voice the dread which had taken possession of her.

“It's true, Mary, darling, but have no fear. There are no road agents in these parts nowadays, and I'm quite sure that the modern tramp has not pluck enough to wreck a train,” and John smiled as he endeavored to reassure his sweetheart that there was no danger in connection with the trip.

“But Long Lake is nearly even full, and it was said this morning that the dam might break. In that case there will be plenty of danger at Long Lake pass,” pursued Mary.

“Tash, little one, that's only the talk of a man who knows nothing about the dam. It's strong enough, and you need never fear about its breaking. Good-by, sweetheart,” he said, bending over and pressing his lips to hers.

But she still clung to him, loth to let him start, but he disengaged himself and stepped into the cab of his iron horse, pulled open the throttle and slowly the train rumbled away in the darkness from Hornellville station toward the mining camp in the mountains fifty miles away, which was the other terminus of the branch, leaving Mary on the platform, her eyes too bedimmed by tears to see her lover.

All the night and the next day a vague feeling of impending danger filled her heart, and her apprehension became more intense when the rain began to fall in torrents early in the afternoon.

The D. L. & S. branch runs from Hornellville to Mortality Camp, up in the mountains, fifty miles away. The first ten miles are down a steep grade and toward a narrow valley. Then the track is laid between two ranges of hills, the pass not being more than a mile across in its widest part. Just at the base of Long Lake, an immense body of water which furnished power to numbers of stamping mills close by in the pass, the road turns sharply to the right. To avoid tunnelling, the road then doubles completely and runs back, almost parallel to its first course, to Downer's Bend, within two miles of Mary's home. Thus the first twenty odd miles of the road run in the shape of an elongated loop. The branch then continues on an easy stretch to Mortality camp. The run from Hornellville to the camp usually occupies nearly two hours, but the return trip could be made in a trifle under an hour and a half.

Everyone in Hornellville knew Mary Sexton, but she was a constant lass, and she had smiles for no lover but the sturdy engineer, John Manning, the friend of her youth, the man who for years had been almost a brother to her, for Mary was an orphan and had known the tender solicitude of a parent only in early childhood. It was only natural, therefore, that the station and the freight house were places of engrossing interest to her, and that after she had acquired a knowledge of reading and writing she should solve the intricacies of telegraphy. She was an apt pupil, and for many months had been in the habit of relieving the regular day operator from time to time.

It was considerably after eight o'clock in the evening when Mary left her home for the station, and, though she knew she had to wait until 9.40 o'clock for John's train to return, she could not rest easily while there was any doubt as to the solidity of Long Lake dam.

She stepped into the station a few minutes before the half hour, prepared to ask for the latest news, but she paused with surprise when she saw that the place was empty. She was still wondering whether the operator had gone, when her acute ear caught the call “Ky,” repeated again and again with what seemed to be

feverish rapidity. Without stopping to remove her shawl she hastened to the instrument, opened the key and gave the answering symbol. There was a brief pause, and then hurriedly she read:

“Dam at Long Lake likely to go at any moment. Water even with top. Stampers have fled to high ground. Ht.”

“Ht” was the signature of the operator at the company's mill, just beneath the lake, and she recognized it instantly. Opening the key again, she rattled off:

“What time is the express due there?”

The reply came:

“In fifty minutes, or at 9.17. Tried to get Mortality Camp, but got no answer. If the train gets into the pass just as dam breaks, every one will be lost—”

The message abruptly ended, and Mary realized that something had caused the operator to leave his instrument. Instinctively she saw the danger to John and the express. Though her heart throbbed like an engine, she lighted a red lantern, and, hastening with a wild, unreasoning impulse from the station, she sped breathlessly through the street, hardly forming, in the frenzy of her physical exertion, an outline of a plan.

“I have half an hour in which to reach Downer's Bend. John is due there at 8.57,” she muttered to herself, and her face bespoke the determination she had reached. “I can reach the switch of the spur track at the Bend at that time. My lantern will slow up the express. I'll throw the switch. That'll send her up spur toward the quarries at its end. She'll stop in twelve or fifteen car lengths after passing the switch, and so I'll save her from entering the pass.”

She hurried along for many slowly passing minutes, unmindful of the storm which had drenched her, and likewise unmindful of the rough gravel which cut through her thin slippers and bruised her feet. Presently, above the roar of the rain and the wind, she heard the blast of a locomotive whistle. To her agonized mind it seemed to scream “Mary! Mary!” dying away in a long moan like that which comes from a person in pain. But scarcely had the sound died in the distance when she became aware of even a more horrid noise borne on the wind from the direction of the pass; a noise like that made by the crashing of trees in a gale. Again the whistle sounded, and its shriek pierced her heart like a knife. She quickened her frantic run. A few moments more and she was descending the hill which ended at Downer's Bend.

As she neared the switch she snatched a moment to cast a look backward and saw the bright gleam of the locomotive's headlight.

She swung the lantern around her head as she ran. In an instant she had thrown the switch; and even while her fingers were groping for the locking-pin the locomotive dashed by.

She had looked up as it struck the switch rail, and saw John Manning's face in the window side of the cab, and even while she looked she heard him cry:

“Mary!”

Mary Sexton heard, dimly, the whistle for “down brakes,” the sound of escaping steam, the click of the brake clamps and the sound of grinding iron; then she fainted.

Three months later the Hornellville New Era contained the paragraph:

MANNING—SEXTON.—In this city, July 6, by Rev. T. I. Plicer, Mary, daughter of the late David Sexton, to John S. Manning.

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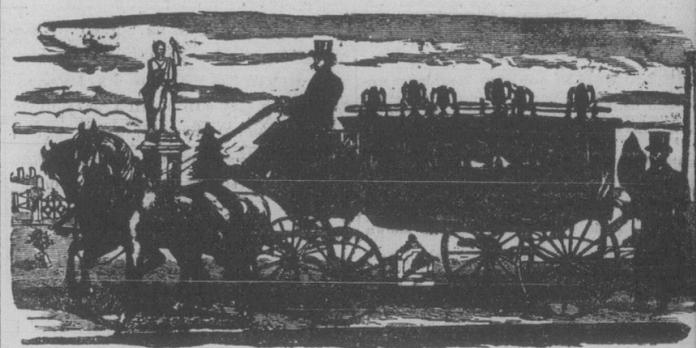
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KATIE HART'S DEATH.
 A Well-Known Soubrette's Decease
 Attributed to a World's Cham-
 pion Pugilist.

Jack McAuliffe, the champion light weight pugilist of America, was arrested in Brooklyn at four o'clock on Wednesday morning by Detective Hayes and Special Officer O'Connell, of Captain Reilly's precinct in New York, on suspicion of having caused the death of Katie Hart, the well-known soubrette, in the West Side Hotel, at Fifteenth street and Sixth avenue, Tuesday afternoon. McAuliffe was taken to the Thirtieth street station house, and was arraigned before Coroner Hanley at the coroner's office. It had been known for some time past in the theatrical profession that McAuliffe was engaged to marry Katie Hart. She was a young woman of remarkable physical beauty, about nineteen years old, and apparently deeply in love with the boxer. It is said in some quarters that they were married a few months ago in San Francisco after McAuliffe's fight with Carroll. She was playing in New York in the “Natural Gas” company. The boxer, according to the version given by the clerk at the hotel desk, walked into the West Side Hotel about three o'clock Tuesday afternoon, accompanied by the young woman, and called for a room. McAuliffe had frequently called at the house before and was assigned a room on the third floor. Toward five o'clock McAuliffe rushed down the stairs of the hotel and told the clerk that his wife had just died, and begged him to send for a physician. McAuliffe himself went for a doctor. When the latter arrived he found the young woman lying dead on the bed. The case was reported to the police, and Mrs. Gussie Hart was notified of her daughter's sudden death. When the police saw the body a slight wound on the nose and a swelling of the upper lip were noticed. The cause of death, as given by the physician in attendance, was heart failure. At noon the body was lying in an ice box in the hotel. Deputy Coroner Donlin was hourly expected to perform an autopsy to determine the cause of death.

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