

The Hero of Love.

I have the little rose you gave to me
One tender moment, when my heart
was sad

A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR

This night, which will dwell in my
memory with vivid distinctness while
life and reason are left to me, was in
October, 1870.

Deering was by no means a model
residence. There were lager-beer
gardens, drinking saloons, and gam-
bling houses out of all proportion to the
more respectable stores and residences.

How long an unprotected woman
might have lived in Deering I can
only guess, for Alice Holt had been
there but three months when she con-
sented to walk into church with me
one day, and walk out my wife.

Being the only man employed in
the telegraph business at Deering, I
was obliged to remain constantly in
the office during the day and part of
the evening, and Alice herself brought
me my dinner and supper. There was
a small room next the office with a
window, but only one door, commu-
nicating with the larger room.

With this necessary introduction, I
come to the story of that October
night, and the part my blue-eyed
Alice, only eighteen, and afraid of her
own shadow, played in it.

I was in the office at about half-past
seven o'clock, when one of the city
officials came in, all hurried, saying:
"Stirling, have you been over to
the embankment on the road to day?"

"No; I have not."
It was a special providence took
me there, then. One of the great
masses of rock has rolled down
directly across the track. It will be
as dark as a wolf's mouth to-night,
and if the midnight train comes from
D— there will be a horrible smash
up."

"The midnight train must stop at
Paris, then," I replied. "I will send
a message."
"Yes. That is what I stepped in
for. The other track is clear, so you
need not stop the train to D—."
"All right, sir."

I was standing at the door, seeing
my caller down the rickety staircase,
when Alice came up with my supper.
It was hot, and I was cold, so I drew
up a table, and opening can and bar-
rel set at down to enjoy it. Time
enough for business, I thought, after-
wards. As I ate we chatted.
"Any messages to-day?" my wife
asked.

in the morning, after the track is
cleared."
"Have you sent the message,
Robert?"
"Not yet. There is plenty of time.
That train does not reach Paris till
half past eleven, and it is not yet
eight. Yes, it is just striking."

"Better send it, Robert. If there
should be an accident you would
never forgive yourself. Send it, while
I put some clean towels in the wash-
room, and then you will come and sit
with you till you can go home."

"She went into the dressing room as
she spoke, taking no light, but de-
pending upon the candles burning in
the office. I was rising from my seat
to send the telegram, when the door
opened and four of the worst charac-
ters in Deering, led by John Martin,
entered the room. Before I could
speak, two threw me back in my chair,
one held a revolver to my head, and
John Martin spoke:

"Mr. Hill was here to tell you to
stop the D— train. You will not
send that message. Listen. The
rock is there to stop that train—put
there for that purpose. There is half
a million in gold in the express car.
Do you understand?"

"You would risk all the lives in the
train to rob it?" I cried, horror-
struck.
"Exactly," was the cool reply.
"One fifth is yours if you keep back
the message. The money has been
watched all the way from San Fran-
cisco."

I saw the whole diabolical scheme
at once. If the train came, it would
be thrown off at the embankment and
easily plundered by the villains, who
would lie in wait there.

"Come," Martin said, "will you
join us?"
"Never!" I cried indignantly.
"Must force you then! Tie
him fast!"

I trembled for Alice. If only my
life were at stake, I could have borne
it better. But even if we were both
murdered, I could not take the blood
of the passengers in the train upon
my head. Not a sound came from the
little room as I was tied hand and
foot to my chair, bound so securely
that I could not move. It was pro-
posed to gag me, but finally concluded
that my cries, if I made any, could
not be heard, and a handkerchief was
bound over my mouth.

The door of the wash-room was
closed and locked, Alice still undis-
covered; then the light was blown out
and the ruffians left me, looking the
door after them.

Then there was a long silence.
Outside I could hear the step of one
of the men pacing up and down,
washing. I rubbed my head against
the wall behind me, and succeeded in
getting the handkerchief off my mouth,
to fall round my neck.

I had scarcely accomplished this
when there was a tap on the inner
door.
"Robert!" Alice said.
"Yes, love. Speak low. There is
a man under my window."
"Are you alone in the room?"
"Yes, dear."

"I am going to Paris. There is no
man under my window, and I can get
out there. I have six long roller-
towsers here, knotted together, and I
have out my white skirt into wide
strips to join them. The rope made
so reaches nearly to the ground. I
shall fasten it to the door knob and
let myself down. It will not take
long to reach home, saddle Selim, and
reach Paris in time. Don't fear for
me. When you hear a hen cackling
under my window, you will know I am
safely on the ground."

Little Alice! My heart throbbled
heavily as I heard her heroic proposal,
but I dared not stop her.
"God bless and protect you!" I
said, and listened for a moment. Soon
the chucking noise told me the first
of her perilous undertaking was done.
It was dark, cloudy and threatening
a storm, and as nearly as I could
guess, close upon nine o'clock. I could
only wait and pray. I was too much
stunned even yet to realize the heroism
of this timid woman, starting alone
upon the dark ride, through a
wild country with a storm threatening.

and near, then the distant rumble of
the train, growing more distinct.
The midnight down train was coming
swiftly, surely to destruction. Where
was my wife? Had the ruffians
intercepted her at the cottage? Was
she lying dead somewhere on the wild
road? Her heroism was of no avail;
but was her life saved? Why had I
let her start upon her mad errand?

I tried to move. I writhed in
impotent fury upon my chair, forcing
the cruel chords to tear my flesh as I
vainly tried to loosen even one hand.
The heavy train rumbled past the
telegraph office. It was an express
train and did not stop at Deering
station; but as I listened, every sense
sharpened by my mental torture, it
seemed to me that the speed slackened.
Listening intently, I knew that it
stopped at the embankment as nearly
as I could judge. Not with the
sickening crash I expected, not pre-
ceding wails and groans from the
injured passengers, but gradually and
calmly. A moment more and I heard
shouts, the crack of firearms, sounds
of some conflict.

What could it all mean? The min-
utes were hours, till I heard a key turn
in the door of my prison, and a
moment later two tender arms were
round my neck, and Alice was whisper-
ing in my ear:

"They will come in a few minutes,
love, to set you free! The villains
left the key in the door! I thought
of that before I started, but there was
a man on the front watching! I crept
round the house, and I saw him, so I
did not dare be seen!"

"But have you been to Paris?"
"Yes, dear."
"Is all that storm?"
"Selim seemed to understand. He
carried me swiftly and surely. I was
well wrapped in my waterproof cloak
and hood. When I reached Paris the
train had not come from D—."

"But it is here?"
"Only the locomotive and one car.
In that car were a sheriff, a deputy-
sheriff, and twenty men armed to the
teeth, to capture the gang at the
embankment. I came, too, and they
lowered me from the train when the
speed slackened, so that I could run
here and tell you all was safe!"

While I was speaking my wife's fingers
had first untied the handkerchief around
my neck; and then, in the dark, found
some of the knots of the cords binding
me. But I was still tied fast and
strong, when there was a rush of
many feet upon the staircase, and in
another moment light and joyful
voices.

"We've captured the whole nine!"
was the good news. "Three, includ-
ing John Martin, are desperately
wounded; but the surprise was
perfect! Now, old fellow, for you!"

A dozen clasp-knives at once severed
my bonds, and a dozen hands were
extended in greeting.
"As for the train," he showered upon
my plucky little wife, it would require
a volume to tell half of them.

The would-be assassins and robbers
were taken to D— for trial. John
Martin, on his death-bed, turned
state's evidence. His antemortem
testimony sent the survivors to the
penitentiary.

Alice and I left Deering for a more
civilized community the following
year. But before we went there was
an invitation sent to us to meet a
committee from the railroad company
at Paris. We accepted; had a dinner,
were toasted and complimented, and
then Alice was presented with a silver
teacup service, as a testimonial from
the passengers upon that threatened
train, the express company and railroad
directors, in token of their gratitude
for the lives and property saved by her
heroism.

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.—Mr. S.
Ackerman, commercial traveller, Belle-
fontaine, writes: "Several years ago I used
Dr. Thomas' Eucalyptic Oil in my
rheumatism, and it cured me. I had
rheumatism, and three bottles
effected a complete cure. I was the
whole of one summer unable to move
without crutches and every movement
caused excruciating pains. I am now
entirely cured and exposed to all kinds
of weather, but have never been troubled
with rheumatism since. I, however,
keep a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Oil on
hand, and I always recommend it to
others, as it did so much for me."

If a woman is rich and has coarse
features they are referred to as being
"strongly marked."
Teacher: "John, do you know
what memory is?" Johnnie Chaffie:
"Yes, sir, that's what you forget
with."

MOLLIE'S VALENTINE.

"It does—yes, it looks 'most as
good as a boughten one," said Mollie,
surveying with pride the valentine she
had just finished.

The remark was addressed to no
one in particular, for the twins, the
only other occupants of the room,
were too young to be consulted. The
children on the other side of the
locked door, who would gladly have
given an opinion, could not even see
through the keyhole. Mollie had
covered it with a towel.

I wanted Jakie's to be the pret-
tiest of its kind," she continued, glanc-
ing rather dubiously at the one in-
tended for Nettie, which consisted of
an immense white paper heart deco-
rated with a "red, red rose" and a
purple pansy, placed over the verse:

The rose is red, the violet blue,
Studs are sweet, and so are you.
But it was to Jakie's that she had
voted all of her artistic talent and the
best of her making, which consisted
of an array of Sunday-school cards
and several strips of paper lace from
soap boxes.

The valentine as finished consisted
of a sheet of note-paper with a lace
border, decorated in the centre by a
stiff, starched calli-lily, on the right of
which was pasted an infant Moses in
a bright yellow basket. On the left a
procession of angels walked upon
empty space, the ladder having been
cut from beneath their feet, for as
Mollie remarked: "Angels don't need
any ladder when they've got wings."

At the bottom of the page, in a
carefully disguised hand, was written:
When we are old we'll smile and say
We had no care in childhood's day.
As the "I'll be wrong; 'twill not be true.
I've this much to care for you."

"I ought to make one for Pete,"
said Mollie, "but he'd just make fun
of it."
As the twins, even if they could
have understood, were too busy smar-
ing themselves with paste to put in a
plea for Pete, Mollie hastily removed
all traces of her work. Then she
slipped back the bolt and the rest of
the "Williamses," burning with curi-
osity, precipitated themselves into the
room to find her calmly singing a
lullaby to the astonished twins, who
didn't look a bit sleepy.

The sun was up at his usual time
on the morning of February fourteenth,
but in the three little rooms over the
shoe-shop the Williams children were
absent of him; for was it not Valen-
tine's day, and didn't they each expect
at least a dozen?

Just where they thought these
valentines were to come from it would
be hard to tell, but with childish faith
in an indefinite "somebody," they
were all eager to begin collecting the
expected treasures.

"Anything for the Williamses?"
The postmaster of the thriving little
town was just opening up the office
and was hardly ready for business, but
he looked good-naturedly at poor,
forlorn little Jakie, who made the
inquiry.

"No, sonny—too early—mail not
distributed."
About five minutes later another
face appeared at the little window.
"Anything for Peter Williams?"
"Nothing," rather shortly.
"Anything for Mollie Williams?"
"No, bub, run along, I'm busy."
"Or for Jakie Williams?"
"No, I tell you. Clear out!"

The voice was so gruff that, not
daring to ask for Nettie as he had in-
tended, Pete hurried out and a few
minutes later slipped into his place at
the table where the Williams family
were eating their sooty breakfast.

"There wasn't nothin'," he reported,
and the feller seemed real cross
about it.

Sweetness and Light.
Put a pill in the pulpit if you want practical
preaching for the physical man; then put
the pill in the pillory if it does not practise what it
preaches. There's a whole gospel in Ayer's
Sugar Coated Pills; a "gospel of sweetness
and light." People used to value their physio,
as they did their religion,—by its bitterness.
The more bitter the dose the better the doctor.
We've got over that. We take "sugar in ours"—
gospel or physio—now-a-days. It's possible to
please and to purge at the same time. There
may be power in a pleasant pill. That is the
gospel of
Ayer's Cathartic Pills.
More pill particulars in Ayer's Curebook, no pages.
Sent free J. C. Ayer to Lowell Mass.

"No, there's not anything for the
Williamses, and what's more, there
won't be; so clear out the whole lot of
you and don't come back here any
more."

Not come back any more! How,
then, were they to get the rest of their
valentines? But, not daring to dis-
obey, they hung dejectedly about the
post-office door, until about four
o'clock they saw "crosspatch" step
across the bank leaving his newly
appointed deputy in charge.

The bright, boyish face did not look
a bit cross, so Mollie seized the op-
portunity to try once more.
"Anything for Miss Mollie Wil-
liams?" she repeated. "Yes, I think
there is. Just come in on the after-
noon train. 'Miss Mary Williams'
—that's the same as Mollie, I guess.
You're in luck, little girl," and a large
pasteboard box was handed out to
Mollie.

She was so dazzled by her good luck
that she forgot the rest of her family
till reminded by a pathetic little voice
to "Ask for Jakie Williams." So she
went through the whole roll, but the
boy assured her there was nothing else
for the "Williamses," and the whole
crowd trooped excitedly out to the
office, up the stairs and into the "sit-
ting-room."

"Bring the scissors, quick!"
Then "Oh! oh! ain't it perfectly
lovely!" and truly the valentine dis-
played might have pleased more artistic
eyes.

A soft, snowy border of swan's down
surrounded a panel of ivory satin, on
which was painted an exquisite bunch
of pansies, caught together by a tiny
envelope tied by a bow of violet
ribbon.

"What does the writing say?"
asked Pete, trying to decipher the gold
lettering.
"I can't hardly read it, they're so
crookedly," said Mollie. "It says,
'Here's pansies, that's for thoughts.
Well, my thoughts are, 'Much obliged,'
whoever sent it.'"

"Wonder if there's a note in the
little 'envelope,'" said Pete snatching
at the ribbons.
"Don't touch it! Your hands are
always dirty," screamed Mollie, and
the envelope was not disturbed.

But that night, after the twins and
Nettie were asleep, and Mollie sat up
teasing her starved soul on the beauty
of her valentines, Pete's question
recurred to her.

Like Bluebeard's wife, Mollie found
her curiosity brought its own punish-
ment, as she sat reading the note
which dropped from the tiny envelope.
"MY DEAR LITTLE NETTIE.—May I see
thoughts these flowers bring be the
noble thoughts that lead to kindly
deeds, is the wish of your loving
AUNT MARY."
Aunt Mary! And Mollie had no
aunt except Aunt Ballie, who died
years ago! What could the note
mean?

in my Williams handsome 'suburba
residence.
The door was opened by a pompous-
looking colored man.
"No, you can't see Miss Mamie.
She's takin' her music lesson. I'll
give her de bundle, an' little girl, nex' time
come to de 'back do'—dis do' is for de
quality."

"Here you, Jim! Show the young
lady to the library," and Mr. Williams,
who had been taking a walk on the
veranda, threw away his cigar, and
coming forward, greeted Mollie with
every sign of respect.

Mollie, ushered by the now obsequi-
ous Julia into the library, perched her-
self uneasily upon the edge of a leather
upholstered chair while the master of
the house seated himself opposite, and
undertook to make her feel at home.

"I guess we'd better not disturb
Mamie just now, but I suppose you
and I can entertain each other a
while," he said.
Mollie gasped "Yes, sir," and he
continued:

"Seems to me I ought to know
you. Oh, yes, daughter of my name-
sake Mr. Williams, the shoemaker."
Then, noticing the box which she
still held, "Are you bringing a valen-
tine to my daughter?"

Then Mollie found her tongue. "No,
sir—it ain't mine—I think it's hers—
but the boy give it to me—only I ain't
got my Aunt Mary—and they call me
Mollie."

This was not very lucid, but her
hearer seemed to understand as he
took the box and opened it.
"O! I see, some of mistaken
identity. From my sister Mary, who
doesn't believe in spilling good old-
fashioned names. Now tell me about
your own valentines."

His political opponents who could
not understand the popularity, which
made it impossible to defeat the con-
gressman might have partly understood
the mystery could they have seen how
he had Mollie perfectly at home in a
few minutes, curled up in the specious
chair, contentedly munching his
wife's French bonbons, and telling the
whole story of the home-made valen-
tines and her own temptation and
struggles.

Without questioning, he contrived
to get a pretty good idea of the struggle
with poverty in the shoemaker's home.
Indeed Mollie, waxing most con-
fidential, seemed disposed to exhibit
all the family skeletons, until he
delicately turned the subject.

"How is your father? I don't think
I saw him when I was home last fall
just before the election."
"No," said Mollie, "you wouldn't
be apt to see the Republicans, you
know. This is a time of us are. The
children at school throw it up to us,
and Pete says he ain't going to stand
it, so he has turned Dimmicks, but he
and Jakie were Republicans, like pa."

There was something so heroic in
this speech that her listener didn't
feel a bit like laughing.

"That's right, I honor you for your
adherence to principle. I hope the
time will come when you yourself will
have the privilege of voting for—I
mean against me. Well, little daugh-
ter, through with the one-two-three-
four?" as a quaintly attired little girl
came into the room and shyly gave
her hand to Mollie.

"It was so kind of you to bring it to
me," she said, after the valentine had
been duly admired. "I hope you got
several pretty ones yourself."

"No; I said Mamie. 'A slybe you'll
get some yet. I got two last year on
the fifteenth. Must you go?'"

There was really no excuse for
lingering, so after her host had emptied
the contents of the bonbon box into
her pocket, Mollie reluctantly depart-
ed.

"Papa," said Mamie, as they stood
watching their departing guest, "of
course I couldn't give her Aunt Mary's
valentine, but couldn't I send her some
of the others?"

"That's my own little daughter,"
said her father, "I'll keep your valen-
tine, papa will fix it."

And Mamie, who knew all about
papa's way of fixing things, was more
than content with this promise. So
were the Williams children, for they
all got valentines and something more
substantial before the day had passed.

—Youth Companion.