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Good Morning
Story of a Locomotive Engineer's Courtship
By VERNON ARNOLD

Jim Tucker was a locomotive engineer. He was thirty-five years old, unmarried, and kept his belongings in a boarding house at one of the terminals of the railroad for which he worked. Since his was a day run he usually slept in his room nights.
Life was beginning to get tiresome for Jim—that is, when he was not running his engine. He had lost a young man's taste for amusement, but, not being an educated person, did not care for books. When on time he got in from his day's run out and return at 4 o'clock and was ready to leave the roundhouse at from 5 to 6. His evening meal was finished by 7, and he read a newspaper till 8. The rest of the evening was very lonesome for him. He would sit in his room wishing for a home, a nice little cottage not far from the roundhouse, where he might be comfortable during the hour of his coming in the evening and his departure in the morning. He would picture a tidy woman standing in the doorway waiting for him and several "wee things toddlin'" down the walk with outstretched arms on the way to meet him. Then he would sigh, read the advertisements in the newspaper and go to bed.
Not far from the terminal which Jim considered his abiding place, about 200 yards from the track, was a small house that looked as if it might have been built by the white settlers of the country. It stood in the center of a four acre lot, on a part of which were forest trees. When Jim had commenced his runs on the road the place was uninhabited, and although he had passed it twice a day for six years, he had never seen a person on the premises. Notwithstanding its dilapidated appearance, it required little stretch of the imagination to picture it a pleasant home. A porch, an arbor, a small barn, all in a state of decay, remained, and Jim as he drove by it loved to fancy the persons who had used them.
One Sunday he walked out to the deserted house—it was but a mile from the roundhouse—and went over it. Through open spaces where a weather-board had rotted away he could see that the framework was of the stoutest oak. It had already lasted probably one or two hundred years and would likely last as much longer. Indeed, two-thirds of the building was like iron; the rest needed renewing. If Jim only had a wife he would buy the place and fix it up.
But he hadn't the wife. And this matter of getting a wife is a very uncertain matter. It is not necessarily a matter of means. Many a man worth millions has lived to be very old and never been blessed with a home. Jim was getting good pay and had money laid up, but he was as far from possessing a wife as if he had neither pay nor a nest egg. So he went back to his lonely room, spent a lonely evening and went to his lonely bed.
One morning when he pulled by the deserted place, he was surprised to see a little pile of new lumber in the grounds. A few days later a man was sawing a board. When Jim returned in the afternoon the man was putting in new posts where there was most decay. Jim took notice of the man at work when he passed for a couple of weeks, at the end of which time the buildings had been restored to their primitive condition. A painter took the place of a carpenter, and when the painter left the place was again deserted.
But a few days later as Jim sped by on his iron horse he saw a woman busy-ing herself about the house. It was spring, and the windows and doors were open. The woman was gathering the small pieces of wood and piling them in the wood house. Jim was not near enough to her to see what she looked like, but he could see that she was neither old nor slatternly. When he returned in the afternoon the refuse had been got rid of and the house looked habitable. Every morning and every afternoon the engineer took note of the cottage and its gradual improvement. Then he saw curtains in the windows, and it was evident that the new tenants had moved in.
Jim was curious to know of what persons the family would consist, but weeks passed, and not a person did he ever see about the place except the woman. One afternoon as he was driving by she was coming down the walk that led to the road beside the rails, dressed prettily to go into the city. She reached the road just as Jim's locomotive clattered by, and he saw her plainly. She appeared to be

between twenty-five and thirty years old, neatly clad and not bad looking. She caught Jim's eye fixed intently upon her, but it was only for a moment, and her own eyes were turned away immediately.
The house having been put in order, the grounds next received attention. But for this the woman was not so fitted on account of lack of physical strength. Her efforts consisted chiefly in setting plants about the house and trimming some small flowering trees. How Jim wished he could use a spade there in the evening, after coming in from his day's run, and keep the grass from growing rank.
One reason why he had never mar-

ried was that he had very little luck in addressing a woman. Yet the most cowardly man in this respect will sometimes do the rashest things. They are like soldiers fighting behind breast-works, inordinately brave. Jim might have gone out to the place when not on duty, made an excuse to call on the woman, and out if she were single and courting her, if he liked her, in the regular way. But he was not up to this. So he laid a plan for attacking her while traveling by on his locomotive. She could not strike back, for she could not get at him. With his hand on the throttle he felt like a warrior grasping a sword.
On several occasions during the summer this lone lady was in that part of her grounds nearest the track when Jim passed, and safe in his cab he made bold to look at her admiringly. How she took this evidence of interest in her he could not tell, but she gave no evidence of being displeased with it. Jim was not a bad looking fellow, and if any profession requires strength and nerve that of engine driving surely does. But Jim was not conscious of the advantage this would give him with a woman.

Jim mailed several boards together, making a surface about four feet by three. On one side he chalked "Good morning" and on the other "Good evening." He took the board with him in his cab and waited for a time when the woman whose acquaintance he wished to form was in the yard and looking at the passing train, as she often did. Then he prepared to swing out his message, displaying the appropriate side.
An opportunity occurred on his run. The woman was standing in her doorway and was looking at the train. Jim took up his message and held it where she could see it. But she was not looking at the engine and failed to notice this beginning of a correspondence. But Jim tried it again and again till one morning he saw her laugh and knew that he had attracted her attention. He hoped that when he passed her house on his return trip he would get a reply, but this was not to be expected. She might alone read a message from Jim, but all on the train could read a message from her to him.
One morning when he passed he saw something white in one of the upper windows. It would not attract the attention of any one except the one for whom it was intended, and Jim felt confident that it was meant for him.
Jim made inquiries about the woman and learned that she was a young widow who had been a dressmaker, but having a greater taste for country life and a small bank account of savings, had rented the cottage with a view to getting a living out of it either by chickens or vegetables. She had no children and was an orphan, without brothers or sisters.
Jim thought of a great many things he would like to say to her in chalk letters, but a reply would be too conspicuous to be considered, so he was obliged to make up his mind to baffle the loneliness in her den. It did not require much bravery to call upon a woman who had waved to him from her window, but the moment he left his cab he seemed to lose all courage. However, he was not up to facing the widow without some kind of announcement and wrote the following note with a carpenter's pencil on the bottom of a cardboard box:
"I'm coming to see you next Sunday. If you don't want me to, put out a notice."
One day when passing and having the woman's attention he threw the message from the cab and, on rounding a curve farther on, looked back to see her pick it up.
When Jim went by the place again he saw a sign in the yard, "No Trespassing on These Premises on Sunday."

Jim's heart sank within him till he saw the widow at a window waving to him. But even this did not convince him that the sign in the yard was to let him know that his message had been received and the waving was to assure him that he would be welcome.
When Sunday morning came round the sun rose bright and shone straight into Jim's heart. He put on his best clothes and made himself look as attractive as possible. He would have liked to go on his visit as soon as he had finished his breakfast, but had the discretion to give the widow time to do her chores and the usual Sunday

morning tidying up. About 10 o'clock, finding that the minutes were going like hours, he could wait no longer. When he approached the house the widow saw him coming and met him at the gate.
Jim's call was a success. The widow had a good dinner for him, and neither she nor Jim was disposed to a long delay in coming to an understanding. Jim wanted a home, and the widow wanted a man for a companion, protector and partner. Before Jim left the preliminaries were settled—that is, Jim was to call often, and they were to take steps to find out something about each other.
In a month they were engaged, and in the fall they were married. The next spring Jim spent more money on the house and a good deal of labor on the grounds. Mrs. Jim chose chicken farming for an occupation, and a large chicken house was built during the winter.
Jim still sticks to his engine. But when he walks home from the roundhouse he sees his wife standing in the door and his "wee things toddlin'" to meet him, as he had dreamed when passing the deserted house a few years before. Jim's first love letter is a part of the chicken house. It is placed over the door, and the chalked letters, "Good morning," have been replaced by painted ones. It is said that chancier always raises his head toward it when he gives his first daily crow.

RICHES FOR BEGGAR.
How a Neapolitan Got \$25,000 For Solving a Riddle.
"On May 1st every year I have a golden head." For forty years the worthy people of Naples, including the most learned of learned folk, endeavored to solve the riddle of this enigmatic inscription on a marble column, which an eccentric Frenchman at the beginning of the nineteenth century had erected in one of the chief streets of the city. On May 1st for a number of years after the erection of the column people came and peered at it, thinking that its head would at least be covered with gold, but no miracle happened, and at last the people got tired of puzzling over the riddle and came to the conclusion that it was but a joke on the part of the Frenchman.
Then it occurred to the authorities that probably the Frenchman had buried the treasure under the column. They had it taken down, but nothing but earth was found and the column was re-erected.
Then came a happy idea on the part of Annibale Tosci, a beggar as lazy and as ragged as only Neapolitan beggars can be, who early one morning passed the column and stood and stared at the inscription. It was a lovely summer morning, and the sun, in a cloudless sky, cast a long shadow of the column on the ground.
"I have it!" said the beggar.
He told nobody that he believed he had found the solution of a mystery which had puzzled men for so many years, but on the following first of May he came to the spot with a pick and shovel. He waited until the clock of the neighboring monastery of San Vito struck six, then he began to dig at the spot touched by the end of the column's shadow. He had not dug very deep before he came on a leather satchel of French workmanship, which he quickly seized, concealed beneath his shirt, and retired to a lonely courtyard to examine. Breathlessly he opened the satchel and found within the sum of \$25,000. After all, the inscription was true, and the eccentric Frenchman had not lied.
Although a beggar, Annibale Tosci was a prudent man. He went away to Mantua, bought a small farm, and lived on his property, cultivating his own vines and olives, until his death a few years ago.

Washing Gloves Fashionable.
The washing glove has come to be the fashionable article this summer for day and evening wear.
A large assortment of smart new gloves were seen at a smart London shop. The vogue for bright-colored kids has completely died out, and the correct tones this year are white, ivory, pearl grey, and graduated shades of tan.
The white doeskin glove, which may be had in all-lengths, has quite ousted the once-popular silk glove, and, what is more, it is now worn for evening functions where formerly only the glace elbow length glove was considered correct wear.
Suede gloves are also fashionable and short black suede is greatly favored for morning wear.

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