

AT HER POST OF DUTY

Heroic Manner in Which Girl Telegrapher Foiled Band of Train Robbers.

MARION LOWELL LIVINGSTON.
"You are not afraid, Esther?"
"Not a particle, Nettie. Why should I be? This is not my first time on duty here, you know."

"Yes, but at night, and all by yourself! I should think you would die with loneliness."

"What! With your dear brother Paul to think of? Why, Nettie, just imagine it—he may be a passenger on the very train I send speeding to the city at midnight."

Esther Manning mounted the iron ladder leading to the track tower, half a mile from the nearest house of a small scattered settlement.

Her father had been dispatcher at Tower 10 for fifteen years, and before that in other employment with the Central Northern. He was something of an invalid, and in one month would be due for honorable retirement from the service and a pension, if nothing happened to spoil his record. During the past year, while not teaching school, his helpful daughter, Esther, had learned telegraphy and had familiarized herself with all the details of her father's work. The night shift, with its chill mists and tiresome treadmill system, had been a hardship to old Mr. Manning. He was particularly indisposed this particular evening, and Esther had insisted on acting as his substitute.

She was engaged to Paul Reynolds, who had been for a year in the west and was expected home daily. His sister had accompanied Esther to the tower, as noted. The latter waited till Bruce Vallette, the day operator, was relieved by Esther. Then the two walked away, leaving Esther alone at her post of duty in the gathering dusk.

Tower 10 commanded the wires west thirty miles to Lyons Junction, and east past the dangerous curves and trestles of the next section. The track inspection patrol reported from that branch shortly after dark. Then Esther saw an accommodation through to the east, and by nine o'clock two freights in the opposite direction. Everything was now trim and tidy on



She Had Shot Out the White Light Signal.

the schedules. She had only the Night Flyer to take care of, due at 12:03. That crack train of the road usually went through clear as a whistle. All Esther had to look out for was cross orders from either end of the line.

Esther saw that the west semaphore was set for clear tracks. Half a mile distant where the big curve began was the east semaphore. She noted that the go-ahead white light showed. Some occasional messages went over the wires, but no call for Tower 10 through the ensuing hour.

"Now for a comfortable resting spell," reflected Esther; but the resting spell merged into a reading, and then into a thinking spell. It was pleasant to realize that she was doing her duty and helping her father; it was still more so to anticipate the home coming of Paul Reynolds. He had written a glowing account of his success as a gold miner, hinting at a comfortable nest egg, and telling Esther to keep her eyes open for a neat little cottage, big enough, though, to shelter "father," as well as themselves.

Esther roused from her day dream reverie with something of a shock. Very suddenly the trap door in the floor was given a great push, as if from a man's strong shoulder. Esther had taken the precaution to bolt it. She heard a muffled ejaculation of disappointment. Warned—more, alarmed—Esther sprang up quickly and threw the tin shade over the lamp on the operator's table.

She ran to the window and glanced down. It was just in time to see a lurking form steal from the tower base and slink over behind the cattle pens. Here he was joined by two men. They seemed to converse animatedly. Two of them leaped into the ditch at the side of the tracks and started in the direction of the east semaphore. The third man stood half concealed by a great frame filled with hay used in the cattle pens. Esther wondered what these suspicious movements betokened. Just then she chanced to glance down the

east tracks. A startled cry escaped her lips. The white clear signal was not visible. It had been changed to the red stop signal. Esther sprang to the semaphore levers.

"The wires are cut!" she gasped, white and trembling and almost overcome.

Within fifteen minutes the Night Flyer was due. The signal to come on was set, and she could not change it. The east signal had been tampered with. The Flyer would not discover this until its engineer had passed the tower. The train would halt around the curve at a deserted spot, outside of any immediate help.

"Train robbers!" breathed Esther, aghast. "What shall I do?"

She imagined the Night Flyer at the mercy of lawless, armed bandits. Esther glanced at the clock. In six minutes the fastest train on the Central Northern would come dashing down the rails. She could see one of the men in half view, as if his special mission was to prevent her from interfering with his nefarious plans.

Esther summoned all her innate bravery and good sense. In one corner of the tower room stood a repeating rifle, a part of the furnishing of all isolated stations along the line. With pride and nerve she recalled some of her past proficiency in archery. She threw up a west window, took aim at the semaphore, and fired.

No result. Again—and there was a crash. She had shot out the white light signal! Surely the Night Flyer would take some heed of this circumstance!

A second rapid suggestion came to her mind, and she ran for a corner where a big bundle of red fire signal fuses lay.

Carrying these to the table, she selected one. Drawing the screen from the lamp, she fared the end of the fuse and gave it a fling. It landed, hissing and sputtering, amid the loose hay near the cattle pens. In an instant the mass burst into flames. Until the bundle was exhausted she lit and hurled fuses. It was not only a grand beacon, the blazing hay, but the glare spread red and warningly across the sky.

Bang—bang—bang! A hail of bullets from the revolver of the man left on guard rattled across the crashing windows of the tower. Then he darted down the rails in search of his companions.

Up dashed the Night Flyer. Esther was down from the tower, rifle in hand, a figure heroic as the train came to a stop and its crew surrounded her. In an instant an armed party was made up, proceeding to the east semaphore to investigate the situation at that point.

The baffled bandits had fled, but preparations were discovered to hold up the train in true wild western fashion—the train which carried in its express car over half a million in currency.

The leader of the investigating group was a young man from the west—Esther's lover. When the Night Flyer resumed its run, Paul Reynolds came back to the tower to greet the brave girl soon to become his wife.

The railroad company did something more than pension old Mr. Manning. They sent Esther a substantial wedding present as a reward for her heroic efforts in saving the Night Flyer.

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HE WAS A REAL ENTHUSIAST

What the Great American National Game Did for One Ardent Fanatic.

He had turned away from the front of a newspaper office, when he found a man at his elbow smiling at him, and, after a feeling of anger, he also smiled, and said:

"I see you have got on my curve. Yes, I turned aside to look at the baseball score, forgetting that the games were over for the season. Force of habit, you know. Been doing the same thing for months and months."

"You were an enthusiast?" queried the other.

"Say, I lived on it? I ate and slept with it. Every morning I made a bet and every evening I found I had lost it. When the games began last spring I had a hundred friends. When they closed I hadn't one. I had called them all liars and horse thieves over baseball, and they couldn't stand it."

"It gets in the blood."

"You bet. I couldn't think of anything but baseball all day, and at night I dreamed of it, and cried out in my sleep. My wife refused to discuss the game, and the relations between us were strained. Our servant girl refused to argue, and I discharged her. My father-in-law said there was no game like poker, and I insulted him. On Sunday, when there was no game, the day seemed a week long to me. The boss offered to raise my wages five dollars a week if I would cut it out, and I told him he was no patriot."

"But it's all over now."

"Yes, and I'm glad of it. In another month I can get over thinking about it and turn to something else, and before the winter is over perhaps I can get interested in Shakespeare or history again. I may have to get out into the back yard and yell now and then as a safety valve, but I shall do it as gently as I can, and without threatening to knock the other fellow's head off."

Unusual Way.

"A thief's way ought certainly to confound a mathematician."

"Why so?"

"Because the thief multiplies by subtracting."

FAUNTLEROY NOW A MAN



Vivian Burnett, to-day, and in his "Lord Fauntleroy" days.

"Little Lord Fauntleroy" has found another "Dearest." This time it's a wife who until recently was Miss Constance Buel, daughter of a well known magazine editor, Clarence C. Buel.

Vivian Burnett, the original of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and many other child-heroes found in the books written by his mother, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, is now 38 years old, and, although he's a successful business man and active in politics in his home town on Long Island, he's still often called "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

A BUSY SEAMSTRESS

She Leaves Work of Destruction Long Enough to Alter Her Dress

Did you ever know a busier little body than Miss Millie Moth? And did any one ever know a vainer little body than this same Miss Millie.

Some of those queer little folks who come uninvited into our parlors, or parlors or cellars are so economical that they live all through a life time in one suit of clothes. Not so with Millie Moth. Busy little seamstress that she is she makes over her own "best gown" and changes it from a "tube" skirt to a Russian tunic until you wonder where ever she gets time to make those funny little holes in the carpets and the overcoats.

But just as soon as the frivolous lady sets up housekeeping in the pocket of a fur overcoat, or the fold of a broadcloth cape she begins dress-making. As she spins and sews, she nibbles at the fur or the cloth in which she nestles and as she grows wide and long, she fairly outgrows



MRS. MOTH DOES SEWING

the only dress she has to her name. Then she gets busy "making over"; she lets it out here and there and when one end is finished she turns right round, puts her tail where her head used to be and then fixes up the other end of that old grayish-white dress of hers.

It's only when she leaves the box of stored things that Millie Moth gives up her sewing. The Man of the House must have his overcoat for a while, and the Lady of the House must wear her wraps so Miss Moth goes off for a vacation. Taking her only dress with her she pokes herself away in a cornice and waits until the winter clothes are back in the closet and then her dressmaking begins all over again.

Toronto's average midwinter temperature has ranged in ten years from 14.6 to 26.5.

A GIANT AMONG DOGS



A peace loving dog is the Great Dane. He'd rather lick your hand than rend your head from your shoulders; he'd rather snuggle in a comfortable kennel than bivouac on the battlefield.

In far away days when Cyrus conquered Babylon the Persian leader sent his troop of "war-dogs" into the thick of the battle, and his victory was much easier because of their brutal method of fighting, and at the historic battle of Marathon both Persians and Greeks used dogs as allies to their armies.

From these "soldier dogs" descended the German boarhound, which in time became known as the Great Dane. The "son of battle" is still big and powerful, the average weight of a Great Dane being 100 pounds and his height 32 inches.

THE ORIGINAL RUBBERNECK

Giant Heron a Great Fisherman and Vermin Exterminator

The giant heron has so much neck that to get it out of his way he coils it in and out until it looks like a great glistening blue question mark.

But as a matter of fact the solemn old "giant" asks no questions of any one, when he sees what he wants in the way of a fat frog or a plump little



fish he untwists his neck, darts his long sharp bill into the water and without ever saying "by your leave" he picks up a fish or a frog or a water spider and swallows it.

In South America and other tropical countries where the giant heron is known the natives look upon him very unkindly because he eats so many fish, but some of the wise ones among them know that if it were not for the heron their country would be overrun with snakes and rats. These troublesome creatures make food for the heron family and they don't last long in places where the giant birds are common.

DISEASES IN POULTRY

Common Ailments and How to Check Them

Reviewing the more common ailments in the poultry yard, we learn these facts: If in the early stages of bumble-foot, we can spread the corn by painting liberally with tincture of iodine, daily, for a week. Bumble-foot is caused by having too high perches or roosting places. In flying down the fowl's feet often come in contact with some hard, sharp object which causes a bruise resulting in the corn. When our hens are allowed to become overfat, a disorder of the oviduct is often the result, which causes it to "break down behind." It really is no disease—merely a penalty for injudicious feeding. The best remedy known is to kill and eat all such specimens. They are not sick birds. Canker is a disgusting ailment, but generally in the start it can be checked by several applications of fine salt rubbed on the sore spots. Four drops of aconite in a half pint of drinking water, given daily for a week or more, is effective in cases of catarrh. Chicken-pox can be successfully treated by anointing the head and wattles with carbolated vasoline, after having first bathed wall with hot water. One-grain quin-



Lifebuoy for the "Counter-attack"

All day long he's been standing the attacks of dirt, dust, grime, germs and microbes. Now for the counter-attack. Lifebuoy to the front! Its rich, creamy lather for skin, shampoo and bath—or for socks, shirts, handkerchiefs, etc., makes short work of "the enemy."

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

is more than soap, finest of all soaps though it is. Lifebuoy has splendid antiseptic and germicidal power as well—its mission is to clean and purify.

Send your soldier a package of Lifebuoy. He'll appreciate it. At all grocers. LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED TORONTO

Live Poultry Wanted

Any Quantity, for which the following Cash Prices will be paid:

- HENS, from..... 9c. to 11c.
- CHICKENS, from..... 12c. to 13c.
- OLD ROOSTERS, from 7c. to 8c.
- DUCKS..... 10c.
- GEESE, from..... 9c. to 10c.

Parties having Poultry to sell will kindly bring them in to me on Saturdays. Poultry must not be fed, and must be brought in with crops empty.

Raw Furs Wanted

The season will soon be here for hunting and trapping. I am in the market for any quantity of raw furs, for which the highest cash market price will be paid.

Beef Hides, Sheepskins, Wool, Tallow, Horse Hair, Rags, Rubber, Etc., bought at highest cash prices at my store.

M. GLASER - Durham

WHEN OFF THE FARM.

The husbandmen, when waxing old, and well supplied with yellow gold, remarks, "Til quit the farm; I've had my fill of honest toil; this thing of wrestling with the soil has sort of lost its charm." And so he buys a house in town, and thinks that he will settle down to soft and downy ease; but ere a year has gone its way, he's yearning for the bale of hay, the piglets and the bees. He finds the urban life a bore; his feet are cold, his soul is sore, time drags on leaden feet; so he resolves to travel back to the tall alfalfa stack, and shock the bearded wheat, who'd rather mess around a churn than read a book by Lawrence Sterne, or ode by Thomas Gray—Walt Mason.

Logs on the ground burn on the end, or where they lie across others, pockets burn out of the sides. A fire seldom destroys them, but it reduces their value between 10 and 16 per cent.

A day spent in running water furrows or opening outlets of drains is better spent than the same day given up to plowing in water.

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO

Your surplus earnings in our Savings Department earn interest at current rate.

DURHAM BRANCH,
John Kelly, Manager