

THE MAN ON THE BOX

By HAROLD MacGRATH
Author of "The Grey Clock," "The Pappos Crown."

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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCES MY HERO.

Warburton was graduated from West Point, ticketed to a desolate frontier post, and would have worn out his existence therefor but for his guiding star, which was always making frantic efforts to bolt its established orbit. One day he was doing scout duty, perhaps half a mile in advance of the pay-train as they called the picturesque caravan which, consisting of a canopied wagon and a small troop of cavalry in dingy blue, made progress across the desert-like plain of Arizona. The troop was some ten miles from the post, and as there had been no sign of Red Eagle all that day, they concluded that the rumor of his being on a drunken rampage with half dozen braves was only a rumor. Warburton had just passed over a roll of earth, and for a moment the pay-train had dropped out of sight. It was twilight; opalescent waves of heat rolled above the blistered sands. A pale yellow sky, like an inverted bowl rimmed with delicate blue and crimson hues, encompassed the world. The bliss of solitude fell on him, and, being something of a poet, he rose to the stars. The smoke of his corn-cob pipe trailed lazily behind him. The horse under him was loping along easily.



SUDDENLY THE ANIMAL LIFTED HIS HEAD.

Suddenly the animal lifted his head, and his brown ears went forward.

At Warburton's left, some hundred yards distant, was a clump of osage brush. Even as he looked, there came a puff of smoke, followed by the evil song of a bullet. My hero's hat was carried away. He wheeled, dug his heels into his horse, and cut back over the trail. There came a second flash, a shock, and then a terrible pain in the calf of his left leg. He fell over the neck of his horse to escape the third bullet. He could see the Apache as he stood out from behind the bush. Warburton yanked out his Colt and let fly. He heard a yell. It was very comforting. That was all he remembered of the skirmish.

For five weeks he languished in the hospital. During that time he came to the conclusion that he had had enough of military life in the west. He applied for his discharge, as the compulsory term of service was at an end. When his papers came he was able to get about with the aid of a crutch. One morning his colonel entered his subaltern's bachelor quarters.

"Wouldn't you rather have a year's leave of absence than quit altogether, Warburton?"

"A year's leave of absence?" cried the invalid. "I am likely to get that, I am."

"If you held a responsible position I dare say it would be difficult. As it is, I may say that I can obtain it for you. It will be months before you ride a horse with that leg."

"I thank you, Col. Raleigh, but I think I'll resign. In fact, I have resigned."

"We can withdraw that, if you but say the word. I don't want to lose you, lad. You're the only man around here who likes a joke as well as I do. And you will have a company if you'll only stick to it a little longer."

"I have decided, Colonel. I'm sorry you feel like this about it. You see, I have something like \$25,000 laid away. I want to see at least \$5,000 worth of new scenery before I shuffle off this mortal coil. The scenery around here palls on me. My throat and eyes are always full of sand. I am off to Europe. Some day, perhaps, the bee will buzz again; and when it does, I'll have you go personally to the president."

"As you please, Warburton."

"Besides, Colonel, I have been reading Treasure Island again, and I've got the fever in my veins to hunt adventure, even a treasure. It's in my blood to wander and do strange things, and here I've been hampered all these years with routine. I shouldn't care if we had a good fight once in a while. My poor old dad traveled around the world three times, and I haven't seen any thing of it but the maps."

"Go ahead, then. Only, talking about Treasure Island, don't you and your \$25,000 run into some old Long John Silver."

"I'll take care."

And Mr. Robert packed up his kit and sailed away. Not many months passed ere he met his colonel again, and under rather embarrassing circumstances.

CHAPTER II.

INTRODUCES MY HEROINE.

Let me begin at the beginning. The boat had been two days out of Southampton before the fog cleared away. On the afternoon of the third day Warburton curled up in his steamer-chair and lazily viewed the blue October seas as they met and merged with the blue October skies. I do not recollect the popular novel of that summer, but at any rate it lay dapping at the side of his chair, forgotten.

At this particular moment this hero of mine was going over the monotony of the old days in Arizona, the sand-ditches, the unlovely landscapes, the dull routine, the indifferent skirmishes with cattle-men and Indians; the pagan bullet which had plowed through his leg. And now it was all over; he had surrendered his straps; he was a private citizen, with an income sufficient for his needs: it will go a long way. \$4,500 a year, if one does not attempt to cover the distance in a \$5,000 motor-car; and he hated all locomotion that was not horse-flesh.

For nine months he had been wandering over Europe, if not happy, at least in a satisfied frame of mind. Four of these months had been delightfully passed in Paris; and as his nomadic excursions had invariably terminated in that queen of cities, I make Paris the starting point of his somewhat remarkable adventures. Besides, it was in Paris that he first saw her. And now, here he was at last, home-ward-bound. That phrase had a mighty pleasant sound; it was to the ear what honey is to the tongue. Still, he might yet have been in Paris but for one thing: She was on board this very boat.

Suddenly his eyes opened full wide, bright with eagerness.

"It is she!" he murmured. He closed his eyes again, the hypocrite!

Permit me to introduce you to my heroine. Mind you, she is not my creation; only Heaven may produce her like, and but once. She is well worth turning around to gaze at. Indeed I know more than one fine gentleman who forgot the time of day, the important engagement, or the trend of his thought, when she passed by.

She was coming forward, leaning against the wind and inclining to the uncertain roll of the ship. A gray raincoat fitted snugly the youthful, rounded figure. Her hands were plunged into the pockets. You may be sure that Mr. Robert noted through his half-closed eyelids these inconsequent details. A tourist had sat jauntily on the fine light brown hair, that color which has no appropriate metaphor. (At least, I have never found one, and I am not in love with her and never was.) Warburton has described to me her eyes, so I am positive that they were as heavenly blue as a rajah's sapphire. Her height is of no moment. What man ever troubled himself about the height of a woman so long as he wasn't under-sized himself? What pleased Warburton was the exquisite skin. He was always happy with his companions, and particularly when he likened her skin to the bloomy olive pallor of a young peach. The independent stride was distinguishingly American. Ah, the charm of these women who are my countrywomen! They come, they go, alone, unattended, courageous without being bold, self-reliant without being rude; inimitable. In what an amiable frame of mind Nature must have been on the day she cast these molds! But I proceed. The young woman's chin was tilted, and Warburton could tell by the dilated nostrils that she was breathing in the gale with all the joy of living, filling her healthy lungs with it as that rare daughter of the Cyprian Isle might have done as she sprang that morn from the jeweled Mediterranean spray, that beggar's brooch of Neptune's.

Warburton's heart hadn't thrilled so since the day when he first donned cadet gray. There was scarce any room for her to pass between his chair and the rail; and this knowledge filled the rascal with exultation. nearer and nearer she came. He drew in his breath as the corner of his foot-rest (ailed by the sly wind) caught her rain-coat.

"I beg your pardon!" he said, sitting up. She quickly released her coat, smiled faintly, and passed on.

Sometimes the most lasting impressions are those which are printed most lightly on the memory. Mr. Robert says that he never will forget that first smile. And he didn't even know her name then.

I was about to engage your attention with a description of the villain, but on second thought I have decided that it would be rather unfair. For at that moment he was at a disadvantage. Nature was punishing him for

a few shortcomings. The steward that night informed Warburton, in answer to his inquiries, that he, the villain, was dreadfully seasick, and was begging him, the steward, to scuttle the ship and have done with it. I have my doubts regarding this. Mr. Robert is inclined to flippancy at times. It wasn't seasickness; and after all is said and done, it is putting it harshly to call this man a villain. I recant. True villainy is always based upon selfishness. Remember this, my wise ones.

Warburton was somewhat subdued when he learned that the suffering gentleman was her father.

"What did you say the name was?" he asked innocently. Until now he hadn't had the courage to put the question to any one, or to prowl around the purser's books.

"Annesley; Col. Annesley and daughter," answered the unsuspecting steward.

Warburton knew nothing then of the mental tragedy going on behind the colonel's state-room door. How should he have known? On the contrary, he believed that the father of such a girl must be a most knightly and courtly gentleman. He was, in all outward appearances. There had been a time, not long since, when he had been knightly and courtly in all things.

(To be Continued.)

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Familiar Features Well Known to Hundreds of Richmond Citizens.

A familiar burden in every home, The burden of a "bad back." A lame, a weak or an aching back; Tells you of kidney ills. Doan's Kidney Pills will cure you. Here is Richmond testimony to prove it.

Geo. Fox, 622 Main street, says: "When in A. G. Luken's drug store I heard Doan's Kidney Pills highly spoken of and I procured a box for my sister who was suffering from what the doctors called lumbago but which failed to yield to their treatment. I had her take Doan's Kidney Pills and although nothing else had done her any good they helped her immediately. After finishing the treatment she remarked how much better she felt."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

The Los Angeles Limited, electric lighted, new from the Pullman shops, with all latest innovations for travel comfort, leaves Chicago 10:05 p. m. daily, arrives Los Angeles 4:45 p. m. third day. Solid through train via Chicago, Union Pacific & Northwestern Line and the Salt Lake Route. Pullman drawing room and tourist sleeping cars, composite observation car, dining cars, a la carte service. For rates sleeping car reservations and full particulars apply to your nearest agent or address A. H. Waggener, Trav. Agt., 215 Jacksons Blvd., Chicago, Ill. 12-31

Bent Her Double.

"I knew no one, for four weeks, when I was sick with typhoid and kidney trouble," writes Mrs. Annie Hunter of Pittsburgh, Pa., "and when I got better, although I had one of the best doctors I could get, I was bent double and had to rest my hands on my knees when I walked. From this terrible affliction I was rescued by Electric Bitters, which restored my health and strength, and now I can walk as straight as ever. They are simply wonderful." Guaranteed to cure stomach, liver and kidney disorders; at A. G. Luken & Co.'s drug store; price 50c.

LETTER LIST.

The following letters remain unanswered at the local post office:

Ladies' List.

Myrtle L. Bailey, Miss Margaret Fassel, Lucile Franke, Laura M. Hatt, Annie Harrigan, Jennie Hapner, Mrs. Francis King, Daisy Ing, Zella Marshall, Lizzie Morris, Pearl Mitchell, Mrs. Sylvester Pray, Lulu Smith, Gurdie Therman, Mrs. Frederick Valentine, Mrs. Lib Winston, Mrs. C. E. Wright, Mrs. Ted Young.

Gentlemen's List.

Herman Austin, Ora Clevenger, S. J. Dunlap, Perry O. Davis, Edw. Evans, Alex Harn, Ad Hancock, A. L. Hawkins, James Davis, Charley Johns, Henry Kulie, W. M. Little, H. S. Leads, C. M. Myers, F. A. McCaffrey, Jos. W. Mills, Everett F. Parker, Rev. W. R. Revels, 2, Robert Simpson, Dr. John B. Shultz, R. G. Shuber, The Merchants' Nat. Union, Vernon Vore.

Drops.

Henry Adams, Fred Tieman, Miss Imogene Voss.

D. SURFACE, P. M.

AWARDS \$2,500 TO HEROINE

Carnegie Commission Will Pay to

New Jersey Girl, Who Saved

Another from Drowning.

Pittsburg, Pa. Jan. 21—The second annual meeting of the Carnegie hero fund commission has been held. Only one award was made public, that of \$2,500 to Miss Maude A. Titus of Newark, N. J. On Oct. 16, 1905, Miss Titus, a 16 year old school girl was awarded a silver medal for saving Miss Laura V. Reifsnyder from drowning in Casco bay, near Yarmouth, Me. On Oct. 28 her father died, leaving her without means to finish her education. The commission, taking this into consideration, reopened the case and awarded her \$2,500, to be paid in installments as needed for her education. This is the largest award yet granted. During the year 761 cases have been investigated. Of these 382 were refused, 19 were granted, and 360 are pending.

IRVING WAS TURNED DOWN.

Bram Stoker, who for many years was connected with the management of the late Sir Henry Irving, tells of an amusing incident which occurred during the player's tour of the Middle West.

It appears that Irving, in order to break a "long jump" from Chicago to another city, was desirous of securing for one night the theatre of a town in Indiana. Accordingly, Stoker wired the individual who was both proprietor and manager of the play house in question, requesting that Sir Henry Irving be given a night's engagement.

In a short time Mr. Stoker received the following: "Does Irving parade?" When shown this the distinguished Briton was much amused. He directed Stoker to reply that "Irving was a tragedian, not a minstrel."

The further reply came: "Don't want Irving unless he parades."—Harper's Weekly.

FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS.

This story was told of former Mayor Clark, of Burlington, Vt., who was known for his use of big words.

One day before starting for the city, he called John, his colored farm hand, and said, pointing to a field strewn with fence rails and inclosed by the same kind of fence: "John, I'm going to the city this morning. I want you to accumulate all those rails while I am gone."

John answered, "Yes, sir," but, not knowing what was meant by accumulate, he hailed a passerby and told him his trouble. This stranger, knowing Mr. Clark's peculiarities, told him his orders meant to gather together a large pile all the rails in sight and burn them. So John gathered into a large pile all the fence rails he could find, both loose and in fences and burned them.—Cleveland Leader.

BELIEVE CLUB LIFE HARMFUL.

West Lafayette clubwomen, a majority of them the wives of Purdue professors and instructors, have decided that club life is harmful to the home. Chief of these was a rare combination of the choicest medicinal roots and herbs found best adapted for the cure of the ills and weaknesses peculiar to the female sex, and Lydia E. Pinkham's friends and neighbors learned that her compound relieved and cured it and became quite popular among them.

All this so far was done freely, without money and without price, as a labor of love.

But in 1873 the financial crisis struck Lynn. Its length and severity were too much for the large real estate interests of the Pinkham family, as this class of business suffered most from fearful depression, so when the Centennial year dawned it found their property swept away. Some other source of income had to be found.

At this point Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was made known to the world.

The three sons and the daughter, with their mother, combined forces to

WHO SHE WAS

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF LYDIA E. PINKHAM

And a True Story of How the Vegetable Compound Had Its Birth and How the "Panic of '73" Caused It to be Offered for Public Sale in Drug Stores.

This remarkable woman, whose maiden name was Estes, was born in Lynn, Mass., February 9th, 1819, coming from a good old Quaker family. For some years she taught school, and became known as a woman of an alert

restore the family fortune. They argued that the medicine which was so good for their women friends and neighbors was equally good for the women of the whole world.

The Pinkhams had no money, and little credit. Their first laboratory was the kitchen, where roots and herbs were steeped on the stove, gradually filling a gross of bottles.

Then came the question of selling it, for always before they had given it away freely. They hired a job printer to run off some pamphlets setting forth the merits of the medicine, now called Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and these were distributed by the Pinkham sons in Boston, New York, and Brooklyn.

The wonderful curative properties of the medicine were, to a great extent, self-advertising, for whoever used it recommended it to others, and the demand gradually increased.

In 1877, by combined efforts the family had saved enough money to commence newspaper advertising and from that time the growth and success of the enterprise were assured, until to-day Lydia E. Pinkham and her Vegetable Compound have become household words everywhere, and many tons of roots and herbs are used annually in its manufacture.

Lydia E. Pinkham herself did not live to see the great success of this work. She passed to her reward years ago, but not till she had provided means for continuing her work as effectively as she could have done it herself.

During her long and eventful experience she was ever methodical in her work and she was always careful to preserve a record of every case that came to her attention. The case of every sick woman who applied to her for advice and there were thousands—received careful study, and the details, including symptoms, treatment and results, were recorded for future reference, and to-day these records, together with hundreds of thousands made since, are available to sick women the world over, and represent a vast collaboration of information regarding the treatment of woman's ills, which for authenticity and accuracy can hardly be equaled in any library in the world.

With Lydia E. Pinkham worked her daughter-in-law, the present Mrs. Pinkham. She was carefully instructed in all her hard-won knowledge, and for years she assisted her in her vast correspondence.

To her hands naturally fell the direction of the work when its original founder passed away. For nearly twenty-five years she has continued it, and nothing in the work shows when the first Lydia E. Pinkham dropped her pen, and the present Mrs. Pinkham, now the mother of a large family, took it up. With women assistants, some as capable as herself, the present Mrs. Pinkham continues this great work, and probably from the office of no other person have so many women been advised how to regain health. Sick women, this advice is "Yours for Health" freely given if you only write to ask for it.

Such is the history of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; made from simple roots and herbs; the one great medicine for women's ailments, and the fitting monument to the noble woman whose name it bears.