

ROUTING THE ENEMY

How a Swarm of Busy Little Bees Put Train Robbers to Flight.

By ALVAH JORDON GARTH.
Spick and span as a polished toy, newly lacquered and metal trimmed, old \$6, crack locomotive of the Overland Special, tooted to a stop at Beachville. There it took one passenger aboard, and then clanged on its way again, a miracle of life and beauty.

The engineer handled the lever with the dignity of a man ruling the destinies of a world. His foreman, the envy of all short run' operators along the line, fired the coal into the blazing box like an expert tossing a ball and enjoying it. It was a big thing to run the handsome twenty-four-wheeler. The proudest man among the train crew, however, was Jack Danby, and the most delighted passenger was the one just taken aboard—Jack's father. Gray, grim and very much set in his old-fashioned farmer ways, he was considerably excited over taking his first ride of consequence behind the iron horse.

Jack had started in at railroad work four years before the present time. He had worked his way up to a very good salary, and was now assistant express messenger on the Mountain run. His father was anxious to visit his brother, who lived two hundred miles away. At first, stubborn in his ideas as to time-honored usages, he was bent on making the journey on horseback. The prospect of a free ride influenced him, however, and here he was, an honored guest of his son in the express car.

"There's a cushioned chair for you, father," said Jack, opening the side door the six inches permitted by the



"Hands Up!"

protection chain. "Just view the scenery and make yourself comfortable."

"You must be a great favorite, Jack, to get a job in the very first car of the train. What's that iron box in the corner?" asked the old man.

"That's the express company's safe," explained Jack. "We're carrying the pay roll of two sections tonight. I presume there's a quarter of a million dollars in that safe."

"And something else, Jack!" laughed his mate, Dave Hardy. "Your son has locked up his first engagement ring for safe keeping, Mr. Danby."

"Eh, what's it for?" inquired the farmer pricking up his ears.

"Why, who could it be but pretty Nance Burdick?" asked Jack, flushing furiously. "I hope you don't find any objections, father?"

"Yes, I do," declared the farmer. "I object to your not having married her long ago. I would, if I'd been in your shoes. Ha, ha!"

The old man sat at the breezy opening in the doorway, watching the fast flying landscape with manifest contentment and delight. He had come aboard with an old-fashioned satchel and what seemed like a cardboard box about two feet square. It was done up in manila paper and this with his satchel he kept close beside him.

"What you got in that box, father?" asked Jack finally.

"Nothing to attract you, son. You've been so long away from the farm it wouldn't interest you."

As it began to grow dusk the landscape ceased to interest Mr. Danby. They had lunch. The old man began to yawn.

"See here, father," said Jack, "in the head end of the car yonder there's a cot. Dave and I spell each other on it on the long runs sometimes. Rest a bit, won't you?"

"I believe I will," assented the farmer.

The dead-end of the car was partitioned off with a door in the middle. This had once contained a pane of glass to admit light, but it was missing now. Jack soon heard his father snoring. He and his mate were sorting some second-class express matter about an hour later when a crash aroused them.

In went the panel of the platform door. Then end of a crowbar intruded. Then, before the startled express messengers could advance or retreat, a quick hand reached in, snapped the catch, and as the shattered door swung inwards two men sprang into view.

"Hands up!" ordered one of them, and the trainmen found themselves threatened with two glittering revolvers.

Resistance meant sure death, and Jack and Dave were forced to succumb to being bound hand and foot. The men carried them to the doorway of the dead end, threw them upon the floor, and proceeded to assault the steel safe. One of them faced the prison place of their captives, weapon leveled.

His companion must have been working some fifteen minutes on the stubborn strong box, when the old farmer awoke.

"Father," spoke Jack quickly, "don't stir, don't raise your voice above a whisper."

"Why not?" inquired the old man.

"Train robbers!" announced Dave in a cautious voice.

"You don't say so—where?" demanded the farmer.

"Out in the other part of the car. We are bound hand and foot. They'll put you in the same fix if they discover you."

Jack proceeded to explain the situation in detail.

"H'm," muttered the old man. "Two against us three. What's the matter with me setting you free and pitching into the critters?"

"Because they are armed and ready to shoot," warned Jack.

The old man ventured cautiously to the door window and peered through. Then he retreated into the darkness. Jack heard him chuckle and approach the door again, his mysterious box in his hand.

"For goodness' sake, father, don't do anything rash!" he pleaded.

"Oh, no. I'll only give those fellows a rash," said the old man, with a suppressed laugh.

There was the sound of ripping paper and breaking wood. Then one end of the box lid was slid gently across the window space.

"Hi! what's that?" sharply yelled the man at the safe, dropping his burglarious tools in a hurry.

"I should say so! Bees!" yelled his partner. "Ouch! Murder! There's a dozen of them! A thousand! A swarm!"

The captives heard a weapon clang to the floor of the car and the sound of hurrying footsteps. Suddenly old Danby dashed into the other part of the car. There was a yell, the sounds of a scuffle. Glancing out, the amazed Jack saw his father cornering one of the train robbers with his own revolver.

"Into that other part, double quick," ordered the stoutish old hero. "Untie those boys, or I'll pepper ye!"

The Overland Special arrived at its next stop with its treasure chest intact and with a bound prisoner. His comrade, amid the agony of the bee bites, had leaped from the train.

Old Danby knew so much about the little honey makers that he soon had them out of the car and back in the box destined for his brother.

"There's a history to that ring," explained Jack, as he slipped the engagement circlet on the finger of blushing Nance Burdick back at their home town a few evenings later.

"Yes," chuckled his father seriously, "history with a life past over the road for yours truly, and a check from the railroad company big enough to spare something for a wedding present."

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Different Note.

The teacher turned the slip of paper over with a smile. "I think I shall have it framed and hung on the wall for my encouragement whenever I am cast down," she said.

"What can be in it?" questioned her friend. "I don't get any notes from mothers that I want to hang on the wall."

"This is the first I wanted to keep. It is from Mrs. Warren, and tells me how pleased she is that Teddy is doing so well, and is so interested. And there is added a complimentary word for the teacher. I can't tell you how it cheered me. I think in my ten years' experience I've had all the varieties of complaining notes, but this is the first 'praising' one. I'm interested in all my pupils, of course, but I can't help feeling a little additional interest in Teddy since I see that my efforts are understood and appreciated."

"I suppose lots of mothers feel grateful to a teacher for her efforts," said the other, musingly.

"Well, I wish more of them would take the trouble to say so," said the first—Mother's Magazine.

Thin Chauffeurs.

The latest disciples of the gossip of anti-fat are professional chauffeurs.

"It's scant rations for me if I want to keep my job," said one driver.

"Cloak models and ballet dancers are not more careful of their figures than we fellows will have to be if the owners of automobiles keep on getting squeamish about their tires. We've got to be lightweights, every one of us."

Time was when the man who wanted a chauffeur hired the chap who knew best how to manage a machine, no matter how much he weighed, but lately somebody has been giving the fat chauffeur a black eye by figuring out that his extra fifty pounds or so is a terrible wear and tear on the automobile. That has scared the owner of the car. There's no use, he argues, in adding to an automobile's unavoidable hardships, consequently only chauffeurs who are regular sylphs stand much of a show."

Self-Made.

"Man is fearfully and wonderfully made."

"Yes, woman is fearfully and wonderfully made up."

CLING TO THEIR OWN WAYS

Many Reasons Why It Has Been Hard to Advance Civilization in the Congo Free State.

Here is an instance of how slavery is carried on in the Congo: We had in our school a boy named Chiwabe. One day messengers arrived with the news that Chiwabe's father was dead, another man wounded, and that his mother and her children had been taken slaves. In the course of the next few days we got the details. A sub-chief named Samalonga had owned a slave for some years to another sub-chief. At last, being wearied of constant dinning, and possibly fearing an attack, he had made a night raid on this small village, killed one man, wounded another badly, and had seized all the women and children and everything of value in the village, and marched off. In telling the story the natives repeated asserted that Samalonga had had no previous trouble with Chiwabe's father, and they laughed heartily as if it were rather a good joke on the dead man that he had been thus involved.

In a year's time several such murders were perpetrated in our vicinity. Every man carried a gun if he ventured out of his village. Kazembe ridded himself of a troublesome adversary by shooting him down in cold blood. "That is the way of our fathers," he said proudly. And, naturally, he resented the interference of a European government.—Christian Herald.

TAKEN AT A DISADVANTAGE

Speculating Darky Learned Something of the Range of Vision of Cross-Eyed Man.

A Front Row merchant in Memphis, Tenn., who sells cotton on commission, also carries a general assortment of such goods as his country customers require. This merchant is so cross-eyed that a customer cannot tell where he is looking.

A negro from a cotton plantation came to bring some cotton to sell and buy some supplies of various kinds. While the merchant was getting up the goods the negro stood by the counter, and to him it seemed that the white man had one eye looking toward the front and the other toward the back of the store. He was sure that the merchant was not looking at him, so he took up a pair of socks and stuffed them into his pockets.

"Here, you put them socks back," said the owner.

"I ain't got none of your socks," said the darky.

"Yes, you have got 'em," said the merchant. "I saw you put them in your pocket."

"Mister, is you lookin' at me now?" inquired the darky.

"I sure am," he replied.

"Den here's your socks, boss."—Ex-change.

What Montenegrins Like Best.

The men, sturdy mountaineers, are of fine physique, handsome fellows, all of them. Their dress consists of dark blue baggy trousers, white woolen gaiters, rawhide shoes, a scarlet jacket heavily braided with gold, and a small round cap with black silk around the edge, and the crown of the same color as the jacket, bearing the prince's initials in Servian letters, H. L.

The women are particularly good looking, wear dark skirts, beautifully hand-embroidered blouses, and a sort of long coat, with open sleeves of soft dove gray cloth. Forbidden to wear European hats, they are compelled to adopt an exactly similar cap to the men, except that the crown is embroidered instead of bearing the royal initials.—Charles N. Lurie, in the Tucson Citizen.

O. Henry Many-Sided Genius.

Had not Sidney Porter, better known by his pen name, "O. Henry," decided on a literary career, he might have won fame as a cartoonist, or even as a portrait painter, having natural talent in that direction. It is related of him that when he worked for his uncle as a clerk, a very important-acting gentleman came in one day and ordered some things which were to be charged. He assumed that the young "clerk" knew him, and Porter did not like to admit himself unknown by betraying that he could not write the customer's name. So instead he made a list of the articles sold and at the top jotted a drawing of the gentleman which enabled the uncle to identify the purchaser.

Pen Picture.

"Riddle," says the Pensacola News, "is a steel javelin, silver mounted; a silk pennant on a lance; a bugle call; a shootingstar; a problem in mathematics; a new deck of fine cards; a mandolin solo; a castle on a hill; a prince of Ruritania; he is a yacht with lovely lines approaching Iceland; a high-power rifle; a cavalry charge; a lake in the Alps." We do not know this gentleman, but it is perfectly clear that he must be considerable citizen.—Columbia State.

Shark's Menu Extensive. A tiger shark, captured in Key West harbor, is reported to have contained in its stomach a cow's head, dehorned and mangled; the lower jaws, the vertebral column of a sheep, the scutes of a green turtle, the bones and feathers of two birds, and a lot of tin cans and seaweed. Its jaws measured 1 foot 4 inches, straight across. But why call it a tiger shark? Goat shark or ostrich shark would be more in keeping.

CROP NOTES

BY ROY C. BISHOP
County Agricultural Agent

feed it, if you wish it to grow, and its food was lime, and that you did not want to be stingy in supplying it either, for it would repay you many fold.

"All the speakers advocated the free use of lime, and that every farmer should try a patch of alfalfa. Everything eats it and gets fat, even to the grower's pocketbook.

"Mr. Abbott, of Morrison, Ill., gave a very instructive talk on sweet clover. The main points were that it could be cut for hay the fore part of June, then later for seed, and made a splendid pasture, could be sowed any month of the year almost, and would grow, and on all kinds of soil. Mr. Mann, at the conclusion of Mr. Abbott's address, opposed the growing of sweet clover. First, because there was no use growing sweet clover when alfalfa was better; second, if you once got it in your fields, you could never get rid of it, and he thought any one sowing it would regret it. Other speakers thought so too, and it was easy to see that nothing but alfalfa would go in that meeting. The meeting was a good one too, and well worth any farmer's time and money to attend it."

HIS OPINION.

"It seems to me," ventured the skimp little Hr. Henpeck, "that Professor Peekhead's article advises men to be very careful in their choice of wives lacks—er—well, verisimilitude, or—ah!—some such word. As far as I have ever known the man had no more to do with choosing his wife than he has with getting his photograph taken—he just keeps still, looks pleasant as he can and accepts whatever is given him."—Judge.

Control.

I would have nobody to control me; I would be absolute; and who but I? Now, that he is absolute can do what he likes; he that can do what he likes can take his pleasure; he that can take his pleasure can be content; and he that can be content has no more to desire. So the matter's over; and come what will come, I am satisfied.—Cervantes.

One Man Benefited.

Jukes—"Who was the best man at the wedding?" Jenkins—"Well, I'm not sure. The bride's father got all the bills to pay, the bridegroom had to buy diamond brooches for the bridesmaids, the guests had to give handsome presents; upon my word, I think the best man was the clergyman—he was the only one who made anything out of it."

August 15th Celebration.

Following is an account of the money received by donations and a list showing for what the money was expended. \$62.30 was expended over and above the amount donated.

Receipts—	\$15.00
K. E. Smith	15.00
Christensen & Knudsen	15.00
J. S. Bannon	15.00
W. L. Burns	15.00
Jas. Waters	10.00
First National Bank	10.00
Leslie E. Keeley Co.	10.00
M. L. Huber & Son	5.00
Saratoga Restaurant	5.00
Sodini & Co.	5.00
Ed. Smith	5.00
Adams & Orr	5.00
G. Ohlendorf	5.00
F. Gillispie	5.00
Jno. O'Malley	5.00
R. V. Seymour	5.00
Peter Eeier	5.00
E. B. Lewis	5.00
Dustin & Holbrook	5.00
Boston & McClelland	5.00
Eugene Flager	5.00
W. R. Drew	5.00
C. D. Williams	5.00
Van Emans & Sondergaard	5.00
Miller Bros. & Sons	2.00
Carey & Seabert	5.00
Larsen & Son	3.00
C. M. Baker & Son	3.00
West Side Furniture Co.	3.00
Chas. Burger	2.00
Chris Long	2.00
Gregory & Reeder	2.00
Geo. N. Flager	2.00
E. B. Hayes	2.00
DeWitt Miller	1.50
Frank Reeb & Sons	1.00
Moffett Bros.	1.00
Total Receipts	\$221.50
Expenses—	
Races	\$18.00
Water Fight	10.00
Band	72.00
Advertising	26.20
Lumber for stand	6.31
Drayage	3.00
Building stand	6.00
M. W. A. Drill Team	18.00
Vaudeville, Sparng Match and Wrestling Match	123.69
Total Expended	\$283.80
Amount expended for attractions in excess of contributions.....	\$ 62.30

Secret of Perfect Mortar Lost.

The man who could disinter the buried recipe for Roman mortar would be bowed down to and worshiped by the builders of the present day. How they made it is a profound secret, and bids fair to remain so. The mortar is as firm now as it was two thousand years ago; it has calmly scoffed at the ravages of time and weather.

Egotistical Man.

Man is essentially egotistical. When he wins on a horse race he complements his own judgment and ability and thinks the horse was lucky.

"AGRICULTURE IS THE FOUNDATION OF COMMERCE."

NORTHERN ILLINOIS FAIR

at Streator, Illinois, September 6 to 13

An Exposition devoted to the Advancement of the Human Race, of Agriculture, Live Stock, Art and Industry, Mechanics, Horticulture, Domestic Science, Education, Women's Work and Humanity

EXHIBITS AMUSEMENTS

Greatest Fair in Northern Illinois
Largest and Best Live Stock Exhibit
"Better Babies" Contest of Wonderful Interest
A Horse Show of Surpassing Merit
Free Attractions Afternoon and Night

EVERY DEPARTMENT A GUARANTEED SUCCESS

The Managers of the Northern Illinois Fair are making every effort to build up in Streator a fair which will fairly rival the great State Fair at Springfield, and their ultimate success is already assured. The fair this year will be much better and bigger than last year. They have provided:

The largest and best buildings of any Fair in the State, outside of Springfield

The largest Amphitheatre, seating 8,000 people in comfort

A Floral Hall which is a dream of kaleidoscopic beauty and attractiveness; 420 feet long by 70 feet wide, which will be filled to the limit with those things that appeal to one's taste and refinement—Textile Fabrics, Art, Educational, etc., etc.

There will be a Horse Show wherein the champions of the world will compete for honors.

The Gladway will have new, interesting and spectacular features—15 great shows and 400 people, with everything up-to-date in the way of amusements.

There will be Free Attractions every afternoon and night. Continuous performances of daring acrobats, gymnasts, and jugglers, drills, and wall scaling—a succession of thrills and laughs—clean and amusing. There'll be:

Music and Drills by Ewing's Zouave Band, winners of fame on two Continents

Trotting and Running Races of the quality that Streator always provides

A prominent feature of the week will be the home-coming of those who have ever lived in this part of the country. If you want to meet an old friend you will find him at the fair.

Everybody is invited to come and bring their families

Every comfort has been provided and a few days at the Fair will not only be interesting and amusing but educational as well. COME TO THE FAIR.

A. R. WOLFE, President

CHAS. WENNINGER, Secretary