

# Ray's Recruit

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(Continued.)

"He's gittin' up, sub. I done called him." And at the moment, rubbing a pair of bleary, sleepy, red rimmed eyes with one hand and buttoning a cavalry sack coat with the other, a stocky, heavily built man of about 35 came leaping down the aisle. Briefly the conductor told his suspicions and asked what help he could have in case of trouble. The cavalryman was evidently a trifle hard to rouse. He seemed slow of comprehension. He pondered a bit, looking dumbly from the conductor to the porter, with eyes that did not clear as rapidly as they should have done. At last he said:

"One of them in this car?"

"Yes, smoking in the compartment yonder."

Following the conductor, the officer meandered up the aisle. The Pullman was swaying violently now. The train had reached the summit of the divide and was rushing down the westward slope at a speed that became swifter every moment. The lieutenant stopped at his berth and rummaged under a pillow.

"You're not getting a gun now?" whispered the conductor warningly.

"No, only a pocket pistol," was the answer as the blue blouse straightened up and produced a half filled flask.

"I wish your men, those recruits, had arms," muttered the conductor as they went on again. Then he held up a warning hand. They were just squeezing through the narrow passage between the smoking compartment and the side of the car. "Wait till I see what he's doing," said Jarvis and disappeared around the corner. Presently he beckoned, and, flask in hand, the lieutenant followed on, glancing casually at the dim form near the window, stepped to the washstand and found a tumbler, half filled it with liquor and proffered it to the conductor, who shook his head. The soldier poured in a little water and swallowed it all at a gulp.

"Now," said he, "let's have a look at your man."

The conductor stepped inside the smoker, feigning to try to decipher the writing on a card he held in his hand, but, as though the light were too dim, reached up and turned higher the flame, brightly illuminating the little compartment in a moment. Gray may have been dozing. He glanced quickly up, as though startled, and his eyes met those of the stout man in cavalry uniform. For a moment they looked at each other searchingly and without a word. A flush as of surprise and annoyance began to mount to the civilian's face; a flush that was not of surprise was already manifest on that of the soldier. The conductor glanced from one to the other as though about to speak.

Suddenly the night was rent by one sharp, quick, almost agonized shriek from the engine far ahead. Suddenly, so suddenly that it almost hurled Jarvis and the lieutenant off their feet, the airbrakes gripped like a vise, the whizzing wheels instantly checking their way, the smooth, swift motion changed to a jerky, grinding, straining series of bumps. Jarvis, turning white as a sheet, sprang to the door the instant he could recover balance. For six or eight seconds the Pullman went thumping ahead, slower and slower every second, yet still at dangerous speed. Then came a thunderous shock and crash. Gray, whose feet were on the opposite seat, doubled up like a jackknife, his nose and knees jammed together, the back seat clamped tight against that in front. The lieutenant shot forward out of sight and was overheard fetching up with a resounding thump against the front

door. There was a cracking of window glass, a sound of stifled shrieks and groans. The big car recoiled some 30 or 40 yards, then came to a standstill, and Mr. Gray, scrambling out from the smoking compartment, nearly stumbled over the prostrate officer, who was slowly finding his feet. But, following some half articulate cry for help, Gray darted through the narrow passageway into the curtained aisle, now rapidly filling with men, much more dazed than dressed, some of them bleeding from contusions, all of them shaken and scared, and slowly sliding out of the nearest berth came a blue robed, slender, senseless form—that of the soft voiced occupant who an hour earlier had imperturbed him for water. In an instant Gray stooped, raised her in his arms, bore her through the passage, nearly capsizing the lieutenant the second time, laid her flat upon the long seat in the smoker and applied his fine cambric handkerchief to a gash in the left temple, from which the blood was oozing.

## CHAPTER IV.

A melancholy scene of wreck and disaster was that which greeted the eyes of Mr. Gray when perhaps half an hour later he stepped from the platform and made his way forward. Through some strange neglect of telegraphic orders from Butte the conductor and engineer of No. 12 had not been bidden to side track at Thunder Gap, but had been sent spinning on their way down grade five miles to Alkali Flats, where the road crossed to the northeast, and began to climb over the divide to Bowlder Creek, and right here, at the end of a straightaway mile of track, the headlight of the Pacific express flashed into view. Each engineer sighted the glaring eye of the other's steed at the same instant. Each sounded his warning cry. Each instantly reversed his lever, reckless of cylinder heads. Long had vainly sprung the airbrake, and No. 12's brakemen had spun their iron wheels for all they were worth, but still, with the fearful momentum of their down grade rush, the two trains dashed at each other like maddened bulls, and engineer and firemen, having done all that mortal men could do, jumped for their lives a second or two before the crash. The lighter train of the two, the express, had so far slackened speed that Long and his fireman, landing and rolling in the soft sand, were but slightly hurt. The engineer of the freight, however, was tumbled heels over head and then knocked senseless by a flying splinter. The fireman had only just been found as Gray reached the point where the two engines, locked deep in each other's embrace, stood welded together, a tangled mass of metal. The whistle of one of them, dislocated by the shock, was emitting a low, moaning sound, as of some huge beast in agony. The tender of the express had telescoped half its length through the mail car and the postal clerk had been hauled from under a confused heap of coal and mail sacks. The mail car in turn had smashed in the front of the express, and this, forced flat against the front of the baggage car, left the messenger a helpless prisoner within his own premises, unable to open even a side door. How the baggage man escaped death he never could tell. He and his trunks were hurled to the front end of the car, all in a heap, yet, barring damages to clothing and cuticle, he was little the worse for the adventure. Then came the carload of recruits. Hardly a man of their number had a whole skin left. The seats were wrenched loose, the windows were shattered. The smoker, too, was a sight. Its few occupants had been hurled about promiscuously and were still swearing when Gray got to the front.

People in the day coach were less damaged, but equally dazed, and in the two Pullmans consternation reigned supreme. The excursionists were all sound asleep up to the instant of impact, and those in the upper berths had been tumbled into the aisle and all the carload violently shaken. But in the forward Pullman the actual damage was greater. The porter was groaning with a twisted back. Two of the men were badly wrenched. Lieutenant Rawson had a bump as big as a grapefruit on the side of his head. Mrs. Mainwaring, though uninjured, was so terrified as to be worse than helpless, and as for the fair girl with her, she had happened to be awake, had lifted herself on her elbow at the shriek of the whistle, fearful of ill, and almost instantly had been dashed against the edge of the seat and cruelly stunned. Of the freight train, the six cars immediately behind the engine were crushed to fragments, and the fragments hurled far and wide. It was from under a heap of these they lugged the fireman as Gray appeared. This summed up the damage to person and material, but not to nerves, tempers or records for piety. The language of Mr. Jarvis and his friend of the freight train

begged description. The cavalry sergeant felt an access of envious respect as he listened. Lieutenant Rawson invited both to have a drink, and this time it was accepted.

It was a five mile stretch up to the Gap, and much more than that back to Bowlder, but news of the mishap had to be sent and help summoned. It was then that Gray's shabby tramp had come to the fore. He had been warmed, fed and rested as he had not been for a week. He was used to walking, he said, and offered to carry the conductor's penciled dispatch. It should have been sent by a brakeman of the freight, but both were lamed and badly bruised. Jarvis looked more than uncertain at first, but finally gave the man the important paper. Twenty minutes later the two cowboys, despite bangs and bruises, declared that they, too, would "hoof it," and pushed ahead through the pallid dawn. Gray, silent and observant, appeared just as they departed and found the lieutenant, the two conductors and the cavalry sergeant in a quadrangular council. At sight of the newcomer Jarvis cautioned silence and dissolved the meeting.

The girl whom Gray had so promptly and tenderly cared for had recovered consciousness within five minutes. She looked up, dazed and startled, into the strange face bending over her, and then almost instantly asked for Mrs. Mainwaring.

"She is unhurt," said Gray quietly. "Don't worry. You have quite a bruise here on the side of your head. Please lie still until I check the bleeding. Mrs. Mainwaring will be back in a moment."

Mrs. Mainwaring had been there, half distracted, wringing her hands and laughing and crying by turns, and was now lying in her berth, being minister-

ed to by some sympathetic woman from the other car. Another had come to aid Gray, but, seeing how deftly he bathed and stanchd the wound, she confined her attentions to wetting towels and passing them to the strange gentleman. So skillful were his ministrations that the young lady presently declared herself able to sit up and walk and insisted on seeing Mrs. Mainwaring. She was assisted to her feet, and, leaning on his arm, was taken to her friend. Gray left her there, slipped quietly away and came forth, his heart beating with odd emotion.

The next thing he found to do was to help straighten out the fireman of the freight, who was shaking like an aspen, completely demoralized and almost crying. He, too, had struck soft sand when he leaped from the train, but after a somersault or two had been buried under an avalanche of splintered board distributed from the roofs, sides and flooring of the shattered cars. The heavy trucks, wheels and beams fortunately had not been hurled more than a dozen yards from the track, but kindling wood in distracting quantities had been showered far and near. The handsome silver topped flask, so admired by the sergeant at the Junction, was promptly produced, and the fireman took a long, long pull. Then Gray bent thoughtfully to his tramp. The recruits and passengers, mingling in a confused knot with the damaged men, were still grouped about the wreck, some detailing personal impressions and experiences, some noisy and nervous, others silent and doubtless thankful for their escape, others still thinking only of the injured. Of these latter was Gray, at whom the conductor was scowling suspiciously the while and saying something in a low tone to the lieutenant.

"Do you know what became of that poor fellow we picked up at Willow Springs?" asked Gray of the brakeman, who was ruefully contemplating a ruined lantern. The man looked up instantly, but instead of answering turned and glanced significantly at the conductor.

"If you want him," said the latter coolly, "you'll have to follow the track five miles or more. Perhaps you know the two that went after him. Birds of a feather, I take it—bound for the Gap and a spree on what's left of that \$10 bill."

"I'm very glad to hear he isn't hurt," said Gray. "You've sent for help, I presume?"

"I've sent a message by that tramp friend of yours, if that's what you mean. None of my crew or the freight could walk a mile."

All this time Lieutenant Rawson stood aloof, his forage cap pulled down over his brows, intently eyeing the stylishly dressed man in tweeds. Gray became conscious of the scrutiny, and it annoyed him. Of the passengers in the day coach none were men whom he would have been at all likely to meet on equal terms in his past. Among those of the forward sleeper only two or three appeared to be men of education or social standing, and they were nursing their bruises back in the lavatory. The young fellows of the rear Pullman were laughing and chatting noisily together as they rummaged about the wreck. The officer was the one man aboard the train whom ordinarily Gray would have felt inclined to address. But while the uniform and the assurance of at least a certain social standing on the part of its wearer attracted him there was that in Rawson's face which repelled. Nor was this wholly due to the fact that it lacked refinement

and was a trifle bloated, that the eyes were somewhat dull and clouded, but in them Gray read unerringly an expression of distrust, even of hostility, and the pugnacious in him was aroused at once.

All of a sudden he recalled that the porter had told him Mrs. Mainwaring was an army lady; so, doubtless, was the young lady with her. Very possibly the lieutenant was their escort, and the escort was wrathful over his usurpation of an escort's functions, so far as the dame was concerned. Gray could not remember the officer's busying himself in any way to aid Mrs. Mainwaring. True, he was still half stunned and was bathing his bruises, while Gray was caring for the very attractive if somewhat disheveled girl in the pale blue wrapper. Something in the contemplation of his loneliness and isolation during the earlier night—a man without a home, the would be sharer of the fireman's seat, the companion of the rude soldier, the aider and abettor of traps—and the exaltation of his present tickled his sense of the humorous. Had he not won the gratitude, the almost effusive thanks, of Mrs. Mainwaring, the eloquent, if silent, recognition of a very pretty girl and now the undoubted jealousy and dislike of an army officer? "There's some fun left in life, even now," was his grim comment, as he calmly studied Rawson's reddening face, gazing speculatively into the latter's shifting eyes until unasily they turned away.

The gray dawn was sheeting the slopes about them, and farther to the west the mountain tops loomed, dim, pallid and white with snow. Fine, soft flakes were sifting down even here, and Long's prediction was being verified. That faithful soldier of his country and "the road" was now stretched on the flat of his back on the floor of the baggage car, with some car seats for mattress, pluckily stifling the moan of pain that would have forced itself through his set teeth. To him came the younger soldier, the sergeant, full of sympathy.

"You're badly shaken, Mr. Long. Wouldn't a little whisky help you?"

said he, the cavalry cure all of the old days most naturally suggesting itself.

"I don't know but what it would,"

groaned the engineer. "The lieutenant has some, hasn't he?"

"Yes, he has," was the half hesitant reply. Then the freemasonry of the craft seemed to show in the look that followed, half comical, half confiding, but all significant. "But—he ain't the sort of man I'd ask for anything. 'Tain't like as if it was Captain Ray or Blake or Truscott or any of them was here, you know. But—I can find you some all right."

And, jumping from the car, Sergeant Kearney went straight to Mr. Gray. "Our engineer, sir," said he, "is badly stove up. Could you oblige me with a little whisky?"

"Certainly," said Gray, going down into his pocket and fishing up the silver topped flask. "Give him a good swig, and, sergeant, help yourself."

The sergeant grinned, thanked him, hurried back to his new friend and gave him what he called an honest cavalry four fingers.

"God!" said Long, smacking his lips, his eyes snapping. "That was an old timer." Then as the potent liquor, long a stranger to his once case hardened system, began glowingly to assert itself he blinked his gratitude and looked admiringly at the handsome flask. "That's a swell stopper you've got to that canteen, sergeant. Where'd you capture it?"

"Tall young fellow in the first sleeper. Seems to have money and whisky, cigars and good nature, till you can't rest," said Kearney in the vernacular of the day, surprised at Long's sudden interest. The engineer braced himself up on an elbow, all eagerness.

"Smooth face, with light mustache, regular six footer, slim, broad shouldered, traveling cap and big ulster?"

"That's the feller. Treated half my squad to pie and coffee back there at the Junction. No end of a swell, I— Why, what's amiss? Say, I wouldn't take another drink just now, would you?" he broke off anxiously, for Long was reaching for the flask.

"I want to see the monogram, or whatever you call it, on that silver stopper. D'ya know what I think of that feller? He's first cousin or twin brother to the foxiest gang of bank and train robbers in the whole country, and if we hadn't run over or run our nose slap into No. 12 right here at Alkali Flats I'm betting my bottom dollar we'd have found his gang waiting for us back of Thunder Gap."

Kearney drew back, startled. Long had seized the flask and was studying the stopper with keen interest. No wonder he couldn't decipher it. There was no monogram. Instead there was a queer shaped shield with diagonal lines and odd little figures, like tiny leaves, cut on the surface, and above it was the paw of an animal grasping a dagger, and there was a scroll with some words in a foreign tongue, Long knew not what. He searched the cup of silver that fitted on the base, but that was smooth and polished. The red Russia leather covering also bore no mark.

"That don't look like a train robber," said Kearney, pointing to the device on the top of the stopper. "Ain't that what you call a coat of arms, or something?"

(To be Continued.)

New cooking figs, Valencia and seeded raisins, cleaned currants, candied peels, etc. for Xmas baking at Beer & Goff's.

## Going Up Stairs.

If you are suffering from anæmia (poverty of the blood) or from a weak heart the fact will be made painfully apparent every time you have occasion to walk up stairs.

On such occasions does your heart beat violently? Do you feel out of breath? Do your limbs ache, and are you easily exhausted?

These are signs of anæmia and heart weakness. Pale, sunken eyes, thin cheeks, loss of appetite, and general languor are other signs. Organic disease of the Heart or Consumption may easily follow if your condition is neglected.

### Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

FOR PALE PEOPLE,

cure anæmia and heart weakness, and banish all these symptoms. They make men and women strong and energetic, and are equally valuable for young and old. These pills make new, rich blood with every dose, and strengthen weak or exhausted nerves.

HEALTH BROKEN DOWN.

HAD NOT STRENGTH TO WALK.

Mr. John Barley, Lachute Mills, says:—"Up to about seven years ago I had always been a healthy man. At that time my health began to give way, and at last I was left almost a physical wreck, the least exertion would leave me breathless and exhausted and for the last five years have not been able to do steady work for the best part of the time, and as the many medicines I tried failed to help me, I had begun to look upon my case as almost hopeless. Finally a friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and now after the use of only five boxes I am feeling well and strong. It is simply marvelous what they have done for me, and I shall always recommend them to my friends."

Miss Leba C. Schilling, Peninsula-Gaspe, Que., writes:—"I had suffered for some time with a weary feeling. I had not strength to walk about. I could not walk even a short distance without being out of breath. I took no interest in anything, as I thought nothing could do me any good. On the recommendation of a friend I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had only taken them for a short time when I noticed a great improvement. I was strong enough to walk a long distance without resting, and felt better in every way. I would recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills highly to all other sufferers, and think they will be surprised at the results obtained from their use."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have also cured paralysis, locomotor ataxy, rheumatism, and sciatica; also all diseases arising from impoverishment of the blood, scrofula, chronic erysipelas, consumption of the bowels and lungs, general muscular weakness, loss of appetite, palpitations, pains in the back, nervous headache, and neuralgia, early decay, all ladies' weaknesses and hysteria. These pills are a tonic, not a purgative. Sold by all druggists or by mail post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

As many worthless substitutes are offered be sure you ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.



## Woman's Weakness

A woman's reproductive organs are in the most intense and continuous sympathy with her kidneys. The slightest disorder in the kidneys brings about a corresponding disease in the reproductive organs. Dodd's Kidney Pills, by restoring the kidneys to their perfect condition, prevent and cure those fearful disorders peculiar to women. Pale young girls, worn-out mothers, suffering wives and women entering upon the Change of Life, your best friend is

Dodd's Kidney Pills