

How He Got His Start.

(Original.)

The other day I asked my friend Soper which one of the many stories I had heard as to how he got his start was true. He said they were all false and gave me the correct version as follows:

To tell the truth, my start was made for me. Twenty years ago I was working from place to place, beating my way between places by hanging myself up under a railroad train. One day I was caught deadheading it on a freight train, and the conductor allowed me to ride on provided I would man a brake. This led to my being permanently employed as brakeman.

One hot summer afternoon I was sitting on the brake wheel of one of the cars on my train, while the engine was tugging at a long line of cars loaded with grain with that short puff peculiar to a freight train. We were traversing long stretches of prairie land, with not a tree to protect us from the sun. The car before me was a dilapidated old fashioned one, with a door at the end. I noticed it especially, for it was unlike any other car on the train. While I was meditating as to how it had got mixed with newer cars I was astonished to see the door open a few inches and a man peer out cautiously. His caution was useless, for I was looking right at him. Throwing the door wide open, he revealed a car empty except of corn husks, which served as bedding, and a woman and several boys and girls, the oldest of whom was a bright eyed young girl of about twenty. I knew at once that by some ingenious method they had secured the car and were traveling as freight.

"Couldn't stand it," said the man, with a lugubrious smile. "We'd have suffocated without some air. Are you going to give us away?"

"Well," I said, "only the keenest sense of honesty would drive me to do so, seeing that I've done a lot of railroad beating myself. But I confess your scheme is bolder and more original than anything I've ever tried. How did you work it?"

"Got a friend in the elevator where the cars were loaded. I selected this car, the door being on the end and the bolts inside. My friend and I went with the agent when he sealed the cars, and we sealed this one for him. My family and the stores were all in at the time."

The man invited me down into the car, and his wife gave me a fine snack. There were cold ham and bread and butter, canned tongue and a big stone jug of water, though I confess the water was not very cool. But the principal thing in the car for me was the oldest daughter, just as pretty as a picture and with a smile that knocked me out the first time she brought it to bear on me. I stayed in the car, talking and laughing with them, till I heard a whistle for brakes, when I climbed for the wheel and pulled like a man with an uneasy conscience.

For the rest of the journey I kept an eye out for the passengers and more than once saved them from detection. During the ride one of the youngsters set up a bowl while the train was stopped, and I managed to keep every railroad employee away from the car till we started on. When we got to the end of the route I kept watch, giving a signal for them to leave the car when there was no one about.

Being only a brakeman, I didn't see my way to keeping up the acquaintance, but I kept thinking of the daughter. One day five years after the famous ride I met her father on the street. He recognized me at once and put out his hand. He had changed very much in appearance, looking extremely prosperous. I didn't wonder at his prosperity, for any man with as much resource and ingenuity as he is bound to succeed at last. He asked me to come to see him at his office, which I did, and he took me into his employ. As soon as I could get some good clothes I went to the house and renewed my acquaintance with his family. They were living handsomely, but hadn't forgotten their days of poverty, for in the library hung a framed photograph of the car in which they



The Swine and the Flower

Oh me! I saw a huge and loathsome sty,
Wherein a drove of wallowing swine were barred,
Whose banquet shocked the nostril and the eye;
Then spoke a voice, "Behold the source of LARD!"

I fled, and saw a field that seemed at first
One glistening mass of roses pure and white,
With dewy buds mid dark green foliage nursed;
And as I lingered o'er the lovely sight,
The summer breeze that cooled that Southern scene,
Whispered, "Behold the source of COTTOLENE!"

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COTTOLENE is a pure and wholesome frying and shortening medium, made from refined cottonseed oil. There is not an ounce of hog fat in it to make food unwholesome, greasy and indigestible. As evidence of its superiority, COTTOLENE received Grand Prize (highest possible award) at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition;

and Gold Medals (also representing highest awards in each case) at the Charleston Exposition, the Paris Exposition, and the Chicago World's Fair. In fact, in every case wherever COTTOLENE has been exhibited in competition with other cooking fats, it has invariably been granted the highest award.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, CHICAGO

Rings Round Eyes

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The ills peculiar to women, take different forms. Some ladies suffer, every month, from dark rings round their eyes, blotches on their skin and tired feeling. Others suffer agonies of pain, that words can hardly express. Whatever the symptoms, remember there is one medicine that will go beyond mere symptoms, and act on the cause of their troubles, the weakened womanly organs.

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had made their famous deadhead journey. The father had one day seen the car standing in a railroad yard, recognized it and had it photographed.

Not one of the family ever forgot my keeping their secret on that freight train, besides helping them out. The oldest girl had had several years of affluence in which to become used to the ways of tony people; but, although she had swell young fellows coming to see her, I noticed that I was the only one to whom she gave any encouragement. Meanwhile I was being advanced by her father, who was growing rich very fast. So one day I asked him for his daughter, and he told me he couldn't keep her from me if he would and he wouldn't if he could. So in time we were married, he gave us a house, and we set up housekeeping for ourselves. Now I am the manager of the business and, as you know, quite comfortable. My wife is fond of the episode that introduced us, and on our wedding anniversaries we always drink to what we call the corn shuck car.

Soper having come to the end of his story, I remarked:

"I didn't know your father-in-law was ever reduced to such straits"

"He was, and if you'll examine the record of a number of men who have carved out fortunes from nothing you will find that many of them went through some such experience. It's the pluck and ingenuity to tide over the sand bars that win in the end."

S. HUNTER HALSEY.

MARRIED IN HASTE

Let Us All Hope They Will Not Repent at Leisure

Philadelphia, Jan. 8.—Philadelphia the marriage of Mrs. Mary A. Clarke, of 224 St. Mark's Square, to Benjamin Franklin James to be on the record as swift events in 1908. The lady was the widow of F. Clarke, cricket expert and writer and former president of

the Standard Engraving Company. Prior to the death of Mr. Clarke, fifteen months ago, Mr. James had been in his employ.

He became a frequent caller at the home, and when a suitable time had elapsed began courting Mrs. Clarke. A few days ago he made a whirlwind call on the widow at noon, proposed, was accepted and won consent for a wedding ceremony that same afternoon.

That was the signal for rapid work. Calling a cab, the jubilant suitor drove in haste to the marriage license clerk's office. From there he went to the jeweler's. The telephone was used to call the minister, a friend of the bridegroom. Then the decorator was told to get busy, and a short time later a wagon drew up before the Clarke home with the proper floral and other decorations for the wedding. That accomplished, James went to his own home and, filling a suitcase with clothes, he attired himself in fitting wedding garments.

At the Clarke home the bride-to-be was similarly busy. The butcher, baker and confectioner were called up by telephone. The cook and servants were informed of the coming celebration. Neighbors were invited as guests to make up the bridal party, and then the bride hastily went through her wardrobe to find a wedding gown suitable for the occasion.

When the bridegroom reported at the house, it was found he had forgotten nothing. License and ring were both in his coat pocket. The wedding was performed. Then Mr. and Mrs. James sat at the head of their own table and entertained the hastily summoned guests and cut a real wedding cake, still hot from the baker's oven.

The time elapsing between the proposal and the words, "I pronounce you man and wife" was just five hours.

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