

**BY FREIGHT.**

By ALISON DRURY.

"Freight carried at passenger speed," was the advertised slogan of the Dayton & Circle railroad. A single track line traversing fifty miles once a day, its one locomotive, two gondolas and three box cars swung around the belt circle taking in twelve small towns.

The D. & C. was a private enterprise owned by wealthy business men, its functions simple, its profits pretentious. The train was manned by the engine crew only.

Aleck Pearce, an estimable young man at Brompton, was in charge of the one small freight house. He had gone away on a vacation and a visiting cousin, Rodney Walton, had temporarily taken his place. The latter was a young man of fortune and leisure and rather enjoyed the novelty of real work. He looked around from his desk as footsteps echoed. Then he turned around, for a sweet-faced, bright-eyed girl of eighteen confronted him with an eager, excited face.

"Please, I wish to go to Fairville," she spoke.

"On the Circle? Hardly," replied Rodney, "you see, under our charter we are not allowed to take passengers. There is the Central."

"Yes, I know, but I missed the ten o'clock train by three minutes and there isn't another until five. And I must be at Fairville by three, for I am to be bridesmaid to my dearest friend. Can't you take me, please? And stow me away in any odd corner."

Rodney Walton shook his head in negative.

"You see, Miss, I am only acting as a substitute and have to obey orders. Hold on," added Rodney quickly, as the applicant bordered tearfulness, and he took down a book. "No passengers, but—live stock. Let us see, Ah! here it is, we take on—pigs, he was going to say, but substituted 'lamb, yes, little lamb.'"

"Then why not?"

"But they have to be crated."

"Then—then crate me," courageously suggested Ada Morton. "Oh, I must not be late at the wedding."

"You would have to ride in a dusty, rattling freight car," Rodney advised her. "And you would have to be weighed and tagged, just like a piece of freight—impossible, young lady!"

But Ada Morton was all the more determined. Rodney took a cardboard form from a pigeon hole. "I would have to write your name and destination," he declared, "and tie it to your arm and schedule you as live stock as so much a pound."

"But I don't care, if you'll get me to Fairville and dear, waiting Elton Wayne!"

The unique situation caused Rodney to smile. He went into a lumber room and came dragging thence a light framework that had held a piano lamp. He carried this outside and thrust it into the half loaded box car.

When, five minutes later, he helped Miss Morton into the car, he had placed a stool inside the upright crate, had tied a freight ticket to her arm and loosely tacked a thin piece of lathing across the frame.

"Not very luxurious," he commented. "Oh, it's just delightful!" declared Ada. "You dear, good man! And the novelty of it!"

He left the car door partly opened, seated himself on a box, a small satchel between his feet, and rather congratulated himself for providing so acceptably for the darling wishes of this captivating young lady, who beamed with grateful smiles.

The train did not halt until it had progressed over fifteen miles. It came to an abrupt halt and Rodney went to the door and looked out.

"Something out of order with the engine," he explained. "I'll go ahead and find out what the trouble is. Please keep your eye on this, will you?" and he moved the little satchel near to Ada.

Five minutes had elapsed, when Ada bent forward, fixing her eyes upon two men emerging from some bushes. They conversed, exchanged revolvers and one of them ran to the car:

"Hello!" he ejaculated, staring wonderingly, "who are you?"

"I'm freight, please," announced Ada. Just then the locomotive whistled. Rodney appeared.

"Hands up?" ordered the intruder. Now then, you produce the cash you are taking for the bank to Fairville."

"Where is it?" coolly submitted Rodney. "The Central does that by express."

"Well, we've got a tip you're doing it today. Satchel—twenty thousand dollars. Come, produce."

"Search for yourself, if you're so sure it's here," and in wonderment Rodney observed that the satchel had disappeared. The other ransacked among the boxes. Ada had arisen, her hands clasped in real or assumed terror. The train started up. The baffled road agent leaped outside muttering, "I fancy we got a wrong steer."

"Was there twenty thousand dollars in the satchel?" asked Ada.

"Yes, but where is it?"

Daintily Miss Morton drew aside her skirts. The satchel protruded from the folds.

"You grand, brave girl!" cried Rodney. "If the company don't give you at least five hundred, the bank shall!"

Rodney Walton called Ada Morton dearer names than that before the month was out, and a part of the reward for her thoughtfulness went toward paying for a wedding trousseau.

**Rann-dom Reels**

By HOWARD L. RANN

**THE BABY CAB.**

THE baby cab is a round-shoudered vehicle which can be used over and over again with satisfactory results, and usually is.

Very few homes in which babies appear with cheerful regularity attempt to get along without a baby cab. This is because the average baby cannot be carried for any great distance without causing a fond father to wheeze like a leaky accordion. We have often wondered why it is that a wife who is a model in other respects will allow a two-year-old baby to toddle down town, when she is shopping, and then compel the father to turn himself into a human hack by lugging the said baby home with both lungs reaching out for more air at every step.

In the early dawn of civilization woman was kept in a lower sphere and was obliged to get along without baby cabs and kid curlers and similar luxuries. The Indian wife and mother carried her baby on her back, in a neat crate, which was a sensible and satisfactory arrangement all around. Today, however, we see thousands of embarrassed young husbands compelled by their wives to push a collapsible baby cab through the crowded streets, wearing a sickly look of resigned martyrdom.

Baby cabs are built in several models, and can be made to accommodate twins or triplets with perfect ease. There is nothing more inspiring to all who love our country and delight to watch it grow than the sight of a



"Ever and anon lifting melodious voices in song."

set of chubby triplets reposing in a willow-basket baby cab and ever and anon lifting melodious voices in song. The twin baby cab is also a popular variety, and it can be propelled over frozen ground with less danger of string halt than the triplet type.

The baby cab, as used in many homes, is a sign of man's bondage to woman, and yet the average husband remains cheerful and uncomplaining, which teaches us that heroism is not always found in high places.

(Copyright.)

**Just Folks**

By EDGAR A. GUEST

**MEMORY.**

I stood and watched him playing,  
A little lad of three;  
And back to me came straying  
The years that used to be;  
In him the boy was Maying  
Who once belonged to me.

The soft-same brown his eyes were  
As those that once I knew;  
As glad and gay his cries were,  
He owned his laughter, too.  
His features bright and size were  
My baby's, through and through.

His ears were those I'd sung to;  
His chubby, little hands,  
Were those that I had clung to;  
His hair in golden strands  
It seemed my heart was strung to  
By love's unbroken bands.

With him I lived the old days  
That seem so far away;  
The beautiful and bold days  
When he was here to play;  
The sunny and the gold days  
Of that remembered May.

I know not who he may be  
Not where his home may be,  
But I shall every day be  
In hope again to see  
The image of the baby  
Who once belonged to me.

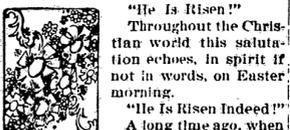
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**MILITANT MARY**

I have no wealth or influence,  
I can't go forth to fight  
But I can fill my own small sphere—and DO MY OWN WORK RIGHT!

**THREE WORDS TELL STORY OF EASTER**

Christianity Based on Simple Phrase That Points the Glorious Story of Resurrection.



"He Is Risen!" Throughout the Christian world this salutation echoes, in spirit if not in words, on Easter morning.

"He Is Risen Indeed!" A long time ago, when the Christian religion was young and its priests and advocates were actively stamping out heathen customs, or turning to Christian usage those which could not be obliterated, these forms of Easter greeting and response became the universal custom.

They were accompanied by the Easter kiss, as much a part of the salutation as the set form of words, "He Is Risen!"

The words in this age are not spoken in general greeting. The custom has centered in the spokesmen for the people, and the greetings ring from pulpits in all Christian churches. They are sung by the choirs of the civilized world.

Thus does the manner but not the custom change in Christian religious observances. The kiss, which always accompanied Easter greetings in the days when those observing it were not as legion as today, has been forgotten—set aside as being unnecessary.

**The Divine Message.** Probably no other feast day, or no other world event has its import described so truly, so significantly, as Easter day. Three words tell the story of the event on which Christianity is founded. Three words tell of the Resurrection, on which the hope of the world and all the world to come, is founded. Three words tell of the plan of Redemption—of the divine purpose of Christ.

There was a time prior to the activity of reformers in the sixteenth century, when Easter Sunday was referred to as the "Sunday of Joy," when dancing and sports were the order of the occasion and when the clergy related stories and traditions from the pulpits with a view of developing the laughter of the congregation. This practice was not developed from a spirit of irreverence. The people in those days thought of Easter as the most joyful day of the calendar, and it was natural that they should consider laughter as being an integral part of a day of joy, hence the pains the clergy were at to tickle the risibilities of the people.

The reformers changed this order. They began to think more seriously of the Easter festival, and when they arrived at a deeper understanding of the meaning of "He Is Risen," their way was clear to them. The solemnity of the three words convinced them that levity in the churches was not in keeping with reverential, dignified, or decent feelings. The manner changed, but not the custom.

**Herald of Easter Morn.** Out of the Reformation came the three words stronger in meaning than ever, and on down through the corridors of time they have heralded Easter morning.

If one were to become analytical in observing the Easter season it would not be difficult to arrive at the conclusion that the occasion, wherever it is recognized, is rooted in the hearts of individuals. Easter joy is not the result of usage or of custom as much as it springs naturally from the spirits of the people—spirits touched with the joy of great awakening which offered future glory to the world. All these thoughts blend together in anticipating the dawn of Easter morning; all these thoughts fill the lives of the earth's peoples.

Even the chiming of the church bells on Easter morning have a special significance. They seem to be clearer and more appealing. Many of those who have stepped outside the accepted boundaries of religion have been brought back within the fold on Easter morning by no other influence than the thoughts rising within them at the sound of chimes. They may have heard the same chimes many other mornings; heard the sound in an unconscious sort of manner, without being stirred by any new emotion. But on Easter morning—that is different, for is it not the world awakening and are not the people, with the brightness of the season reflected upon them, answering the calling bells?

**IN LIGHTER VEIN**

**The Challenge.**  
He—A kiss is the language of love.  
She—Dumpty.—Boston Transcript.

**Its Advantage.**  
"Do you think her culture is a good business?" "Well, it is one which keeps on humming."

**Inconsistent.**  
"Are you fond of skating?" "Yes, but as a rule I am down on the ice."

**Better Results.**  
"I see they are experimenting with a machine for laying the dust." "I'd rather have one for raising it."

**Quick Verdict.**  
Poet—Here is a poem I have just indited.  
Editor (reading)—Guilty!

**A SHADOWY BRIDE.**

By OTILLIA G. PFEIFFER

The pale, tall and thin young man in the outer office of Evans, Denton & Bliss, leading city lawyers, betokened a shadow of anxiety and disappointment as the head clerk reappeared after taking from him a package containing his week's grist of copied legal documents.

"Sorry, Mr. Trescott," he said, "but there will be no more work for you."

"Is there dissatisfaction?" interrogated Vance Trescott quickly. "I have been ill. Perhaps my hand has been a trifle unsteady, but I am growing stronger daily."

"Your work has been uniformly clear and correct, and there is not the vestige of a fault to find with you. Here is your pay for the week. You see, Mr. Evans has employed a regular secretary, son of a valuable client. I believe, and we will not send any copy work out of the office hereafter. You might speak to Mr. Evans, if you like."

"Thank you," bowed Trescott, but dispiritedly. He entered the private office of Robert Evans. The latter nodded pleasantly to him.

"I suppose Wilbur has told you?" he spoke. "Sorry, for you have a good record with us."

"A good record and no entanglements," he murmured thoughtfully. "Could you come here tomorrow at ten? You need money and a rest. Trescott, and I think I can make you a proposition that will put you in a position where worry and overwork will disappear."

Vance Trescott slept little that night. He was at a point in his experience where his resources were drained to the utmost limit. To be deprived of work just now, in his weakened condition, was to face deprivation and suffering. He supported a crippled sister and, despite restricted earnings, he had been able to furnish her sufficient to keep her from want.

Trescott was on time to the minute when he reached the law offices the next morning. He sat in the outer room, awaiting the summons from Mr. Evans. He was apparently unobserved by an old gentleman and a veiled companion who entered and spoke to the chief clerk. As the latter retired, the young lady removed the veil she wore. For a fleeting moment her face was revealed, for an instant only Vance Trescott viewed the most beautiful woman he had ever met. The young lady dothed the veil and replaced it, and then the chief clerk escorted them into the private office of Mr. Evans. A few minutes later he reappeared, beckoned to Trescott and ushered him also into the same private sanctum.

"I am engaged for an hour," spoke Mr. Evans. "Could you return later?"

"Oh, surely," replied Trescott and bowed himself out, and the pose of the girl behind the veil suggested that she was regarding him closely. When he returned at 11 o'clock the lawyer was alone.

"Trescott," he spoke at once. "I have a proposition to make to you. I know you are a man who can keep his own counsel and that I can trust you. The strange necessity has arisen with a client of mine that his daughter become married. It means her protection and the defiance and defeat of plotting relatives. I have here five thousand dollars, and the speaker placed his hand on a sealed envelope. "It is yours if you will consent to wed an estimable young woman, depart, forget her, and I promise you that within two years you shall become legally free."

Vance Trescott was spellbound at the strange proposition. Mr. Evans went into no further details, but the result was that Trescott that evening, in a dimly lighted room in the presence of a clergyman, her father and two witnesses whom Trescott did not know, was married to a girl whose name and history he was totally ignorant of.

Within the month he had purchased a pretty little home for his sister in a suburb and devoted his energies to literary pursuits, a line in which he had been always ambitious. The possession of money amid peaceful surroundings soon restored his health, and except for constant thought of the stranger he had wedded his life was an enjoyable one.

"The postmaster sent a lady boarder to us today," spoke his sister one evening, and Vance Trescott marveled when he recognized in this new comer the girl he had so mysteriously married. She must have recognized him, but, if so, she made no sign. She told Vance's sister that her father had died recently, that his estate had been found sadly complicated, and that she was seeking retirement and rest until it was settled.

Then began a strange experience for Trescott. Viola West, as their guest called herself, became a welcome friend to the sister.

"Mr. Trescott," spoke their guest, "I have a confession to make to you."

"I can anticipate it," said Trescott promptly. "I have known your identity since the first day you came here. There was a motive in your coming?"

"I was friendless, lonely, and felt it only justice to you to bring affairs to a point where I could assist you in annulling the strange marriage."

"Because you desire it?" spoke Trescott in a low, intense tone.

She lowered her eyes and faltered. Her frame quivered with poorly concealed emotion.

"Because, if not," added Trescott tenderly, "why should there be another parting?" and such did not come to pass.

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