

PRISMATIC
There's not a light in the broken sky.
The world is wrapped in rain.
The color angel has shut his eyes.
And the sun is asleep again.
But Margarette is in the window stand—
Barren eyes of blue
Are looking far into fairy lands
As she looks a grim through
I turn to smile on the eager child.
And old dreams rise again.
I know what colors run rich and wild
Over the blurred, wet window pane;
A rainbow glory floods the air
And jewels the colors lose.
How many of us, like the baby there,
Have looked a grim through
Oh! fairy prism that life bestows!
And breaks too soon, alas!
Oh, lovely vision that throbs and glows
Through youth's enchanted glass!
Oh! how will it be when the prism falls
And gone is the gold and blue?
When the cold, cold voice of the real calls
And the sweet dream comes not true?
We had visions—we all look through
A prism that falls and breaks
Alas! for the dreams that come true
And the soul that light forsakes!
But when Time's glass falls from our hands
The prism is untraced
We find lost light in better lands
If only the dream comes true!
—Margaret Hunt Liebman

THE ACCIDENT.

Within a few miles of its terminus the railroad passed through a valley, narrow, to be sure, but of great and unusual beauty. The sides and crests of the surrounding hills were dotted with the pretty cottages of suburban residents, but the country was not yet so closely settled as to have lost all picturesque quality, and although the houses were near, they were simple, and the lawns, though well kept, were still undisturbed by the noise of the train. The neighborhood had not yet reached that stage in its development where its new houses were built upon unimproved plots furnished ready-made to rural carpenters by enterprising speculators. Nor had its occasional churchyard yet lost all sense of rest and peace. Simple grave-stones there were, but no pretentious monuments. But even here death itself took its victim unawares or stood forth to fight boldly for his own as he pleased.

It was here that many years before John Dorsey had made for himself a home, and it was here that he was now about to die.

There had been an accident. It was a very slight one, and its cause was almost ridiculous. John Dorsey, the conductor of the sleeping car train, had been the only one hurt. He, however, although fatally injured, suffered almost no pain and was entirely conscious of his surroundings and condition. He had, indeed, stated his belief that he was about to die long before the doctor had been able to ascertain the character of his injuries or to form any opinion of the probable result. His insistence upon this even annoyed the doctor.

"Dorsey," he said, "you must not speak so. You are too young to die, and we shall save you."

As soon as could be after the accident Dorsey had been carried to a neighboring house, and Dr. Irwin had been sent for by men on the train who had known of the intimate friendship which existed between the two. This friendship was of earlier date than Dorsey's connection with the railroad, and that seemed to Dorsey's fellow employees to have begun almost ages before.

Although Dorsey had been always as frank and candid as a man well could be in reference to all his later life, in regard to his earlier past he was singularly reticent. Among his fellows there had always been considerable speculation as to what his youth had been.

Some who had known of his intimacy with Dr. Irwin, and of his ability to meet upon terms of personal equality the high officials of the road, and of their regard for him, believed that he had been an old college friend of the doctor's, and that some accident of fate had made him a working railroad man while the doctor had secured his profession. Others less charitable or with an unhappier experience of the world, and puzzled by the reports which reached them of the repeated refusal of Dorsey to take other positions higher and more remunerative, believed that he must have committed some crime, and was therefore careful not to expose himself to too bright a light.

As a matter of fact, he and the doctor had been classmates, but after their graduation they had lost sight of each other for a few years while Dr. Irwin pursued his studies in various foreign hospitals. Upon his return from abroad he had heard of the death of Dorsey's wife and child. He had looked Dorsey up and expostulated with him upon his selection of a vocation. But Dorsey was silent as to the reasons for his choice and quietly persistent in his determination not to change his work if he could help it.

But as frequently as he could Dorsey would visit the doctor and stay with him as much as possible, and their early friendship had grown and ripened. "Tom," Dorsey said to the doctor almost upon his arrival, "I ain glad to see you, but you cannot do anything."

As time went on the doctor reluctantly began to believe that Dorsey was right—that his recovery was impossible. Deeply as the doctor was grieved he was annoyed, too, to feel that his skill would be of no avail to his old friend.

"Why did you follow such an infernal business?" he asked, impatiently. "Don't, Tom," Dorsey replied. "Don't call it that."

"And why should you be the only one to be hurt?"

"Was I the only one?" Dorsey asked.

"Yes."

"That's strange, maybe," Dorsey said, and then his countenance, which had been so remarkable, deserted him, but only for a minute.

"What caused the accident?" he asked. "Do they know?"

"Yes," the doctor replied, and he told of the little land slide which the engineer had seen almost in time, but not quite, and the engine had run into with barely enough force to jar the train its length. "We suppose," he added, "that you must have been shaken between two cars in some way."

"Will it hurt me to talk?" Dorsey asked.

"No," the doctor answered. "And my brain is entirely clear." "Certainly," the doctor replied, wondering a little. "Then let me tell you a great deal I had a fondness always for all cars and trains. The railiest, the pleasantest recollection I have is of the noise of the coupling of cars as they were made into trains in the yards. No music was ever so sweet to me as that. I used to spend all the time I could watching the trains made up and going. No novel ever pleased me so. They made me go through college, you know. I have never regretted it, but then I wanted to be an engineer. That seemed the only place worth having."

"Then you went abroad and I married," the doctor interrupted. "You must not tell me this if it will distress you." "It does not. I want to tell you, I have so many things wanted to tell you about her, and all it is easy to see her now as she used to sit sometimes with her head upon my knee and her big blue eyes looking in mine so trustfully. She had faith in me." And he panted a little.

"Of course," said the doctor, "and it was deserved, too."

"Yes, and it gladdens me so now to think it was. Matters, too, looked well for us then. Success seemed within striving for. Mary was jealous a little of my love for the railroad. I always loved it, as I said. I was in business then, but our little home was close by the line. I could hear the trains go by all night if I happened to be awake. You can see the house now from the window yonder. Lift me up a little—so. Mary at first hated the railroad, but she grew used to the noise, and I think after a little she paid no attention to it. She furnished our house prettily, and we were very happy; but she would ask me to conquer my liking for the railroad. She feared that I could not be fit for anything else, my thoughts were so occupied with it, but I laughed gently at her and went on in the same way and with the same hopes. She never doubted my love, and she used to say that some time I would obey her slightest wish and follow her wherever she might lead. It may be there was a little complaint in her manner."

"When the baby was born, a love of the railroad seemed to have been born in her. She would be so close to the engine whistle. As she grew older we called her Mary, too—she would ask me in her baby way to come early to see the trains go. I needed no urging, and when I could I would. Out there on the grass we would sit, and I would tell her of all the strange places we sometimes would go on the cars to see. Even then in fancy little Mary and I would go with the trains all over the world. It was rare sport to her."

Dorsey had spoken as rapidly as he could, but now he talked more slowly. "One day I was ill at ease. Nothing that I had to do seemed worth while. I only wanted to be at home; I only wanted to feel them near me, and safe. But, try as I would, it was late in the long afternoon before I could get away. It was warm, but as I hurried home a gentle breeze met me. It was a bright, beautiful day, just such a summer's day as this. It was so peaceful, and the leaves so kissed one another in the light breeze that I was calmed, and the feeling I had suffered from all day left me. I was glad to be alive at all. The sun was almost behind the western hills, and all that side of the valley was in shadow, but on our side it was light and everything was rarely beautiful in the sunlight. The slanting rays made our house brilliant and glorious in its color."

"As I neared home Mary came to the door, and I could see her welcoming smile. Then, shading her eyes with her hand, she looked over toward the rail road, and in a minute screamed and ran rapidly from the house. Alarmed and wondering, I ran after her. Down below on the track stood little Mary, her curls and all her pretty ribbons fluttering in the wind. Around the short curve came suddenly the fast express, and the child, as she saw the great engine bearing down upon her, and heard the starting whistle, waved her little hat as though in greeting. "Another minute and Mary would have been in time. Her dress caught in something, or she stumbled, and was so delayed; but she recovered here quickly, and hurrying on caught little Mary in her arms, and then it ought to be easy to tell it now."

For some little time Dorsey was silent. The doctor did not ask him to continue nor did he urge him to stop when Dorsey began again. "For Mary it was over at once, but she held firmly in its dead hold. I saw her live a little while. I think she must have been hurt and I have been. She could speak, and when they brought her to me she put her little arms about my neck and said: 'I am going with the cars now.'"

"It may seem strange to you," Dorsey went on shortly, "but the railroad had a greater fascination for me than ever. I stayed about the cars and trains as I had in my boyhood. I almost feared they would order me away from the yard."

"My business went to nothing just then. Perhaps my neglect hurt it, but I think not. At all events I gave it up. Then I secured a place as brakeman without much trouble."

"Was that pleasant?" the doctor asked. "It was easier to interrupt Dorsey now."

"Yes, to me," he answered, "but still I was glad when I was promoted, as I was through the various grades to be a conductor."

"Has there been no chance for further promotion in all these years?"

"Oh, yes; but I have never wanted to leave my train. After a long while I applied for the place in the sleeping cars."

For a while neither spoke. The doctor, keenly observant, thought that Dorsey had more to tell, but he waited patiently.

"Life has gone very evenly and smoothly with me since then until last night. Until last night," he repeated slowly.

"Well, what happened then?" the doctor asked as Dorsey paused.

"The train had been made up with the sleepers first, nearest the engine. I was standing on the platform waiting for the starting signal to be given, when suddenly a woman passed me. Something about her—her disordered hair maybe—attracted my attention, but before I could look more closely at her an engine behind me whistled sharply and I turned to see what was the trouble. Later, as I passed her on the train, her face seemed to bear a strange, far off resemblance to some familiar one; but I laughed at what I thought my foolish fancy. There were very few in the first sleeper, and I returned to it after I had made my first trip through the cars. I seated myself opposite across the aisle, from this woman. I thought it strange that although the other passengers had had their berths made up she had not; but the porter was within easy reach and I did not feel it necessary to offer her any service."

NOT UNDER THE ENEMY'S FIRE.

When the Rules of His Own Soldiers Covered Him He Was Frightened. "Was I ever afraid in battle?" said an English army officer. "Many times. But there are several kinds of fright. I have served in India, in Egypt and in Western Africa, but the worst 'freak' I was ever in was when there was no enemy within thousands of miles of me."

"I was a captain at the time and was stationed at Port Royal, Jamaica. We had just got a lot of recruits on our hands, the rawest, greenest recruits you ever saw. I was drilling them in rifle practice at long range, and had great trouble to make them obey orders with precision. In fact, one could never be sure whether they would fire when you wanted them to, or present when you wanted them to fire."

"I had been sending them through a practice one afternoon, and they were so terribly stupid that I got into a vile humor. The day was fearfully warm, and the sun beat down so fiercely that my horse, a wicked brute, got into a most unmanageable temper. I sat on my horse at the right of the squad, and was giving them volley practice at long range. When my patience was entirely gone, the men seemed to gain a little sense, and began to fire with rapidity and accuracy. Things were running as smoothly as clockwork, and I was soon soothed into cheerfulness despite the heat. Not so, however, was my horse."

"We were getting along so well by this time that I was 'Ready! Present! Fire!' and the volley would ring out like a single report."

"Once I cried out 'Ready!' and the work was as pretty as that of veterans. 'Present,' and every rifle went up to shoulders in perfect form. At the very instant I was about to say 'Fire!' my fretting horse bolted, cutting directly across the range. I was not twenty feet from the squad. My eye caught the glittering rifles leveled right at me, and instinctively I closed my eyes and ducked my head. If you know what British soldiers are you can imagine my feelings, my terrible fear, for, as I said before, I was never before in such a 'freak.' I knew that if I opened my mouth those recruits would, ridde my body with rifle balls, for they were expecting the word 'Fire!' and probably would have taken any sound for that. My desire to cry out, 'As you were!' to get the rifles off my body, was so great that I had to clench my teeth to keep from crying out. Of course, the whole thing took only a few seconds, but it was many minutes longer than that to me."

"When my plunging horse had carried me from before the motionless rifles, I managed to wheel him. As he came around I cried 'Fire!' and every one of those stolid men obeyed the command with absolute precision. That assured me all the more that had I opened my mouth while crossing their range I should have been a dead man, for they were not drilled sufficiently to distinguish a different order at the last instant, and yet followed one's words with a blind fidelity."

"I have often thought," added the officer, "with a strange smile on his lips, 'that those recruits fancied I had cut across them to test their drill, for they showed no surprise, not the faintest sign of emotion when I suddenly wheeled and cried 'Fire.' But you may well believe that this was not the case. And I pledge you that never afterward in rifle practice did I get caught in so dangerous and helpless a situation."

Six Thousand Dollars for Lunches. Six thousand dollars a year for lunches! It seems a large sum to expend in midday meals, and one can scarcely conceive of one man, no matter how wealthy, getting rid of so much money in such a way. It is not an individual, but a banking house that devotes so much cash to lunches—that of Henry Chew & Co., and the lunches are eaten by the employees of the establishment. The fifty clerks daily engaged in receiving and unraveling the complicated transactions in the banking and brokerage rooms of this firm stop work about noon and repair to a neatly fitted up apartment in the rear of the office where they take their lunch. The men employed in the various branch offices of the house are given lunch money, so that the firm may not appear to be partial, and the expenditure easily reaches the amount named, if it does not indeed exceed it. —New York Press.

Tablery of the Case. "Hello," said the quid, as the rompo threw him in, "you're a hard looking fellow, did you know it?" "No wonder," grunted the case; "I've been on the rack so long."

"You seem to be out of form, too," remarked a thin speaker from his box. "What if I am? Lead me alone!" snarled the quid.

"You're getting saucy," put in a sly phen, as it came along. "Thinking of the galley left behind him, I suppose," at which the other types giggled.

"I'll be dashed!" cried the unlucky quid. "I have been locked up as long as I live."

"I was just going to ask you the matter was," inquired the phen. "I thought perhaps you needed quoin."

"Stop!" said the exasperated quid. "I've come a long way and I won't be insulted this way."

Things began to look squally, when the compositor shook up the case and made them all behave. —Lawrence American.

Unfortunate Marston. The late Westland Marston is said to have been about the most unfortunate man of letters that ever lived in England. Misfortune pursued him throughout his life. He wrote poetry that was above the public, and prose that was too good for them. His plays were persistent failures. Endowed with great gifts and abilities, he was hardly able to earn a poor living in his domestic life. He suffered bereavement after bereavement. His wife, his children, his grandchildren and his son-in-law successively died, leaving him solitary, the last of his unhappy race. He was his afflictions with patience, but accepted death as a happy release. Who, under similar circumstances, would not—Pittsburgh Bulletin.

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