

TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee. Your tired knee, that has so much to bear; A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly From underneath a thatch of tangled hair. Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight; You do not prize this blissing overmuch; You are almost too tired to pray tonight.

WOMAN WITH A CONSCIENCE

It Was Too Nice For Practical Purposes. "It's a troublesome thing to have, is a conscience abnormally developed," ruminated Olivia. "Next to being com-mensurable or trying to be dignified there's nothing so likely to render one ridiculous and unpopular. I almost wish it was possible to have one's con-science shaved like a beard, or ampu-tated like a corn, or pulled out like a defective tooth. Personally, I'm rather tired of being a perpetual slave to the thing called conscience."

have writhed under the knowledge that people thought I was sailing with the wind, and so on. "You run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, don't you?" a girl said to me last week, and, mean as she was, I understood just how she thought it was true. And yet I was only follow-ing out the dictates of my abnormal conscience and trying to be just. "Another girl last week asked me if the powder on her face showed, and when I said yes she fairly hated me. My conscience didn't allow me to say no, and it never occurred to me until long afterward that I might have pleasantly brushed off the powder for her which did show and left the powder which didn't show alone without saying anything at all. Two days ago my brother's wife asked me what I thought of her complexion, and be-cause my conscience compelled me to tell her the truth she went home with-out bidding me good night or speaking to me again. She hasn't spoken to me since, in fact. And things have gone on after this fashion until I am tired of it.

INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

Come, sleep, and with thy sweet repose, Look me in delight awhile; Let some pleasing dream beguile All my fancies, that from hence I may feel an influence, All my powers of care bereaving!

BOX CAR NO. 1414.

BY M. QUAD. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY C. H. LEWIS.

You have read of adventures and mysteries connected with locomotives, but on the B. and O. road we had a plain, ordinary freight car which came to be talked about more than all the rest of the rolling stock put together. It was a stoutly built box car, painted a dark brown, and the number on sides and ends was 1414. The first trip of the car was down to Petersburg, to be loaded with wheat. There were six empty cars in all on the train, all wheat cars, and they were in the middle of a string of 30 cars. Fifteen miles north of Petersburg was the crossing of the M. P. road. At the crossing all trains had to slacken speed, and when this particular train drew near steam was shut off, and the speed of 20 miles an hour was reduced to ten. No car had ever jumped the track at the crossing, but on this occasion No. 1414 broke away from the car ahead and behind, jumped the tracks and ran a distance of 50 feet over the hard baked earth, to bring up against a switchman's shanty and demolish it. No other car left the tracks. The division superintendent and master mechanic swore that it was utter nonsense to talk of a single car cutting itself out of a train in that fashion, but they had to swallow their words. The only damage to No. 1414 was the broken couplings and when pulled back to the tracks she was ready to move all right. No reason could be given why she had cut loose, and there was some talk of a ghost.

taken to the shop and lifted off the trucks, and axles and wheels were inspected down to a fine hair. The wheels were absolutely true, and so were the axles and the hang of the trucks. No better box car was ever built, but No. 1414 was not sent back on the road for a few weeks. The officials waited until the gossip had died out. There was talk of giving her a new number, but that would have been admitting that she was a "queer" car. After a vacation of eight weeks the car was loaded with flour for Wells-ville and made the trip without incident. She was reloaded with shooks for a Chicago cooper, but not without an adventure. There was a rich old widower at Wellsville named Carney, and he had a lovely daughter named Mary. While the girl was in love with a young fellow named Phillips, the father wanted her to marry a man of his own choice. The result was an elope-ment and perhaps the only one of the kind ever heard of. With the connivance of the station agent Phillips and the girl were locked up in No. 1414, provided with food and water, and while the worthy old father was riding over the highways with a shotgun in his hands and blood in his eye the happy lovers were on their way to Chicago to be married. Two weeks later the car cut up rusty again. She was loaded with agricul-tural implements and bound west and was in the middle of a train. After running along as smoothly as you please for 30 miles she suddenly balked—that is, her wheels gripped the rails as if both brakes had been twisted by a giant's hand, fire flew from the rails, and, as the coupling on the next car ahead gave way, the train broke in two, and there was cussing to beat the band. There was no earthly excuse for such conduct on the part of 1414. Her journals were well packed, the brakes off and the track all right. When the train was coupled up, she moved off with the other cars like a snake going over the grass, but after a ten mile run she gripped again and again broke the train. She was tried again, and for the third time she cut up rusty. This happened near a sid-ing, and she was cut out of the train and pulled in and left there. In the cutting out not one of her wheels would turn. They simply slid along the rails. When the conductor reported the adventure he was given to un-derstand that such stories didn't go. It was held that his train crew ought to have sense enough to discover what was wrong, and the five of them barely escaped a ten day lay off. They escaped because a mechanic was sent down from the shops who reported that, while he could find nothing wrong with the car, she had certainly gripped and balked and broken the train—as reported. When hauled off the siding, she rolled to her destination without causing the slightest trouble. It had become certain that car No. 1414 was a "queer critter," and every body along the line was busy guessing what would happen next. Two weeks after her fit of sulks she was billed for Chicago with a load of potatoes. She had rolled along for 100 miles without the slightest hitch when the freight train going east passed the express going west, both under full speed on the double tracks. Of a sudden No. 1414 cast one of her fore wheels. It was on the inner side, and that wheel went smashing into the drawing room car and killed three passengers. It is not once in ten years on any railroad that a car wheel flies off; it was one chance in a million that this wheel should fly off at that particular spot and that particular angle, but that was what happened. Strangely enough, the freight train was not wrecked. Even with a wheel gone the car held to the rails and made a run of ten miles. There was a cry of "hoodoo" all along the line, but the car was repaired and run out again. She was an object of curiosity from end to end of the road, and there were engineers who said they would rather have a ghost in the cab than that car in the train behind. It was a month before No. 1414 made another kick. Then she gripped the rails and broke a train, and that on a down grade. She was heavily loaded with grindstones, and, as a siding hap-pened to be handy, she was shoved off by herself. This siding was half a mile long and ended at a morass. A buffer had been placed at that end, of course, but four hours after the car had been left, and, as another train was ready to pick her up, she could not be found. There was the siding, but where was the car? There had been no wind of account, but when they came to closely investigate they found that car No. 1414 had run down on the buffer with force enough to uproot it and had then taken a header into the quagmire. A corner of it was still visible, but before the wreckers got there the entire body of the car was ten feet below the sur-face and still going down. It might have perils been recovered and its freight saved, but when the superin-tendent was told how things were he telegraphed to the wreckers: "If she doesn't come easy, let her go to —" "I don't know whether she went as far down as that or not, but the last soundings placed her at 35 feet, and she was given up as a total loss, and everybody felt relieved. Dancing Masters a Thousand Years. Chinese newspapers are a Chinese puzzle. But as in the press of more civilized regions, the advertisement columns are singularly illustrative of the life of the people. The way in which the heathen Chinese adheres to the calling of his forefathers is shown in an announcement in a weekly of large circulation in the Celestial land. 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