Albang Register.

COLL VAN CLEVE. OREGON.

> THE POOTBRIDGE BY MARIE S. LADD,

870

Throughout the long hours of the day, How many tread its yielding plank, That safely bear them on their way Across the stream, to either bank

A motley throng—in eager haste To chase their phantom, though it flies; Once grasping it, they hope to taste The blisaful joys of Paradise.

And yet, what thoughts beat through the brain In time with footsteps, fast or slow; What hopes they carry in their train, Or what unrest, we may not know.

And hover in the ambient air, How strange or sad an outward charm That little quiet bridge would wear. But to that bridge who will repairs. And, passing, leaves no other trace

Than that which constant treading wears Upon its hard, enduring face. Yet on the varied way in life. We leave the marks where we have been, Disclosing, in the restless strife,

mance.

The silent path we tread within

CHAPTER I.

THE ENGINE. She was a beauty. From head-light to buffer-easting, from spark-arrester to air-brake coupling, she shone resplen-dent. A thing of grace and power, she seemed instinct with life as she paused upon her breathless flight. Even while resting quietly upon the track, she trembled with the pulsations of her mighty heart. Small wonder that the passengers waiting upon the platform came down to gaze upon the great express en-gine, No. 59. She seemed long and slen-der like a greyhound, and her glistening sides, delicate forefeet, and uplifted head were suggestive of speed and

The engineer stepped down from his high throne with his long nickel-plated oiler in hand, and the fireman clambered over the glistening heap of coal, and swung round the great copper waterpipe that the magnificent creature might the cab. There she sat on the fireman have a drink of pure spring water. The perch, radiant, blushing and winsome. engineer looked eagerly up and down the platform as if in earch of some one. Two and a Westinghouse, too! I tried to see or three tourists of the usual type and a you yesterday, and aren't you very proud atray idler were all to be seen. A group of her?"
of big fellows were unloading mail bags, John thought he was rather proud of and beyond them the busy throng down 59. She was perfect. Ranher one hunthe platform was lost to view. How lov-ingly he touched the shining arms of his great pet with the smooth, clear oil, charmed. To think that John should great pet with the smooth, clear oil, charmed. To think that John should golden and limpid. Here her great be appointed master of the company's cylinder, seventeen inches wide, and with new express engine. Dear fellow, he had stroke of twenty-four, safely rested beand the sturdy buttress that held her forefoot so daintily thrust out in front. The head-light gleamed in all the sparkle of plate-glass, and her shapely rods fairly glowed in polished beauty. On one side lay her boiler-feed pump, a finished bit of mechanism, and on the other was hung a steam injector for forcing water into the boiler without the aid of the back the water-spout. How brief the How perfect everything! Even precious moments!

The precious moments!

The precious moments!

The precious moments!

The precious moments! pump. How perfect everything: Even the driving-wheels were works of art.

With a loud roar her safety-valve yielded to her pent-up vitality, and filled all the air with clouds of steam. The engineer gazed proudly upon his noble steed, and then looked anxiously down the platform to see if any came whose

presence would be welcome.

The fireman swung back the great copper pipe, and the idlers suddenly The last trunk was thrown in, and the engineer climbed slowly up into his house. He looked anxiously about the long platform. It was nearly clear, and he could see the gold band on the conductor's hat glistening in the sun. Where can she linger? Why does she not come? Thirty-nine is here, and still she comes not. The gold-banded cap is lifted in the air. With one hand on the throttle-valve, the engineer glances down the long empty platform. The bell rings; there is a hissing sound beneath the giant's feet; the house trembles slightly; the water-tank seems to move backward; the roar of the safety-valve suddenly stops; the fury of the great iron monster vents itself in short, eep gasps; clouds of smoke pour down on everything. They almost hide the platform from view.

Ah! A dress fluttering in the door-

throttle-valve, the engineer leans out the ped. A deafening blast from the flirted in the air. He nods, smiles and then turns grimly away, and stares out ahead with a fixed look, as if the world had suddenly grown very dark, and life was an iron road with dangers everywhere. The fireman shovels coal into the flery cavern at the engineer's feet, and then stire up the glowing mass till it was and flames with fury. The steam of the stire with fury. The steam of the stire with fury. The steam of the stire with fury of the steam of the stire with fury. The steam of the stire with fury of the steam of the stire with the with the whistle reared in short, quick blasts.

"Oh! Why didn't I think of it with the with the whistle with the with reers and flames with fury. The steamquickly rises to 125 degrees. The quickly rises to 125 degrees. The why, you see, I never exactly know when you are coming. I cannot tell your whistle from any other, and so, I sometimes miss seeing you."

"I—have—noticed—that—" said John, pulling at the throttle valve. "But, what can I do? If I gave two whistles or three, they would think it meant some station."

> CHAPTER II. THE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR

With that perversity for which railroads are famous, the line did not enter the town, but passed along its outermost edge, among the farms and woodlands. This affected the life of the place curi-ously. At one hour the station was animated and thronged with people; at another it was dull, quiet and deserted by all save the stationmaster and his daughall save the stationmaster and his daughter. She it was who guarded the little telegraph office; received and sent the telegrams of the town, and did anything class that partained to her position. She had a little box of a place portioned off in one corner of the ladies' waiting-room, where there was a sunny window that coked far up the line, and a little openwhere she received the messages, of such a di to have these awful, sudden things hap-pen! Life from her point of view was and have mower mended." Some-between the trains the station was gine, with the three, rolled out upon the

it would be as still as a church on Monday. At first she amused herself by listening to the strange language of the wires, and she even made the acquaintance of the other operators. With one exception they all failed to interest her. They were a frivolous set, and their chatter seemed as empty as the rattle of a brass sounder. One girl she knew must be a lady. Her style of touch, and the general manner of her work, showed that plainly, and between the two a friendship sprang up, though they lived a hun-dred miles a part, and had never met. Finally she took wisely to reading books, and the sounder chattered in vain, ex-

cept on business. Then there was John. She saw him for one hurried moment every day, and the thinking of it filled many a weary hour. He was the engineer of the ex-press, and stopped at the station every afternoon at 5 and just before daylight every morning. She met him at the water-tank by day, and by night she awoke to hear his train thunder through the valley. She heard it whistle as it passed the grade crossing, a mile up the line, and as it pulled up at the station. If the night was calm she heard the faint rumble as it flew over the resounding iron bridge at the river. Then she slept again. He would soon reach the city, and on the morrow she would see him

An Electro - Mechanical Ro- at her post, busy and cheerful as the long day crept away, and the time drew near for his train. Oh! if her window only looked the other way, that she might see No. 59 come round the curve in the woods! The station was always full at woods! The station was always full at looked the other way, that she might see and having made the tour of the switches had failed, the wire had been abandoned, and here for perhaps a mile it was still hanging on its insulators. At the bridge that hour, and messages were sure to come in just as she wanted to close little office and go out to the water-tank, where John waited, oiler in hand, to see her. Strange that he should always be

oiling up just there.

This time she waited with calm face and beating heart to see if any stupid passenger had forgotten anything that he must telegraph home. Fortunately none came, and as the engine rolled past her window, she hastily put on her pretty hat and ample cloak and went out on the platform. A few quick steps, and she was beside the noble 59.

The fireman smiled a grimy smile, and, while he swung the water-pipe over the tender, he gave a lively whistle. The engineer tipped up his oiler with a sud-den jerk, as if the piston-rod had quite enough, and then climbed hastily into the cab. There she sat on the fireman's

run that old 13, till she was ready to rattle to pieces. And now, what a magnifi-cent machine he had beneath him!

"And everything is so bright and handsome. I know you're proud John thought he was also proud of somebody else. Then they smiled, and the firearm whistled softly as he pushed

From balanced throttle-valves to air-brake she had every device that Ameri-prize the directors had offered to the encan skill had preduced, or that such an engine could demand, and her thirty-five tons of chained-up energy seemed the perfect expression of the highest mechanic art.

With a loud roor her cofets when records examined and the prize awarded. "And if we could get it!"

"It would come in very convenien She blushed a rosy blush, and clasping his arm, she laughed softly and said:

"My dear, you must win it. We shall want it for our-" "Lively, now! Here comes the Con-

What a friendly fireman! How sharp he watches for the lovers! The girl prepared to spring down from the engine when the gold-banded cap of the conductor came in sight. " Run up to the siding, Mills, and bring

down that extra car."
"Aye, sye, sir. Cast off the couplings, Dick." Then, in a whisper: lings, Dick." Then, in a whisper "Wait a bit Kate. Ride up to the siding with us.'

The girl needed no invitation. "Oh! I intended to. Here, let me tend the bell." "Good! Do. Dick must tend the

With a hiss and a jar the monster started forward, while the girl sat on the fireman's high seat with her hand on the bell-rope and one little foot steadied Ah! A dress fluttering in the door-way. Some one appears abruptly upon the platform. With both hands on the versed his lever, and the monster stop-

46 When 2"

three, they would think it meant some signal, and it would make trouble."

"Yes, but if you did this, I should know you were coming, and nobody would think anything of it."

So saying, she stood up, leaned over the boiler, and grasping the iron rod that moved the whistle, made it speak in long and short blasts, that may be represented as follows :

alphabet. But what does it spell?"

"Oh! Let me learn that by heart."
"You must, John. And will it not be amusing to hear the folks talk? What on earth can that engineer be roaring about with his ' The signal-man looked indignant as 59 rolled past him. What was the good

of such a din on the whistle! Was the "You must write it down, Kate. lways in a state of excitement? won't do to practice now. See how the people stare on—the—platform."

The sentence was broken up by John's efforts over the reversing the deep-toned gasps of the engine into the cab,

some marks on the edge of the window-frame, and with a bright smile she shook

clouds, and while white fairy rings of steam shot into the air, the train moved slowly away.

Presently, the girl stood alone upon the deserted platform, with the ruddy glow of the setting sun gilding her bright face.

The roar of the train melted away the air. Still, she stood listening intently. She would wait till she heard him whistle at the next crossing. Then like a mellow horn softened by the dis tance, came a strange rhythmic song.

A smile and a blush lit up her winson

How quickly love can learn!
That night the waning moon sank cold and white in the purple west, while the morning star came out to see the sleeping world. Kate awoke suddenly and away! There! He bridge. Dear John!"

CHAPTER III.

THE OTHER OPERATOR. The last local train to the city left the station. The gray old station-master put out the lamps on the platform, rolled the baggage trucks into the freight house, and having made the tour of the switches had failed, the wire had been abandoned,

His daughter still sat reading like demure cat in her little corner. The old man remarked that it was 10 o'clock, and "Leave the key, father; I'll lock up

and return home as soon as I have fin ished this chapter." The old fellow silently laid a bunch of keys on her desk and went his way. The moment he departed she finished her chapter in a flash, and laying the book down, began to operate her telegraphic apparatus.

No reply. Middleboro had evidently gone to bed, and that office was closed.

No response. Dawson City refused to reply. Good. Now, if the operator at the junction failed to reply, she and Mary would have the line to themselves with none to overhear.

Allston Junction paid no heed. Good. Now for :

Mary replied instantly, and at once the two girl friends were in close conversa-tion with one hundred miles of land and water between them. The conversation was by sound in a series of long and short notes—nervous and staccate for the bright one in the little station; smooth, legato, and placid for the city

Translated, it ran as follows: Kate: "I taught him my name in Morse's alphabet, and he sounds it on his whistle as he comes up to the station: but I am in daily terror lest some impertinent operator should hear it, and, catching its meaning, tell of it." The other operator was all sympathy,

and replied :

Kate-"And when he passes in the night he sounds my name all through the valley, and I can hear it for miles. How people would laugh if they knew what it meant."

Mary-"They would, I'm sure, and it would be very unpleasant to be found out. Why don't you fix up some kind of open circuit and let him telegraph to you from the line as he approaches your station?"

Kate—" My love, your idea is divine. If I only had a wire."

Mary—"It would take two wires, you know, and a small battery. At the same time, it would not cost much, and would

be perfectly safe." Kate-"Would not some one find it out and be ringing the bell out of mis-Mary-"No. You could hide the con-

nections in the bushes or trees by the road, and his engine could touch it as it Kate-"Yes, but wouldn't every engine touch it?" Mary-"Then you could fix it so that

gine, would brush it as it passed. No office, they both went in. Presently they other engine would be provided with reappeared, each with a brown paper the stick, and they would all pass in silence." The idea was almost too brilliant for

contemplation, and the two friends, one in her deserted and lonely station in the far country, and the other in the fifth story of a city block, held close converse over it for an hour or more, and then they bid eacn other good night, and the

About 5 one afternoon shortly after. Kate sat in her office waiting for 59 to sound its Titanic love-signal. Presently it came in loud-mouthed notes:

She closed her little office hastily, and went out on the platform. As she opened the door two young men laughed moderately, and one said aloud: "Kate! Who's Kate!"

Found out! She hastily turned away to hide the blush that mounted to her temples, and walked rapidly up the plat-No. 59 rolled up to the spot, and the lovers met. With one hand on the iron front of his great engine, she stood wait-ing for him, and at once began to talk

"It will never do, John! They have found it all out."
"Oh! I was afraid they would. Now what are we to do? If I could only telegraph you from the station below."
"It wouldn't do. It is too far away. Besides, it would be costly, and somebody would suspect."
"Conduc!" shouted the fireman, as

he swung back the great water-pipe.
"Good-by, dear. I'm sorry we mu give it up.

"So am I. And, John, come and spend next Sunday with us."

"Yes, I will." Good-by, good-by."

Fifty-nine hissed out her indignation in clouds of steam from her cylinders, and moved slowly forward. Then Kate stood alone again on the platform. The sun sunk in angry clouds, and the wind sighed in the telegraph wires with a low moaning sound, fitful, sad, and dreary.

The next morning the express tore savagely through the driving rain, and thundered over the iron bridge till it roared again. The whistle screamed, but love no longer charmed its own

CHAPTER IV.

LOVE AND LIGHTNING. It was a lovely autumnal afternoon, and the lovers went out to walk in the

glorious weather. To escape observing eyes, they wan-dered down the railroad track toward the woods, where the line made a great curve to avoid a bend in the river.

After a while they reached a shady dell in the woods, and, taking down a bar in the fence, they entered its depths. Just here the various telegraph wires hung in long festoons from their poles. With a sudden cry of delight, she seized his arm and cried:
"Look, John. Just the thing.
abandoned wire."

"My dear, can't we use it? Come, let us follow it and see where it goes. Perhaps we may make it useful."

John failed to see how that might be. Kate was all eagerness to follow the wire, and returned to the track, and began to trace the wire up and down the line as stened. Was that the roar of the train?

"How soft and sweet the notes so far 'fence rail and joined her. Then she beway! There! He has crossed the gan to talk in that rapid manner that was so becoming to her. He was fairly dazzled by the brilliancy and audacity of the dusky poles, and the other unrolled her ideas. There is the station and then soberly went to their dinner. That night two mysterion figures flitted about the platform of the deserted station. One like a cat ran under the dinner ideas. There is the station and then soberly went to their dinner. That night two mysterions are the station and then soberly went to the dinner. That night two mysterions are the station and then soberly went to their dinner. That night two mysterions are the station and then soberly went to the dinner. That night two mysterions are the station and then soberly went to the dinner. That night two mysterions are the station and then soberly went to the dinner. That night two mysterions are the station and then soberly went to the dinner. That night two mysterions are the station and then soberly went to the dinner. That night two mysterions are the station and then soberly went to the dinner. That night two mysterions are the station and then soberly went to the dinner. The station and then soberly went to the dinner. The station and then soberly went to the dinner. The station are the station and then soberly went to the dinner. The station are the station and then soberly went to the dinner. The station are the station wire was still continuous, but after walking about half a mile, they found it was broken, and apparently abandoned. Then she laid down her plan. This wire

"Well; what of it?"

it came to a sudden end Now, if we can manage to rig up another wire from here to our station we can make an open circuit, and as you pass this point you can join it and-ring a bell in my office!"

The two sat down on the iron bridge and fairly laughed at the splendor of the idea. Suddenly she looked very grave.

"The expense!"

"Ah! yes. Well, I'm willing to pay something for the advantage of seeing you every day. It's worth—"

"How much?"

The two sat down on the iron bridge

"About \$5,000,000."

"John! Two days after, a package by express om the city, and Kate stowed it away in her telegraphic den till the evening.

Then, when the day had passed, and she had some leisure, she carefully opened it and found a neat little wooden box with a brass gong or bell attached to the bottom. A slender hammer hung beside it, and there were places for securing the connecting was an electric too. ing the connecting wires, an electric bell, and 3,000 feet of insulated wire, and a bill for the same. Eleven dollars.

"Not half so bad as I expected. As "Not half so bad as I expected. As "The whistle broke loud and clear

John can arrange the rest. Fortunately feet and paud I selected insulated wire, as we shall to a charm." to cut off that bend in the road."

Thus talking and planning to herself, she examined her purchase, and then carefully placing the bell and the wire in a closet under her desk, she closed up the station and went demurely home, conscious of the innocence of all her dark plottings.

The third day after seemed like the Sabbath, and was not. It was Thanks-

and replied:

"I see the danger. At the same time, my dear, I think the idea is worthy of your bright self. It is perfectly jolly. Think of hearing one's name for miles over the country on a steam-whistle. I ne morning. She proposed a walk ne woods, as the day was fine, "Did you bring the boots?"

"I did, my love, spikes and all. tried 'em on an apple-tree, and I found I could walk up the stem as nicely as a fly on the ceiling."
"That is good; for, on the whole, I think we must shorten the line, and cut

off that great bend in the road.' "And save battery power?"
"Yes. My pickle-jar battery works
well, but I find that it is not particularly
powerful. It rings the bell furiously

when I close the circuit, but the circuit is not two yards long. What it will do when the line is no remainder the line is no remainder. when the line is up remains to be seen."
"Where did you place the bell?"

"Oh, I hung it up in the cupboard under my desk. I can hear it, and no one will be likely to look for it there. But that is not the great difficulty. How are we to hide the wires that enter the station?" "I wouldn't try. Let them stand in

plain sight. Not a soul will ever notice them among the crowd of wires that pass the station By this time the two had reached the a stick, or something secured to the en- railroad station, and opening her little

woods.

In a few moments they were lost to view round a curve in the road, and they turned off toward the bank and sat down on a large, flat stone.

"The boots, Kate." She opened the bundle she had in her She opened the bundle she had in her hand, and displayed a pair of iron stirrups having an iron rod on one side and a sharp steel point on the bottom. There were also leather straps and buckles, and John, laying aside his burden, proceeded to strap them to his feet. When ready, the iron rods or bars reached nearly to the knee, and the steel points were just below the instep. Kate, meanwhile, took a pair of stout shears from her pocket and began to open the other bundle. It contained a large roll of insulated copper

wire, some tacks, and a hammer.
Then they started down the track, with sharp eyes on the abandoned wire hang-ing in long festoons from its insulators. All right so far. Ah! a break; they must epair it. Like a nimble cat John mountthe pole, and Kate unrolled the wire as he took it up. In a moment or two he had it secured to the old wire. Then up the next pole, and while Kate pulled it tight he secured it, and the line was

Then on and on they walked, watching the wire, and still finding it whole. At last they reached the great iron bridge, and anxiously scanned the dozen or more wires, to see if their particular thread was

still continuous.

"We must cross the river, John. The line seems to be whole, and we can take our new line through the woods on the other shore till we reach the town It was a relief to leave the dizzy open

epers of the bridge and stand once ore on firm ground.
"This must be the limit of our circuit. I wish it was larger, for it will not give me more than three minutes' time. Now, you'll break the line on that pole

There was a sound of falling glass, and then the new insulated line was secured to the old line; the broken end fell to the ground and was abandoned. For half an hour or more the two were busy over their work, and then it was finished.

It was a queer looking affair, and no one you, ma'am, I feel

quite deserted, and were it not for the track, and the incessant to the track. It is not severe, and I'll some marks on the edge of the windowwas designed to do. A slender maple the track tree beside the track had a bit of bare sit up." copper wire (insulated at the ends), hung upright in its branches. Near by stood a large oak tree, also having a few feet of wire secured horizontally to its branches. From the slender maple a wire ran to the old telegraph line. From the old oak our young people quickly ran a new line through the woods by simply tacking it up out of sight in the trees.

Then they came to the wooden bridge where the town road crossed the stream. It took but a few moments to tack the insulated wire to the under side of the string-pieces well out of sight, and then they struck off into the deep woods

Three hours later they struck the rail-road, and found the old wire some distance beyond the station up the line. Again the two legged cat ran up the pole, and there was a sound of breaking glass. The old wire fell down among the bushes, and the new one was joined to the piece still on the line. A short time after two young people with rather light bundles and very light hearts gravely walked into the station and then soberly went to their dinner. That night two mysterious figures flitted about the platform of the deserted station. One like a cat ran up her ideas. They both walked on the a bit of copper wire. There was a sound sleepers toward the bridge over the river. of boring, and two minute wires were of boring, and two minute wires were pushed through a hole in the window frame. The great scientific enterprise wee finished

CHAPTER V.

ALMOST TELESCOPED. It was very singular how absent-minded and inattentive the operator was that day. She sent that order for flowers to butcher, and Mrs. Robinson's message about the baby's croup went to eld Mr. Stimmins, the bachelor lodger at the gumbrel-roofed house. No wonder she was disturbed. Would

the new line work? Would her picklejar battery be strong enough for such a great circuit? Would John be able to close it? The people began to assemble for the train. The clock pointed to the

hour for its arrival.
"He cometh not," she said. Then she began to be a little tearful. The people all left the waiting-room and went out on the platform, and the place was deserted and silent. She listened intently. There was nothing save the murmur of the voices outside, and the irritating tick of the clock.

for the battery, I fancy I can make one on the cool, crisp air, and 59 appeared myself. A pickle jar, some zinc and round the curve in the woods. The copper, and a little acid will answer, and splendid monster slid swiftly up to her feet and paused. "Perfect, John! Perfect! It works

> With a spring she reached the cab an sat down on the fireman's seat.
> "Blessed if I could tell what he was going to do," said Dick. "He told me about it. Awful bright idea! You see,

proach with such absolute certainty Science applied to love, or rather love applied to science, can move world.

Two whole weeks passed, and then there suddenly arrived at the station. late one evening, a special with the direc-tors' car attached. The honorable directors were hungry—they always are—and would pause on their journey and take a cup of tea and a bit of supper. The honorables and their wives and children filled the station, and the place put on quite a gala aspect. As for Kate, she demurely sat in her den, book in hand,

Suddenly, with furious rattle, her electric bell sprang into noisy life. Ev-ery spark of color left her face, and her book fell with a dusty slam to the floor.

What was it? What did it mean? rang it? With affrighted face she burst from her office and brushed through the astonished people and out upon the snow-covered platform. There stood the di-rectors' train upon the track of the on-

coming engine.
"The conductor! Where is he? Oh, sir! Start! Start! Get to the siding. The express! The express is coming With a cry she snatched a lantern from brakeman's hand, and in a flash was gone. They saw her light pitching and dancing through the darkness, and they were lost in wonder and amazement.
The girl is crazy. No train is due now! There can be no danger. She must

Ah! That horrible whistle! Such wild shriek on the winter's night! The men sprang to the train, and the women ery direction.

"Run for your lives," screamed the conductor. "There's a smash-up com-

A short, sharp scream from the whistle. The head-light gleamed on the snow-covered track, and there was a mad rush of sliding wheels, and the gigantic engine reared like a demon. The great 59 slowly drew near and stopped in the woods. A hundred heads looked out, and a stalwart figure leaped down from the engine and ran on into the bright glow of the head-light.

"Oh! John. I-She fell into his arms senseless and white, and the lantern dropped from her nerveless hand.

They took her up tenderly and bore her into the station-house, and laid her upon the sofa in the "ladies' room." With hushed voices they gathered round to offer aid and comfort. Who was she? How did she save the train? How did she know of its approach?
"She is my daughter," said the old station-master. "She tends the tele-

The President of the railroad, in gold-bowed spectacles, drew near. One grand lady in silk and satin pillowed Kate's head on her breast. They all gathered near to see if she revived. She opened her eyes and gazed about dreamily, as if in search of something.

"Do you wish anything, my dear?"
said the President, taking her hand.

"Some water, if you please, sir; and I

They handed her some wine in a silver oblet. She sipped a little, and then ooked among the strange faces as if in

"Are you looking for any one, Miss ?"
"Yes—no—it is no matter. Thank
u, ma'am, I feel better. I sprained

They were greatly pleased to see her recover, and a quiet buzz of conversa-tion filled the room. How did she know it? How could she tell the special was chasing us? Good Heavens! had not known it, what an awful loss of life there would have been; it was very careless in the Superintendent to follow our train in such a reckless manner.

"You feel better, my dear," said the

"Yes, sir, thank you. I'm sure I'm thankful. I knew John—I mean the engine was coming."
"You cannot be more grateful than we are to you for averting such a disastrous collision.

"I'm sure I am pleased, sir. I never thought the telegraph—"
She paused abruptly.
"What telegraph?"
"I'd rather not tell, sir." "But you will tell us how you knew

the engine was coming?" "Must you know?" "We ought to know in order to reward you properly."

She put up her hand in a gesture of refusal, and was silent. The President and Directors consulted together, and two of them came to her and briefly said that they would be glad to know how she had been made aware of the approaching danger.
"Well, sir, if John is willing, I will

John Mills, engineer, was called, and he came in, cap in hand, and the entire company gathered round in the greatest

eagerness.
Without the slightest affectation, she put her hand on John's grimy arm, and "Shall I tell them, John? They wish to know about it. It saved their lives,

they say. "And mine, too," said John, rever-ently. "You had best tell them, or let She sat down again, and then and

there John explained how the open cir-cuit line had been built, how it was used, and frankly told why it had been erected. Never did story create profounder sensation. The gentlemen shook hands with him, and the President actually kissed her for the company. A real corporation kiss, loud and hearty. The ladies fell upon her neck, and actually cried over the splendid girl. Even the children pulled her dress, and put their arms about her neck, and kissed away the happy tears that covered her cheeks. looked imploringly to John. He drew near, and proudly took her hand in his, and she brushed away the tears and

The gentlemen suddenly seemed to have found something vastly interesting to talk about, for they gathered in a knot in the corner of the room. Presently the President said aloud:

"Gentlemen and directors, you must pardon me, and I hope the ladies will do the same, if I call you to order for a brief matter of business."
There was a sudden hush, and the room. now packed to suffocation, was painfully

"The Secretary will take minutes of this meeting."

The Secretary sat'down at Kate's desk, and then there was a little pause.

"Mr. President!" "Mr. Graves, Director for the State, "I beg leave, sir, to offer a resolution." Then he began to read from a slip of

paper:

low.

engine No. 59, of this railway line, erected a private telegraph; and, whereas, he, with the assistance of the telegraph operator of this station (I leave a blank for her name), used the said line without the consent of this company, and for other than railway business:
"It is resolved that he be suspended permanently from the position of engin-eer, and that the said operator be re-

quested to resign—"

A murmur of disapprobation filled the room, but the President commanded silence, and the State Director went on: "—resign her place.
"It is further resolved, and is hereby ordered, that the said John Mills be,

and is, appointed chief engineer of the new repair shop at Slawson."

A tremendous cheer broke from the ashad dispersed, and none lingered about the abandoned station save the

on the siding. For a few moments they stood in the glow of the great lamp, and then he quietly put it out, and left the giant to breathe away its fiery life in gentle clouds of white steam. As for the lovers, they had no need of its light. The winter's stars shone upon them, and the calm cold night seemed a paradise below.

An Extraordinary Decision.

An extraordinary decision, even for the latitude of New York, was that rendered in the Court of Special Sessions, the other morning, when Thomas Sprott was sentenced to five days in the city prison for having boxed his nine-year-old boy's ears, in punishment for some act of disobedience. Thomas, Jr., in his indignation at the indignity, rushed off to a police court, and secured rushed off to a police court, and secured a warrant for the old gentleman's arrest, on the ground that he had been brutally beaten by him; and, though there was nothing in the boy's appearance to indicate that he had been disciplined any

stantly change from one brilliant tint to Herald.
another, so that as Cuvier, the great naturalist, says, the plumage of the humuralist, says, the plumage of the hum-ming birds is not more beautiful. Ses mice are sometimes thrown up on the francs and the exports 1.129,000,000. ian. francs and the exports 1,129,000,000

An Accident at Dubuque.

It does seem as though a little reflection must convince any reasoning person that Dubuque newspapers are sometimes guilty of exaggeration. Not that the journals mentioned wilfully construct outrageous tales, but that journalstruct outrageous tales, but that journalism there is sufficiently peculiar to allow of temporary aberrations of mind in regard to one of the commandments. Take, for instance, the account of a recent nitro-glycerine explosion near the city named. The substance of the story is as follows: "Some miners near the town, who had been using intro-glycerine, set some of the liquid in an open crock where the sun would fall upon it, in order that it might thaw out. An old, motherly sow, with a pignish progeny of in order that it might thaw out. An old, motherly sow, with a piggish progeny of six, came nosing about, and stumbling upon the crock, upset it. Then the sow and her litter ate up all the nitro-glycerine. Continuing their explorations, the family of porkers went into a neighboring barn-yarn, where a three-year-old colt was feeding. The sow, rooting about, approached the colt and touched her snout against its heels. The colt her snout against its heels. The colt instantly kicked out fiercely and accurately and struck the porker squarely on the ribs. As the hoofs rattled against the side of the hog there came a thunder-ing explosion which shook the entire neighborhood. The colt sailed over the barn and landed in a neighboring field, a total wreck. The sow and pigs were lost at once in space, but since the affair people have gathered sausage meat in door-yards and along the road-side." That is all there is of the recent account of a nitro-glycerine explosion at Du-buque, and while it is out of place, of course, to be hypercritical about such little things, it does seem as if some portions of the story might be incorrect. There appears to be, as it were, a modest garb of fancy delicately covering the naked truth from legifing lookers-on.— St. Louis Republican.

Spare the Crow.

Talking of crows, a Belair stage driver says that the country people are poison-ing them with strychning to making to a time-honored religious custom at this season of the year. The fatal dose is administered by being saturated in corn, which is scattered around freely. Some of the crews die on the spot, others fly kissed her for the company. A real corporation kiss, loud and hearty. The ladies fell upon her neck, and actually cried over the splendid girl. Even the children pulled her dress, and put their arms about her neck, and kissed away the happy tears that covered her cheeks. Poor child! She was covered with confusion and knew not what to do, and looked imploringly to John. He drew near, and proudly took her hand in his, and she brushed away the tears and smiled. the wants of every climate. In South America the condors perform this part, aided by the buzzards, which latter birds are also an important feature in preservare also an important feature in preserving the sanitary equilibrium in the southern portions of the United States. In Charleston, S. C., the buzzards are protected by wise laws, which impose a fine of \$5 for every one slain. The birds are so tame in Charleston that they sit on the roofs of the market-house on the watch to grab up every bit of offal that is thrown out from the butchers' stalls. In the summer time the birds being In the summer time the birds, being very numerous, do a large part of the city's scavenger work. In the same way crows, no doubt, are beneficial to the country in this latitude, as their name of "carrion crows" would indicate, besides making themselves generally useful in rooting out the grubs that hatch insects to destroy the labors of the farmer. No doubt if the crows were properly en-couraged to do so, they would be useful in destroying the potato bug, lately so destructive in all parts of this country. Who knows until we have tried them?— Baltimore Sun.

Apprentices Who Became Great Men.

Shoemakers' apprentices read with pride that Roger Sherman, of Connecticut, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, learned their trade, and that Henry Wilson, Vice-President of the United States, was working as a journeyman shoemaker when first elected to the Legislature of Massa-chusetts. Millard Fillmore, a late Vice-President and President of the United States, was an apprentice in a country clothier's establishment. Andrew John-son, another late Vice-President and A tremendous cheer broke from the assembled company, and the resolution was passed with a shout of assent.

How it all ended they never knew. It seemed like a dream, and they could not believe it true until they stood alone in the winter's night on the track beside that glorious 59. The few cars the engine had brought up had been joined to the train, and 59 had been rolled out on the siding. With many hand-shakings for John, and hearty kisses for Kate, and a round of parting cheers for the two, the train had sped away. The idlers had dispersed, and none lingered about the abandoned station save the about the abandoned station save the served his apprenticeship and worked as lovers. Fifty-nine would stay that night a journeyman shoemaker until he was

twenty-four years old .- Thur. Weed. Madical Properties of Eggs.

The white of an egg has proved of late the most efficacious remedy for burns. Seven or eight successive applications of this substance soothe pain, and effect-ually exclude the burn from the air. This simple remedy seems to be prefera-ble to colodion or even cotton. Extraordinary stories are told of the healing properties of a new oil which is easily made from the yolk of hen's eggs. The eggs are first boiled hard, and the yolks are then removed, crushed, and placed over a fire, where they are carefully stirred until the whole substance is just on the point of catching fire, when the on the point of catching fire, when the oil separates and may be poured off. One yolk will yield nearly two teaspoonfuls of oil. It is in general use among colonists of South Russia as a means of curing cuts, bruises and scratches.

HERMANN, the celebrated magicin was married recently. And his wife doesn't have to get up at daylight to go dicate that he had been disciplined any more than he deserved, and though his mother appeared to testify that he hadn't been ill-treated, the astute Justice sent the father to prison. Next thing, we shall have infants getting out injunctions against their pa's and ma's spanking them at all.—Springfield Republican.

The Sea-Meuse.

The sea mouse is one of the prettiest creatures that lives under water. It sparkles like a diamond, and is radiant with all colors of the rainbow, although it lives in mud at the bottom of the ocean. It should not be called a mouse, for it is larger than a big rat. It is covered with scales that move up and down as it breathes, and glitters like gold shining through a fleecy down, from which fine sitky bristles wave that constantly change from one brilliant tint to snother, so that a Christe the great hat.

The sea mouse is one of the prettiest creatures that lives under water. It is covered with scales that move up and down as it breathes, and glitters like gold shining through a fleecy down, from which fine sitky bristles wave that constantly change from one brilliant tint to snother, so that as Christe the more in the doesn't have to get up at daylight to go to market. When she wants a dozen of eggs she simply hands her husband the empty egg-bag, and he produces them by sleight-of-hand; then be cooks an omelet in a borrowed hat, and converts a can of sawdust into that much white sugar, and similar cups filled with chipped paper is change! out comes a loaf of bread, a fresh shad, two publics one pie, a but a but a but a but a market. But Mrs. Herman is not happy. When her husband wants a gold dollar he mysteriously picks it off the end of his wife a name of the produces them by sleight-of-hand; then be rooks an omelet in a borrowed hat, and converts a can of sawdust into that much white sugar, and similar cups filled with chipped paper is change! out comes a loaf of bread, a fresh shad, two publics one pie, a but a bu