In the trancest hush when sound sank awed to rest," Ere from "her spirit's rose-r d, rose sweet

gate Came forth to me her royal word of fate, Did she sigh, "Yes," and droop upon my

while round our rapture, dumb, fixed, unex-

pressed By me sozed senses, did there fluctuate The plaintive surges of our mortal state Tempering the poignant cestasy too blest.

Do I wake into a dream, or have we twain, Lured by soft wiles to some unconscious crime. Dared joys forbil to man! O Light Supreme,

Upon our brows transitguring glory rain/ Nor let the sword of Thy just angel gleam On two who entered Heaven before, their time!

The "Massacre of Wyoming."

The further we get from the incidents of the Revolution the more philosophically we consider them. The late civil war madeus a more rational people to judge our Revolutionary forefathers.

A committee was appointed from the descendants of the Revolutionary men of Wyoming, on the one hundreth anniversary of that battle, to prepare a memorial volume. Mr. Johnson, who accompanied me riding, was one of that committee, and he gave me the memorial book, of which 1 read a portion the same night.

There it is conceded that the British behaved very respectably and protected those who could come in. The British commander was a regular officer, named Butler. He allowed the people after the battle to surrender, and politely asked their clergyman to act as secre tary of the convention, which he did, and this man wrote out the cartel, which was faithfully kept.

The American settlers were allowed to stay upon their farms and enjoy their property on condition of not enlisting against the British government. The valley was evacuated by Butler and his command, and was not again invaded by them.

All this is put down in the sober second thought of a hundred years. If you sleep on any thing a hundred years. except lobster salad, you will change your mind.

Again, the Wyoming Memorial committee discreetly says that the probable cause of any invasion was the intolerance of our patriots, who began the war by driving off their inoffensive and numerically weaker Tory neighbors. To reinstate those poor people the British line came, not unexpectedly, backed by some of the same savage Iroqueis we had used for a hun lred years to invade and murder the French in Canada. Our patriotic forefathers knew all about the nature of their warfare, and merely received some of its consequences.

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The memorial report asserts that not one woman was either killed or abused by the victors at Wyoming.

Hints to Talkers.

If the ministry were cetter versed in he art of elocution they would untoubtedly make more converts. Writers on that art hold that the end of matory is to persuade, and that in order to persuade one must be clearly understood. This refers to a clear enuncation of speech. There is perhaps pt one minister in fifty, even in cities, were they have all advantages, who seak clearly and distinctly enough to understood by even their nearest wlitors. They may speak loudenough, bt the articulation being indistinct. the meaning is lost in the sound. Aside from the prevalent labit of "anting," consequent upon emption, a gat many ministers really do not seem tunderstand that it is necessary to opn their mouths to any extent, but "aop off" their words in their great hate to emit the next. This rapid making or "telescoping" words makes achuation impossible, to say nothing othe "chopping off" process, which wents the speaker from being undersid, no matter how slow he might sik. To be heard is not always to be uerstood, and there can be no persuasi or conviction anless the auditor warstands what the minister is say-

"OLD HICKORY'S" FARWELL.

Reckles

It was early Andrew Jackson's Last Hours in he pilgrims were White House. of horsemans

At one of the How many strange, old-new stories stopped th one finds down here among these and small knot cient people! And how many eurom boy, mount relics of days "before the war, sah." tere a b-

In the last month of President Jackcnes: son's administration, he called in a young artist, whom I am not permitted to name pow, to do a miniature of his deceased wife on ivory. This young man was but 19, and the old soldie ther, the object of which is supposed seems to have taken him quite to hi to be to protect him from rain and heart, from the letters and other things brash. He was asked if he owned the

heart, from the letters and last few difyr herd of sheep grazing near, and, indigof Jackson's administration kept the artist constantly matly responded that he did not-that w104 he was a cowboy. him and at work on the miniature.

"Let us see you lasso that cow." Every hour the hero of New Orleans "Huh! That's nothin'! The boys would come and look over his shoulder 'uld skin my head." in his deep concern about the progress "Then let us see you catch the train." of the work. The room occupied, which "Without a word the little pony was was the general's private office at the urged to the other side of the track, time, was the one on the right, i modi- and, as the train started, horse and ately at the head of the main stan way. rider made a dash, going ahead of the The artist-now a gray, old Virginian, train. Gradually as the train got unand eminent in quite another walk of der way it gained upon its opponent life-says that in these last few days until it and the horse stood "neck and the president was left quite alone. The neck." Then, as if to tempt the rider flies that buzz aboet to suck the sweets to his fate, cigars were held to him of office had flown to as successor. The from the car windows. king is dead; long live the king. Presi- moment's hesitation the little pony was dent Jackson had nothing more to be- headed for the road-bed, which it stow, and so was left in almost en- reached by a plunge from the higher tire solitude. The general would ground. The train increased in speed, not let the artist go away, but and the cow-boy, being intent on the kept him at his side in the private prizes offered him, gave the rein to the office, even to the last hour, while he pony and his attention to taking the looked over and destroyed his papers, cigars from the hands of those inside As he came to the last one he glanced the cars. Over washouts and uneven at it, let it fall in his hand heavily for a ground, through cuts and over elevamoment, then raised it up, tore it in tions the animal dashed, and so close two and threw it on the floor, where to the train that the rider's feet came bits of paper already lay many inches in contact with it. The animal was deep. Then springing up the old man left entirely to itself, and one misstep threw his two hands out, banged them or a stumble would have thrown both down and said : "There, thark God, that horse and rider beneath the wheels. is the last of it, the very last of it; and For fully three-quarters of a mile the now I am going home to spend the re- race was kept up, and at the end of it mainder of my days at my dear Hermit- the daring rider was greeted with age." Saying this he walked across the shouts, which he acknowledged by a

down, smoking a long time n silence. the embankment. The artist also made at the time a miniature on ivory of Jackson, which he still has in his possession. The face is heavier, fuller, than we are accus-

tomed to see in steel cuts and paintings. The chin is prominent, massive, almost of the consequences. To use the techdouble; the hair is very thick, bristling, nical language of science, "their energy and like snow.

Flowers in Paris.

I must confess the passion for flowers olution of heat and light, while at the is highly developed in Pars. From the same time the solids present will be flowers in the public square, where he wholly or in part liquefied, the liquids goes for a breath of fresh air, to the vaporized, and the vapors and gases flower pot in his little room, which he rarefied and expanded. The intensity waters every night or morning, there is of the action will depend, of course, but a step, so to speak, and, moreover, mainly upon the mass and swiftness of one may find flower markets in all parts the colliding bodies; but an easy calcuof the wonderful city, not to mention lation shows that if our earth were ever the elegant shops, like that which I to meet another globe like herself, and have already named, and the hand-carts meeting with the same velocity, heat which ugly old women push before enough would be generated by the them in every street and avenue. The shock to transform them both into a Quai aux Fleures, the Madeleine, the huge ball of vapor; unless, indeed, the place de la Republique and certain central core of the earth is much colder parts of the outer boulevards are so and more refractory than is usually supmany open air markets where the flag-stones and asphaltum have been car-heat developed would be sufficient to peted with verdure and enameled with melt, boil, and completely vaporize a roses, geraniums, camellias, dablias, mass of ice fully 700 times that of both azalias and other lovely gifts of the the colliding worlds-an ice planet 150,

FUNERAL ON THE CONGO.

An Unlooked-For Expression of Feeling From an Old African Chief.

He

or an

tanned

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ers. Over his legs, from his hips

his knees, extended a wide piece of

Seeing their perplexity Lieut. Orban volunteered to fire off a round of twenty cartridges from his "Winches-The chief and people vere delighted. Could there be greater honor for the deceased than to receive his farewell salute at the hands of a white man, with his wonderful gun from Mquto-the mysterious region beyond the sea-the Unknown-perhaps Heaven itself? (for are not these white men sons of Heaven ?) So thought the old chief as he led us to see the corpse. With an earnest, pleading tone he took our hands in his and said: "O you, who are going home!" and he pointed to the pale and peaceful evening sky. 'You will send him back to us, will you not? You will tell him his hut is waiting for him, his wives will prepare his manioe white as cotton cloth, and there shall be Malafu in plenty and a goat killed? You will send him back,

will you not?" This expression of feeling quite took us by surprise. Ordinarily the African is so stolid, so thoroughly material, that one never expects from him anything like sentiment or poetic ideas. tried as gently as possible-for he appealed to both of us in his distress-to explain at once our utter inability to reanimate this hideous corpse with the breath of life and to encourage him with vague hopes that all was not in vain, but he shook his aged, grizzled head sadly at the confession of our powerlessness face to face with death. The dead man had been placed in his

grave in a sitting posture, many layers of native cloth lying under him, and ready to cover him up on the top were piles of cotton stuffs, received in trade from the far off coast, and representing to these natives a considerable amount of wealth. In the vague, half-determined notions which the people here have conceived as to a future existence, everything in the spirit world is supposed to be a pale copy of things existing on the earth, so that for this cason they put cloth, vessels of pottery, and, in the case of a chief, dead slaves into the graves, in or-If ever two great worlds do meet in der that the deceased on arriving in the this way it is possible to predict some land of shades may not appear unprovided with the necessary means of making a fresh start in a new life. The of solar motion will be converted into grave in which this man was buried had various forms of molecular and potenbeen dug in a hut, and the head of the tial energy;" which, translated into the corpse was not much more than two feet below the surface. We could not ascertain whether the hut, or rather house-for it was a substantial building

of poles and thatch-would be abandoned or not. I fancy not, as it is only in the case of a chief that this is done; and the man that was dead, although rich and influential, was, after all, only the favorite slave of the chief.

What Does History Teach?

It is not our intention to deery the study of history, if we really have any-thing worthy of the name. We recognize it as one of the ornamental branches necessary to a "finished education." But what is its comparative practical value? To what real account can one young man in a million turn his knowledge of Pompey's battles, Casar's conquests, the triumphs of Alexander, or the brilliant victories of Napoleon, admitting that he is familiar with all that has ever been written concerning them? What lessons of practical wisdom can the girl derive from studying the lives of Dido, Cleopatra, Elizabeth or Catharine, as they are presented by the ancient or modern historian? We do not apprehend any danger from too much attention being given to this branch of study by the youth of either sex, whether it is as the elder Walpole thought, "nothing but lies," or as Macauley defined it, "philosophy teaching by ex-ample." It is a great deal more extolled than read, and much more commended than studied, and it is likely so to continue.

Molding Plaster Casts

"Where do I get my molds and first casts? The best of them are made in perience. Rome; now and then I get a fine 'thing from Paris. I don't import my molds. I get the best casts from abroad and make the molds here. The making of a good mold is a very serious matter. Look at this one of the Belvidere Apollo. The figure is but twenty-two inches high, yet the mold is composed of seventy or eighty pieces, and each piece must fit with perfect accuracy. The mold for that Venus of Melos is in more than a hundred pieces. The mold, not the labor expended, is what makes a good cast expensive, for we can make an ordinary cast in a day. We first tie all the pieces together and then pour in the plaster. If the mold was not in many pieces how could we get the statue out? It would be like going to work to undress a man by taking hold of his head and trying to pull him out of his clothing. Here is a little cast of a pear; it is in five parts, two for top and bottom and three for the sides.

"We judge of a good cast by the lines. Look at this bust of Niobe; you see that the lines caused by the mold are narrow and fine; in a poor cast they would be coarse and heavy, because the mold had become worn at its edges. And the corners must come evenly and closely together; one piece must not fall below the level of the others. The reason that an artist prefers a cast which has the mold marks intact is not because of the assistance the lines give in drawing the figures, but because he knows by means of them just how good the original was, and that the workman has not, in scraping off the marks, hurt the form of the figure. Common workmen in plaster not only chisel off the marks carelessly, but even smooth off the surface of the east with sandpaper.

The Church and the Stage.

While orthodox Christians in this ountry generally frown on the stage and all its belongings, it is not to be disguised that the prejudice against actors and theatres is not as marked as it was, say, twenty years ago. One of the most beautiful and successful theatres in New York is owned by a couple of elergymen, who are also the proprietors of The Churchman, the official organ of the Episcopal denomination. The Rev. Robert Collyer, and other liberal, as well as Episcopal, clergymen openly visit the New York theatres and no scandal is caused thereby. In England the bishop and clergymen of the national church attend operas and theatres the same as other people; but more remarkable than all, The Christian World, the leading London organ of the Nonconformists, recently contained a leading editorial, giving Mr. Henry Irving a "God speed," apropos of his departure to America. Mr. George Macdonald, the English novelist, is a clergyman, yet he frequently appears as an amateur actor on semi-public occasions. The theatre is growing in popularity in this country. A large space is given to dramatic news in all our journals. It is for Christian people to say what course they shall pursue in the future. It is idle to ignore the stage or to condemn it by wholesale. After all, why not try and moralize it and free it from objectionable associations?

PREMONITIONS OF DANGER.

"A fortnight or so ago 1 was on my way to the far west, traveling on a fast through Baltimore & Ohio express. On a bright Sunday morning I awoke in my berth and realized that the train was starding still. I raised the curtain and peeped out. The sun was well up in the heavens, and the train stood in a dense wood, away from any living creature. It did not move for some time, and I arose, made my toilet, and went outside. The train stood partially on a long trestle-work or open bridge, and I could see smoke rising from the end of the structure furthest from us. I walked out past the locomotive and on the bridge, where I met a number of gentlemen talking.

""What's the matter?" I inquired of one.

"'Oh, a section of the bridge has burned,' replied the gentleman.

" 'Lucky the engineer saw the fire in time to save us,' I remarked, gazing down into the water below, and shud-dering at the thought of being piled up, in a sleeping-car, in the chasm that yawned for me.

"But the engineer says he didn't see any fire when he stopped,' exclaimed

"'No, said the engineer who stood hard by, 'I saw no fire. I had a presentiment as I approached the bridge. Something seemed to warn me that it would not be safe to cross the bridge, and it came upon me so strongly that I just stopped the train and got out of the cab, and I hadn't walked twenty steps before I saw that the act had saved many lives, for the whole train would have gone down that hole, although it is but the length of two rails. The fire didn't show up much above the ties, as it was confined mostly to the timbers below. Right there in that lit-tle shed a watchman sleeps,' said the engineer, pointing to a diminutive dwelling a half dozen rods away, and it was his duty, and it has been for years to be out here, and to pass over the bridge just before and after us; but somehow I felt that he was not faithful, that he might be asleep, and I could see in my mind, as I approached the bridge, the whole train going down to death, and could hear the cries of the dying, and so I just stopped, as I said. The watchman, sure enough, was asleep. Oh, you needn't laugh, for this is no! the first time presentiments have saved lives when my hand was at the throttle. No, I've been in just this position before,' said he, blushing to the tips of his fingers, as two or three gentlemen smiled and whistled a bit.

' 'No, said he, 'I had a foreboding of danger stronger than this a few ' years ago. I was running then on a division of the Sandusky. There is a little station on that road where the passenger trains seldom stop. It has a siding for freights, however, and there was nearly always a freight train side-tracked as I passed through on the fast express. That little place is on a long stretch of splendid track, and for years the engineers had that as a racing ground. and I tell you some mighty good time has been made there. At the time I had this presentiment the rivalry among the engineers on that

room, took a cob pipe, filled it and sat wave of his hat as the horse mounted

The Crash of Worlds.

Adulterated Tea.

white engaged in hing their nerves with a cup ening imagine they are swallowing puled charcoal, bone-black, clay, terra pulverized sonp-stone, tale, Prusblue, gravel, and other undesirable nodities. Such is the stuff scienexperts employed by the New York al of health have found in the green sold in that city. The best grades ack teas are pronounced the safest, the verdict is rendered that "none le green teas are pure.'

FALLIBLE 'lld Pizs in the New Hebrides.

> ong letter from the New Hebtides that this is a dry season, two tons size per hectare (two and a half but the immense number of wild makes cultivation impractizable it pigs-proof fences. By one shot at thirty at least were put to passing almost between the u's legs, who was so dazed that e no second shot. The country wibed as fabulously fertile, well and appecially adapted for grow-

> > ar cane. A Rich Deposit.

indig of a great belt of phosa Morth Carolina is announced mication to Bradstreet's. as been traced a disance and an observer believes distance of thirty or forty side of the northeast Fear river.

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ells is quoted as say his manuscript six abend of the time for other localizee nervous disposition ale for him to furnish

garine's Origin.

eige of Paris it be card a substitute for M denited in the production me.

goddess Flora.

Claretie has improved calling them "the poetry of Paris."

Too Sweet for Any Chine

A tiny-very tay-pig was served a a fashionable dinner the other evening;

and when he was placed on the table a sweet for anything, was duly cut up and tasted, and the health of the Chinese cook was duly drunk in champagne.

A Perpetual Clock.

Brussels a little over a ye r ago. An pretty/ up draft is obtained in a tube or shaft Then you will go down straight and by exposing it to the sun; this draft won't dangle. It's very uncomfortable turns a fan, which winds up the weight to dangle and you will find the stiff of the clock until it reaches the top, "setled preferable." when it actuates a brake that stops the fan, but leaves it free to start again after the weight has gone down a little. At the last of June the clock was running perfectly, after having been in motion for nine consecutive months.

Queer Oil Springs.

"Venezuela has boiling oil springs, whoes, and I know as much California has got an oil spring to bees, and I know as much California has got an oil spring to about making shoes as I do won't flow a drop of oil in the dark, or about watches. They taught me to the mean, and Wyoming has oil work us to be dishonest. My principal work was that are their own storage tanks, and to paste leather and pasteboard to-Ive see 'em all," said Capt. Juwe, gether to make a thick sole to impose Flower, of Venango county, a the on the public. The man who had the Asterbourg attaula. He has just to be stored was a Christian a mathematical

ate The tors at lost.

000 miles in diameter.

It was Cato, I think, who wished to If, however, the impinging masses make it obligatory on every Roman were, to begin with, mainly gaseous (as citizen to have a flowering plant to look the sun seems to be) the effect might after and the Parisian of to-day would be curiously different. Heat would, of seem to have adopted his principles. course, be generated, just as in the case The average Parisian, it is true, does of solid bodies; but as a consequence, not go beyond the fortifications, but it apparently most paradoxical, the resultdoes not require much in order to give ing nebula might actually be cooler him the sensation of the country, the than either of the bodies before the enodor of the flower and the shadow of counter; of course it would be vastly love. A lilac bush which will soon expanded in volume. Just as a gaseous burst into blossom and which stands in mass contracting under its own gravity an earthen pot on his mantelpiece with from loss of heat by radiation at its suran entropy of have been supported by the second sec walls, suffice to the second state of the seco Tirabean by mate expansion bulk was attained, the temperature and brilliance of the mass would be for a time vastly increased,

but the final result would be as stated.

Soothing the Victims.

Marwood, the English hangman, used howl went up from the assembled rank and fashion surrounding him. The lit-words of encouragement to them. the beast stood on his own hoofs in the midst of a bed of Marshal Neil roses; in "Come on now," he would say kindly. "I won't you, and it will all be his rosy snont was the customary lemon, and twisted in his small tail was a blue pond lily. He was pronounced too sheriff in Arkansaw is equally as kind. Some sime ago he entered the cell of a man who was to be hanged the following day and said : "That little affair of ours comes on to-morrow, you know, and I to be that you will be quite ready A perpetual clock was started at for the performance. Hold yourself ensels a little over a ver ago. An pretty stiff when tim, cap is drawn.

Prison Morality.

A man who was convicted of theft and sentenced to the state prison in Philadelphia the other day astonished the judge by making these pointed re-

marks in court : "I worked three years your state prison making

Aster house rotunda. He has just to or first was a Christian, a member of turned from a two years' tor or just be tigation of alaged oil fields in South attention to the pasteboard business he was foreman of the grand jury.

What His Idea Was.

A New York merchant was speaking Why do, you make a state in of a gray-haired courade who had just this is not indicated at a wife of the start of a gray-halfed contraine who had past of room, former for a femer time time in arried a third wife. "I can't under-the formation of a bries bras sho the function of the start of a bries bras sho the function of the function of a bries bras sho the function of the functi myself, but my idea has always been ge of Paris it be the intermediate to the stronger than "Yes, been the stronger than "Yes, been the stronger than the production". If the stronger than the production that I, he would have a stronger than that if a man's first wife suited him, he couldn't expect that another could fill ber place, and if she did not suit him, he wouldn't want another to fill it."

Dangers of Toboganning.

The Louisville Commercial's reporter got an interview with the city solicitor of Toronto at the exposition. The solicitor said: "Toboganning is great sport. My friend Smith had a valuable horse that once made a mile in ten seconds on a toboggan. The animal lost its sight, however, the frost needles having cut its eyes out of its head as it flew down hill. The horse had incautionsly strayed to a toboggan hill in the night, and had accidently stepped on one of the slippery things, and away he went. There was a slender, long-necked boy who was the most skillful tobogganer in western Canada: but he met with a painful accident that winter that put a stop to his favorite sport forever. As he was going down hill one afternoon he carelessly turned his face to one side, and the wind twisted his whole head square round, so that the eves looked down the back of his neck, and, lingering for several years in a retrospective way, he died insane-his brain was turned.

A Question of Freedom.

"I fought for your freedom," said a gentleman whom a negro policeman was conducting to the lock-up.

"You needn't try ter fight fur yourn, cap'n, fur if yer does I'll hit yer.' Ain't you got no respect for a man

who helped to free you? "I ain't steadyin' bout dat, cap'n. Ef yer had enuff sense to fight fur my freedom yer aughter hab enuff ter habe verse'l airter I'se freed. Doan pull back dat way. I'll gin yor a lick thing yer know dat'll ring so loud dat de fire engines will come out. Yer own freedom seems for bodder yer much more den mine."

Went to the Shop.

The china toilet set of the late Ade- the family. The inscription is as follaide Neilson, every piece painted with lows: her monogram, encircled with wreaths "Inher monogram, encircled with wreaths "In memory of Mr. Abraham Lincolne, of roses, formed for a long time the of this parish, who died July 13, 1789, chief ornamont of a brien-bras shop on aged seventy-nine years; and Hannah,

Arhansaw Traveler: A pusson what ain't got no mussy fur a animal ain't got none fur a man, au' is only kep' from beatin' a man 'case he's a coward.

Take a Good Rest.

You are wearing out the vital forces faster than there is any need, and in this way subtracting years from the sum total of your life. This rush and worry, day after day-this restless anxiety for something you have not-is like pebble-stones in machinery, they grate and grind the life out of you. You have useless burdens; throw them off. You have a great load of useless care; dump it. Pull in the strings; compact your business; take time for thought of better things. Go out into the air and let God's sun shine down upon your busy head.

Stop thinking of business and profit; stop grumbling at adverse providences. You will probably never see much better times in this doomed world; and your most opportune season is now; your happiest day is to-day. Calmly do your duty, and let God take care of His own world. He is still alive and is the King. Do not imagine that things will go to everlasting smash when you disappear from this mortal stage. Do not fancy that the curse of heaven, in the vast task of righting up a disjointed earth, is imposed upon you. Cease to fret and fume; cease to jump and worry early and late. The good time is com ing, but you will never bring it; God can, and will; take breath, sir; sit down and rest, and take a long breath. Then go calmly to the tasks of life, and do your work well.

Napoleon's Own Horoscope.

While Napoleon was retreating from Moscow he lost an old manuscript, which was afterward proved to be over five hundred years old. With this he had cast his own horoscope. The ques-tions and answers were in his ow_ handwriting, and written while he was a subaltern. Of these questions and answers only one is given here, although the majority of them were remarkably correct as to his after life.

Question 8. Shall I be eminent and meet with preferment in my pursuits? Answer, (Hieroglyph of the Pyramid) -definition: "Thou shalt meet with many obstacles, but at length thou shalt attain the highest earthly power and honor.

Tomb of President Lincoln's Grand.

John Leach, of Yarmonth, England, says The London Athenseum, has had the inscription over the tomb of the grandfather of Abraham Lincoln, at Norwich, photographed for friends of

his daughter, who died September 23, 1769, aged six years."

"From Thee, great God, we spring, to Thee we tend,

Path, motive, guide, origin, and end."

stretch of track was at its height. It was a sharp winter night that I approached the station, on the down trip. It was foggy, and a flerce wind blew. I hadn't stopped there for three months, and as I went into that good track with a dash, and approached the village at a terrible speed, I never thought of stopping. My locomotive was the fleetest on the road, and I was congratulating myself, as the fireman drew his watch that I was making the best time on record, and was thinking to myself how I would appal the train-men side-tracked as I dashed through. When a quarter of a mile from the station something whispered to me to stop. I didn't want to stop, and reflecting how chagrined I would be if I would have to stop when in the heat of a successful race, I tossed my head, opened the throttle a little more, and oh, how we flew ! Seems to me I never saw a train come so near flying, and yet she just lay as close to and smoothly on the track as could be. Quick as thought I was commanded by an inner being to stop, or it would make a run to death: and, without effort, my hands reversed the engine and applied the air. There was no signal, no whistle nor bell sounded, and the fireman was astonished to see my frantic movements. The train lay still a few feet past the depot, and as I jumped from my engine I felt so embarrassed that I almost burned. I could make no explanation to the conductor or the trainmen who came about me. I looked all over the engine. Everything was all right. I cast my eyes along the train. Nothing appeared wrong. Then I walked down the track in front of the engine. When I had gone less than a hundred feet, and beyond the rays of the headlight I ran against a box car! It stood right out in front of the engine, full on the track. The switch had been left open and the wind had skewed it out. It was loaded with carbon oil. Had I not seen it, scores of persons would have been killed and burned.

Wants It "Done Brown.

Flood, the Californes millionaire, is going to ship brownstone all the way from New York for his new San Frank cisco palace. This will be an inneretion in which health and comfort are to be sacrifieed to style. Brief or stone houses in San Francisco are simply uninhabitable begans of facil coldness and dampness, but Mr. Flord coldness and dampness, but for Field believes that brown stors along can give the solidity and "ipring we concre-to such a palace or he means to build. By the way, it should not be ferrotten that Mr. Flood a stor know as loos and attend his own has first tastes are thereione, receptably endanced and methods. nesthotic.

A Polotin Promite

It is reported that attempts will be made next season to the pisants on land that can be drugated. The crop was a faileer in many parts of the south this yes. on account of the drought.