

JUST GIVE IT A THOUGHT.

How little it costs if we give it a thought,
To make happy some heart each day;
Just one kind word or a tender smile,
As we go on our daily way;
Perchance a look will suffice to clear
The cloud from a loved one's face,
And the press of a hand in sympathy
A sorrowful tear efface.

One walks in sunlight; another goes
All weary in the shade;
One treads a path that is fair and smooth,
Another must pay for aid.
It costs so little! I wonder why
We give it so little thought;
A smile—kind words—a glance—a thought!
What magic with them is wrought.

—New York News.

TROUBLES OF A GREENHORN STATION AGENT.

NO; no more railroading in mine," said the hungry reporter, as he tilted his chair back and elevated his heels on the desk that the city editor called his when he was there. "There are some things in this world I'm not adapted for. That's one."

The rest of the "late watch" gathered around, with exclamations of amazement and surprise, and he continued:

You see, I once applied to a division superintendent for a job, and was assured my application would be considered the very first vacancy that occurred. Then I waited. The suspense was not especially trying to me, but I could see I was wearing on the friends with whom I was boarding considerably.

One day, however, the "caller," the man that rounds up the train men when they are wanted to go out on a special, came around with a note requesting me to call at the superintendent's office. Of course, I complied with the request, and was told that they wanted me to act as assistant agent for a day or two at a place called Donerill's, or something like that.

I wanted to know if I would have time to go and pack my grip, but they seemed to think such a delay would materially prejudice the prospects of the road, so I grabbed the pass and made for the train, which I managed to catch, after a brief but exciting chase. Then my "grief," as the railroad men called it, began.

"This train don't stop at Donerill's, young feller," said the conductor, as he pocketed my pass and proceeded calmly on his rounds. I would have liked to have asked him what I was expected to do about it, but his countenance was so stern and forbidding I did not dare.

We were rapidly nearing my destination, and something had to be done, so I informed a brakeman of my predicament, and he very kindly volunteered to ask "Fatty Duff" to slow down a little at Donerill's and let me off. I presume he did so, but if there was any reduction in the speed of the train it was too slight for my unpracticed eye to detect. The brakeman encouraged me, however, and, as there appeared to be no other alternative, when we were nearly abreast of the platform I let go and dropped.

I did not light right away, but when I did land the concussion was something awful, and as I rolled over and over it seemed to me I must have gathered up about all the splinters there were in that platform in different portions of my anatomy. I was still grating when the last car whizzed by, but I heard the "hind man's" timely warning:

"Look out, young man, you'll tear your clothes!"

It was a rickety old station, the walls frescoed with mashed tomatoes. Empty chicken coops, fruit boxes, berry chests and watermelon rinds, scattered about the platform, exhaled a faded and depressing odor, and the only visible indication of life or death was the swarms of flies buzzing drowsily in the hot sunshine. I picked my way to the office and presented my credentials to the agent, a tall, lank man, with a long neck, careworn features, and a stiff hat that looked out of place in the midst of such rural surroundings. He was absorbed in a newspaper, and it was sometime before he noticed me. At length, however, he threw down the paper, read my letter, and invited me to make myself at home. Then he unbosomed himself:

"I'm sick and tired of this business," he said. "The work's enough to kill a mule, but it's the injustice and lack of appreciation that makes me hot. You can't pick up a paper without seeing a lot of 'rot' about the heroism of locomotive engineers, and the terrible responsibility that makes train dispatchers hump-shouldered before their time; but never a single, solitary word about station agents. Why, to read the papers, a person would think an engineer went through life with his eye glued to the rail and a death-grip on the reversing lever, and that the train dis-

patcher had to put in all his spare time sopping his head with hair vigor to keep from turning gray in a single night. But look at the facts.

"Any track-walker can tell you that an engineer is asleep more than half the time when out on the line, and that the only way to call his attention to a slow flag or a stop signal is to heave a rock through the cab window; while, as for the train dispatcher, we all know what he is—a petty tyrant, with an eight-hour trick, whose most arduous duties consist in rawhiding us poor wretches out on the line, bulldozing us into sending him a regular tribute of fruit, fresh eggs and butter. Heroism! Responsibility! Well, if it ain't enough to give a person a distaste for strong drink!" And he disappeared in the direction of a saloon about half a mile down the road.

When he returned he gave me an idea of my duties as assistant agent.

"You are familiar with the interstate tariffs and the transcontinental classification, I suppose?" he said.

I was obliged to confess my ignorance.

"That's bad," he replied. "You better sit right down and familiarize yourself with them. You'll find 'em all in those files. Besides the tariffs, there's 724 supplements and 1,647 amendments, in addition to 2,286 circulars that you should post up on. Then, there's the special commodity rates, and the modified rulings as applied to the different tariffs and the new rulings—there's 489 of 'em—that have appeared since the last classification was issued. After you get all those down pat, it would be well to devote a little time to the local classification and tariffs—learn the terminal points, and get the routing instructions committed to memory. Hello! there's that freight coming at last. Tell 'em there's nothing for 'em. I've got to go across the street and collect some bills—you can check out any freight they've got." And he again withdrew.

The conductor walked in and said: "Ask 'im if he's got anything for No. 23."

I put the question to the train dispatcher over the wire, and he answered: "No," very plainly and distinctly. After a while the train pulled out, and I was looking for the "soup ticket" to report them, when the train dispatcher began calling the office.

I answered, and he said: "Get No. 23."

"They're gone," "Stop 'em," "I say they've gone," "Fetch 'em back," "They're gone, I s—," "Shut that key and go and bring that train back for orders!"

I closed the key and wandered aimlessly out on the platform, in the vague hope of seeing the agent, or that something might happen. To my surprise, I saw that the freight had stopped at the other end of the yard, about three-quarters of a mile away. I could still hear the dispatcher calling, and knew by the vicious sound of the instruments that he was mad. Thoughts of collisions and the possibility of being responsible for a terrible accident flashed across my mind, and I started for that train on a run. The distance was greater than I had imagined, and I was completely blown when I came up with it. The conductor was lying on his back, under a car, fixing something about the air-brake. I managed to gasp out that the train dispatcher wanted him for orders.

"Tell him to go plumb to b—!"

"GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE HE HAS ANOTHER FIT."

"Not yet!" he shrieked. "Great Scott, man! what does Sections 4,389, 87 and 88 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, and Section 2, Chapter 3, of the Act of April 3, 1878, say?"

I was about to confess my ignorance, but he stopped me. "Don't waste any more precious time; get that critter unloaded before any one sees her. She's been in the car over thirty-six hours, and we're liable to \$500 fine."

The cow was unloaded immediately. When I returned to the office he called my attention to a bill of 98 cents I had collected on a washing machine.

"You corrected that bill before you collected it, I hope?"

"Corrected it? No. What's wrong?"

"Oh, a mere trifle; that comes under the Interstate Commerce Law, and by overcharging 13 cents you've laid us liable to a fine of \$5,000, or two years in the penitentiary, or both—that's all. See what circular 2,201 says: 'Agents who violate any of the provisions of the Interstate Commerce Law will themselves be personally liable to the penalties imposed thereby. Ignorance of the law is no excuse for its violation.' That's soothing, ain't it? And here's a case of brandy you've forwarded to Iowa, a prohibition State. That's another misdemeanor, but, thank God, we can probably escape to the hills before the authorities get on to it."

He sprang from his chair and began pacing the floor, muttering to himself: "Oh, no; there's no heroism required to run a station—no responsibility attached to the position. Fines are laid up for you, jails and penitentiaries yawn for you; but that's nothing—that's merely the every-day routine."

He caught sight of the express book and stopped short.

"Those quails," he faltered, looking at me imploringly. "You examined each bird, as the law directs, to see that it had not been captured by a net, pound, weir or trap? You know rule 86 says agents must acquaint themselves with and be governed by the game laws of their State and Territory."

I could not speak, but he read the answer in my downcast face. He extended his hand to me, while a look of sublime exaltation transfigured his homely countenance.

"As the agent," he said, and his voice had the terrible calmness of despair, "I am responsible for your crimes—I am forever undone, but I bear you no malice, it was fate, whatever happens, remember, I forgive you, but," and he jammed his hat down over his ears and his eyes glared wildly, "they will never take me alive."

Then he strode out of the office and disappeared.

The sun sank below the western horizon and twilight and mosquitoes invaded the melancholy landscape.

Presently a freight train came along and halted for water. It so happened that an empty box-car stopped right opposite the office, and as I gazed into the hospitably open door a great homesickness and a yearning stole over me. For a moment I hesitated, but a scream of mortal anguish reached my ears from the direction of the saloon, and decided me.

Softly closing the office door, I crept into the untenanted car, and when the engineer had "taken up the slack" and pulled out of Donerill, my career as an assistant agent was at an end.—The Gateway.

HISTORIC HOME OF GEN. WILLIAM CLARK IS RAZED

Long since gone to rack and ruin and standing isolated and lonely in the midst of a wide, open tract of land in the northwestern part of St. Louis, Mo., the old country house of General William Clark, famous for his connection with the historic Lewis and Clark expedition and as being one of the first governors of Missouri Territory, is to be wrecked to make room for a race track. The house is one of the oldest buildings in St. Louis. The date of its erection is not known.

I walked into the office and told the dispatcher I had stopped the train. "Why don't you be all day about it?" he answered. "There's nothing for them—it's too late to help 'em any how."

I was afraid of the conductor when I told him this. His jaw fell, and for fully a minute he gazed at me in round-eyed horror, then rushed from the office and yelled to the engineer: "Get a move on yourself! Git out of here before he has another fit!"

After that it was comparatively quiet for a while. I made a feeble effort to understand something of the classifications, but soon gave up the attempt as hopeless. One or two lots of freight and express came in, and a couple of trains passed without accident. I was beginning to think I was getting on to the business, when the agent returned. He looked more careworn than ever as he sank wearily into the one chair the office afforded.

"Well, how you makin' it?" he asked, and I stated, so far the progress seemed satisfactory.

Next he looked at the way-bills, and wanted to know if I had unloaded that cow yet.

"No," I answered; "not yet."

"Not yet!" he shrieked. "Great Scott, man! what does Sections 4,389, 87 and 88 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, and Section 2, Chapter 3, of the Act of April 3, 1878, say?"

I was about to confess my ignorance, but he stopped me.

"Don't waste any more precious time; get that critter unloaded before any one sees her. She's been in the car over thirty-six hours, and we're liable to \$500 fine."

The cow was unloaded immediately. When I returned to the office he called my attention to a bill of 98 cents I had collected on a washing machine.

"You corrected that bill before you collected it, I hope?"

"Corrected it? No. What's wrong?"

"Oh, a mere trifle; that comes under the Interstate Commerce Law, and by overcharging 13 cents you've laid us liable to a fine of \$5,000, or two years in the penitentiary, or both—that's all. See what circular 2,201 says: 'Agents who violate any of the provisions of the Interstate Commerce Law will themselves be personally liable to the penalties imposed thereby. Ignorance of the law is no excuse for its violation.' That's soothing, ain't it? And here's a case of brandy you've forwarded to Iowa, a prohibition State. That's another misdemeanor, but, thank God, we can probably escape to the hills before the authorities get on to it."

He sprang from his chair and began pacing the floor, muttering to himself: "Oh, no; there's no heroism required to run a station—no responsibility attached to the position. Fines are laid up for you, jails and penitentiaries yawn for you; but that's nothing—that's merely the every-day routine."

He caught sight of the express book and stopped short.

"Those quails," he faltered, looking at me imploringly. "You examined each bird, as the law directs, to see that it had not been captured by a net, pound, weir or trap? You know rule 86 says agents must acquaint themselves with and be governed by the game laws of their State and Territory."

I could not speak, but he read the answer in my downcast face. He ex-

stended his hand to me, while a look of sublime exaltation transfigured his homely countenance.

"As the agent," he said, and his voice had the terrible calmness of despair, "I am responsible for your crimes—I am forever undone, but I bear you no malice, it was fate, whatever happens, remember, I forgive you, but," and he jammed his hat down over his ears and his eyes glared wildly, "they will never take me alive."

Then he strode out of the office and disappeared.

The sun sank below the western horizon and twilight and mosquitoes invaded the melancholy landscape.

Presently a freight train came along and halted for water. It so happened that an empty box-car stopped right opposite the office, and as I gazed into the hospitably open door a great homesickness and a yearning stole over me. For a moment I hesitated, but a scream of mortal anguish reached my ears from the direction of the saloon, and decided me.

Softly closing the office door, I crept into the untenanted car, and when the engineer had "taken up the slack" and pulled out of Donerill, my career as an assistant agent was at an end.—The Gateway.

HISTORIC HOME OF GEN. WILLIAM CLARK IS RAZED

Long since gone to rack and ruin and standing isolated and lonely in the midst of a wide, open tract of land in the northwestern part of St. Louis, Mo., the old country house of General William Clark, famous for his connection with the historic Lewis and Clark expedition and as being one of the first governors of Missouri Territory, is to be wrecked to make room for a race track. The house is one of the oldest buildings in St. Louis. The date of its erection is not known.

I walked into the office and told the dispatcher I had stopped the train. "Why don't you be all day about it?" he answered. "There's nothing for them—it's too late to help 'em any how."

I was afraid of the conductor when I told him this. His jaw fell, and for fully a minute he gazed at me in round-eyed horror, then rushed from the office and yelled to the engineer: "Get a move on yourself! Git out of here before he has another fit!"

After that it was comparatively quiet for a while. I made a feeble effort to understand something of the classifications, but soon gave up the attempt as hopeless. One or two lots of freight and express came in, and a couple of trains passed without accident. I was beginning to think I was getting on to the business, when the agent returned. He looked more careworn than ever as he sank wearily into the one chair the office afforded.

"Well, how you makin' it?" he asked, and I stated, so far the progress seemed satisfactory.

Next he looked at the way-bills, and wanted to know if I had unloaded that cow yet.

"No," I answered; "not yet."

"Not yet!" he shrieked. "Great Scott, man! what does Sections 4,389, 87 and 88 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, and Section 2, Chapter 3, of the Act of April 3, 1878, say?"

I was about to confess my ignorance, but he stopped me.

"Don't waste any more precious time; get that critter unloaded before any one sees her. She's been in the car over thirty-six hours, and we're liable to \$500 fine."

The cow was unloaded immediately. When I returned to the office he called my attention to a bill of 98 cents I had collected on a washing machine.

"You corrected that bill before you collected it, I hope?"

"Corrected it? No. What's wrong?"

"Oh, a mere trifle; that comes under the Interstate Commerce Law, and by overcharging 13 cents you've laid us liable to a fine of \$5,000, or two years in the penitentiary, or both—that's all. See what circular 2,201 says: 'Agents who violate any of the provisions of the Interstate Commerce Law will themselves be personally liable to the penalties imposed thereby. Ignorance of the law is no excuse for its violation.' That's soothing, ain't it? And here's a case of brandy you've forwarded to Iowa, a prohibition State. That's another misdemeanor, but, thank God, we can probably escape to the hills before the authorities get on to it."

He sprang from his chair and began pacing the floor, muttering to himself: "Oh, no; there's no heroism required to run a station—no responsibility attached to the position. Fines are laid up for you, jails and penitentiaries yawn for you; but that's nothing—that's merely the every-day routine."

He caught sight of the express book and stopped short.

"Those quails," he faltered, looking at me imploringly. "You examined each bird, as the law directs, to see that it had not been captured by a net, pound, weir or trap? You know rule 86 says agents must acquaint themselves with and be governed by the game laws of their State and Territory."

I could not speak, but he read the answer in my downcast face. He ex-

stended his hand to me, while a look of sublime exaltation transfigured his homely countenance.

"As the agent," he said, and his voice had the terrible calmness of despair, "I am responsible for your crimes—I am forever undone, but I bear you no malice, it was fate, whatever happens, remember, I forgive you, but," and he jammed his hat down over his ears and his eyes glared wildly, "they will never take me alive."

Then he strode out of the office and disappeared.

The sun sank below the western horizon and twilight and mosquitoes invaded the melancholy landscape.

Presently a freight train came along and halted for water. It so happened that an empty box-car stopped right opposite the office, and as I gazed into the hospitably open door a great homesickness and a yearning stole over me. For a moment I hesitated, but a scream of mortal anguish reached my ears from the direction of the saloon, and decided me.

Softly closing the office door, I crept into the untenanted car, and when the engineer had "taken up the slack" and pulled out of Donerill, my career as an assistant agent was at an end.—The Gateway.

HISTORIC HOME OF GEN. WILLIAM CLARK IS RAZED

Long since gone to rack and ruin and standing isolated and lonely in the midst of a wide, open tract of land in the northwestern part of St. Louis, Mo., the old country house of General William Clark, famous for his connection with the historic Lewis and Clark expedition and as being one of the first governors of Missouri Territory, is to be wrecked to make room for a race track. The house is one of the oldest buildings in St. Louis. The date of its erection is not known.

I walked into the office and told the dispatcher I had stopped the train. "Why don't you be all day about it?" he answered. "There's nothing for them—it's too late to help 'em any how."

I was afraid of the conductor when I told him this. His jaw fell, and for fully a minute he gazed at me in round-eyed horror, then rushed from the office and yelled to the engineer: "Get a move on yourself! Git out of here before he has another fit!"

After that it was comparatively quiet for a while. I made a feeble effort to understand something of the classifications, but soon gave up the attempt as hopeless. One or two lots of freight and express came in, and a couple of trains passed without accident. I was beginning to think I was getting on to the business, when the agent returned. He looked more careworn than ever as he sank wearily into the one chair the office afforded.

"Well, how you makin' it?" he asked, and I stated, so far the progress seemed satisfactory.

Next he looked at the way-bills, and wanted to know if I had unloaded that cow yet.

"No," I answered; "not yet."

"Not yet!" he shrieked. "Great Scott, man! what does Sections 4,389, 87 and 88 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, and Section 2, Chapter 3, of the Act of April 3, 1878, say?"

I was about to confess my ignorance, but he stopped me.

"Don't waste any more precious time; get that critter unloaded before any one sees her. She's been in the car over thirty-six hours, and we're liable to \$500 fine."

The cow was unloaded immediately. When I returned to the office he called my attention to a bill of 98 cents I had collected on a washing machine.

"You corrected that bill before you collected it, I hope?"

"Corrected it? No. What's wrong?"

"Oh, a mere trifle; that comes under the Interstate Commerce Law, and by overcharging 13 cents you've laid us liable to a fine of \$5,000, or two years in the penitentiary, or both—that's all. See what circular 2,201 says: 'Agents who violate any of the provisions of the Interstate Commerce Law will themselves be personally liable to the penalties imposed thereby. Ignorance of the law is no excuse for its violation.' That's soothing, ain't it? And here's a case of brandy you've forwarded to Iowa, a prohibition State. That's another misdemeanor, but, thank God, we can probably escape to the hills before the authorities get on to it."

He sprang from his chair and began pacing the floor, muttering to himself: "Oh, no; there's no heroism required to run a station—no responsibility attached to the position. Fines are laid up for you, jails and penitentiaries yawn for you; but that's nothing—that's merely the every-day routine."

He caught sight of the express book and stopped short.

"Those quails," he faltered, looking at me imploringly. "You examined each bird, as the law directs, to see that it had not been captured by a net, pound, weir or trap? You know rule 86 says agents must acquaint themselves with and be governed by the game laws of their State and Territory."

I could not speak, but he read the answer in my downcast face. He ex-

stended his hand to me, while a look of sublime exaltation transfigured his homely countenance.

"As the agent," he said, and his voice had the terrible calmness of despair, "I am responsible for your crimes—I am forever undone, but I bear you no malice, it was fate, whatever happens, remember, I forgive you, but," and he jammed his hat down over his ears and his eyes glared wildly, "they will never take me alive."

Then he strode out of the office and disappeared.



Mrs. Anderson, a prominent society woman of Jacksonville, Fla., daughter of Recorder of Deeds, West, says:

"There are but few wives and mothers who have not at times endured agonies and such pain as only women know of. I wish such women knew the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a remarkable medicine, different in action from any other I ever knew and thoroughly reliable."

"I have seen cases where women doctored for years without permanent benefit who were cured in less than three months after taking your Vegetable Compound, while others who were chronic and incurable came out cured, happy, and in perfect health after a thorough treatment with this medicine. I have never used it myself without gaining great benefit. A few doses restores my strength and appetite, and tones up the entire system. Your medicine has been tried and found true, hence I fully endorse it."—Mrs. R. A. ANDERSON, 225 Washington St., Jacksonville, Fla.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above testimonial proving genuineness cannot be produced.

The experience and testimony of some of the most noted women of America go to prove, beyond a question, that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will correct all such trouble at once by removing the cause, and restoring the organs to a healthy and normal condition.

"Does your daughter's husband love her as devotedly as ever?" "He does when I'm around," replied her daughter's husband's mother-in-law, grimly. —Houston Post.

It's no sign that stocks are feverish because they absorb water freely.

If a woman hesitates it must be owing to an impediment in her speech.

Very Pleasant Electioneering.

In South Australia female suffrage has been in operation for some time. A member of the Commonwealth Parliament, anxious to ascertain the best mode of approaching the woman voters in his constituency, sought the advice of an experienced South Australian legislator. "How do you please them? Do you kiss the baby?" "No, sir," was the candid reply, "we kiss the elector."

The Masculine Theory.

Wife—I wonder why the fashions for women change so often?

Husband—Probably for the purpose of enabling them to correspond with the feminine mind, my dear.

Horrible Thought.

Here's an astrologer who predicts that King Edward is shortly to pass through a lot of trouble, a dark cloud hanging over the empire. Some horrible calamity, don't you know.

I'll bet Alfred Austin is writing another ode.—Life.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's

Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

W. D. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.

FOR DIZZINESS.

FOR BILIOUSNESS.

FOR TORPID LIVER.

FOR CONSTIPATION.

FOR SALLOW SKIN.

FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CONVULSIONS MUST BE SIGNATURE.

25 Cts. 25 Cts.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

PISO'S CURE FOR

COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ALL BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS.

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION.

25 Cts. 25 Cts.