THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN

Across the dull and brooding night A giant flies, with demon light, And breath of wreathing smoke; Around him whirls the recling plain, And with a dash of grim disdain,

In lonely swamps the low wind stirs The belt of black funeral firs, That murmer to the sky, Till, startled by his mad career, They seemed to keep a hush of fear As if a god swept by.

Through many a dark, wild heart of heath, O'er booming bridges, where beneath A mighty river brawls: By rum, remnents of the past, heir ivies trembling in the blast, By singing waterfalls.

The slumb'rer on his silent bed,

The sum of the light his lonely head,
Divested of its dream.
Long leagues of gloom are hurried o'er,
Through tunnel sheaths, with iron roar,
And shrill, night-rending scream.

Past huddling huts, past flying farms, High furnace flames, whose crimsor Are grappling with the night, He tears along receding lands, To where the kingly city stands, Wrapt in a robe of light.

Here, round each wide and gushing gate, A crowd of cager faces wait, And every smile is known. We thank thee, O, thou Titan train, That, in the city once again, We clasp our leved, our own.

—All the Year Round.

Mrs. Balem's New Bonnet.

The first day of June is always a great day in Pocasset, for that is the day of the Methodist pienie, which is by far the most success ful entertainment which has ever been held in the community. For once, denominational differences are well-zigh forgotten, and the people of both societies meet together in harmony and ceneord, and even Baptists from the adjoining towns doe their holiday attire, pack their lunch baskets and join the party at Whitin's Pond, all agog for a day's pleasure. On other occasions, it is by no means common for the Congregationalist people to associate with the Methodist people in this social and friendly manner. In the manner of fairs and sewing circles, they are entirely separated. At ten parties and quiltings, if they meet at all, it is either by unhappy chance, or under protest; at Fourth of July picnics, although the whole town is patriotic under one spacious tent, and the Sunday school banners of red, white and blue float over the heads of the just as well as the unjust, there is not that gentle harmony between the two denominations, which might be desired. One society complains that "t'other society's minister monopolizes the who'e morning in his own speech making, and that 'our minister' has no opportanity whatever to give vent to his emotions." The other society indulges in indignant remarks that "our Sunday school children are obliged to take up with gingerbread and lemonade, while the other society children just

If a young man of one society takes a fancy to a maiden belonging to the other, prudent relatives, on both sexes, take rapid and decisive measures to nip this fancy in the bud, though in more than one instance, love has persevered in its own sweet will in spite of cruel obstacles and dreadful warnings against marrying "out o' the gospil."

feast on plum cases and ice cream."

But from time immemorial the Methodist picnic has been an affair of the town. The "orthdox" picnic, as it is called, is a stiff and afraid of dampness that they insist on having the lunch indoors, and, at the first faint hint of sunsetting, the party is broken up, and starts dejectedly homeward without any little romantic twilight episodes, or waiting at bars parental authority, do not frequent this morrow?

"Am I ain't wil parish have almostalways some pressing husiness engagement to prevent them from availing themselves of its allurements, and the matrons and maiden ladies who "hie to the "That green wo d," and eat tarts and cold tongue in the safety of a boarded tent, return home cross and tired, and are not particularly in love with their neighbors. But for a wonder, the Methodist picnic is

not presided over by any one in particular. Nobody cares who has charge of the table, or pours the coffee, or who furnishes the most or the least of the cdibles, which make up the plentiful spread on the grass. Flower petals drop into the drinking cups from laden boughs overhead. The birds mingle their laughter with the general merriment. The young lolks go rowing on the pond, or steal away in pairs, or harmonious groups, in search of wile azalias, and the staidest of the old folks join in the boisterous games which are indulged in in the coolness of late afternoon. Why it should be so free and easy an entertainment, so out of character with the town in general, I point of character with the town in general, I pannot tell, unless it is because it was inaugurated years and years before by an old Methodist minister who was the jolliest possible sort of saint, and believed in a good time with true Methodistscal fervor. And then it has always been the fashion for everybody to attend it, and in the midst of so large a crowd it is not so easy to indulge in little prejudices and fault-findings.

Of late it has become a rather dressy affair, and though Pocasset people are supposed to

with Mr. Peary, and though Pocasset people are supposed to be miracles of prudence and economy, best bonnets are subjected to perilious contact with tree houghs and the fading influence of the sunshine with the most pathetic reckless. Sacred second best gowns make perilous sequantaneothip with briers and brambles, and Sinday shoes with the well nigh fixal rocks and pebbles which pave a part of the way to "Whitin's Pend," in fact, there seems to be but one subject of strife on these witching days between the different societies, between the people in general, and that is dress, particularly in the matter of headgear.

"If tother society do think they dress better the people in general, and that is dress, particularly in the matter of headgear.

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"If tother society do think they dress better the people in general and the people in the country of the people in the distinct the house with a heavy there.

"Good gracious, Mary Ann." exclaimed the people in the people in the people in the people in the peop

before the picnic this year. "I declare I don't s'pose I'd orter a paid so much fur it, but I never sent away fur a bunnit before in all my life, 'n Mis Deacon Trimball she did set herself up above her neighbors so lest year just because she sent over t' the Falls fur that dretful homely leghorn, trimmed with green!"

"But the sun fades laylook awful, sister," repeated Miss Mary Ann, with a pathetic quiver in her tone.

quiver in her tone.

"Not any mor'n it does any light summer shade, as I know. A picnic is an awful de structive place, but I shall carry my parasol, an' if it's very dusty on the way, I ken put my veil over it and keep it real nice, you know."

"I shouldn't wear a delerkit st aw trimmed with laylock ribbon 'n yaller flowers nowhere, unless it was to meetin or county conference," sighed Miss Mary Ann.
"But you see, auntie, mother wouldn't have

"But you see, auntie, mother wouldn't have an opportunity to show it to the other society unless she wore it to the picnic, and that would be dreadfut," laughed Miss Hitty Batem, a pretty girl of twenty.

"There's too much mixin' up with t'other society, anyway; I can't say as I 'prove of it. 'n if the old folks counternance it by meetin' in social converse at picnics, I don't see how they can blame the young folks for keenin'. they can blame the young folks for keepin company. Love is dretful contrary, 'n alwaz apt to go kriss-cross."
"It don't foller that the young folks must Love is dretful contrary, 'n alwaz

"It don't foller that the young folks must company jest because they see each other at a pienic once a year. Stayin' sway wouldn't keep 'em apart et they took a notion to meet," replied Mrs. Balem, sharply. "But there's one thing about it, Hitty, you ain't a-goin' with Joe Simmons, 'n when you git there, you ain't a-goin' to hev anything to say to him whatever. I didn't bring you up so partickler, 'n send you away ter the 'cademy to hev you so aginst me 'n keep company out o' the you so against me 'n keep company out o' the gospil. You're flyin' right in the face of Providence a takin' up with him the way you do, 'n Mr. Peary a look n' on all the while!"

"I don't see what Mr. Peary las to do with it, mother," said Miss Hitty, with a defiant look in hear matter off, brown come.

look in her pretty, soft-brown eyes.

"O, you're tryin' to be dretful innercent, ain't you; you know that Mr. Peary intends serious as well as I do; anybody can see that. He came over last night when you was away to invite you to go to the picnic with him, 'n I said seein' as you wasn't to home I'd answer

for you.'
"You didn't say yes, mother," said the

young lady, opening her eyes, with a look of mingled anger and astonishment Of course I did. What else should I say?

Of course I did. What else should I say? There ain't a girl in the place that wouldn't be delighted to step into your shoes. Even Dely Trafton would be pleased enough to get him, I can tell you."

"Preachin' is a genteel callin', but Mr. Peary, he sin't got to that yet, it's a speli o' school teachin', in then the instituot, in then another spell o' teachin', in then the instituot ugin, in so on," sighed Miss Mary Ann, who was in one of her disapproving moods.

"Mr. Peary is nothing to me, and I would rather stay away from the picnic altogether, than to go escorted by him," said Hitty, the crimso i glow in her cheek growing deeper

'I s'pose you promised ter go with Joe.

You was seen talking together down by the bars the other afternoon."
"He didn't ask me to go with min. Joe is too honorable for that. I told him I couldn't go anywhere with him without disobeying you, some time ago, and he said he should never ask me again, without first gaining your bushes

consent."

"O, you're dretful pertickler bout obeyin' me, both o' you. Tell Joe from me, then, that I would rather he shouldn't speak to you, at all, any more than to pass the time o' day; 'n az for you, if he does persist in takin' I don't want you to answer him no more'n 'sif there wasn't any such thing possible."

"You're a puttin' the child'n her consherace into a dretful differkilt place, Phebe. Folks do say that she 'n Joe is sot on hevin' each other, 'n if this is the case, you can't expect

other, 'n if this is the case, you can't expect 'em to hear to any such rooles 'n regorlations es that. Not that I b'leeve, my.elf, in bein' unequilly yoked with unbelievers," said Miss Mary Ann, waxing tearful.

"Joe is no more of an unbeliever than I am, "Joe is no more of an unbeliever than I am, Aunt Mary Ann. Mother is always speaking of him in that way, I can't imagine why. We neither of us belong to the church. All any one can say against him is that he happened to be born in the other society. It is really too absurd," and the young lady flounced out of the room in a state of great excitement.

"Good gracious, Phebe, here is Joe, himtood gracous, rices, here is see, himself, 'n my hair ain't combed. I'll run into the bedroom, I didn't s'pose he'd dare to come to the house."

Mrs. Balem arranged her features into a

piritless affair, presided over by the minis-ter's family, who are all dyspeptic, and so hastily covered the new bonnet, and received her guest with a grim "good morning."

He was a tall, manly fellow, with laughing

to watch the moon rise, or loitering in couples hat in hand before the frowning lady, who did an inquisitive heifer, who, forcing her way along dusky lanes and cross roads. Of late years the young folk, unless pressed by severe I should drive Hitty to Whittin's Pond to had caught her trouble some, half-grown horns

I am going nowhere with Mr. Peary. I never

will. I—"
"Mrs. Balem, why isn't it suitable or proper that Hitty and I should be together? Do
you know anything against me?" broke in the

young man, hotly.

"Why, no, not exactly against you," said
Mrs. Balem, adding to her awfulness by sticking her back hair full of knitting needles,
"hut you b'long to t'other serciety, you know,"

"Is that all ?" "That's enough, I should think, 'n then 'tain't all, neither. Mr. Peary has just the same as spoke for Hitty, 'n I mean he shall hev her. "Tain't—"

The sppcarance of a neighbor, Mrs. Newhall, who ran in to bor ow a cup of sugar, put a sudden end to this conversation, and Joe and Hitty took the advantage of Mrs. Balem's temporary engagement and held a little council at the gate, where they were hidden from view by the tall lilac bushes.

"It will all come out r ght sooner or later, Hitty," said Joe, at parting; "and if your mother ments on your going to the picnic with Mr. Peary, go. If you stay away, we shall miss an opportunity for seeing each other, and who knows but that we may manage so that you may return with me!"

Hitty shock her head dismally, and went into the house with a heavy heart. The appearance of a neighbor, Mrs. New-

the flowers was put on, how the ribbon was

xed, 'n everything."

And all the rest of the day she was in a state of great excitement, wondering if the stage driver told that he brought a bandbox for her from the Corner, and if Miss Robbins, the village milliner, would copy the trim-mings, and to what extent Mrs. Descon Trimball would be taken aback by its gorgeous ap-

pearance.
The sky looked like rain that night, and all Pocasset went to bed with sore misgivings. But morning broke bright and cloudless, and the road which led to Whitin's Pond was with carriages and people on foot at an

early hour.

Hitty, attired in spotless white, was driven thither by Mr. Peary, after all, but she had managed to that he was obliged to take her friend, Ellen Damon, in his carriage, also, and recovered her spirits on the way in a remarkable manager.

able manner.
Inspired by the loveliness of the day, the blush and perfume of the apple blossoms, the bubble of the brooks under dreamy elm buible of the brooks under dreamy elm boughs and between quivering alders, and p rhaps, also, by the nearness of a certain brown-eyed maiden, Mr. Peary soared into poetry and quoted a great many verses in

pressed a sensibility to romance and pathor, which was truly startling.

As for Joe Simmons, he plodded along on foot and alone to the scene of festivity, storping now and then to gather some dainty wild flower by the way, which he fastened into the bouquet which he was arranging as a gift to Hitty. Hitty loved wild flowers, and Joe knew where the pink orchida grew, and took a path through some swampy meadows on a path through some swampy meadows on purpose to find them. By ten o'clock the whole party had assembled at the pond, and

come later, when, the preparations for the lunch being over, she could leave the tentard mingle freely with "tother society," who, though bringing their share of refresh-ments, were deprived of the pleasure of assist-

ing in the management of affairs.
I declare, if I wuz you, Phobe, I'd take off that dretful fine new bunnit, n hang it away somewhere till we get through with the work. The strings'll get siled as true as the world. The strings il get siled as true as the world. They come nigh gettin' into one o' Miss Luther Jores's custards just low. I know 'twas one o' hers coz 'twas so dreiful thin. I hope tother society won't think it's our cookin', 's sid the lady's cousin, Mrs. Hram Spicer, a stout matron whose hands were as busy as her

tongue.
"Well, I should think so." said Miss. Mary Ann, in a tone of deep concern. "Phebe never was careful of her close. Here, let me take it'n I'll bang it up here in these shady bushes by the door. Put your veil over it, 'n it e uldn' hart a mite if it shalld hang there all day. The folks is all on the other side of the tent, too, so cobody'll meddle with it nor

Thus adjured, Mrs. Balem removed her bonnit with great care, and as she did so nearly all the ladies in the tent crowded around her hos guitanicael or lo weiv retren a nistdo of mondellar utgair.

wonderful an affair.

"I declare, if that ain't a real beauty, Mis Ba'em," was the universal exclamation. Didn't get it down to the Corner, did ye? I knew Miss Robbins didn't have anything to do with it, the minute I laid my eyes on it."

But Mcs. Balem chose to be mysterious as yet, the bonnet itself was creating so much of acceptance that she would reserve the startling.

sensation that she would reserve the startling information that it came straight from the city until an ther day.

"What do you s'bose Mis Deacon Trimball'll say to it?" whispered a friendly neighbor in her ear. "T'other society thinks there ain't no close, no gentility, nor no nothin' on our side you know."

side you know."

Mrs. Bilem shook her head seriously, slow-

y. This question was still deeply engaging her own mind. In fact, so much so, that she mixed tarts with doughnuts, and cookies with cream cakes, in the most extraordinary fashion; and the minister's wife sighed that Sister

Balem was a losing her management so.

Five or ten minutes passed full of chatter and gossip. Dishes rattled, birds sang and winds ru-tled outside. And then, all of a sudden, a shrill scream from Miss Mary Ann, He was a tall, manly fellow, with laughing blue eyes, a mouth which betokened shrewdness and decision, and a broad, open, honest brow.

"Mes Balem," said he, bravely, standing startled the company and st-riled so ill more that is band before the frozening lady who did. morrow?"
"Am I willin'?" echoed she. "Of course I ain't willin." Tain't sootable or project that you 'n she should keep company, besides that, Hitty is a-goin with Mr. Peary."
"That is a mistake, mother," said the young woman in question, appearing suddenly upon the scene, "I am not going to the picnic at all, I am soing nowhere with Mr. Peary. I never

"Every one o' them valler flowers on it cost seven'n six, 'n that there unruly critter is a runnin' away with it 'n destroyin' of it. Make haste n ketch up with him, do! What right has folks to let ich auma s run loose, I should like ter know!" she exclaimed wildly.

Mr. Peary, with a countenance expressive of great zeal, took a sudden leap forward, but soon came to a dead stop and regarded his pantaloons with consternation. They were his best, in fact, the only ones which he poshis best, in fact, the only ones which he possers d suitable for state occasions, and next
week the county conference was to be held at
the Corner. A struggle through this miry
swamp, filled with black pools and deceiful
floating hillocks would be their utter ruin,
this worldly prospects would be ruined, too,
if he were to forego this special means of
brotherly intercourse with leaders in the Gospel. And then there was danger of being
drowned in the dr-adful quagmire.

"It is too wet, Mrs. Balem. I am very
sorry, but it is quite impossible to struggle
through such a swamp as this. The water in
some places must be over one's head" he stammered, confusedly.

"Too wet!" echoed the anxious and irate
lady: "too wet!" and my best bunnit that came

"Why no, not if the occasion requires," said

Joe, somewhat puzzled.

But being finally brought to understand the state of affairs, he immediately plunged in pursuit of the precious bonnit, quite regardless of his best clothes or the dangers of the

"Joe," the lady called after him chokingly "Joe, the lady called after him chokingly,
"as for you'n Hitty, I won't make no more
objections if you bring that bunnit back safe
'n sound 'n fit to wear ter county conference
'n ter meetin'. 'N I'll wait down there in the
brush till you get back. I don't want the
folks outside the tent, nor t'other society to
how mathin' shout its gettin' carried off. know nothin' about its gettin' carried off.

He waived his hat gaily and hurried on.

Mrs. Balem and Hitty both watching him

reathlessly.
"But he would have got it just the same mother, if you hadn't made that promise," said Hitty with a little gasp, as her lover, who had been leaping lightly from hillock to hil-lock, made a false step and sank pretty deeply

into the mud.
"Yes, I b'leeve he would, just the same as if I hadn't been your mother. Joe is a good feller, 'n I was mistook in Mr. Peary, He ain't anything of a man, after all. But do you reckon the bounit a ready.

In the course of a half an hour or so Joe re-

poetry and quoted a great many verses in praise of lovely June. But the effect was somewhat marked by the kicking of the horse, who, coming from the livery stable, was hardly understood by his driver, and expressed a sensibility to romance and pathor, which was truly startling.

As for Joe Simmons, he plodded along on foot and alone to the scene of festivity, stopping now and then to gather some dainty wild flower by the way, which he fastened into the flower by the way, which he fastened into the flower by the way, which he fastened into the flower by the way, which he fastened into the flower by the way, which he fastened into the flower by the way, which he fastened into the flower by the way, which he fastened into the flower by the way, which he fastened into the flower by the way, which he fastened into the flower by the way, which he fastened into the flower by the way in the course of a half an hour or so Joe reappeared, bearing the lost article with an air of timph. It had been almost mirculously preserved from harm on its perilous journey about the swamp, the only injuries it had sustained being a bend in the brim which was easily straightened, and a mud spot upon one of the strings which Hitty very nearly erased by means of careful rubbing.

After the first anxious moment Mrs. Balem became highly demonstrative in her joy and

became highly demonstrative in her joy and gratitude, assuring Joe that she would never go back on her word. "N you did it so quiet, too," she said. "I expected everybody'd be peckin' round 'n inquiring ef the bunnit had been found, but not a soul but the few that was in the tent got wind on the accident at all, 'n not one of t'other society was amongst 'em."

as soul but the few that a soul but the few that in spreading the like, and whose new bonnet had already created more of a sensation than she had anticapted, even in her wildest imagination, was happy beyond expression.

"I see that stuck-up schoolmarm from the Corner is dretful took with it," she whispered to Miss Mary Aun. "She's been gitting behind me, 'n lookin' it all over ever sence she come, an Mis Amaziah Snow! Did you see her gaze 'n gaze?"

But the crowning glory of the day come later, when, the look is that she had promised her own and later, when, the look is the she whole of "t'other society" satisfactorily impressed. She went home with a satisfied and delighted soul. But later, as she confessed, it did appear to her something of a laughter ter a man that society. But the crowning glory of the day society. But the crowning glory of the day society. seemed ter hev she could put up with it. As for Mr. Peary, it had been demonstrated that he was not to be depended on in a time of deep trouble.

So something did happen which enabled Joe and Hitty to go home together that afterno in and linger as long as they liked at the bars when the evening primroses lighted their lamps and the new moon rose over the twi-light fields. And Mrs. Balem had not only the pleasure of wearing her new bonnet to county conference but to a wedding which came off in church before the summer was over. Hitty was the pret jest as well as the happiest bride possible, and all went as merrily as if the groom did not belong to "t'other society.

Effect of Pasturing Wheat

sheep has been followed with some farmers in the oldest wool-growing portions of this and other States. The unusual strong growth of wheat in the central and eastern part of Ohio during winter and the early part of spring, induced a much larger number of farmers to try this course. So far as our observation extends the result was satisfactory causing the tends the result was satisfactory, causing the wheat to stand closer and not grow so tall as to lodge before the grain had matur d.

Young timothy was given a good chance and looks well; where wheat lodged these rops were injured if not destroyed.

Some fields had been pastured so close as t ook almost bare in April. The sheep were improving with but little other feed; in many cases no other feed was given. Pasturing was generally continued until some time in May. Fields that were pastured the closest have preduced as good looking crops as those not pastured. When threshing the crop, farmers would do well to note the yield from fields pastured and those not pastured and report

How to Drive Away Rats.

A writer in the Scientific American, in treating of the question, gives a simple plan by which any one can rid his premises of rats and keep the vermin away permanently. He says: "We clear our premises of these detestabl, vermin by naking whitewash vellow with corperas, and covering the rafters and stones in the cellar with it. In every crevice in which a rat may tread we put the chrystals of copperas, and scatter the same in the cor ners of the floor. The result was a perfect stampede of rats and mice. Since that time not a footfall of either rat or mouse has been heard about the house. Many persons delib erately attract all the rats in the neghborhood by leaving fruit and vegetables uncovered in the cellar, and sometimes even the soap grease is left open for their regalement. Cover up everything estable in the cellar, and pantry, and you will soon have them out. These precautions joined to the service of a good cat, will prove as good a rat exterminator as chemists can provide. We never allow rats to be poisoned in our dwelling, they are so liable to die between the walls and produce much annoyance.

The Connecting Link.

Mr. R. M. Armstrong, who has been en gaged in securing the right of way for the Puget Sound Shore Railroad Company, returned to this city yesterday. In a brief interview he informed us that he had succeeded in his mission as far as the farmers and land owners in Pierce county were concerned, with one or in Pierce county were concerned, with one or two exceptions. His work in King county re-mains uncompleted, but Mr. Armstrong hopes to secure the needed concessions on equitable terms to all concerned. If any of our King county ranchers are holding back, we have no heaitation in assuring them that we think they are doing so at the expense of their own interests. The persons who propose to con-tract to construct the road between Sea tle and the connecting point with the Northern tract to construct the road between Seattle and the connecting point with the Northern Pacific Railroad nave been over the route, but no contract is yet closed. The grade and slope stakes are being set from Puyallup this way. Mr. Armstrong expressed a firm conviction that the road will be completed between the two points, if not by the first of January, within a very short time after that date. He reports large be des of file agricultural lands along the route, all of which has been located, however, by actual actiers.—Post Intellihowever, by actual attlers. - Post Intelli-

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land, and vacant Government land will be shown.

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