

DEATH IN THE SKY.
Who that looks upward to the sky
In some transparent summer night,
When mystic stars are burning bright,
When there is nothing wide and high
Save what enshrouds the light.

Who that looks upward to the life
Of all that's mortal, and which seems
Quiescent as the flow of streams,
Unmarked by little deaths and births,
Eternal as our dreams—

Thinks that within the calmest vast
World-nature rolling overhead
Suns circle which are cold and dead,
And spheres which blaze in ages past
Are lifeless globes, that shed
No shimmer through the lucid air,
Yet whirl upon their unseen way
Like those of other times and days,
Like shadows lingering darkly where
The ancient specter stary?

As radiant earth is but the tomb
Where death awaits behind its bars
Hearts torn with many wounds and scars,
The sky is an unshrouded gloom
A sepulchre of stars.

—Harpur for June.

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

I am a physician, and among my patients number the wife of a deceased army officer. The general's wife was a case of nervous debility. She had, so to speak, a genius for nervousness; her body, like her soul, vibrated at a touch, like a delicate stringed instrument under a skillful master's hand. She was an excellent wife, and she adored a second husband, whom she married soon after the death of the general, whose title the world continued to give her.

She worshipped the last husband, but unfortunately, the unworthy scamp—much younger than his wife—in no way deserved the self-sacrificing tenderness and the loving solicitude with which she treated him. Whenever and wherever an inducement offered he stole away from an elegant home, and spent the night as well as his wife's money in dissipation.

The wife's sorrow and despair were boundless, all the more so the frivolous youth, who had every reason to avoid an open rupture, knew how to preserve appearances with an inexhaustible store of indisputable evasions and excuses. He lied and cheated with the thorough and unflinching attention of a man to whom fraud and artifice yielded income of many thousands. Thus she was unable to get any proof of his infidelity. Nevertheless, her unerring instinct told her that her husband deceived her and was unfaithful, a thought that entirely unsettled her highly nervous organization.

Moreover, she put his different statements together and discovered little contradictions—deficiencies. Then the poor woman shed some bitter tears and sobbed in heart-breaking fashion, and became so much afflicted that she was not ashamed, under the circumstances, to consult her family physician and trusted adviser. At first I strove to calm her in the usual way, by lying.

But, alas! I soon saw these innocent expedients were not sufficient. So the general's wife often sat for hours in my study, crying and wringing her hands with incessant grief. One day she sat on the sofa, her head buried in her hands, groaning and moaning in agony of soul. Without design, beyond trying to soothe her, I smoothed her forehead several times with my hand, and saw, to my great surprise, the sobbing woman become quiet, involuntarily let her hands fall to her side, draw regular breaths, and soon fall into a profound sleep.

My astonishment merged into joy, for the poor woman with her grief had become a little troublesome. Therefore I ordered my servant to roll the sofa on which she lay into the next room. After a while I awakened her by blowing into her face, and told her that she had slept. "Ah," she murmured, "I am done in a world of good. I feel, indeed, doctor, that you are right. Probably I have been a fool to suspect my good husband."

She gratefully pressed my hand and departed, hopefully smiling. About a month after the coupe of the general's wife stopped again before my door, and the poor wife sat with weeping eyes in my study. Renewed groans, renewed tears. I told her to go to the little room. I made the same passes lightly over her brow as on the former occasion, and in a few moments she awoke in a calmer state, and hastened to her husband. She repeated the call quite frequently.

One day the general's wife came to me unusually agitated, and confessed with tears that her husband had not come home the previous night. My office hours were nearly over; my waiting room was thronged. I gently led her into the little room, put her to sleep as usual, looked the door and went back to my studies. My servant brought an urgent dispatch. A Brazilian prince was dangerously ill; a difficult surgical operation was performed, and they honored me with a request that I should perform it. The steamship would leave Bordeaux next morning. To catch the night train I must start at once. I excused myself to my patients. I quickly packed all the necessary instruments, books, bought a ticket and soon left Paris for Madrid.

The train was late; the steamer was waiting for us. I was scarcely on deck before the signal for departure was sounded and we were moving. I went at once to my cabin, unpacked my scientific works and lost myself in reading. I thought of the great honor fallen to my share, and alternated between hope and fear as to the success of the operation. I watched with meagre interest, while I went to sleep and did not awake till morning. I went on deck. The captain approached me.

"We seem to have come a good way, captain?"

"Four hundred miles," was his answer.

"And where do you intend to stop on the way?"

"Nowhere. We go directly to Rio de Janeiro. A thirty-six days' voyage lies before us. A steamer went much slower in those days than now."

"Thirty-six days?" I cried, mechanically—"No trifle that, captain; a long time—a very, very long time, indeed."

I looked thoughtfully at the play of the waves. A dark presentiment suddenly troubled me. I thought of me as if I had forgotten something.

But what could I have forgotten? What—what had slipped my mind? Suddenly I groaned aloud. Like lightning it had flashed through my mind. The general's wife! I had forgotten the complete catastrophe—the general's wife locked in the little room which my people never entered, the key of which I had carried with me.

"Captain," I cried, lifting my hands imploringly, "I must instantly send a telegram.

The captain took two swift steps aside and fixed his eyes on me in a singular way. He evidently believed that I had suddenly gone crazy.

"I must—I must telegraph, captain," I insisted. I have forgotten the gen-

eral's wife, who is asleep. Do you hear, captain? She is asleep.

"In the devil's name, what do you mean?" cried the captain, impatiently. "If you left her asleep she must have wakened by this time." He turned his back, laughing hoarsely, and ordered two sailors not to lose sight of me.

I need not say what a terrible day I passed. Sleeping or waking, always with the dreadful picture of the poor woman, sunk in sleep, lying on the sofa from which she could never rise.

In what a state I found myself on the thirty-sixth day it would not be easy for you to imagine. At last Rio de Janeiro was in sight. I threw myself into a boat, sprang ashore, and ran to the telegraph office. "Break open door of small room; wake up general's wife." * * * When the dissipated husband of the general's wife discovered that she, too, had been out all night, he gave the matter no more thought than to use the favorable opportunity for another carousal.

"Is madame home yet?" he nonchalantly asked the porter, as he returned the second morning.

"No, sir," replied the porter. The affair did not trouble him, but it began to appear strange.

The third day went by and the fourth came and no sign of the general's wife. Her husband became uneasy. He sent for her relatives in the country. They had not seen her for years. The young man's indignation increased from hour to hour. The fifth day he informed the police. Their search was vain. It was found that she had been to me that day, but they could go no further. Hundreds of patients daily went in and out of my office, in at one door and out another, which opened directly on the stairs.

My people could not remember about her, the police could not think of searching my rooms, neither did it occur to my servant to force open the small room since I frequently looked it when I wanted to guard some valuable object of my study. So the disappearance of the general's wife remained an unsolvable riddle.

One believes what one wishes. So, when four days were passed, the husband was convinced his wife would never return. He said to himself, with a certain painful satisfaction: "The poor thing has killed herself. From love of me, no doubt."

According to the marriage contract the wife's wealth now belonged to him. A skillful lawyer at once arranged everything. The young widower inaugurated his monarchy by making such alterations in the stately old house as his somewhat loud taste dictated. His wife's boudoir was changed to a smoking room. In place of the dining-room a museum of weapons appeared. The small blue parlor served as a billiard room. The carriage which the general's wife used to ride afternoon's was sold and replaced by a yellow English dog cart. She had prided herself upon simple, unostentatious livings; her widower dressed his servants in red, gold embroidered uniforms.

One evening my servant was called to the door by a stout stranger suffering from dropsy who wanted me to cure him. Just as he was about to say I had not been in Paris over a month, a messenger ran up the steps and handed him a dispatch. My servant read, turned pale and cried:

"Quick, quick! Break open the door of the little room!"

The dropsical man was so frightened at the outcry that he fell into a swoon. Without troubling himself my servant ran to the study, put his shoulder to the door of the inner room and burst it in.

On the sofa lay the general's wife covered with a thick layer of dust. Under the combined influence of tears, rice powder and dust, her face, never pretty, had gained the look of a caricature. She was an awful sight. My servant was familiar with the mysteries of cataplasms, so he wasted no time in blowing strongly in her face. She was not dead, but of course, much emaciated. At last she opened her eyes and made a motion as if she would have dried her tears.

"Dear doctor," said she, in a weak voice, "I feel a little encouraged. I believe I have wronged my husband. He has really spent the night at the club. I will hasten to embrace him."

She arose and went to the door. My servant was so excited that no word passed his lips. She passed through the study. When the dropsical patient, who had just recovered consciousness, caught sight of her he cried in horror: "Is this the state in which patients come out of the private room?" and fled as fast as he could.

The house of the lady was not far from mine. She hurried home. At the door she stopped in wonder. Was she awake? This could not possibly be her plain house. The vestibule was decorated with gay festoons, a confusion of glaring cushions and bizarre flowers.

Speechless in amazement, she went up stairs, intending to pass through the small blue parlor to her boudoir.

There was neither little blue parlor nor boudoir. In one was a billiard table; in the other a collection of pipes.

The general's wife sank into a chair to collect her confused thoughts.

Suddenly she rose; she could hear voices near by. Laughter and singing met her ear. She hurried to a portiere quickly and resolutely lifted it. Horrified at the sight, she fled with some ladies at a riotously spread table.

The servant, at a glimpse of the general's wife, who seemed to have risen from her grave, let plate and dish fall. The dinner table with frightful shrieks, while the supposed widower, who had drunk a little more than was necessary, flung himself on his knees, and deathly pale, stammered:

"Is he spirit. Forgive me."

"Leave the house," cried the general's wife. "Lackeys, know your mistress, and class this unworthy wretch from the house."

The servants, who from fear had kept aloof, obeyed her command.

The railway company experienced some difficulty in selecting plans from those presented, but finally accepted those of the Central Bridge works of Buffalo. The contract requires that the bridge be completed by December 1, 1883, under the forfeiture of \$500 per day for each day's delay after that

date. The design selected is what is known as the cantilever bridge, the principle of which is that of a trussed beam, supported at or near its center, with the arms extending on each side, and one end anchored or counterweighted to provide for an equal loading. It is in practice an entirely new design, a bridge not yet having been completed upon this principle. The First of North bridge in Scotland, with a clear span of 1600 feet, is being built upon this plan, and in this country the Fraser river bridge, 315 feet clear span, on the Canadian Pacific, is now being constructed on the same plan.

The bridge is to be a double track steel bridge, being built to carry upon each track at the same time a freight train of the heaviest kind, extending the entire length of the bridge, headed by two "consolidation" engines, and a side crossing of thirty power per square foot, which pressure is produced by wind having a velocity of seventy-five miles per hour. Under the above loads the structure is strained to only one-fifth of its ultimate strength. The total length of the bridge proper is 895 feet, divided into two cantilevers of 375 feet on the Canadian and 395 on the American side, supported on steel towers rising from the water's edge. A fixed span of 125 feet is suspended from and connects the river arms of cantilevers. The clear span across the river is 600 feet, being the longest double track truss span ever built. The excavations are carried down until solid rock is reached, when blocks of "Biton Colgate" twenty feet wide, forty-five feet long, and ten feet thick, will be put in. These form one single mass of concrete, which is poured almost equal to the best Quincy granite, and will so distribute the load of 1600 tons that comes upon each pair of steel columns that it will produce a pressure of but twenty-five pounds per square inch on the natural formation. Upon these Biton blocks, four in number, will be built masonry of the most substantial character, carried up fifty feet above the surface of the water. On these steel towers rest, rising 130 feet above the masonry, and upon these will set the steel suspension towers. This steel will be subjected to the most rigid inspection and tests from the ore until it enters the completed structure. For erection at the bridge site temporary scaffolding, using some 600,000 feet of timber, will be built on the bluff from either side out to the edge of the water, on a level with the top of the bluff. Upon these the shore arms of the cantilevers will be erected, one end resting on the steel towers and the other upon masonry on the bluff. The shore ends will be firmly anchored to this masonry, so that it will take an uplifting force of 400 tons at each end to displace it. This constitutes the counter weight to balance the unequal loading on the river arm referred to above; as this, under the most unfavorable conditions can never equal 200 tons, the excess is ample. After the structure is completed from the shore to the towers comes the difficult portion of the work—to span the 400 feet across and 245 feet above a roaring river, whose forces no earthly power can stay, and no temporary structure can survive a moment. Here the skill of the engineer comes in to baffle nature and laugh at her powers.

The design of the cantilever is such that, after the shore arm is completed and anchored, as described above, the river arm may then be built out, one panel or section at a time. Compensation of great traveling derricks, and be self-sustaining as it progresses. After one panel of 25 feet is built and has its bracing adjusted, ten traveling derricks are moved forward and another panel erected. Thus the work progresses, section by section, until the end of the cantilever is reached, when there still remains a gap of 125 feet to close. Into this will be swung and suspended from the cantilever arms an ordinary truss bridge, forming the connecting link and completing the entire structure. Compensation for expansion and contraction is provided for an ingenious arrangement between the ends of the cantilever and fixed span, allowing the ends to move freely as the temperature changes, but, at the same time preserving perfect rigidity against the side pressure of the wind. There will be no gap for the purpose, as in the suspension bridge, but the structure will be completed within itself. Neither will there be any of that wavy motion noticed on a suspension bridge as a train moves over it. When it is considered that it took over two years to build the present suspension bridge, which is for a single track, and that this bridge, for a double track, must be finished within 7½ months from the execution of the contract, some idea may be formed of the magnitude of the operation.—Albany Journal.

A Tramp Printer.

While we were busy getting the press ready to work of the outside, and washing that, like other people, we could go to the picnic to-morrow without the hair in the other collection of pipes, he walked silently in. We knew him the moment we raised our eyes and saw him standing there. In fact, we had not been expecting him, he nearly always, God bless him, comes when we are in just such a strain and needing him. He always wears the same style of clothing, a blue jacket and pants of another—he hasn't any vest; his shoes are worn and run down at the heels, and his hat is battered and dusty. There are spots of ink about his shirt, which he has over his waistcoat, and his new paper collar is the only fresh, white thing about him, and it looks as though he had just put it on with soiled fingers. He is pale, weak-eyed and prematurely gray haired; he looks as though he had never known regular hours, either for sleeping or eating, and he must have come thousands of miles, and been coming ever since he was a boy. His starting point was so far away and so long ago that he has almost forgotten where or when it was; but we have an idea it must have been when his mother buried his little blue shirt band around his white, boyish throat, put on his little straw hat, and sent him, barefooted, to ask for a piece to work in a printing office. How poor he was when he came here, and how he has shown his new brass rule, and tells mother he has "learned all the boxes," and that he has a "free ticket to the circus next week," and the editor gave him a big piece of wedding cake, a part of which he has brought home for the baby, and if he sets up a column in one day next week he can go fishing on Sitka day.

Yes, somewhere about there was the commencement of this long journey, and here he is now, perhaps two-thirds on the way. He asks us "What's this show for a sight?" We give him a case, and by and by he says he feels faint and asks us if we can't lend him a quarter—his hair isn't had any more, and we know his "weakness," and as we need his work we go down with him and order some breakfast for him at the nearest restaurant. When he comes back he looks happier

and better able to work. In the evening when he goes to distributing his case, he recounts the history of his late places of employment. He knows the circulation and amount of business of every paper in the state, and just why the Dispatch suspended, and why the Advance sold out to the Courier. He is well acquainted with the unknown editor of the Thunderer, and has friends on the editorial force of all the leading journals of the country. By and by he whistles low air from the Italian opera, and in reply to a question answers with a Latin quotation. He stays with us a week, and we grow to like him more and more every day; he has read everything, from Shakespeare and Ruskin to Mark Twain and Bill Arp; he knows more about our laws, national and state, than the best lawyer in the city; he is well acquainted with the life of every eminent person of the age, and is a perfect encyclopedia of current events; but we cannot afford to keep him any longer, so we pay him off and he again starts on his long road that leads—not to home, for he has no home; not to the society of intelligent people like himself, for outside of the printing office his only acquaintance is with the printer who has read everything, from Shakespeare and Ruskin to Mark Twain and Bill Arp; he knows more about our laws, national and state, than the best lawyer in the city; he is well acquainted with the life of every eminent person of the age, and is a perfect encyclopedia of current events; but we cannot afford to keep him any longer, so we pay him off and he again starts on his long road that leads—not to home, for he has no home; 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