THE LITTLE WIFE AT HOME.

The dear little wife at home, John,
With ever so much to do,
Stitches to set, and babies to pet,
And so many thoughts of you;
The beautiful household fairy,
Filling your heart with light;
Whatever you meet today, John,
Go cheerily home to-night.

For though you are worn and weary,
You needn't be cross or curt;
There are words like darts to gentle hearts,
There are looks that wound and hurt.
With the key in the latch at home, John,
Drop the trouble out of sight;
To the little wife who is waiting,
Go cheerily home to-night.

—Woman's Magazine.

THE HOLY MAN.

Yen Tszee was very old. In all the villages, for many miles around, none was so old, none so wise. He had sold all he had and given the money to the poor one year, when the Ho-Ang-Ho had broken over its banks and had swept all the rice and millet crops down toward the sea. He had been very rich, and his benefactions had saved many hundreds of people from starvation. But when they blessed him and would have given him back his great possessions after one or two prosperous seasons, he would not.

"Let be, my children," he said. "My forefathers made me rich, and I have no son to leave riches to. Be you all my sons and enjoy your heritage now."

So he dwelt in a little house he had builded with his own hands on the mountain side, and ate of the millet which he grew on a little patch of ground he had cleared, and wanted nothing.

And because he was wise he healed the people when they were sick, and prayed for them when they died, and taught them many proverbs from the writings of the poets; for his books only he had not sold. And so they would have worshiped him, but he forbade them, saying: "I am a man also. Pray not to me till I am dead, for then it may be that I can hear and can help you."

Meantime he prayed always, to his forefathers and to Buddha. And he builded him a little prayer wheel for himself and set it in the brook that ran down the mountain side, so that night and day his prayers were always rising to Buddha for his soul. But he builded a greater wheel for his neighbors, and set it where there was more water, for he said: "I am only one, and they are many."

And every year he made a long pilgrimage to the banks of the great river that none can see across because there are mists and clouds and always the farther bank is veiled in darkness where Buddha, and the pious dead who are ghosts, live forever. And he prayed always for the boatmen to come to him and ferry him across the great river where so many were crossing every day; but he came not.

Yen Tszee was very sad every year when the boatman came not, and he went back to his little house on the mountain side with a heavy heart; but the people rejoiced when he returned, for they loved him. And he would see that they were glad and he would forget his sorrow, until the winter would come again, when he could not work in the field nor visit the sick, and the days were dark, and the nights long. Then he prayed, saying: "Because I am very old and my arms and my legs are weak, and because I have no more joy in my body, I would cross the great river," and again he would make the pilgrimage and watch and wait for the boatman, but he came not.

But at last there came a winter when it was nine times colder than he had ever known, and when the snow was very deep. And he could not go to his neighbors when they were sick, and they could not come to him, for they were sick, and he was old and very feeble. And he went again to the river.

The way was long, and his poor, thin legs bent under him as he toiled through the snow and ice, and his heart failed him because he was sick with the cold, but he went on till he came to the river, and the boatman was there, and the boat was there.

Then Yen Tszee said: "Are you come to take me across the river?"

And the boatman, who was old and bent, and who wore a thick veil, said: "Yes, if you are ready."

And Yen Tsee said: "I am ready."

Yen Tszee was very glad, and he drew near to the boat to step in that he might cross the river; but when he came near, he stopped and shrank back, for there was no bottom to the boat, and there was nothing but water for him to step on, and the water was very black and colder than ice. He shuddered, and said: "I am very cold and I am too old and weak; I cannot go in the water."

Then the boatman said: "If you have faith, the water will be as the bottom of the boat, and you shall go across the river; but if you have not faith it will not hold you up."

Then Yen Tszee said, "I have faith," and he stepped into the boat, and lo! the water bore him up even the same as the wooden bottom of a boat.

Then the boatman pushed off from the shore, and Yen Tszee was very much afraid, for the river was very swift and the boat was old and rotten, and the water seemed to rise up on either side; and he thought the boat and the boatman and he would all sink. And he prayed to Buddha.

The boatman rowed hard and spake never a word; but he pulled up the stream, and not straight across, and the harder he pulled the slower the boat went, for the water raged terribly. Then they floated away from the shore, so that Yen Tszee could neither see behind nor before him, because the mist that is always over the river was very thick.

While they were in the middle of the river Yen Tszee saw a man swimming in the icy water, and he was almost spent, so that he could swim no more and was near sinking; and Yen Tszee called to the boatman to stop so that they should save the man. But the boatman said: "No. We cannot stop to save him; because if we do you cannot go across the river, for I cannot carry two across."

Then Yen Tszee wept sorely, for he longed to go across, but he said: "I cannot see this man perish. We must help him. Stop and I will pull him into the boat."

And the boatman stopped and Yen Tszee pulled the drowning man into the boat, and when he looked at his face he saw that it was his own body that he had rescued. And he wondered greatly and looked up at the boatman, and lo! the boatman's veil fell off and Yen Tszee saw that he was not old and bent, but that he was a beautiful angel.

Then the clouds and mist rolled away, and they came to the other side, where Yen Tszee saw Buddha and many angels. And he dwelt there.—Miles Curtis in New York Independent.

Jim Bowie Quieted Them.

There were three Bowie brothers—James, Stephen and Rezin. They were all "fighting men," as dangerous individuals were denominated in those times, but were not bullies. They never commenced a difficulty, and in the ordinary intercourse with their neighbors were quiet and courteous, but always ready to defend the weaker side. An old Methodist minister, who died years ago, one of the pioneers of Christianity in the early days of the southwest, also told me a story illustrating this characteristic.

"I was holding a meeting at Church Hill, Miss., in 1830," said the venerable preacher, "when a lot of roughs, flatboatmen and others disturbed the congregation to such a degree that I thought there would be serious trouble. So, just before the evening service was to begin, I called together several gentlemen to know what should be done if the trouble was renewed. Among those present was a small man whom I had not met before and about whom there was nothing remarkable except his low, soft voice and peculiar ringed gray eyes. 'I don't think there will be any more trouble, parson,' he said. 'I will stay to-night and see you through.' I thanked him and in the bustle forgot to ask my friend who he was. The congregation was just beginning the first hymn when a burly ruffian, half drunk, came staggering down the aisle of the church and halting in front of the pulpit gave an Indian war whoop. In a second the gentleman with the unusual eyes had him by the collar with one hand and an enormous knife raised above his head in the other. 'Sit down, you drunken devil, or by —— I will cut your throat from ear to ear!'

"'Why, who are you?' said the other, in shaky tones.

"'My name is James Bowie,' was the answer 'and if I hear another whimper out of you or any member of your gang, I will waste no words, but come back to you. Now, go.' And the man went without a word, and Bowie then joined in the singing of the hymn with an air that was edifying in the extreme. There was no more trouble that night, nor ever after. The roughs had enough."—Washington Herald.

She Slatted Him.

There was rather a sensational attempt at burglary the other night at Minneapolis, Minn. Mr. Jackson, foreman in the blacksmith shop at the Industrial works, recently fell heir to a very large fortune from the old country. The other day some inquisitive stranger, to whom Mr. Jackson gave little attention, asked him if the expected legacy had yet arrived. He was dismissed with a brief answer, and the matter would probably have been forgotten were it not for the startling events which followed.

That very night, some time after 12 o'clock, Mrs. Jackson was awakened by a noise at one of the windows in the bedroom in which she and her husband were sleeping. This frightened her, but fright was increased to terror at the sight of a man stealthily creeping over the window sill into the room.

The plucky little woman never delayed proceedings by stopping to scream or shake her husband, but, springing to the floor, grasped a convenient bed slat, swung it with the grace and force of a professional baseball player, made a hit the first time, and with a resounding whack sent the stunned intruder back through the window. Her temerity was followed by a natural reaction, and it was noon before she recovered her nerves sufficiently to tell what had occurred.

The open window and blood on the bed slat suggested that there had been serious trouble, which was fully explained when Mrs. Jackson was able to tell her story.—New York Press.

Didn't Catch Him.

Of course, with his millions of wealth derived from his electrical machines, nobody would be fool enough to offer to pay Inventor Edison for amusing her guests, but a certain Fifth avenue matron undertook to accomplish it by diplomacy. She was going to give a reception, and through a mutual friend she invited Mr. Edison to be present. He devotes no time or attention to society of any sort, but he allowed himself to be persuaded to become a guest on this occasion.

He has become accustomed to fame and the attention of scientists, but it is possible that he felt just a little flattered by the countenance of New York swelldom. Anyhow, he committed himself to the reception. On the day previous he received a note from the prospective hostess very politely requesting him to bring along a phonograph, as she thought its operation by him would be highly appreciated by the company. Then he discerned the trap that was set for him, and he kept clear of it by writing his regrets at being compelled to break the engagement.—New York Star.

An Empress' Heavy Hair.

The empress always suffered much from headache, some think partly owing to her heavy hair, which reached far below her knees in wavy chestnut masses, and she used often to sit in the gardens at Dornberg in the sun while her maids combed and brushed it out.—Vienna Letter.

A TWO FOOT GAUGE.

UNIQUE AND INTERESTING FEATURES OF A LITTLE MAINE RAILROAD.

Something Which South and Central American Railway Projectors Are Inquiring About—Novel Features of an Extremely Narrow Gauge Road—Cost.

As our narrow gauge road, the Bridgton and Saco River, which taps the Portland and Ogdensburg (standard gauge) at Hiram, sixteen miles west of Bridgton and forty miles west of Portland, is a representative, and one of the best representatives, of its kind, I will take it for illustration. The general reader, as well as railroad men, will readily note its unique, curious and interesting features.

The road was built in the summer of 1882 and the winter of 1882–83. That winter was notable as one of the most severe on record, the mercury for weeks at a time registering from 5 degs. to 25 degs. below zero, and the snow being deep, which, with the then high price of materials, made the expense much more than it would cost to build the same road at the present time. The exact length of the road is 15.9 miles, independent of sidings. The cost of construction was $109,-385; of equipment, $25,473; total cost, $195,-808. The same kind of steel rails can now be bought from 30 to 35 per cent. less, and other materials are cheaper; so that what then cost about $1,000 per mile to construct could now be done for $700. The rails are of steel, Cawbridge pattern, are 30 feet long, and weigh 30 pounds to the yard. Number of ties used per mile, 2,640.

There are two engines—built at the Hinkley Locomotive works, Boston—each weighing 26,000 pounds, with driving wheels 30 inches in diameter; and their power, considering their small size and weight, is simply surprising, as is shown by the way they conquer steep grades with heavy loads, and force their way with plows through deep snows and huge drifts, by which they are seldom long detained. The two passenger cars (built at the Laconia Car works, New Hampshire) are each 45 by 6 1-2 feet. Each seats thirty passengers—one person to a seat, there being two rows of seats—is finished in solid mahagony, and nicely upholstered. Between the floorings of each car mineral wool three inches deep renders them fire proof, prevents any cold air from passing, and deadens the noise. These cars are run with little jar or noise on 18 inch wheels, are equipped with the Miller platform and vacuum brakes, are elegant, cozy, pleasant, comfortable, in short, are every way satisfactory, and compare favorably with their more pretentious brethren. The freight cars, some twenty in number, are 26 by 6 1-2 feet, and carry ordinarily a burden of eight tons, although having a capacity of twelve tons. There are also a baggage mail express car, a combination car, three hand and three push cars, and a snow plow. All the trains are mixed. They ordinarily take one hour to accomplish the sixteen miles of road, but have been run that distance in thirty-six minutes. The amount of coal required for the round trip—thirty-two miles—is 500 pounds. The heaviest grade (200 feet to the mile) is near the Hiram terminus, and is on a half mile 20 deg. curve. There is another curve of 18 degs. one of 16, one of 12, one of 11, four of 10 each, and a considerable number of less degrees.

The Central and South American inspection parties learned some, to them, surprising facts in their forty minutes' ride from Hiram to Bridgton. They learned that the little 26,000 pound locomotive could draw a well loaded train up a grade of 200 feet to the mile; that it could easily round a 20 deg. curve; that the seeming recklessness of attempting to run a train on rails only two feet apart proved a thoroughly safe performance, so far as any danger of a tip over was concerned, on account of the nearness of the cart to the ground and consequent lowering of the center of gravity; and that three essentials of safety, speed and comfort were abundantly secured. Our road was built five years ago, and in all this time not a passenger has been injured, not an engine nor car overturned nor derailed, not a smash up of any kind. What better record could be had?

There are four other two foot gauge roads in Maine, the Sandy River, the Monson, the Franklin and Megantic, and another whose name I cannot now recall, varying from fifteen to eighteen miles in length.

A few words, in conclusion, in regard to the two roads to be built in the southern part of this continent, the possible adoption by which of the plan of the little two foot road away down east drew these emissaries from the south hither. The Central American road is to be built by the Honduras North Coast Railway and Improvement company, whose president, S. B. McCarnico, lately inspected our road, and will connect the port of Truxillo with Puerto Cortez, in the republic of Honduras, 115 miles long, for the development of the trade in tropical fruits and vegetables, native woods, medicinal plants, minerals, etc., in which that region abounds. The route of the South American road is 110 miles long, and extends from San Lorenzo bay to Ibarra, about forty miles from the city of Quito, in Ecuador, the city being the capital of the republic, with a population of 90,000, and located at an elevation of nearly 8,000 feet above sea level among the Andes mountains. It is the intention to complete the road to Quito, in time, the name of the road being the Pacific and Quito railway. There is not a railway in the country, most of the traffic being done on the backs of mules, and it is proposed to build this line to help the trade of that country with America.—Charles O. Stickney in Boston Transcript.

Protection Against Cold.

A well known physician, whose experience enables him to speak with authority on the subject, gives the following advice for protection against cold when driving: "Provide yourself with a good kerosene oil lantern, well filled and trimmed, and with sufficient oil if necessary for refilling, and you have the most efficient means for enduring the cold that can be got. This lantern, being lighted, and kept beneath any covering that is used to protect the limbs, will add materially to one's comfort who must make winter trips. I will add, in connection with the lantern, that a rubber coat, gossamer or rubber blanket is a most desirable garment for a long, cold ride. If any one will try these suggestions he or she will never start out again for a cold drive without the lantern and oil; also, a good, strong umbrella is a good protection against a cold wind."—Chicago News.

Breath from Tuberculous Patients.

At a recent meeting of the Biological society it was shown that the air exhaled by tuberculous patients, for instance, does not contain any microbes, and that the breath probably plays no part in the contagion of infectious diseases. At the same time, but by other persons, it has been shown that the air expelled from the healthy human lung contains peculiar matters that are certainly poisonous (the carbonic acid being included, of course), and that are given up by the lung itself. The great physiologist Haller has already expressed the idea that such matters do exist.—Paris Cor. Popular Science News.

NAVIGATING THE AIR.

Carl Myers Thinks It Will Some Day Be a Common Thing.

Carl Myers, of Frankfort, N. Y., the husband of Carlotta, the well known feminine aeronaut, and identified himself for the past twelve years with the problem of aerial navigation, who has been a guest at the Wayne hotel during the past few days, is what a theatrical man might call an aeronautic manager. He sometimes takes a little excursion up into the cloud country to see if the ethereal regions look natural and if things are all there, but not often. The ascensions which he himself has made number only forty-four. He has, however, a corps of star aeronauts employed, and contracts with county fairs and Fourth of July celebrations to furnish balloons and experienced air sailors at reasonable prices, with satisfactory spectacular features guaranteed. He has also given attention to the improvement of the balloon, and fine muslin manufactured from sea island cotton becomes, when treated by a process invented by him, a better material from which to manufacture air ships than silk, and much less expensive.

Anticipating the day when monopolistic individuals will control the aerial trunk lines of navigation as well as state legislatures and slower means of transportation lower down, he has continued investing in aerial property, occasionally laying by a balloon for a rainy day, until he is now the owner of twenty-seven gas air ships, besides a large number of hot air balloons. His gas balloons are manned by a crew of thirteen persons, and he has a much larger number than that to run his hot air contrivances.

The result of long study devoted to the subject and an extensive experience has been to make Mr. Myers a believer in the eventual practicability of navigating the upper air. He is now the proprietor of what is said to be the only balloon factory in the world, but he declares his conviction that such concerns will some day be as common as car shops or ship yards.

"I have just perfected," he said, "what I call an air velocipede, and shall give public exhibitions of its capabilities in the near future. It is provided with a reservoir containing sufficient hydrogen gas to support the weight of one individual. Then by means of a device operated by the hands and feet it can be propelled in any direction in the air desired. The experiments already made with the machine show its practicability, and it is easier to run it than it is to propel a bicycle on land.

"The same propelling apparatus on a larger scale could, of course, be used to navigate a great air ship, if a sufficiently powerful engine, not too heavy to overcome the lifting power of the gas, could be found to furnish the motive power. I am now experimenting, with encouraging results, on a very light, simple contrivance run by successive explosions of small quantities of dynamite."—Detroit Tribune.

A Desperate Case of Suicide.

The Palmer house has been very unfortunate in the number of tragic deaths. It will be just thirteen years ago to-morrow that one of the most sensational and carefully planned suicides in the history of self destruction occurred at the hotel. Frederick Addison Jeffrey was the victim. He was said to have been a member of the firm of Wyckhoff & Jeffrey, of Peoria. He occupied a parlor room on the eastern extension of the corridor. Early on the 5th of July his body was found suspended over the bath tub in his suite. The tub was filled with warm water and contained the charred fragments of combustibles ignited by Jeffrey just before killing himself. When discovered a stiletto was found plunged into his left breast, his throat was cut from ear to ear, a pistol hung by a cord within easy reach, beside it a pearl handled razor. His body hung by a stout cord fastened to the ceiling. He had saturated his clothing with kerosene so it would be easily ignited from the combustibles in the tub. He turned on the water as he wrote a letter, and when the rope he was hanging by would be burned through he would fall into the tub and burn to a crisp. The coroner's jury was unable to tell which killed him.—Chicago Times.

A Valued War Relic.

Angelo Pacha, color sergeant of Company G, First Michigan cavalry, under Capt. Alexander, was in the battle of Gettysburg. On the third day of the fight when the bugle call sounded he drank water out of his tin cup. He placed it in the crotch of an apple tree and joined his command and forgot all about it. Last week he went to the battlefield and bought the tree for $25, and had the tree cut up and carried to his home. The cup was completely imbedded in the crotch of the tree, and Angelo prizes the relic beyond anything that he owns. He was in the city yesterday and gave away parts of the apple tree to his old army comrades.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Arrest of French Bankers.

Considerable sensation was produced in Paris a week or two ago by the arrest of three well known bankers on the suspicion that they were concerned with the disappearance of a Swiss named Caudrian. The latter had been a servant of a Mme. Fessart, and at her death received her fortune of 200,000 francs. His riches drove him demented, and since he disappeared the bankers with whom he deposited his money have been arrested.—Chicago Times.

Encouraging Investigation.

The Astley-Cooper prize, of a value of $1,500, will be awarded in 1892. The question proposed is, "The Influence of Micro-organisms Upon Inflammation." The papers of those contesting for the prize should be written in English or accompanied by an English translation, and should be addressed before the 1st of January, 1892, to the Guy hospital, London. The prize will not be awarded to two or three working together.—Science.

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