

# AN ARMY PORTIA.

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 ment with them.

She did know, and yet could not tell. It was her penance for breaking faith with Georgia. The latter had forbidden that she should tell to any one the fact that Mr. Hearn had indeed offered himself and had been refused.

But Lane learned it soon enough. From the moment of his return to the regiment the young soldier spent most of his time, when off duty, in the society of the captain, and one night in the fullness of his sorrowing heart he told his friend of the bitter disappointment that had come to him. He loved her deeply, had asked her to be his wife, and she had gently, even tearfully, but positively, said no, it simply could not be. He had begged her to give her reasons, and she refused. She assured him of her faith, respect and esteem, but pointed out to him that in every way possible since the trial she had striven to avert the declaration which she frankly confessed she could not but foresee. He was forced to admit this, and could no longer press her for reasons, since she had plainly discouraged his suit. Yet it was hard—very hard.

Lane simply could not understand. "Is there any one else?" he wrote to Mabel, and Mabel said she was sure there was not; but she was equally sure Georgia meant no. Mabel herself was even more perplexed than the captain, since Georgia had gently but resolutely forbidden any further mention of the subject between them. And now, with the utter inconsistency of her sex, pretty Mrs. Lane was all eagerness to discover and demolish the barrier to a match which a month ago she would have opposed because it seemed inevitable.

Then came a joy in which Mrs. Lane for the time being forgot her perplexities. Capt. Fred obtained a seven days' leave from the regiment and flew as straight to her arms as a circuitous railroad route could carry him. He greeted Miss Marshall as cordially as ever, but he did not call her Portia as he had intended, because Mabel warned him in a letter that it served to revive associations which were not all joyous. "I called her Portia long before she met Mr. Hearn," was Lane's stout reply; "but if she doesn't like it, that's enough." Maj. Kenyon was bidden to dinner the evening of his homecoming, and of course many of the garrison people happened in, and so there was nothing but general chat. But two evenings later, when the major was sitting in the big armchair and discoursing on some of his favorite hobbies, he broached anew the matter of Judge Hearn's letter urging his son to quit the service.

"Have you never heard Hearn's answer, major?" said Lane. "He read it to me before sending it, and I thought it so good that I kept a copy. Here it is."

Miss Marshall was sitting at the table under the bright lamp as Lane began to read. Mabel noticed that she leaned forward, shading her eyes with her hand.

"I have thought it all over, my dear father. The offer you make me is one for which I thank you with all my heart. Few men could quit the service under better auspices, or return to a home more loved or friends more loving, and yet—I cannot. Ten years of my life, perhaps the best ten, have been spent in a profession which with every year presents new fields, new studies and new requirements. I have worked honestly, have won friends and, in all modesty may say, a good name. Admitting all you write of this recent attempt of the papers to blacken it, my friends here tell me that it but proves the strength of my record that even concerted newspaper assaults could not harm me in the eyes of right thinking people.

"I love the duties. I am deeply attached to many of my comrades. I can be a very fair soldier, and might only make a very poor lawyer. For these reasons I think I ought to stand where I am. But there is still another reason.

"Father, when I bound myself to the United States as a cadet I received at the hands of the nation a schooling such as I could get at no other institution in the world, and was molded by the nation for its service. If in after years I found myself better fitted to serve in some other way, then there might be excuse for tendering a resignation. But when I feel and know that I am far more soldier than I can ever be anything else, it all the more convinces me that my efforts belong now and for a lifetime to the nation that trained me and that I have sworn to serve.

"The dear ones at home know me best, it is true. The class in whose supposed interests I have been so unjustly assailed, it is also true, is very different from that in which we move. But, in the broad light of a soldier's duty, neither the love of the one nor the unreasoning hate of the other should swerve me. The hardest knocks a soldier has to bear come sometimes from the very men whom he is sworn to defend. You would not have me yield because of a stinging wound or two, nor would I be worthy of your name if I faltered now. It is my belief that, despite apparent apathy, there is still north or south a place in the hearts of the people for every soldier who seeks faithfully to serve them, and in that faith—God helping me—I shall follow the old flag to the end."

"By Jupiter!" said Kenyon, as he sprang to his feet and strode excitedly up and down the room, "isn't that enough to make one damn the liberty of the press, to think that a month ago it was holding up that fine fellow for everything that was low and contemptible! Miss Marshall, if I were—Why, she's gone!"

"Just stepped into the dining room a moment," said Mrs. Lane promptly,

though her eyes were brimming. "Now, isn't that Mr. Hearn all over?"

But Georgia Marshall had not gone into the dining room. Mabel found her over at the end of the veranda gazing at the distant night lights across the dark and silent valley.

September came, and the Eleventh would soon be on its homeward march. Letters to the regiment made frequent mention of old Kenyon's devotion to Miss Marshall, and even Hearn had to hear occasional bits of conversation that told him that in quitting Ryan he had abandoned the field to a rival. But when orders reached them there was other news: Miss Marshall was to return to the east at once. "Despite every plea," wrote Mabel, "she persists in it, and adamant is no more yielding than is her determination. I am utterly heartbroken, but cannot prevent it. She has been making arrangements for a new position of some kind for the last six weeks, and she will leave before the regiment gets back."

And when the Eleventh came marching into Ryan late in the month, and a host of tanned and bearded troopers rode in behind the band on its dancing grays, Georgia Marshall had vanished from the scene.

Presently Kenyon took a long leave and disappeared. "Having it out with his newspaper friends in Chicago," was Martin's suggestion. But the next thing heard of him he had turned up in Cincinnati and Mabel knew well what that meant, and waited with bated breath. For a month there came no further news, and then he was reported at St. Augustine, more crabbled than ever.

"Then he, too, has been rejected," said Mabel. And she was right. Kenyon did not rejoin until long after the Christmas holidays.

Old Blauvelt by this time had been sent before the retiring board, which recommended him for permanent shelving, and he was still on leave until the needed vacancy should occur. Hearn meantime remained in command of his troop, no longer encumbered by the presence of Trooper Welsh, who had been formally "sent to Leavenworth." Corp. Brent had won his sergeant's chevrons, and was looking forward to examination for promotion.

Everything was going blithely at the post, but for the sadness that seemed to have clouded one young soldier's life, and for the anxious look on Mabel Lane's face when Portia was asked for, as Portia often was. "Teaching children all the fall and winter was telling on her," wrote an old school friend, and when April came she was reported ill, though her own letters made no mention of it. The family would move to their country seat in a week, and she would be so glad, she said, to see the trees and birds again.

The first of May had come. The lovely suburbs of a bustling city were shrouded in the richest, freshest green. The sweet breath of the early summer, laden with the perfume of lilac and honeysuckle and of myriad blossoms, was sighing through the foliage of a park of grand old trees and rippling the surface of a grassy lawn. Robin and bluebird, oriole and crested woodpecker flashed and flitted through the sunshine, now splashing in the basin of the fountain, now chasing each other in chattering glee through the slanting light and shadow. The drone of beetle and hum of dragon fly fell soothingly on the drowsy ear.

The little knot of Jerseys browsing in the paddock down the eastward slope huddled together sleepily in a shaded corner. The tennis court was deserted, the mallets lay sprawled about the croquet ground, and a pair of Maltese kittens that had been scampering about playing hide and seek among the currant bushes, seemed at last overcome by the languorous spell in which all nature was hushed, and with the confidence of kittenhood proceeded to clamber into the slowly swinging hammock, hung well back in the shade, wherein was reclining the one human being visible in the entire picture—a tall girl with big dark eyes and a wealth of somber braids of hair—a girl whose soft cheeks were almost as thin and pale as the slender white hands loosely clasping an open letter that lay in her lap. And it was this that the foremost pussy, after clambering by swift springs up the pathway afforded by the trailing white skirts, now impatiently pawed to one side and curled herself up in its place; there she was promptly joined by her playmate. Slowly the thin white hand was lifted and gently stroked the fur of the pretty, graceful creature.

"It is a holiday for us, isn't it, Fluffykin?" murmured the girl. "The children and doggy both gone, and it's almost time for us to be thinking of tea—tea all alone. There's the whistle of the sunset train now."

For a moment the wooded slopes on both sides of the valley echoed to the rattle of the incoming cars, the sharp hiss of steam, the distant sound of voices at the little station down the winding village street, arched over with rustling foliage. Then the clang of the bell and the hurrying engine again pushed northward, impatient of delay. A few light carriages and pony phaetons came driving swiftly by; a few of the occupants waved hand or handkerchief to the reclining figure in the hammock, but far more passed by on the other side without a sign or token, and presently silence and solitude again settled down upon the shaded lawn, and the last rays of the westerling sun kissed the tree tops good night and slowly died away.

"Surely there should be another letter from Mabel to-night; this one is a week old now," said Portia. But, old as it was, there seemed one page which deserved re-reading, and the white hands sought and found the letter and lifted it before her eyes:

"Mr. Hearn has been gone a week now, and we miss him sadly. He had almost made his home here with us during the winter, and rarely spent an evening anywhere else. His father's death seems to have been very sudden, and it was a great shock. He has a month's leave, with permission to apply for an extension. Georgia—Portia—I could

say so much, so very much, if you would only listen. If you would only release me from that promise! I was thinking but yesterday how I blessed the day that my pride broke down and gave me Fred and happiness. Sometimes I cannot but think that only pride—foolish, unwarrantable pride—stands between you and a life as blessed as my own."

Impatiently the letter was hurled upon the grass, and, half turning, Georgia buried her face on her arm. Of what was she thinking? Surely those were hot tears trickling through the long white fingers; surely there was little evidence of stubborn pride in the abandonment of that silent, lonely sorrow. All days had been at leisure, the family and children away in town, and, though neither her duties had been very onerous nor the trials of her new position very great, she had drooped all winter long. This was the first real day of rest; yet, with all its sweetness and sunshine, had it not been full of tears—full of vague unrest and longing? And now even the sunshine was going, and the gloaming was slowly settling down upon the valley.

Far over the eastern heights the silvery shield of the soft May moon was peeping into view; but the fairy shafts of her gentle light could not yet penetrate the gathering gloom here in the grove where swung the hammock. Still the hot tears came trickling down between the white fingers and, yielding at last to the mournful influence of the dying day, Georgia Marshall wept unrestrainedly—wept while great sobs shook her frame; and while one fluffly kitten, disturbed in her intended nap, stretched forth a furry paw and lifted up a querulous note of remonstrance, her companion, suddenly dislodged from her cozy nest in Georgia's lap, clawed vigorously back upon the heaving folds of the summer fabric, glared around in excited search for the possible cause of such seismic disturbance, and instantly set back a pair of tiny ears, arched a furry back, bristled her stiffening tail, and gave vent to spiteful challenge at the fell disturber of her peace. There stood a man.

A tall young fellow, erect and powerful in build, clad in civilian garb, but striding across the lawn with the swing of a trooper, halted suddenly not ten feet away and lifted from his shapely head a hat banded heavily with craps. The next instant he had hurled this aside, stepped quickly forward, utterly ignoring pussy's hostile guise, had thrown himself on one knee beside the hammock, and the drooping mustache almost swept the soft, white hands as he impetuously seized them.

"Georgia," he whispered. "Heavens! what a start! In her wild consternation she recoiled from his touch, striving at the same instant to sit erect. Hammocks are not made for combinations so eccentric. The next instant the flimsy thing had slipped from under her and she felt herself going. Drowning men catch at straws; drowning women seize the hand they would have shunned. But for his sudden spring, but for prompt clasping arms, she would have gone headlong to the ground on the opposite side. For a minute she was held in close embrace, a confused mingling of dusty braids, of troubling femininity, of hotly blushing, tear wet face, of cool linen lawn and clinging hammock netting. Then her hands regained their cunning and found his broad shoulders and she pushed herself free, and then hysterical laughter came to her aid and the shaded grove rang to a peal that, if not merry, was at least irresistible, and at last, as she sat restored to equilibrium and striving to regain her whirling senses as he stood patiently bending over her, half praying that the inspired hammock might yet attempt some new freak, she glanced up at him through smiles and tears and disordered bangs only to say:

"How utterly absurd!"

To which philosophical remark he vouchsafed no reply whatever. It is a full minute before she recovers, even partially, either breath or self possession. Then she holds forth her hand, and he assists her to rise. "This is not the welcome I should give you. Shall we go to the house?" But even as she asks and her eyes glance nervously, shyly, up into his face, she knows he will accept no invitation that will peril this tete-a-tete. She sees how the lines have deepened in his frank, soldierly face, and that a sadness not all of his recent bereavement has left its traces there. She would lead him from the shaded grove to the parlor, where the lamps are already beginning to twinkle, but he will not budge one step. He stands confronting her.

"No! I have come solely to see you. Is there any reason why we cannot stay here a moment?" And she can think of none. Oh, what infamous fate that he should have found her weeping—bathed in tears!

"I hardly thought to see you at all, especially after—the great—sorrow of your father's death," she falters, her heart leaping and bounding despite her effort to be calm.

"I am taking mother north," he answers simply. "It was a cruel blow to her and a hard one to me. It was all over before I could get home. Mother will spend the summer with her sister on the St. Lawrence, but she has to rest in Cincinnati until to-morrow night. I left her with old friends this afternoon and came out here to find you. I must go back this evening. And now have you no word of welcome for me? Did you not know that I would come, loving you as I do?"

What answer can she make? Her head is drooping low, her hands are clasped together, her bosom heaving, her breath fluttering away, and yet how wild a joy, how exquisite a hope is throbbing in her heart of hearts!

"Georgia"—he speaks impulsively, his deep voice trembling—"you made me accept your answer then and bear my bitter disappointment without a word; but I have borne it too long now. Had you been at the other end of the world I must have followed you, for the longing to see your dear face, to hear your voice, to look into your glorious eyes, has overmastered me time and again. I had to

come, and now I will hear what it is that stands between us. God knows my love and honor have been yours a long, long year. God knows there can be no content or joy for me if your answer be final. You have bound my life in yours. You won my whole heart, my deepest gratitude. No; you cannot check me by impatient gesture now. You must hear. You told me there was no other man. Is that true?"

"Perfectly," she answers proudly. "And yet you would not listen to me. You would not be my wife."

"You forget it was just after the trial. You seemed to think you owed me such a world of gratitude; and—do not men sometimes mistake gratitude for love?"

"Oh, heaven!" he interrupts her impetuously, his hands outstretched. "You do not mean you doubted me, Georgia! If that were your reason is it not banished now? Look—look up into my eyes, my darling, and tell me, if you dare, that it is gratitude, not deep and fervent love, I offer you. Nay, you shall see." And before she could retreat his strong, trembling hands had seized her drooping head, and between them her face, with its dark, lustrous, swimming eyes, with cheeks still tear wet, yet burning with blazes, chasing each other to her very brows, her soft red lips quivering and trembling at the dimpled corners—all—now lifted to his worshipping gaze; and she can reel no longer. One swift glance, and if ever vestige of doubt remained it vanished then and there. No woman on earth could have looked into his eyes and denied the love that burned within them—all her own, all her own.

"Speak to me, Georgia. Do you believe me now?"

"Yes," she whispers, and her face would have hidden itself but for those strong hands again.

"And you have no love to give in return?"

A little silvery beam is peeping through the foliage now. The kittens, forgotten, are rolling over each other in mad frolic at their very feet. The last chirp of drowsing bird has died away. The silence of the sweet summer night has fallen on all surrounding nature, yet he can hardly hear her whisper—

"You never asked it—until now."

"But it is mine, really? Georgia, tell me, he implores.

"It has been—all yours ever since the night I heard your letter—ever since you wrote that you would follow the old flag to the end."

THE END.

### A Mother's Experiment.

"I am trying this winter," confided one of a group of mothers to her listeners the other afternoon, "the Chinese plan to prevent sickness in my family. You know they pay their medical advisers only when they are well. With illness the fees stop. So far there has not been a cold and only one slight attack of indigestion among my five children. I've offered a prize to each one of them who will preserve an unbroken record of health till the first day of May, and with this end in view they listened patiently, and what is better, heedfully to my brief lecture at the beginning of the season on how to keep well. They don't follow their friends to the door and stand in the cold for a little more talking; they don't sit on the stone steps as they did in July and as they are apt to do throughout the year. My 9-year-old boy actually came in and changed wet stockings for dry ones the other day, something unheard of on his part before. I feel that for this winter, at least, while the novelty lasts, mine has been a happy thought."

### How to Manage a Burglar.

Miss Lena Burns knows how to manage a burglar. With a revolver held against her head Miss Burns had sufficient courage to resist a burglar who entered her room at night and who has since been arrested for his pains.

The young woman was asked by a reporter to give a few general instructions on the treatment of burglars to women readers of *The Times*. Tersely put, this is her advice:

Think quickly.

Never lose your presence of mind.

Use all the weapons nature has kindly given you.

Hold your breath when you are being chloroformed.

Don't let a little thing like being gagged divert your mind.

If you can't scream, throw things at the window to attract attention.

Remember that while you may not be as strong as he is, ten to one you are much brighter.—Philadelphia Times.

### A Pointer on Dress.

A pointer—the more you get yourself up to look as if the materials had been draped about you for that particular occasion, as if the neckband had been tied a few minutes before and would become a straight piece of ribbon when untied, the more you can look as if you could command maids enough to "compose" your toilet from morning to afternoon and from afternoon till evening, and the less you look as if your things were made up and finished off to last the season through the more Parisian and "stylish" you will be.

It doesn't matter whether there are four plaits or three, whether they are six inches apart or five, but there must be an airy, fairy grace, an evanescence about them—in effect—to make them quite up to the acme of fashion reached by the Parisian masters and mistresses of the art of dress.

### Very Like a Yell.

Smith college has no "yell." Its president announced this officially some time ago, but the young ladies of the college are sometimes, in moments of excitement, heard to utter a cry which runs thus: "Rah, rah, rah—Soph-i-ah—Smith." Sophia Smith was the founder of the college, and if this is not a college yell, what is it?—Hartford Times.

### A Woman Jeweler.

Miss Annie B. Dyer of Belfast, Me., entered a jewelry store a year ago, intending to learn the business thoroughly. She already repairs clocks, jewelry, eyeglasses, etc., with much skill and will soon begin on watches. She says she likes the business and shall take a full course in it and also learn engraving.

### The Lecturer or Reading Desk.

Lecturers, or reading desks, came into use at an early date. There is frequent mention of them in ancient writings and representations of them in ancient vignettes. They were placed in the center of choirs in large ecclesiastical buildings as early as the seventh century, and the choristers were arranged in rows on the right and left of them. They are of various forms, but the eagle is introduced in a very large number. With outspread wings and mounted on a stem at a convenient height for a reader, this is a grand bird, from an early date, was made to serve the purpose of supporting the framework on which the large and heavy volumes used in the services were placed. There was, probably, some reference in the thoughts of those who first used them to the fact that the eagle soared to the most elevated regions, and, therefore, in a fanciful way, would be likely to carry the words of the readers or choristers nearer to heaven than they might otherwise ascend.

In some instances the inclined framework on the back of the bird was made to accommodate two books, one above the other, and furnished with movable brackets to light the reader. Frequently the eagle is represented standing on an orb, and sometimes on a dragon, and the base of the stem on which it is placed is often raised on lions. A more simple form, without the introduction of the eagle, consists of an inclined book board raised to a convenient height on a stem. Next to this are examples that have two slanting book boards, which meet at their upper edges like a roof, and there are others with clever groupings of four desks or book boards. These are generally made of oak or some other hard wood. They nearly all turn on pivots, and some of them are enriched with much carving. Sometimes the eagle is of wood and the framework of iron. In the handsomest examples, base, stem, bird and book board are of polished brass.—Chambers' Journal.

### Hamlet and Hysteria.

Hamlet learns from Horatio and his companions of the apparition of his father's spirit. His prophetic soul already presages foul play, and through the darkness of his suspicions now rises the blood red sun of revenge. Up to this point Hamlet has been a perfectly sane and rational young man. In the meeting with the ghost, again, there is nothing abnormal in his attitude—he is overcome with awe on beholding his father's spirit in arms, and is prepared to follow him regardless of peril. In the second ghost scene Hamlet is overwhelmed with grief and indignation on learning of the infamy by which his father met his death. To the actor this is a scene of intense and prolonged excitement, more exhausting, because pent up, than perhaps any other passage in the whole play.

I have sometimes asked myself, with that second consciousness of the actor, whether thus to waste one's vital force could have any compensating effect upon the audience, for Hamlet's eyes are fixed on the ghost, his face is averted from the public, and probably the actor's excitement is lost upon them, but nevertheless conclude that it is necessary for the actor to undergo this strain of self excitation in order to reach that condition of hysteria which overcomes Hamlet after the ghost's departure. Here, again, Hamlet, it seems to me, behaves just as any highly wrought young man would behave on hearing of the terrible fate which had befallen a beloved father. He is all on fire to sweep to his revenge with wings as swift as meditation or the thoughts of love. But the fire is too fierce—it perforce burns itself out. And here the actor should make clear to the audience that physical exhaustion prevents Hamlet from carrying out the impulse of his mind—the weakened physical machine is, as it were, unequal to respond to the promptings of the mind.—Beerbohm Tree in Fort-nightly Review.

### Extravagant Young Britons.

My! What some of these young men spend on their clothes! You would open your eyes if you saw some of the things got ready for them! Fancy a pink silk nightshirt, with roses embroidered on the chest. Others have openworked fronts, and one that ma and I saw was trimmed with lace on which forget-me-nots were embroidered. Lace fronts to evening socks are another item. Such extravagance as they indulge in must make them conceited creatures. There's my young man. Ma and I and Emmie and Susie went for 5 o'clock tea to his rooms the other day, and when we went into his sleeping room to settle our hats and wash our hands we found the dressing table a mass of gold and silver and turquoise. He had his monogram in diamonds on the tortoise shell backs of his brushes. A gold box of lovely workmanship held his rings, and a perfectly exquisite old carved ivory casket was hung on the wall for a medicine chest. I'm afraid I shall have some trouble in breaking that young man in. He has spoiled himself, and the annoying part of it is that he has given himself much handsomer things than he has ever given me. It will take me years to make him see things in a proper light.—London Truth.

### The Turkish Way.

The late M. Carnot, president of the French republic, died from a stroke of apoplexy! Nobody ever heard of that except the subjects of the sultan and this is explained as follows in La Jeune Turquie, a bimonthly periodical printed in Paris by the Young or Liberal Turks: "Everybody has known the criminal attempt which cut off the life of M. Carnot. But as soon as the news reached Constantinople the papers were ordered not to mention it. Still, as the sultan was made to understand that it was impossible to conceal a fact like that of the death of the regretted president of the French republic, Abdul Hamid, answered, 'Let them say that he died from apoplexy.' He feared that the event might suggest to one of his subjects the idea of imitating Caserio."

## IT WORRIES MR. SAGE.

A SMALL RAILROAD THAT CAUSED MUCH TROUBLE.

Has Photographs Made of His Employees Showing Them Sleeping or Loitering. One Crew Camped by a Fire—and the Poughkeepsie and Eastern.

Russell Sage is the proprietor of a railroad 40 miles long that gives more trouble than all his other railroads and his millions put together. It is called the Poughkeepsie and Eastern, and as its name implies, one end of it is anchored in what people who live in it call the Queen City of the Hudson, the other end is at present located in a field in the direction of Boston. In time Mr. Sage gets out of sorts with Vanderbilts or annoyed at the New York and New Haven people he stretches his Poughkeepsie and Eastern and employs several men with picks and shovels to dig a new line through theodolites and there is big talk about the Poughkeepsie and Eastern paralleling the Boston and Albany. Threats are also made of an extension west to Chicago.

Mr. Sage decided recently to take an active part in the operating of his road. This determination was based on information he received privately. Things were not going on all right. Locomotive engineers were exacting their allowance of three-quarters of a pound of coal per train mile, and running freight trains over the length of the road in less than the schedule time, or taking less time just as caprice dictated. Then other regularities were discovered. At annual inventory, Jan. 1, three cuppins and one chamois leather wagon were missing.

"The whole root of the difficulty," said President Sage, "is the things will always happen to a railroad whose employees are not industrious. Discharge all the lazy men we have present and get more."

But this was more easily said than done. They couldn't locate the men. A freight crew would set out from Boston Corners with every apparatus of wakefulness and energy, but just soon as it got around a curve where master car builder or the division superintendent couldn't see it, the crew would go to sleep or fall to picking blackberries. Mr. Sage at once even thought of stringing wires along the track, so that he might learn where his trains were, but this involved large outlay, and he racked his head for some simpler plan.

He at length evolved a scheme which the division superintendent, master car builder and the track man should hide in a caboose and tabs on a sample train. But he found out that the division superintendent, the master car builder and the track man, who was one and the same person, had to attend to the train at Boston Corners and couldn't leave work. The trains were getting slower and slower. The Cannon Ball engine which was put on as a menace to New Haven company, occupied 24 hours in running over the road. President Sage took counsel with his staff and decided that something must be done.

He consulted a firm of detectives, told them that he had ballasted and bonded the road in a style that brought it up to date, and he wanted them to find out how the employees spent their time, and why an up to date road did not bring up to date speed. They gave him every assurance that they would bring the men to time.

Equipped with a camera, a detective who makes a specialty of railroad work went to Poughkeepsie. He knew the presence of a passenger on a Poughkeepsie and Eastern train would excite suspicion, so he disguised himself as a tramp by a marvelously small mass of artistic touches, and began to take along the grass grown line of the road.

The result of his labors, it is said, is an immense collection of cabinet photographs. They were taken by the instantaneous process, but they might just as easily have been done with a time exposure, for they show that employees of the Poughkeepsie and Eastern are asleep. Some of the pictures are so realistic that one who sees them can almost hear the conductors and brakemen snoring.

One especially good view represents the "Lightning Bug" freight train which brings maple syrup down the Vermont regularly every day, standing at ease on the track while her crew camped round a log fire, are listening to the fireman, who is reading a novel. There are cowboys on the driving wheel of the locomotive.

An interesting physiological photograph brought out by the detective is that of employees of the Poughkeepsie and Eastern who have the rare faculty of sleeping while standing up. The pictures positively prove this. The open mouths and closed eyes eloquently describe a condition of sound slumber. When this condition is evidence that insomnia was not one of his maladies was shown to a brakeman he said:

"That's the way I always act. My eyes shut so as not to wear out, and my mouth is one of those falls open all the time and only when I remember to shut it. It's a habit I learned since I came to the Poughkeepsie."

Mr. Sage does not know exactly how to do with his bundle of photographs. There is some talk of his pasting them up in the Poughkeepsie station, warning to the employees in general. The men know all about the pictures and are very much alarmed.

"They took me eating a piece of bread said a freight handler, 'when it was the dinner hour, and I should have been checking pig iron on a flat car, they've got a picture of a politician hating in the roundhouse, when they should have been cleaning the engine.'—New York World.