

## THE POWER OF MUSIC.

Strange force, concealed in some forgotten song,  
That dost past hopes and dreams of love recall,  
And as the notes harmonious rise and fall,  
Canst bring to me in light both clear and strong,  
The forms of dear ones who have slept  
Years long ago;  
Whom I thought dead, but now they live once more,  
And at thy call come smiling as of yore!  
O, tell me that the flight of time was wrong;  
That all life's sparkling hopes again are bright,  
And these dark years between were but a dream!  
Lay not thy harp aside, or cruel night,  
The child of day's bright hopes, shall o'er me deal,  
And this best moment but a vision seem,  
While I again life's bitter woes must feel.  
—Boston Journal.

## A BRAKEMAN'S STORY

It was so quiet outside that when the long freight train would come to a standstill with an abrupt, awkward jerk we could almost hear the big, drifting flakes as they fell. Not a breath of air was stirring and the big, round moon filtered down through the snowstorm with a white, softened light that revealed near-by objects in a strange, ghostly sort of a way. The soft-coal fire that spluttered fitfully in the old-fashioned cast iron upright stove lacked cheer enough to break the spell of the outside air. Without knowing precisely why, we sat mostly in silence or muttered an occasional monosyllabic observation as to how soon we might reach Jersey City. We were four hours behind time and some-where back of us we knew was the West Shore express, likewise behind time and endeavoring to make up something of its lost run.

Sitting in the little red caboose in the rear of the big freight train, rumbling along through a blinding fog of snow with a flying express at our heels gave an uncanny sensation that I, for one, did not relish in the least. The drummer who had boarded the train at Newburg sat morosely on a pile of grips, which afforded him a softer seat than the hard, wooden benches strung along the sides of the car. A couple of shippers anxiously discussed the prospects for getting their stock to market without having them half frozen to death.

At the entrance of Joe, the brakeman, however, the glum little party seemed to thaw at once. He swung down off the roof of the last box car and in through the door in a cheery, wholesome sort of fashion that warmed us at once.

"Joe," said one of the shippers, "be we going to reach Jersey City afore Christmas?"

"Isn't this good enough for you to live in? How'd you like to be out brakin' to-night?"

"Taint no snap, that's a fact," the shipper assented.

"No, you bet it ain't," said Joe, decisively. "But this ain't a patching to what it is sometimes."

Something in the manner in which Joe carefully filled his cob pipe, took a bit of stick from the floor, poked it into the fire and lit his pipe slowly and thoughtfully, indicated that a story was coming.

"Strange," said Joe at last, with a reluctant look into the fire and a long, steady pull at his pipe, "somehow to-night reminds me of the day afore Christmas two years ago. That was when we brought Johnny Haines home. Guess you must 'a known Johnny," he added, turning to the shipper.

"Nope. Heard of him. Go on, Joe. What was the story?"

"Not much of a one," Joe replied deprecatingly. "Just a brakeman's yarn, only it's a little out of the common run. The first day I ever saw Johnny Haines I thought he was about the handsomest lad I ever set eyes on. He came up on No. 6 on her first trip. We used to meet often up and down the road and got to know each other pretty well. He was one of these lads with a fresh, pink and white complexion and a jolly laugh that made you warm up to him at once. He was straight and strong, and when he used to stand jauntily on top of the car, the train going forty miles an hour and he not seeming to think it was moving at all, there wasn't a girl along the road that hadn't a smile for him as he went by. The lad was anxious to stick and worked hard, and as he kept his mouth shut pretty close, it was a long time before we found out anything about who he was. He had little ways about him that made us think once in a while that he hadn't been brought up to work, and his hands at first were as soft and white as a girl's. One of the fellows told us a story of how Johnny belonged to a good family, but got kicked out for some reason or other, but we always thought he made it up, and, in fact, we never did find out his story until that night. I mean the night we took him home."

Joe stopped, pulled vigorously at his pipe for a few minutes, blinked rather suspiciously several times, and finally the rather husky voice went on:

"It seems that the lad's name wasn't Haines at all. He took that to conceal his own. His first name really was Johnny, though, and, as that was what everybody called him, the last didn't seem to make so much difference. When he first came on the road he was a little past 20, and his open, boyish ways made some of the fellows guy him and want to play tricks on him at first. But it didn't take them long to find out that he had plenty of mettle. A gang of us were laying around the Albany roundhouse one day, waiting for a train to be made up, when 'Bill' Lawson began to nag him and see if he couldn't get a fight out of him. It seems they had some

trouble down the road, and when 'Bill' had offered to fight Johnny had refused. He tried to keep out of 'Bill's' way, but when 'Bill' said he was afraid, Johnny turned and walked squarely up to him and said quietly: 'You take that back.' I never knew just how it was done, but 'Bill' made some sort of a feint, and the next moment the big, hulking lubber was lying on the ground. 'Bill' didn't seem to know what hit him. But he went at Johnny with such a savage look that a lad without genuine pluck would have turned feather. But when 'Bill' lay sprawling on the ground a second time we found out that Johnny was a scientific boxer. There was an ugly gleam in 'Bill's' eye when he got up, and as he got close up to Johnny all of a sudden he flourished a big jackknife he always carried. How he got it out of his pocket I never could tell. He made a lunge, but Johnny dodged cleverly and the knife just grazed his face. He was on 'Bill' quicker than it takes to tell it, choking the life out of him. We started to separate them, but when we found that Johnny had 'Bill' so that he could not do any damage with the knife we let them fight it out. 'Bill' finally held up his hand for mercy and then Johnny let him up. After we got them cooled off Johnny made 'Bill' shake hands, and though he didn't show it then, I think afterward 'Bill' came to think as much of him as the rest of us.

"Up the road not very far from Albany there is a pretty little farm that runs down to the river, and right at the corner of it was a water tank. It happened that on this farm there was a dark eyed little girl who was the idol of all the boys along the road. She wouldn't flirt with us, but she used often to come down to the water tank and get little packages which the engineer, who was a friend of the family, used to bring down from Albany. She was plump and peachy, with dark eyebrows and long lashes, and under them the prettiest pair of eyes I ever saw. There wasn't one of us who wouldn't have married her quick if she'd had us. But she was sort of reserved and shy and none of us had nerve enough to make love to her. All except Johnny. All the girls smiled on Johnny and he smiled on them. He didn't have to see the lass twice before he was head over heels in love with her and it wasn't very long before he made her know all about it. To woo was to win with Johnny, and regular as his train passed the farm Jenny—that was the little dame's name—was always there to meet him. We used to chaff Johnny a good deal over the matter, but we couldn't get much out of him. Somehow, through the engineer or somebody, though, we found out that Johnny was going to marry the girl if he could get his father to consent. He couldn't very well marry on the salary he was getting as a raw brakeman."

"Things ran along through the summer and into the fall, and we noticed that Johnny had got very quiet and reserved like, and was evidently brooding over something. At last we found out that Johnny had been promised a raise, and that along about the holidays he was to be made a passenger brakeman, and then he was doing to get married. There wasn't one of us that wasn't glad of it, or who envied him his good luck. The fall stretched away into the winter, I remember, and my, wasn't it beautiful weather! You'd stand up on top of a car, and as the train wound along the river shore mile after mile, just drinking in the air and view. Braking is a hard life, with lots of danger and pretty slim pay. But those days we'd forget all about the hardships and everything else. Johnny was on the same train with me and happy as a lark, thinking how he would marry and go up to Albany to live. I used to notice, though, that every once in a while his brow would cloud up, as if he was thinking of something that hurt him."

"Such weather couldn't last, though, and when the end came, it came with a squall. The thermometer dropped forty degrees, and a cold, driving rain that had set in in the afternoon turned toward night into a drifting, blinding snow. We had a big train that night, and with the snow and the sleet and the cold it gave us no end of trouble. She parted three or four times going not more than twenty miles, and it was cold, dangerous work slipping along the top setting brakes or getting down to make couplings. The wind howled and whistled and the snow cut your face like going through a hedge. It was dark and the lanterns didn't show plain through the snow, and everything seemed to go wrong. Several times we thought we were stalled in the drifts, but we'd uncouple and send the engine and two or three cars through the drift, and then back up and take the rest of the train through. We wanted to get through to Albany, for the next day was a lay off, and two days after that came Christmas."

"Johnny and I fought like beavers against the cold, and, I tell you, it was ticklish work. I felt more anxious about Johnny than I did about myself, for I was old at the business and he was new, and I know how easy it was for a sudden jerk to send a man flying down between the wheels. But Johnny wouldn't listen. He said he wasn't afraid, and just then the whistle sounded 'down brakes.' We were sitting in the caboose, shivering around a dirty little fire. I had frozen three of my fingers, and I thought my ears were frosted, too. You see the storm came so sudden we didn't have time to get on any mufflers, and the mittens were pretty thin."

"Well, we climbed out, and Johnny ran on ahead, saying that he was all right and he'd take the front. The cars on top were as slippery as glass, and we had almost to creep along from one car to another to keep from fall-

ing off, for she was running at a good pace, and the snow on the tracks made the cars lurch and swing. I looked up and through the snow and the dark I recognized the landmark, and knew we were nearing the water tank, where Johnny's girl lived. Just at that moment the train gave a frightful jerk and I saw the engine go rearing in air, and about a hundred feet ahead I saw a lantern swing wildly in the air and go down. I went flat on the car and hung there for dear life. We stopped in ten or twenty yards and I swung off the car like mad. 'Great God,' I thought, 'if that was Johnny!'

"Something made me feel that he had gone under the wheels, and when I crawled ahead a few cars there I found him, lying all white and still. He was too much stunned to say a word. We picked him up and started to carry him to the house—where Jenny lived. I saw that the wheels had gone over both legs—over one near the thigh and the other below the knee. My, but he was a game lad, for all the torture of carrying him up the hill couldn't wring a word from him. We knocked at the door and said one of the boys had got hurt—that the engine had jumped the track. A white little face came to the door and looked at us a moment, and then as soon as she saw me and my face Jenny shrieked out, 'It's Johnny!' But she didn't faint or cry, nor say another word. We just carried him in and put him on the bed and she took charge of him. One of the boys rode over to get a doctor, but when he came he saw at once that it was no use. It was only a question of how long Johnny could survive the shock. He lay there very quietly, and finally when the doctor's examination was finished, he said: 'Is there any show, old man?'

"I couldn't reply, but he knew as I turned my head away what the answer was. Johnny was quiet for a moment, and then pulling Jenny's hand with his own weakly, he said in a husky voice: 'Little girl, I want to go home.' And that he insisted on all the rest of the night. We didn't think that he'd be alive by morning. But he was, and we decided to put him on board the morning express. The wrecking train had thrown the engine out of the road and cleared the track, and when the express came down we flagged her and took Johnny aboard. All Jenny would tell us was that his father lived in New York. But she gave the conductor an address for a wire."

"We didn't think that he would last the journey, and about half way down he suddenly clutched Jenny's hand hard and then lay back still. The little girl threw herself upon him sobbing as if her heart would break, but it didn't do any good. Poor Johnny was gone."

Joe paused a moment and looked into the fire.

"Well," he said, "to cut it short, when we got into Jersey City Johnny's father was there. It didn't take more than a glance at his clothes and his portly bearing to tell me that he was a rich man. He sprang into the car and would have pushed me out of the road. I knew who he was, and I held on to him, and I said: 'Wait a minute. Johnny was pretty badly hurt.' He grabbed me like a vise, and said, in a set voice, 'Can he live?' I shook my head, and he gasped, 'Is he—?'

"I led him over to where the boy lay, but he didn't want to see him. He looked very hard at the little girl who sat there sobbing, and said, slowly, 'Is this—Jenny?' And then he took her very quietly in his arms and kissed her."

"I went to the funeral the next day. That was the day before Christmas. The old man's hair had turned white, and his face was as lined and rigid as though he was mounting a scaffold. He was twenty years older than the morning I saw him first. It seems that Johnny had been brought up, like most boys, to have all the money he wanted. He got wild and in with a fast gang, and to try to curb him, his father, who was a wealthy banker, got him a place in a store as cashier. Johnny's allowance wasn't enough, and he made it up out of the cash drawer. When it was discovered his father made up the amount, and then sent Johnny adrift. He never spoke to him afterward, and when Johnny, after a year's good service on the road, appealed to him for money enough to get married on the old man returned the letter. I found it in Johnny's coat pocket the morning we took him home."

The train whistled for a station, and "Joe," grabbing his lantern, escaped into the night and the falling snow. —New York Herald.

## Memorial to John Hancock.

For 163 years the tomb of John Hancock in the Old Granary burying ground has been marked only by the name "Hancock." The bronze marker of the Sons of the American Revolution was placed in front of the tomb several years ago, and has since remained there. In 1894 the General Court appropriated a sum of money for the erection of a suitable memorial to mark the spot. This has been completed, and workmen are now engaged in placing it in its position, just under the shadow of the Park street church. The monument is 16 feet high, the base is of Milford granite 5 feet by 6 feet, and 20 inches thick. The shaft is 12 feet 6 inches long, by 3 feet 6 inches wide, and 1 foot 6 inches thick. The portrait on the shaft is after Copley, and is surrounded by a wreath. The coat of arms of John Hancock, consisting of a shield, on which are three oaks on a hand, bearing the crest of a winged griffin, with the inscription "Osta principibus," will be displayed on the top of the stone. Under the portrait is this inscription: "This memorial erected A. D. MDCCCXCV, by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to mark the grave of John Hancock." —Boston Transcript.

## GREAT LUCK OF A MINER.

For Years He Was Poor as a Pauper Now He Is Rich as a Prince.

John Pierce is a Tombstone, Ariz., miner who, up to a year and a half ago, had difficult work to provide the necessities of life for himself and family. He is now in San Francisco with \$250,000 in gold coin to his credit. It is another story of a lucky find of rich gold and silver bearing quartz.

Pierce is the name of the new camp, just coming into prominence, about thirty miles northeast of Tombstone. It is made more conspicuous because, in addition to its great ore richness, it is about the only gold camp in the



JOHN PIERCE, THE ARIZONA MINER.

territory. Already there are 500 people there, and empty houses from Tombstone are being taken there bodily. An English syndicate has secured the Pierce ledge, and has organized with \$1,500,000, and it is said that there is a prospect of the new camp rivaling Cripple Creek in Colorado.

Pierce about four years ago took up a claim about thirty miles northeast of Tombstone. There was a water hole in the mountains, and he took the place in order to get the water so he could raise a few head of stock. One day, about eighteen months ago, he picked up a piece of stone to throw at one of the cows when he noticed how heavy it was. "Upon closer examination," says Pierce, "I saw what looked like good quartz and I took home several pieces of the rock and horned it out. The result showed considerable gold. I went back and got more rock and took it into Tombstone the next day and an assay showed me that I had found a rich mine. The ledge where I picked up the rock was not over 400 feet from a road that had been traveled for years. It was just luck I found it."

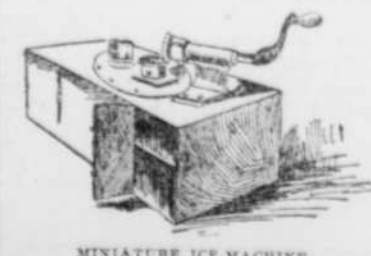
Pierce had no money himself, so he had to do all the developing work on a small scale. He managed to take out several tons of ore and ship it away. The result from this shipment was over \$3,000. With this amount of money he sunk a shaft and opened his claim so that it was possible to ascertain the extent of the ledge. After this work had been accomplished some parties from Silver City, N. M., came along and bonded the property for \$250,000 on a year's time. Before the year had expired they sold the bond to the English syndicate for an advance of \$100,000 and when the year was up, which occurred last week, Mr. Pierce got a draft on San Francisco and he at once came to the city to get his coin.

Prior to two years ago Pierce was a broken-down miner, a man who had never had to exceed \$10 at one time, and who was having a hard struggle to make both ends meet. Now he has \$250,000, all in gold coin, and, like most men in similar circumstances, does not know how to spend his money. His wife, before he made the strike, had to go to Tombstone and help out the family exchequer by doing such odd jobs of house cleaning as she could find, while the son, a young man, now 20, herded cattle on the ranges. Besides one son, he has a daughter, who was given the advantage of the public schools of Tombstone.

## MAKE YOUR OWN ICE.

Chemicals Are Used, a Crank Is Turned for Fifteen Minutes.

The invention of a miniature ice machine has caused the kings of congealed water to tremble in their boots. Mr. J. P. O'Brien is the inventor, and the ice machines are to be put on the market in the very near future. The affair consists of a box about the size and shape of an ordinary ice box. Down the center of the box runs a cylinder for the water that is to be turned to ice, and around this cylinder are cells, in which are placed the chemicals whose action freezes the water. On the top of the box is a crank like the handle of a street piano. This handle is connected with a shaft on which are fastened fan blades. Do you want ice for the day? Just fill up the cylinder with water, say the inventor of the



MINIATURE ICE MACHINE.

new style ice box, turn the crank for fifteen minutes, giving yourself just enough exercise to make the blood circulate and to sharpen an appetite for breakfast. The fan acts on the chem-

icals, the chemicals act on the water. At the end of the prescribed time take out your cylinder, and presto! there you have a round block of glistening ice.

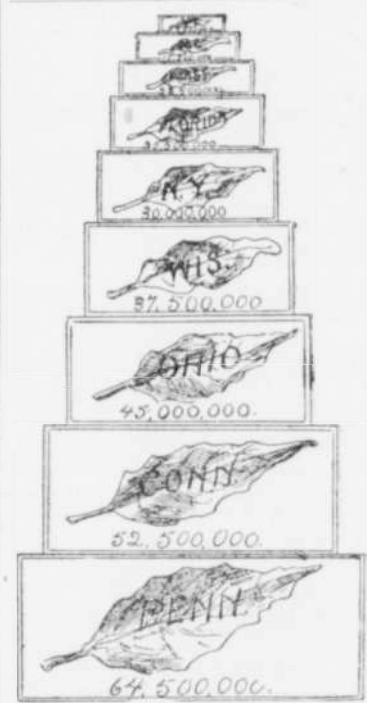
The cost of ice produced by this process, it is claimed, will be \$1.40 a year. This is the amount the company to be formed for the sale of the boxes will charge for chemicals sufficient to last a year. There is to be no other expense. The freezer will contain compartments for the storage of household supplies that are usually kept in the ice box. The freezers are to be made to sell, at the household size, for \$15 each, and will last for ten years, by renewing the chemicals once a year. These chemicals will be furnished by the freezer company only. The company will keep the freezers in order and the chemicals in good condition.

## TOBACCO PRODUCTION.

Annual Output of the States Without Regard to Merit.

Whatever the cigar makers or the cigar seller might have thought of Weyler's prohibition, one class of American citizens viewed it with undisguised delight. At first they could not believe it true; then when they saw it was really a fact their joy broke out unrestrained. In many parts of the country mass-meetings were held and universal rejoicing proclaimed.

The people who have so benefited by the edict were the farmers. For years these honest men have been raising tobacco and offering it in the tobacco markets. Their quality was superior, their curing perfect, their leaves uniform in size, and their leaf without blemish. But they could get little. The magic word "Havana" forbade the native industry from being appreciated as it should have been. Tobacco manufacturers themselves knew the superiority of the native tobacco, but they could not convince the man who smokes. And so the farmer, after



his toil and care had to take medium prices.

But all this is changed now. Weyler allows the made-up cigar to come into this country, but there is a slight misunderstanding about the tobacco leaf, and this is the farmer's rejoicing.

The annual production of tobacco in the United States has been growing greater and greater for several years past. It has never been known as a tobacco-growing country, because it has not produced all the leaf it wanted. But all who know our agricultural possibilities say there is no reason why a leaf of the imported tobacco should ever be asked for here again.

## DUCKS WITH LEGS TO GIVE AWAY.

They Were Born in Illinois, and Can Swim Excellently.

Mr. John Gordon, of Mount Vernon, Ill., has a duck which has turned out a queer brood of ducklings. One had four perfect legs and feet, and the duckling uses them all in walking just like any other quadruped. The other has three legs, but the third leg is rather an



DUCKLINGS WITH EXTRA LEGS.

impediment in walking than otherwise. The other ducks in the brood are of normal appearance.

When it comes to swimming, however, the three and four-legged ducks show their superiority. They are like so many extra paddles or oars to a boat, and they can make better speed than their less favored brethren and sisters.

## Fecund Insects.

M. Fougard says that a single pair of aphides will bring 1,000,000,000,000,000 individuals of their kind into existence in a single season of five months, or, say, during the months of May, June, July, August and September. No other known species of insect which can be seen with the naked eye breeds with anything like such amazing rapidity.

How times change! A few years ago to speak of a nit implied that the speaker must have them.



The glorious Fourth has passed away. The day dawns bright with cheer. The small boy's chances to survive. Are good for one more year.

—Washington Star.  
Post—How do you know the editor isn't in? Office-boy—From your looks.—Puck.

First Tramp—Wuz you ever married? Second Tramp—Well, I jist wish I had all the alimony I owe.—Puck.

"Weren't you surprised when he proposed?" "No; why should I be?" "Everybody else was."—Harlem Life.

Never Touched Her: He—Don't you ever tire of talking? She—Quickly—It depends upon who is talking.—Vogue.

Artist—That man Bacon offered me \$12 for that largest painting of mine. Caller—Oh, then you've had it framed! —Yonkers Statesman.

She—Young Baggie, I believe, takes his fences well? He—Yaas, splendidly; but it's a pity his horse doesn't take 'em at the same time.—Sydney Bulletin.

"There!" hissed the jealous Moor, "how do you feel now?" "Down in the mouth," gasped the irrepressible Desdemona from beneath her pillow.—Puck.

"It is simply astonishing the way the bicycle is displacing the horse!" "It is, indeed. Yesterday I found a piece of rubber tire in my sausage."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Brown—Have you read this article upon "How to Tell a Bad Egg?" Jones—No, but if you have anything to tell a bad egg, my advice is to break it gently.—Up-to-Date.

Miss Recheer (indignantly)—Did you tell Jim Jackson dat of he married us he'd hab a white elephant on his hands? Miss Snodlake—No, indeed I didn't! Do yo' tink I see color-blind?—Puck.

Amlens—Why, do you use the re-pression funny joke? Aren't all jokes funny? Editor—Not by a long shot. The jokes that other fellows get at at your expense are never funny.—Truth.

"It seems to me, Miranda," mildly observed Mr. Meeks, "these cases would be considerably improved by the addition of a little more ginger." "Would you, William," briefly responded Mrs. Meeks.—Chicago Tribune.

"Well, girls, Jack and I are to be married at last, and we are so happy!" "Did you and Jack have some trouble in getting your father's consent?" "No, papa and I had a lot of trouble in getting Jack's consent."—Exchange.

Mrs. Brown—I have been so annoyed at my husband. He has been at the club every night for a week. Mr. Jones—Why, so has my husband, and he said he hadn't seen anything of your husband for a week.—Brooklyn Life.

She—It seems strange that men are no longer willing to do deadly combat for the love of a woman. He—Ain't queer, though? Especially when women have so much more money of their own these days.—Indianapolis Journal.

"I once knew a man," said the imaginative boarder, "who was so fat that he was actually taller lying down than when he was standing up. What do you think of that?" "It strikes me," said the cheerful idiot, "as pretty silly."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Dangerous Text: "Well, Theo. Rasbury, how did you like the sermon?" "Fowful fine sermon, Marce. Jolted me." "Where did the preacher take his text?" "From dat p'olition ob de Sermon whar de Postol Paul plants his foot to de Fesions."—Washington Times.

Fair Patient—Is there no way of being exactly what is the matter with me? Dr. Emdee—Only a post-mortem examination would reveal that. Fair Patient—Then, for heaven's sake, make one. I don't see why I should be squeamish at such a time as this.—Pittsburgh Courier.

"Modern society," observed the young man, contemplatively, "has revived most of the old-time proverbs." "You observed the chaplain, to whom he had just handed an ice, 'for instance, we always say, 'When the husband comes in at the door, the lover dies of the window.'—Exchange.

First Summer Girl—Are you going that old Christian Endeavor meeting this evening? Second Summer Girl—Yes, indeed! Haven't you heard it subject to be discussed? First Summer Girl—No; what is it? Second Summer Girl—"How to Hold Our Young Men."—New York Press.

"I was very glad, Mabel, to see you among those who were received into the church last Sunday." "Yes, and but I was so provoked with the sermon! He gave me the old-fashioned fashionable handshake. And he gave salary of \$6,000 a year!"—Chicago Tribune.

"Rastus, you infernal nigger," told me that mule was perfectly sane, and when I went into the stable nearly kicked the top of my head off. "Yes, sah; I sayed de mule was sane. But ef yo' kin recollect, I say nuffin' about wedder it was sane in his vicinity. Dat mule was enough to be safe anywhere."—Pittsburgh Courier.