A HUMBLE HERO.

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DAVE DRIGGS.

Dave Driggs he was a railroad man, A common kind o' chap:

He didn't go a cent on style, He wouldn't give a rapp

Fur them as put on dudy clo's An' hifalutin' ar's,

An' tho't 'emselves some higher up Than Him upon the sta'rs.

He wore a yaller flannel shirt That made him look immen

With that ar' diomon' pin o' his That cost him fifty cents.

Thar wuzn't much in railroadin' He tho't he didn't know.

He wuz the brakeman o' a train Upon the B, & O,

But after all he had some streaks O' common sense ia him,

A little cream inside his pan That way't too thin to skim.

I've seen him tipsy ez a top, I've seen him goin' wild,

I've seen him jump an' resk his life To save a leetle child!

One dark December night the track Got drifted in with snow, That threw the engine down a bank A hundred feet below; An' up on end an' all about, In every sort o' style, The busted freight cars got 'emselves

Uncoupled in a pile. The engineer an' fireman both

Hed left the track to stay, An' underneath the smashed caboos The dead conductor lay. But Dave, he heard the crash in time, He jumped with all his might,

An' in a snow bank, on his head, Ker chug! he chanced to light!

He hung to his old lantern tight, He got upon his feet; Thar in the dark he stood alone, The wreck waz jist complete. The snow it beat agin his face, A bitin' blizzard blew, The wind jist howled an' screamed an' roared, An' chilled him thro' an' thro'

It froze the clo's upon his back Ez stiff as any shad. I tell you 'twas the proper time Fur all the sand he had!

HILDA'S STORY.

I have a friend who lives in Dakota, and raises in that remarkable territory some of the finest wheat that is raised in the world. Part of the winter of 1882 he spent in the East, and often came to my rooms, where we enjoyed many a pleas-ant hour together. During these interviews I learned many interesting facts connected with the everyday experiences of settlers in the West.

One incident in his frontier life amuse me very much, and I will repeat it, as nearly as possible in his own words, for the benefit of the *Companion* readers. "My next neighbors," he said, "are a young Norwegian and his wife. The

nan, whose name is Pete Neilson, is about thirty years old; tall, broad-shouldered and good-natured. His wife, Hilda, is several years younger, a bright, smiling woman, and full of life.

"Sometimes, after work for the day was done, I used to walk over to Neilson's and sit on the bench outside the house, and chat with him for half an hour. The house itself is a small affair, of the class known in that part of the country as 'shanties.' It is tight-boarded and banked up about the sides, and is probably warm and cosy even in our bitterest winters. Pete had set out a few trees in front of the shanty-elms and cottonwood -and had built a little arbor over the door, under which the bench was placed.

There were a few flowers in boxes near by, and an old yellow cat was almost always stretched out at full length in the doorway. It is a pleasant, home-like lit-

tle place. "A few rods from the house was a 'straw-barn,' with a heavy log frame, that Pete had built. It was completely buried in a mountain of straw. One evening, after I had become quiet at home with my neighbors, I ventured to

say: ""Well, Pete, I suppose you became acquainted with your wife in Norway? Perhaps you have known each other since you were children?'

"Pete was smoking his long pipe. He did not reply, but laughed quietly. I glanced at his wife and saw that she was smiling, and had a roguish light in her eye as she looked at her husband.

"This excited my curiosity, and I said to her, 'How is it, Mrs. Neilson? Have you known Pete since he was a little boy?' '.' Oh no.'

". Then you came over on the steamer together from Norway?' " 'Oh no,' and she laughed outright.

" 'Did you meet him on his way out West?

" 'No, no, no.' "'You must have found him here, waiting for you, then,' I continued

laughing. 'No, he not here when I come,' she said, as she walked over to where Pete

was sitting and sat down on the ground at his feet. 'Shall I tell, Pete?' she asked, looking archly into his face.

"Pete kept on smoking, but nodded good-humoredly. "His wife laid her hand on his knee and for a moment was thoughtful and quiet. Perhaps she was getting together her somewhat scanty collection of Eng-

lish words. " Well,' she said at last again, dooking into Pete's face and smiling, 'I come

to here with my farder and my mutter and my sisters. My farder take quarter section, and then he say: """ Hilda, you take quarter section

too. You more old than twenty-one." "Rather a frank confession, I thought ; but she evidently had no sensitiveness

about her age, and went on: But I not quarter come and really live here. Only I put up leetle house, and sometime come here with my farder for one day, or for two

"But he say no, and he go off again. So then he build more bigger house, and buy hens, and plow some more. And e come again. "And this time he walk right up and

stand close in front of me, and look at me so I want to run away. But I sits still

"And he look down at me, and say, "Who live on this land?"

""And I can hardly speak, but I say, very low, "I live on this land." ""Then he laugh and say, "Who else?"

"'I laugh too and say, "You too." "Then he say, "Yes, we all two live on this land, but who own this land?"

"Then my farder, he say, very loud, "My daughter own it."

"But I know it be very hard to get to own it, because Pete really live on land before I really live on it. So.I

say: """P'raps you own this land, and p'raps I own this land." ""Then he laugh again, and take my hands and say, "We all two live on land, but only one own land. But if you marry me then all two shall own land." "'I jumps up quick, and throw my apron over my head, and run away.

"I run clear to my mutter house, and I cry all the way, and laugh all the way.

But then I say: """Maybe Pete think I don't like 'cause I run away. Maybe he never come some more. Maybe my farder drive him off. Why did I run away!" So then I cry some more, but then I laugh too, 'cause I feel sure he shall

come again. "'And the next day he come. And he say to my farder to tell me to marry him. So that's all,' she said, simply, in conclusion.

"Pete nodded and smiled. 'Yes,' he said, 'we all two own land now. Youth's Companion.

"Stonewall" Jackson's Climb After Persimmons.

A Pittsburg (Penn.) Chronicle writer says: While in Lexington, Va., last June, at the unveiling of Valentine's Recumbent statue of General R. E. Lee, material for sketches of the career o Stonewall Jackson was sought after among his co-laborers prior to and dur-ing the war. An old associate professor of Jackson's, who served on his staff in the earlier part of the war, and whose in timacy was almost as strong as that of brotherhood, related to me the following anecdote of Jackson. And the story was corroborated by Lieutenant George G. Junkin, now living at Christiansburg, Va., and at that time an aid to Jackson and one of the actors in the amusing little drama:

In December, 1861, while on the march back from Dam No. 5 on the Chesapeake and Ohio cunal to Winchester, and while riding at some distance in advance of his staff in company with the afore-mentioned old friend, Jackson espied in a field alongside the road a persimmon tree heavily laden with, at that season of the year, its delicious fruit. Turning to the relator of the episode Jackson, suddenly changing the topic under dis-cussion, and with unwonted warmth of manner asked : "Colonel, are you fond of persimmons?" "Well, general, I of persimmons?" "Well, general, 1 can't say I am particularly partial to them. I occasionally eat a few when they are handy," replied the colonel. "Well, colonel," rejoined Jackson, with increasing warmth, "I am passionately

fond of them, and feel a great desire for some of those remarkably fine ones on that tree over there." By this time the staff were approaching and the colonel suggested to the general, who was in the act of dismounting, that he send some of the young men for a supply of the fruit, but Jackson persisted in going himself, saying he felt they would be enjoyed the more did he pluck them with his own hands, and hastily dismounting he crossed the fence, refusing the kindly offer of help from young Junkin, who had procured a rail from the fence to put against the tree to assist in climbing. Striding over to the tree, he removed his sword-belt and, with his long-legged cavalry boots on, clambered laboriously up its limbless trunk, while the staff stood off quietly snickering at seeing their usually saturnine commander hugging and climbing the tree like a schoolboy. But he soon grasped the lower limbs and was ensconsed in a position where he ate to satiety. When the attempt was made to return to terra firma, however, his legs, hampered by the riding boots and spurs, became entangled, and young Junkin had to come to the rescue with his rail to aid the general in his descent. By this time the snickering of the quiet and demure old colonel and his young comrades had grown to the proportions of a loud guffaw, and the general himself joined heartily in the laughter as he comprehended the ludicrous predicament in which he had placed himself.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

In the White mountains, wherever the imber has been cut it has been allowed to grow up again. The rainfall in the Merrimac valley has been nearly the same every year since 1826. No forest de-struction is going on thereabouts.

Loadstone is the magnetic oxide of Loadstone is the magnetic outer of iron. When this is highly magnetic and exhibits polarity it is called loadstone. It is the richest known ore of iron, and it is used for the manufacture of iron, as are other ores of that metal. It is found in almost all mineral regions rich in iron.

More "natural gas" companies are being formed in Pennsylvania. The pres-sure at the mouths of the wells is very great, and the gas can be conveyed in common mains wherever it is needed for light or for manufacturing. Pittsburg expects to get rid of its smoke and see sun again. Lines are being laid to Baltimore and some of the lake cities.

Among the animal fibers used in the manufacture of textile fabrics in cash-mere wool, which is the fine wool-like hair of the goat. This goat thrives best upon the Himmaleh mountains at an altitude of 12,000 feet. The higher the altitude the finer, softer and thicker the coat of hair is found to be. Nearly all of this staple is manufacted into shawls. American Field.

Professor A. Nantier has been trying the effect of various manures upon pota-toes, beets and maize. Superphosphate and precipitated phosphate were most efficacious in increasing the yield of pota-toes. Precipitated phosphate proved in every respect more beneficial than the superphosphate with beets. The best crops of maize were raised from land treated with the manure of the farmyard.

A common trouble in country black-smith shops is the going out of the fire while the smith is doing work away from it. This annoyance can be prevented by keeping at hand a box containing saw-dust. When the fire seems to be out throw a handful of sawdust on the coals, and a good blaze will quickly follow. This may seem a small matter, but there are many who will find the suggestion a useful one

WISE WORDS.

In order to deserve a good friend you must first learn to be one.

A man may talk continually and not be eloquent, sound and substance are not twins.

Charities should be diffused. Grain will not grow if piled in a heap; it must be scattered.

Labor is one of the great elements of society-the great substantial interest on which we all stand.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good humor, and the fourth wit.

Strict punctuality is perhaps the cheapest virtue which can give force to an oth-erwise utterly insignificant character.

There is in a man a higher than love of happiness. He can do without happi-ness, and instead thereof find blessed-

One of the best rules in conversation is never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish he had left unsaid.

The conqueror is regarded with awe, the wise man commands our esteem; but it is the benevolent man who wins our affection.

It is impossible to make people under-stand their ignorance, for it requires knowledge to perceive it; and, there-fore, he that can perceive it hath it not.

call him your sister, would you? If the article said: "Man is our sister," the critics would have reason for kicking .-Peck's Sun.

THE WISE BELLS

[6] .

On a sunny Sabbath morning, Forth two messengers were sped, That the bells be set a-ringing;

One to say, in chime and singing, A fair maiden is to wed; One to say, with knell and moaning,

A fair maiden lieth dea 1. By mischance the stupid servants

Went not whither they were bade; But each where was sent the other. One said: "Ring the bells right glad;

For a bridal." Said the other! "For the dead ring slow and sad."

So it chance 1 that at the bridal, All turned pale to hear the bell;

While the gladsome wedding chiming 'Mid the dirge discordant fell; But the angels hearing, whispered,

"In the chimes and in the knells: Wisdom, more than man could teach ye, Did you speak to-day, Oh, bells!"

-fullie C. Pomeroy, in the Continent

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"Tm locked in slumber," murmurs the prison bird in his sleep.

The most appropriate pastry for a freelunch counter-Sponge cake.

The grocer who sells twelve ounces for pound depends on his winning weigh. · Picayune.

Iowa is said to be out of debt. She ought to change her name then .- Philadelphia Call.

If you want to put money in a sound investment buy telegraph stock .- Philadeiphia Chronicle.

Artificial cork has been invented, and we shall soon hear of adulterated life-preservers.-Lowell Courier.

Batter is the name of a tenor singer in a New York church choir. He is occa-sionally put out by the first bass .- States-

"Hello" is a mighty small word, ~ the patent on the machine through which it is said, is worth \$25,000,000.-Topeka Lance.

There are 16,823 Quakers in Indiana. So many broad-brimmed hats must be quite a protection to the soil in dry weather. -Burlington Free Press.

The greatest oleomargarine fraud yet perpetrated is the labeling the buckets with a ferocious billy goat to indicate genuine butter.-Atlanta Constitution. "Are you trying to button your shoes?"

asked the wife of a fat man who was granting as he struggled to fasten the recreant buttons. "No!" he sarcastically

growled; "can't you see I'm combing my

for life," the grammarian and the pris-oner look upon it quite differently. The

one thinks it a very brief sentence, the other thinks it couldn't well be longer.-

The curiosity of a child of five had

been aroused by seeing a magnifying glass. "How many times does it magnify?" asked a gentleman, thinking to puzzle

through it," was the quick reply.

When the farmer with a cry awoke At five in the morn, and heard the stroke Of the bell as it 'gan to ring, He jumped from bed with agility. And exclaimed with huge bilarity, "Oh, this is an early spring!" —New York Journal.

The critics are poking fun at a maga-

zine article for saying "man is our brother." Of course he is. You wouldn't

When the judge says, "I sentence you

hair?"

Boston Times.

Yis, Dave he had a level head. Ef he wasn't much on dress, He bounded back along the track To save the night express.

He heard the rumble of the train Just ez it hove in sight Around the corner, a sudden gust O' wind blew out his light, An' thar he stood, the wreck behind, The comin' train before, A hurryin' on to sudden death A hundred lives or more.

There big an' bright before his eyes He saw the headlight gleam: He heard the rattlin' o' the wheels, The sissin' o' the steam. An' leaptn' from the railroad track Ez past the engine flew, Into the cab with all his might Dave Driggs his lantern threw

It struck the startled engineer, It fell upon the floor, It rolled along into the light Before the fire-box door. He read the letters "B. & O." Upon the shattered glass, He stopped the train before he struck The pile he couldn't pass!

An' Dave, he went to work next day Jist ez he alwuz had; He didn't go a-loafin' round, Nor git the big-head bad. The city papers put him in An' laid the praise on thick-But, sho! for all the fuss they made Dave didn't care a stick.

He still is brakein' on the road, He wars that yaller shirt, A leetle wass for use, perhaps, An' ruther dark with dirt. He traded off that diamon' pin, Ez sure as you were born, An' got a cluster diamon' ring? Humph! diamon' in a hora. -Eugene J. Hall, in Chicago Inter-Ocean

Hugh J. Jewitt is a director in twenty railroad companies, Samuel Sloan in twenty-three, Jay Gould in twenty-four, George B. Roberts in twenty-six, Augus-tus Schell in twenty-eight, Sidney Dillon in thirty-six and Frederick L. Ames in fifty-two.

day. "'So by-an'-bye Pete he come here, too. And no more good land left; and he know how nobody live here, so he build house here, too, and live here all times and plow and dig well.

So my farder he come here and he say to Pete, "Go away, you bad man! You no see first house what built before you come?"

" 'And Pete say he no care for house "You must live on quarter when you want get it. Nobody live in those house. I live here all time. Quarter section

mine," he say. "'So they shake heads and talk loud and shake fists. But Pete he stay. "'He never see me. He think my farder want this land himself. So then my farder and I come and stay in first

house all time. " 'Then Pete he come to there, and he say, "Go away! go away! Do not live on my land. It is not you's land." He say many such things. """No," my farder say to him one

day, "it is not my land." "'Then Pete look surprise and say,

"If not you's land, then go away." "But my farder shake head, and say

very loud, "Not my land, but my daughter land." "Then Pete he look at me, sit in dark

corner, and he more 'stonish. But he go away that time, and plow some more, and build straw barn and buy cow. And some time I hope he go away and leave land for me, and some time'--here she looked up again and smiled at Pete, 'Some time I hope he come back to see us some more, and not go away. And I sit at window and watch Pete build house and barn, and plow, and I say: ". "Pete have good house and barn,

but he all so lonesome without some wife."

"'My farder say always Pete is bad man. But I know he not bad man. " Then he comes again, and he say,

"If you go away, I give you hundred dollar for not have any more trouble."

"But my farder say, "No; this land my daughter land. But if you go away I give you fifty dollar for not to have ne more trouble "

Animated Frozen Fish.

The American Angler vouches for the following fish story: A fish dealer in Salineville, Ohio, received a box of frozen fish from Cleveland, during one of the recent blizzards. They were so hard and brittle that they had to be handled with great care to keep them from breaking to pieces. He sold one to an old lady who took it home and put it in a bucket of cold water to thaw out gradually. During the night she heard something splashing around in the kitchen. Supposing it was the cat trying to get the fish, she jumped out of bed, seized the broom and rushed to the scene. She found the fish flopping in the pan. As near as could be learned this fish had lain out in the cold two nights before being packed, and had been out of the water for more than two weeks.

The number of French-speaking inhabitants in' British North America is 1,208,929.

He seldom lives frugally, who lives by chance. Hope is always liberal, and they that trust her promises make little scruple of reveling to-day on the promise of to-morrow.

If the sense of the ridiculous is one side of an irrepressible nature, it is very well; but if that is all there is in a man he had better have been an ape and stood at the head of his profession at once.

A right mind and generous affection has more beauty and charms than all other symmetries in the world beside, and a grain of honesty and native worth is of more value than all the adventitious ornaments, estates or preferments; for the sake of which some of the better sort so oft turn knaves.

Curious Growth of a Boy's Ears.

A colored boy from Virginia, fifteen years of age, presented himself yester-day at the Maryland University hospital to have an operation performed for a curious formation on his cars. The growth is known as keloid, a kind of connective tissue tumor, covers the cars' connective tissue timor, covers the cars almost entirely, giving him the appear-ance of having elephant's ears. The one on the right ear measured eight inches across and twenty-five inches in circumference. The one on the left ear was about six inches across. The weight of both tumors when removed was three pounds six ounces. One has been growing since the boy was four years old, and has been cut off three times; the other has been forming six months. They were hard, fibrous masses. The formations are said to occcur more frequently on the ear than elsewhere on the body, and to be more common among colored persons than among the whites. They are not malignant, and cannot be cancerous. The cause of such growth is not definitely known. The surgeon was able to save a good portion of each car. They were successfully removed by cau-tery, and the patient is doing well. He came on in the summer for treatment, but it was deemed best to put off the operation. His physician is with him, and his health is good. There are two similar formations on his breast, but it is thought that those will pass away as he grows older. The boy has suffered no pain in consequence of his deformities. Baltimore American.

A Detroit river fisherman says that the pike of the straits is a very destructive fish. One that was recently speared had swallowed another pike and that pike had swallowed a perch. The trouble with the whole business is about swallowing the story .- Picayune.

A LEAP-YEAR VICTIM.

"Now, Charley, my darling, I pray these Just give me a moment of bliss; I'm going, look kindly upon me, And give me a dear, parting kiss."

"Don't do it, you'll rumple my collar, You'll muss up my hair and mustech I'll tell my mamma—yes, I'll holler: You horrid girl, don't be so rash." —Oil City Derreid -Oil City Derrick

A Queer Character.

Mangin, the celebrated black-lead pencil maker of Paris, is dead. He drove every day in an open carriage, attended by a servant, to his stands either by the Place Vendome or on the Place de la Bourse. His servant handed him a case, from which he took large portraits of himself and medals with descriptions of his pencils, which he hung on either side of him. He then replaced his round hat with a magnificent burnished helmet, mounted with brilliant plumes. For his overcoat he donned a costly velvet tunic with gold fringes. He then drew up a pair of polished steel gauntlets upon his hands, covered his breast with a brilliant cuirass, and placed a richly-mounted sword at his side. His servant then put on a velvet robe and helmet, and struck up a tune on an organ mounted in gold. To the crhwds gathered around he then exclaimed: "I am Mangin, the great charlatan of France! Years ago I hired a modest shop in the Rue Rivoli, but could not sell pencils enough to pay my rent. Now, attracted by my sweeping crest, my waving plumes, my din and glitter, I sell millions of pencils." This This was true. His pencils were the very best.

The Dutch papers mention the discovery of a "certain cure" for gout. A peasant who was confined to his bed by a sharp attack was stung by a bee, and almost immediately he felt better and next day he was well. A short time after another patient thought he would try the same remedy, and, having in-duced a bee to sting him on the part affected, he also was was cured.