

AT LAST.

What though upon a wintry sea our life bark sails,

What though we tremble 'neath its cruel gales,

We see a happy port in far beyond,

We see its shining waves, its sunny shore,

Where we shall wander, and forget the troubled past.

At last.

No storms approach that quiet shore, no night falls on its silver streams, and valleys bright.

At last.

Within that peaceful bay, the perfect peace

Our toil-worn feet shall stay, our wanderings cease.

There shall we rest, all forget the past.

At last.

The sorrows we have hid in silent weariness,

As birds above a wounded, bleeding breast,

Their bright plumage cast,

That haunt our footsteps, will flee away,

And leave us to forget the sorrowful past.

At last.

Voices we loved sound from those far-off lands,

And thrill our hearts; life's golden sands

Are dropping fast;

Soon shall we see the face of peace

As the night flows before the eye of day.

So faded from our eyes the perfect past.

At last.

—Joseph Allen's Wife.

A STRANGE VISION.

The Singular Story Told by a Railroad Man.

An Engineer's Uncomfortable Experience with a Fireman, and What He Saw on Passing Through a Wild Piece of Woods.

A veteran engineer on the Pennsylvania railroad was speaking the other day of singular sights and incidents he had met with in his long experience on the road.

"The queerest thing I ever knew," said he, "was the vision that Bill Sandusky had a few years ago. There are things that you know have happened and are still reluctant to tell about, because you know you'll be laughed at and pool-poohed for your pains, and this vision was one of that kind."

Bill Sandusky was an engineer on the Philadelphia & Erie railway, and is yet, I think, and lives in Erie, a better engineer, never handled the throttle.

"About ten years ago a young fellow named George Watkins went to work on the Philadelphia & Erie as a brakeman. He was a stranger, and no one knew where he came from. He was twenty-one or twenty-two years old, but he had a much older look. He had a very dark complexion, and he was tall and lean. His eyes were intensely black and deep-set. He had but little to say to any of his fellow-travelers. It came to be common among them that if at any time Watkins' peculiar eyes were fixed on them for a moment they underwent curious variations of color, and that the person upon whom the gaze was fixed experienced sensations which he found it difficult to describe, but which were referred to in a general way as decidedly uncomfortable. Some of the men said that with Watkins' eyes on them they found it difficult to keep their minds on their work, and some went so far as to say that they could remove themselves from the strange influence of his presence only by the exercise of all their will power. Those who had heard of mesmerism decided that the stranger was possessed of powerful mesmeric influence, and he was avoided by timid railroad men as much as possible.

"It was plain from the bearing of Watkins that he was either the victim of some great trouble or haunted by unpleasant recollections, and also that he was a man of education and intelligence. He performed the hard work of a brakeman with faithfulness, and early attracted the attention of the superintendent. Watkins had been on the road almost three months when Jimmy Green, Bill Sandusky's fireman, was killed while saving the life of a child that was playing on the track. The train was dashing along at the rate of forty miles an hour when the child was discovered by Bill and his fireman two or three hundred yards ahead as the train rounded a curve. Bill whistled for brakes and reversed his engine, but there was no possibility of stopping the train before it reached the child, which did not seem to be aware of its danger. Quick as a cat, Jimmy Green drew himself through the cab window and ran out along the guard rail to the pilot. He dropped down flat, and leaning over as far as he could, seized the child as he sprang on the spot where it sat. He caught the little one, and scooped it clear of the track. The child was saved, but the brave fireman was his hold in making the effort, and fell across the rail and was cut to pieces. George Watkins was taken from the brake wheel and promoted to the place which Jimmy Green's death made vacant. He got along with the work from the very start as handily as if he had been at the job all his life, but Bill Sandusky said that the atmosphere of the cab changed the minute Watkins set his foot in it. He declared, after the first trip with the new fireman, that Watkins would hoodlum himself with this confessed murderer.

Bill found that he could get to the Kentucky town in a few hours by rail, and he jumped on the cars and started for the place. As the train approached the place there was no name of the brakeman calling out its name, so far as Bill Sandusky was concerned. There was the valley, there was the river, there stood the hills, the stopping village site, the willows, the orchard, he did not hesitate in the terrified ground. There was the green lane down which he had seen the old man riding, and there was the clump of trees where the assassin had appeared and fired the fatal shot. Bill had no trouble in obtaining a look at the condemned murderer, Walters, in his cell, and of course Walters was Bill's old fireman, George Watkins. Walters was his right name. He had shot his uncle just as the engineer had seen the tragedy in his vision that memorable day from his cab window. The murderer had been an entire stranger in the K. tucky town. He had visited his uncle to borrow money and had been refused. That was the sole cause of the murder.

Walters said he had struggled for

six years against some strange influence that was constantly drawing him back to the scene of his crime and to confession, but feeling that no human being knew of his guilt, he had conquered the influence. He never passed through the dark Kane woods while firing for Bill Sandusky that the whole scene of the tragedy did not rise before him. When that scene was revealed so mysteriously to the engineer, the murderer believed that the terrible secret was no longer his own. He gave up the struggle and went unwillingly to his fate. He was hanged three days after Bill visited him. But he can say one thing that questions the veracity of Bill's story.—Harrisburg (Pa.) Cor. N. Y. Times.

DON, THE SPANIEL.

He Keeps a Bank and Draws on It When He Wants Buns and Meat.

The following account has recently been given me by the J. C. Sprague, owner of Don, the water spaniel, hero of the story, writes an Ogdenburg correspondent. The dog was brought to Ogdenburg from Syracuse, N. Y., by Mr. Sprague some thirty years ago. While in Syracuse Don had been taught, or had self-acquired (it is not certain which), the practice of taking a penny from his master and exchanging it at a bake-shop for a bun. After coming to Ogdenburg the dog improved on this experience. He began to beg for buns from acquaintances of his master and himself, some of whom are still living and can substantiate the fact. He had certain friends to whose offices or stores he specially resorted. His method of begging was to seat himself by his friend, and if no attention was paid to him, he would tap the man on the knee sharply with his paw and continue this until the penny was forthcoming or his appeal was clearly unavailing. Don was often known to visit several friends, one after the other, bringing the proceeds back to Mr. Sprague's drug store, where he stored them behind a counter. In this way the dog sometimes accumulated a stock of pennies for future use—or, to interpret the actions of the dog into terms of human activity, Don, the spaniel, kept a bank. On this bank he drew as his appetite inclined him usually going to the bake-shop of one Mrs. Martin, who, knowing his ways, gave Don a bun in exchange for the penny which he brought. Other friends Don patronized his butcher, and his owner relates, lived almost entirely on the proceeds of his own begging.

One day the dog was seen by his master coming from the bakery with a bun. Coming up to his owner, Don began eating the bun, and was observed to spit the bits out of his mouth, and soon go into the store, get another penny, and go to another bake-shop and get another bun. The first penny, he would boldly, and from that day Mrs. Martin lost the dog's trade. He brought no more buns from her.

But the crowning feat of Don's life was the following, which is thoroughly attested and the most remarkable dog story that has ever come to my notice. Don came one day rushing into Mr. Sprague's store with a piece of meat, and hurried into the back part. His curious actions attracted the attention of those present, and were soon explained by the appearance of the butcher, who asked where that dog was. The butcher then told his story. He had been accustomed to Don's appearance at his shop with a penny to exchange for meat, had been used to cut a piece, hand it to the dog, and have the penny dropped into his basket in exchange. This day Don rushed in with a meat and dashed out of the shop, having, as usual, dropped something into the butcher's hand. But this time something on this occasion proved to be a pebble, which the dog passed off for a cent. Can any reader produce another authenticated instance, as this is of an animal's becoming a counterfeiter? It is believed that Don's stock of pennies being exhausted, and being unable to get a penny from his friends, resorted to this expedient to obtain the meat. At any rate, the fact is beyond doubt.

Don died of poison. His owner buried him, properly boxed, in a lot of Green's 84-cent streets, and there he was taken by night, in a wagon or hearse, attended by two mourners with dirge and torches, to Pigeon point, in the upper part of the town village, where he was laid to his last rest by the S. Lawrence river.—N. Y. Tribune.

FINE NEIGHBORHOOD.

A South Carolina Negro's Pleasant Experiences in Tennessee.

A South Carolina negro who had moved into a Tennessee community was asked by a white man if he liked his neighbors.

"Oh, mighty well, sah; mighty well," he replied. "Traveled ober several counties an' hab circled round 'er foud many votin' precincts, but ain't foud no neighborhood yit dat I likes lak to dis yer one."

"Have the people borrowed any thing from you?"

"Oh, yas, sah; oh, yas. Bout de caw days we got yer Jones's horse come ober an' borrow'd de sifter, an' Mr. Smif he borrow'd my sawbuck an' Mr. Brown he come ober an' said dat he would lak ter hab our coffee-mill."

"Did you let them have what they wanted?"

"Oh, yas, sah. J's handed em' right out widout a word o' plaint."

"He've they ever brought them back?"

"No, sah."

"And still you call them good neighbors?"

"Yes, sah."

"Well, I don't see how you can make that out."

"Ez eruff, sah. Yer see I hab borrow'd er dollar from Miz Jones, er chunk o' er hollar from Mr. Smif an' er sawage-grinder from Mr. Brown, so, I's er good deal erhead. Oh, I ain't n-ber gwine ax 'em ter pay me back. Bless yo' life, J's dollars erhead now. O, yas, sah, dis is so for er trawty neigborhood."—Arkansas Traveller.

THE BOWSER FAMILY.

Mrs. Bowser's Account of Her Experiences at a Home-Like Resort.

It may surprise the reader to learn that our family has been off on its vacation and returned to settle down for the remainder of the season. We had such bad luck going away last summer that I had no idea of being able to move Mr. Bowser a rod this year. Not the slightest reference had been made to the subject when he came home a few days ago with a look of impatience on his face. After taking two or three turns across the sitting-room with his hands crossed under his coat-tails he said:

"Mrs. Bowser, your unwarranted conduct last year despoiled me of the rest and recreation I so badly needed."

"I deny it; you got me out to a mud-hole in the country, and then did all the jawing and kicking yourself."

"Mrs. Bowser, when I say that your unwarranted and reprehensible conduct utterly spoiled my vacation."

"Was I to blame that a bog got under our bedroom floor at the hotel?"

"Mrs. Bowser, do not interrupt me! I say that your conduct was such that I vowed never to take you again. It is, however, the duty of a husband to overlook some things in a wife. Perhaps you have some things. If so, I will inform you that I am thinking of a two-weeks' vacation."

"Alone?"

"Why, if you will behave yourself you and baby can go along. Understand, however, there is to be no kicking."

"Where is the place?"

"Up the shore. A friend told me of it. It's just what I have been looking for—quiet, a home-like resort, a home-like, I feel to exclaim 'Eureka!' which in the Italian language signifies, 'I have found it.' We are to leave day after to-morrow."

"But my wardrobe! I haven't a dress fit to wear!"

"Eureka! some more! That's the beauty of this resort, or one of the beauties. It's a home place, where no one wears any thing but every-day clothes. You have two sateen dresses?"

"Yes."

"And I have a suit to match. One of the conditions is that no one shall wear any thing better than seersucker or sateen."

"There may be such a place, but—"

"But you doubt it! That's just like you!"

"Do we stop at a hotel?"

"Certainly! I've telegraphed to-day for a parlor and bed-room on the second floor. We need not expect Fifth Avenue style and fare, but we'll get rest and recreation."

"But you won't find fault, Mr. Bowser, if things are not as pleasant as you expect?"

"I find fault! Are you going crazy?"

"And you won't be mad at me and baby?"

"I gasped several times before he could reply, and it was a quarter of an hour before he got cooled down to say: 'Remember, now, a few things in relation to a trunk and we'll be off.'"

I had many doubts and misgivings, but I followed orders. I put in a new sateen, a change or two for baby, a couple of shirts and a few collars for Mr. Bowser, and we were off at the appointed time. It was an all day ride, hot and dusty, and several things occurred to make me think Mr. Bowser had put his foot into it again. There were a dozen aristocratic people in our car bound to the same place, and they had considerable to say about the style and expense. Of them also had something to say about Mr. Bowser and myself. After looking us over she kindly observed:

"Now, Mary, those people are sensible. They are evidently a mechanic and wife, going to put in a week on some farm, and they are dressed according to their means. He's a little inclined to be slovenly, but that might be expected. She looks like a hired girl we used to have."

Mr. Bowser did not hear it, and a cold chill crept over me as I heard the lady mention the hotel we were going to stop at. She had two big trunks, and it was evident that she meant to dress. We got an eye-opener as soon as we left the cars at the depot. A pompous looking man clapped Mr. Bowser on the shoulder and said:

"Eh! my man, if you'll carry my grip over to the hotel I'll give you a quarter."

"Do you take me for a runner?" howled Mr. Bowser.

"By Jove, but I did!" replied the man. "Beg pardon, but I see that you are a laboring man and have your family along."

When I got sight of the hotel my heart turned to ice. I saw at once that we had struck a high-toned resort. Mr. Bowser turned pale as the lady mentioned the hotel we were going to stop at. She had two big trunks, and it was evident that she meant to dress. We got an eye-opener as soon as we left the cars at the depot. A pompous looking man clapped Mr. Bowser on the shoulder and said:

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