Deaver & Gephart

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A FALLEN IDOL.

"I think him the very embodiment of chivalry and gallantry," said Ethel Hunt, enthusiastically.

She was a dark-cheeked, diamond-eyed girl of eighteen, with braids of blue-black hair coiled around the back of her small, Greek shaped head and a color as rich and velvety as the side of a July peach.

"Humph!" said Aunt Sara. "I've heard girls talk so before and it generally ended in one thing.

"For shame! Aunt Sara," sried Ethel coloring up to her eyelashes. "I only mean, of course, that he is a very agreeable companion."

"An agreeable companion—of course," said Aunt Sara. "Look Ethel; do you think white Maltese lace of French blonde, with a heading of Roman pearls, would be prettiest for this berthe?"

Aunt Sara knew when to drop a subject and when to hold on to it! But when Ethel was stitching the quilting of French blonde on to the white silk dress her young aunt's mind was busy upon the topic she had apparently abandoned.

"The disagreeable fellow," thought Aunt Sara. "He has some how heard that Ethel has money, and he is determined to win it. If she could only see him in his true light—but I know what a perverse thing a woman's heart is. Just as sure as I attempt to tell her what he really is she'll make up her mind that he is the finest and least appreciated personage on the face of the earth. And I did so want her to keep her heart whole until Earl Wells comes to be Chale's groomsman. Earl Wells is worthy of a princess.

"They say he is perfectly intolerable at home," Sara said to herself. "Clara Waters was there once and heard him rating his sisters fearfully because the beefsteak for his late breakfast was a little overdone. If only I could manage it that Ethel should see him in his true light."

She sat and thought a while longer—and suddenly the color bloomed into her cheeks, and dimples into her chin, she started up.

"Ethel," she said, "I'm sure you must be tired of sitting over that everlasting stitching. I've got to go over to Susy Morand's to borrow a pattern. It will be just a pleasant walk for us."

"To Miss Morand's?" Ethel was vexed with herself, but she could not help the telltale blood that surged into her cheeks. "Isn't it rather early? Only 9 o'clock!"

"Early? Not a bit! Susy and I are so intimate that we don't mind curl papers and calico wrappers. Get your hat and come along, quick!"

But, in spite of her exhortations to speed, Sara Martell smiled to herself to perceive that Ethel Hunt lingered long enough in her own room to change her black lace breast-knot for a becoming little butterfly bow of rose-colored ribbon, and to rearrange the dainty tendrills of silky black hair that drooped so caressingly over her low, broad forehead.

"She thinks we shall see Julian Morand," she thought to herself. "Well, perhaps we shall. I am putting myself entirely in the hands of luck and chance."

But when they reached the Morand mansion, instead of ringing formally at the front door, Miss Martell went around to the back porch, a little entrance all shaded with honeysuckles and trumpet vines.

"I always go in here," said she nonchalantly, in reply to Ethel's remonstrating glance. "Sue Morand and I are just like sisters."

Sue Morand, a blooming girl of eighteen, was in the kitchen making apple pies.

"The pattern? Of course you shall have it," she cried. "Just wait a minute till I get it."

"I'll go with you," said Sara. "Ethel, you'll not mind wait for us here?"

"Not in the least," said Ethel. And she sat down by the window, where ivies, trained in bottles of water, were creeping like green jewels across the crystal panes of glass.

"Sue? Sue!" She started as the voice of her preux chevalier of the evening before came roaring down the back stairs. "Confound you all down there, why aren't my boots blacked? Sue! Mother! Nell! What's become of my breakfast! You must think a man has nothing to do but to lie here and wait all day for you lazy folks to stir around."

There was no reply as he paused, apparently expecting one. "Mother" was down in the garden under a big green sun-bonnet, gathering scarlet-cheeked tomatoes for dinner. "Nell" was in the front yard picking red-veined autumn leaves out of the gold and russet drifts that lay like treasures of precious stones upon the grass.

Sue was shut up among the mysteries of "patterns" innumerable, with Miss Sara Martell. Ethel Hunt sat coloring and half frightened, the sole auditress of Mr. Morand's objurgations.

"I know there's some one down there!" he shouted. "I can hear you breathe and your dress rustle. Just like your ugliness not to answer a fellow! Do you hear, Sue? Black my boots, quick! I'm waiting for them!"

And bang! bang! came the useful articles of wear in question down the winding stairway that led to the kitchen.

Poor little Ethel! She half rose up, then sat down again, piteously undecided what to do, and even while she hesitated, with color varying like the red and white of the American flag in a high wind, the door at the foot of the stairs flew open and in stalked Mr. Julian Morand, sallow and disheveled, with unkempt hair and beard, fretfully curved mouth and most unbecoming costume of a Turkish dressing gown, faded pearl-colored nether garments and stocking-ed feet thrust into red morocco slippers.

"I say, you," he snarled out, "why don't you——"

And then perciving to whom he was actually addressing himself, he started back, turning fiery red.

"Miss Hunt?"

And, with a downward glance at his toilet, he fairly turned and fled, the skirts of his Turkish dressing gown floating like red and orange meteors berhind him. And, mortified and terrified though she was Ethel Hunt could not resist the temptation to break into a peal of hearty laughter.

This, then, was her ideal among man, her "Sir Launcelot" of fancied perfection snarling at his mother and sister like an ill-conditioned bear, flinging old boots down the stairs at them, tumbling out of bed at 9 o'clock in the morning, while his mother sulit kindlings and picked tomatoes out in the vegetable garden! Like some Chinese idol so fell Mr. Julian Morand off his high pedestal in the estimation of Miss Ethel Hunt

She told it all to Sara Martell when they were safe at home.

"Aunt Sara," she said, "I am thoroughly disenchanted."

Miss Martell shrugged her shoulders and mentally thanked her lucky stars.

"I could have told you as much before," said she. "These Adonises are like cheap calico—they will neither wash nor wear! Wait until Earle H. Wells comes. The nicest young fellow in the world—after my betrothed husband."

When Mr. Wells came he so far justified Aunt Sara's encomiums that Ethel really did like him. And Aunt Sara was willing to leave the rest to fate.

MATTIE MORGANS' LIFE.

An English Girl Who Has Served as Locomotive Fireman and Engineer.

For some time there has been a good deal of quiet talk among the railroad men in this vicinity of the singular discovery made by the officers of the Naugatuck Railway Company that a woman disguised in male attire had been running an engine on their road for many months, says a Bridgeport (Conn.) correspondent to the *N. Y. Star*. The heroine is an English girl named Mattie Morgans, who came to this country about two years ago after serving her apprenticeship as stoker on the Great Northern railway, between London and Edinburgh. She concealed her sex so cleverly that she readily secured a position as fireman on the Naugatuck railroad and was eventually promoted to the post of engineer, first on a freight and afterward on a passenger locomotive, a post which she might have held to this day but for her voluntarily retirement about six months ago.

Five years ago Mattie Morgans, then a pretty girl of nineteen, fell in love with Tom Winnan, an engineer of the "Flying Scotchman." Tom's run was from Kings Station, London, to York and return alternate days. The "Flying Sotchman's" service includes a train from Edinburgh and one from London, leaving each day at ten a. m., and passing at York. The total distance is four hundred miles; the time, nine hours. These trains carry the royal mail. The Goverment contract calls for a forfeiture of a pound sterling for every minute the train is behind the schedule time, which seldom happens. It is not an uncommon thing in England and Scotland to find man's work performed by women, and what more natural than in this case to find woman's love of adventure, curiosity and love overcoming all objections. A short time only was required to bring about her plans. With Tom's earnest assistance she was duly installed as stoker under his charge, her rough fustian suit and face purposely besmeared with coaldust and oil, completely disguising Tom's sweetheart. Day after day the "Flying Scotchman," engine No. 362, with seven foot drivers, and just from the shops at Dundoon, flew over the rails at the rate of fifty-two seconds to the mile—Honest Tom's hand on the throttle and his sweetheart fighting at the firebox. Never minded she the steam, the dust, the roar, neither confusion nor fatigue, for Tom's cheery words and encouraging smile were ever ready, and his strong arms saving her the heavy burdens from day to day. It was her pride to keep the steam guage pointing at high-pressure mark. She understood the duties of oiling and cleaning, and was always ready to "hook out the grate" or "set the guide cups."

The engine had no cab, but instead the conventional English dash-board, an almost useless thing against a storm. It was not long before her face became weather-beaten, which, together with the coal-dust and grime, made the chance of discovering her identity less and less. Tom was very careful. He watched to see that no meddling engineer should observe that his "stoker" was a woman. So matters went on for nearly a year. Tom and she were to have been married. With the forethought of Traddles, in "David Copperfield," bits of furniture and household utensils were bought, and the day looked forward too for happy housekeeping; but fate had decreed otherwise. Tom Winnan was killed. He was run over in the switch yard by a shunted car and died within an hour, his head upon his "stoker's" lap. It was then, when in her anguish, Mattie Morgans' grief betrayed her womanhood.

She fled the country and came to the United States. Her stock of money began to dwindle. What to do next puzzled her. The situation daily became more alarming. Desperate at last she determined to disguise herself and apply to some railroad master of motive power for a place as fireman. She was not long in securing a situation upon a Connecticut railroad, and after serving for nearly two years was appointed as engineer of a freight locomotive.

Perhaps her experience is best told in her own words.

"Yes, I was appointed engineer of the night freight. I had a seventy-four-mile run, and old '27' was my engine. The first night I ran a forward strap of the main rod broke. I disconnected the main rod, covered the 'ports,' wedged up and fastened the 'cross head,' and crawled twenty miles with only one side working, losing no less than one hour of my running time. Then I got stalled in an up-grade and stood there until morning for a relief engine. I suppose you would think it strange if I should tell you that I have been inside of my engine's fire box, but of course it was cold. I have also been inside the spark arrester and shifted the diaphragam. Once while running a passenger train I keyed up and fastened a slipped eccentric. We were running forty miles an hour when it happened. I shut off, gave her sand, turned the aircock for brakes and brought up the train all standing. My fireman and I crawled under the forward driver axle and pried the eccentric into place. The passengers gathered about and looked on. My fireman climbed back into the cab and worked the lever until the links came into place, and then tightened the set screws holding the eccentric in place. I could not adjust the 'throw' to a nicety, and in consequence the 'lead' was a trifle 'off' on one side, so that when we started again the 'exhaust' barked unevenly, sounding like the exhaust of an engine not properly 'quartered.' I performed the job in six minutes which drew considerable attention from railroad men. I received a letter of recommendation from the superintendent, and was shortly thereafter given the 'day express' to run. I never had any serious accident, but I have killed two men. One was walking on the track. I blew and blew for him, but he did not hear me and was struck. The other man attempted to drive his wagon over a grade crossing. I struck him and killed him and his horse also.

"These accidents had a strange effect upon me. Of course I was not to blame and was exonorated by the officials, but seeing these men killed produced insomnia. I could not sleep. Their faces were constantly staring at me. I began to run down in health and my last accident drove me from my trade. I can not now refer to it without a shudder. I was running my train with a new engine, No. 120, and was going nearly fifty miles an hour. Far ahead on the track, between the rails, I saw some thing which I thought was a piece of newspaper. As I drew nearer, oh! horror! it was a little child. It was sitting facing me and playing with the dirt and stones. I reversed and tried to stop, but it was impossible. As I got nearer the little thing looked up and clapped its hands apparently in delight at the big engine, and in an instant the ponderous monster had passed over it. I almost fainted, but stopped the train. The people went back. The poor little thing was ground to atoms. That was my last trip. That child haunted me day and night. I was taken ill, and when at last I recovered I resumed my skirts. You have here in Bridgeport a man named Farini, who so many years was 'Lulu' and electrified audiences in Europe and America as a beautiful and shapely young girl. At Viblo's Garden 'Lulu' broke the hearts and won many favors from rich men. 'Lulu' was hurled from the catapult. He was shot out of a cannon. From concealed springs on the stage at Niblo's he was fired to dizzy heights, and his graceful figure deceived the poor deluded men into offers of marriage. 'Lulu' made a living by his disguise. Why should not I do the same? It is an even exchange. But I am done with my disguise, for I am going to be married. My affianced is a stationary engineer and has charge of a sixty-horse power engine in one of the large manufactories. After I am married I hope to be able to make a visit sometime to England and point out to my husband the 'Flying Scotchman' where first I learned to run upon a locomotive."

Mattie Morgans is but twenty-four years old. She has light-colored banged hair, large dark eyes, and is quite handsome. Her face approaches, perhaps, the masculine and has a determined expression of character, yet withal it lights up with pleas- and smiles and betrays in unguarded moments the gentler feelings of the weaker sex.

The Largest Circulation.

What volume printed in the English language has had the largest circulation next to the Bible? Give it up? Well, it is Webster's spelling book. Something over 50,000,000 copies of this work have been published since it was first brought out in Hartford, and the royalties which old Noah Webster received on it were sufficient to support his family handsomely while he was compiling his big dictionary. It is an instrustive volume and we advise everybody to peruse it, although as somebody said of the dictionary, the story is somewhat disconnected.—*Boston Herald.*

Congressional Nomenclature.

There are some in teresting names found in the list of the fiftieth congress. Curious baptismal names abound. Among them are Jehu, Hilary, Adoniram, Knute, Cherubusco, Beriah, and Welty. There is a Baker, a Fisher, a Weaver, a Cooper, a Mason, a Glover, a Hunter, a Miller, a Brewer, a Granger, a Turner, a Taylor, and a Sawyer. The colors represented are White, Gray, and Brown. There is only one Hogg among the members.—*Detroit Free Press.*

GRIEFS OF THE WEALTHY.

Random Notes Showing That Riches Do Not Always Make Happiness.

The life of fashion and wealth is wearisome and dreary enough and full of discontent if you will look under its glittering surface, remarks the Philadelphia correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*.

Did you ever think how pathetic are the sorrows of the rich?

It seems natural that the poor should suffer, but when you think how much mankind stands ready to pay for wealth, there is something pitiable in the realization that, after all, riches do not always make happiness. I realized the truth of this bit of philosophy very keenly the other day as I contemplated the every-day existence of the two wealthiest women in the United States. One was Mrs. John and Jacob Astor, of New York, the other was Mrs. Gammell, of Providence, R. I. Perhaps you have seen Mrs. Astor. She is a handsome woman rather, with a great sweetness and charm of manner. She was Miss Gibbs, of North Carolina, and has just a shade of Southern accent, with all the soft gracefulness of style which is characteristic of the beautiful women of the South. Both she and Mrs. Gammell were staying at a hotel at Atlantic City, on the seashore, about an hour and a half out of town, where almost all fashion has gone this spring to build up, after the diversions and dissipations of the winter. Her gowns were extremely simple, and she wore no jewelry at all. Her husband, as you know, is worth a hundred and fifty millions of dollars, and of course is the richest individual in the country. He is a stocky little man, stout, self-willed, brusque, and walks frequently with a limp, the consequence of gout. He is rather taciturn with strangers, and has a mortal fear that because he is rich somebody will succeed in getting possession of his photograph and put it on sale like an actor's. He was a soldier and has the right to be called Colonel, having served on McClellan's staff, and perhaps much of his "offishness" is the result of military discipline. Withal he is very kindly in his own circle, is a supporter and genuine lover of art and music, and has his box in the Metropolitan Opera-House. He was not to the seaside with his wife, some business engagements having kept him at home.

Mrs. Astor, of course, was the cynosure of all observers. She had many friends among the Philadelphians at the house, to whom indeed she was like their own townsman, as her son is married to Miss May Paul of this city, who, the Queen of Italy once said, is the handsomest American her Majesty had ever seen. She was not much in evidence, however, and remained in her own room mostly all the day. Her mother in New York was extremely ill, and the fear of death was always before her eyes. At last the blow came. She was at dinner in the public dining-room, when a servant handed her a dispatch announcing her mother's death. What her grief was need not be said. She controlled it nobly in the presence of others. She desired now only one thing—to reach her people in New York. She sent out her servant to engage a special train for her. The man came back and told her he had not succeeded. She sent out another and enlisted the clerks of the hotel in her behalf. Money was of no moment. She would pay any price out of her millions for the boon. But there was failure all around. The officials of the road could not arrange the matter, and so this poor woman with her useless wealth had to wait hours in her sorrow for the regular train through to New York.

Her companion in millions, Mrs. Gammell, was also her comrade in sorrow. One scarcely ever caught a glimpse of her face, all lined and seamed by suffering. She had just lost her favorite son, a bright boy of eighteen or nineteen, and had come to the seaside directly from his grave. Occasionally one might see her black-robed figure with its sad face, flitting along the corridor, but she seldom left her room. Only sat with her grief in its silence.

Sermons?

Yes; truly they are sermons.

I recalled on my way to the shore, passing a superb marble palace on the West End. There was no sign of life in or about it, though doubtless there was human existence within. It was like a tomb; so massive, and white, and still. It was the residence of Mrs. Jayne, the widow of Dr. David Jayne, who made a fortune of several millions out of patent medicines. When he first met the woman who afterwards became his wife, then his widow, she was in his own employ, engaged in the exhilarating occupation of wrapping circulars around bottles of nostrums. He was then a widower with children growing up, and there was some opposition on their part of the marriage. The marriage took place, however, just the same, and Dr. Jayne began building his splendid residence in the fashionable quarter. Just as it was finished he died His widow moved into it afterwards, but she has seen few happy days there. The house is never lighted up for any entertainment; no splendid company ever gathers under its roof; no childish laughter rings through its richly-appointed rooms. The widow lives there almost alone, save for her servants.

It is said that when she wedded her last husband there was a condition imposed that after the marriage she would know none of her own family. The will was quite in a line with such a provision. While it imposed the splendid residence on the widow it made no adequate provision for the support of a style of living that would be in harmony with the costliness and luxury of the dwelling. So it is said that Mrs. Jayne while appearing to live in regal solemnity, if not regal magnificence, has quite as much difficulty in making the ends meet as do many of her old-time poor relations.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Rheumatism and Neuralgia cured in 2 Days

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On receipt of 30 cents, in two cent stamps, we will send to any address the prescription for this wonderful compound, which can be filled by your home druggists at small cost. We take this means of giving our discovery to the public instead of putting it out as a patent medicine, it being much less expensive. We will gladly refund money if satisfaction is not given. THE INDIANA CHEMICAL CO., Crawfordsville, Ind. 4-1y