

A DREAM.

What do we care for the outside gloom, No rain can fall on us to-night. Sitting here in this cozy room, With your dear presence made so bright. The whole wide world seems all in bloom; Lean back and smile on me—that is right.

Treasures gathered 'neath alien skies, Won from many a foreign shore; I've seen them all with careless eyes, Scen them a hundred times and more.

Put your hand in mine, so, turn your cheek, Now read to me, darling, of what befell Those other lovers, and I will seek In your eyes a sweeter tale; 'till well That the story the lips refuse to speak. The eyes can hardly choose to tell.

I've wanted you, darling, O! so long! I've dreamed of the face so sweet and dear, That some day out of the world-wide throng Would come with an equal longing here. To my faithful breast; my sweetest song I sang in the hope that your heart would hear.

And every thing, my darling, shares Our joy with us. The sunflower chain Around the breast of Clysias wears. A sudden, golden, glorious stain, As though to bless the love that flares, The fiery god had turned again.

She turns her face to him away— A marble woman so may do, But flesh and blood, not always may (The world says) dare to be so true; This all a dream! What do you say! I wake, I reach my hand to you!

To find that this is but a dream; To clasp but empty, empty air; To see no more your eyes' soft beam. To see the crimson easy-chair Unattended, to miss the gleam Of the warm firelight on your hair.

Ah, yes, it rains. How wild and bold The wind blows, and how fierce the rain Beats on my life. How cold on fold My soul is wrapped in bitter pain. How dark it grows! I feel the cold, Chilling, freezing my heart and brain.

CARLOTTA PERRY. MILWAUKEE, WIS., MAY 6.

JOBS' LUCK.

I tell the tale "as 'twas told to me" by a man who had participated in its incidents:

Human beings are all more or less fond of controlling the lower animals. The process called "taming" they particularly delight in. The farther the animal is removed from domesticity, the greater the pleasure in subduing it. Not often, however, does a man choose an alligator for a companion, as did a journalist in New Orleans several years ago.

This man was an unusual sort of person with streaks of something like genius in his composition. A natural musician, he could wring melody out of any instrument, from a jew's-harp to a violin, and carved wood with a skill and taste that would have made him fame and fortune if he had been ambitious which he was not. Besides, he was really learned, though cynical, satirical and tired of people.

He lived alone in two oddly furnished little rooms on the ground floor of one of the old houses in the oldest part of the city, his only intimate associate being a saucy parrot and the alligator which is the hero of this story. A latticed gate opened on a little porch entirely his own. There on pleasant afternoons Burgess Tyler sat smoking his pipe with the parrot on his shoulder and the alligator hanging limp and apparently lifeless over his knees, his hand resting on its hideous rough back caressingly.

As Mr. Tyler was an ungenial and taciturn with most persons as was his alligator, I regarded his pretended affection for that unhandsome pet as one of his original ways of expressing contempt for human beings. Later on I discovered a still more curious reason for his preference.

He had brought the creature home with him when he returned from one of his frequent fishing expeditions to the gulf when I was a mere baby—a dingy, unsightly little reptile, mostly mouth, and with no pleasing ways whatever. With his own hands he built a house for it in his front yard—a long walled canal, with a heap of sand and rocks at one end, so arranged that the beloved reptile could go from the canal to dry land at its own sweet will. Around this curious place he planted broad leaved water plants and mosses, until it looked like a patch of the dismal swamp.

Here the alligator began its domesticated existence; and if ever an amphibious beast had every advantage in the way of civilization this one had. Its training was a work into which his owner seemed to put his soul. To the disinterested observer this representative of the saurian family made no progress worth mentioning, save in the direction of incoueness, though its infatuated master frequently asserted that "Job," as he called the creature, had "no end of sense"—in fact, "had a head on him that would excite the envy of a Bismarck."

So far as an outsider could judge, Job's intellectual achievements did not go beyond mere inoffensiveness. He hung over his owner's knee, stretched himself out on the rush doormat and made himself at home in his rooms, without displaying any viciousness of temper or injudicious selection of food. And Job grew! Oh, how he did grow. He got so large that when his adorer took him out with him, slung over his shoulder, his tail almost dragged on the ground.

A curious sight was this pair perambulating the streets of the quaint old city, and many an astonished stranger turned to look after them. One evening I peeped Mr. Tyler's house and

saw him and his two friends in close communion, as usual. Desdemona, the parrot, was in a swinging hoop in front of him, taking lessons in Shakespearean texts which he repeated over and over again, the book from which he taught lying on his lap. The alligator was lying over his feet, an innocent spectator of Desdemona's elocutionary skill. "Mr. Tyler, what are you going to do with Job?" I asked. "You can't possibly intend to harbor that monster all your life?" "Do with Job!—deep old Job!" said he in an injured tone, reaching down to pat the horny back of his amphibious pet. "You neither appreciate nor understand Job; but I haven't raised and educated him for nothing. Besides being the most devoted friend in the world, he is the wisest. I'll tell you one thing I'm going to do with him," dropping his voice to a confidential and confident key. "I intend he shall make my fortune, and that pretty soon."

Naturally I looked incredulous. "Oh, yes, Job is going to be the means of raising me in the world financially. I've educated him for that purpose."

"In what profession?" I inquired, with mock seriousness. "You know, brother Tyler, I have heard you brag a good deal about Job's accomplishments; but as I have never seen him do anything more remarkable than sleep on your feet or hang down your back like a wet blanket, you must pardon me for doubting that he is a genius."

"You don't know him, that's all," continued the infatuated man. "If you did you would believe in him. I have marked out a career for Job. Haven't I, old fellow? Here he administered a flattering and affectionate pat on the beast's scaly hide, the only response from the amphibious genius being a sly and rather knowing look out of his queer little eyes, which immediately closed again as though there was absolutely nothing in the world worth looking at. Undoubtedly the alligator and his friend understood each other, and the parrot sanctioned the understanding. She swung softly to and fro over head, winking in the most significant way and occasionally repeating in jerky syllables this scriptural text: "How long will ye ye my soul and break me in pieces with words?"

"Heretofore," continued the happy owner of the two talented pets, "Job has led a thoughtful and meditative, rather than active life; but the time has arrived for him to take his place in the world—the place that his genius entitles him to. He joins the madding crowd—begins business to-morrow. His sensitive soul shrinks from contact with vulgar human beings; but he has great strength of character. He will not be spoiled by it. If it were possible," he added, with a sigh that was actually seriously intended, "I would spare him this ordeal—permit him to continue the studious life best suited to his tastes—but I cannot maintain him in opulence. Besides, he has been educated for a career, and must, like the rest of us, shoulder the responsibilities of life. Desdemona must keep within her sphere. She is the only lady in our family, and Job and I will try and provide for her."

"What business is Job to engage in?" I inquired. "The lottery business, thank you. He will choose the tickets which draw. I will buy them, and, presto! change, we are rich. We will sleep on pillows stuffed with eagles' feathers, dine off silver dollars and paper on walls with greenbacks." Then my eccentric friend proceeded to explain the method by which the alligator's mind had been developed for this peculiar work. Every day for weeks and months, he assured me, bits of pasteboard containing numbers had been spread before the gifted reptile, and he had made his choice, and never once had he indicated one that did not carry with it a prize, the system in the make-believe lottery being the same as in the genuine. What in strict guidef him in choosing Mr. Tyler didn't pretend to know; but that he was gifted with superhuman foresight in the matter of lottery tickets he firmly believed.

Job's experiences on the day he began business in the realistic world were interesting, as I afterward learned. In fine spirits his owner set out with him early in the forenoon. He carried the scaly genius in his arms like a baby, his head lying on his master's shoulder, his eyes shut, his body limp and heavy, his tail hanging straight down like a stick, and upon his unbandsome face an expression of profound melancholy.

They made straight for the most popular ticket shops. At the first one they entered the youth who sold tickets was quite taken off his feet when he was asked to spread the tickets on the counter in a solid sheet that the alligator might look them over and take his pick. He complied with the unusual request, and then stood off at a slight distance and watched the proceedings with great interest. Job's whole length was stretched upon the counter, while Mr. Tyler stood by and pointed at each ticket in turn expecting the alligator to make some commendatory motion when he touched a prize ticket. This had been the method of operation pursued at home, and Mr. Tyler confidently built upon his beloved reptile sustaining the reputation for sagacity which he had given him. But Job was in anything but an obliging mood. His small eyes burned like coals, and though he evidently saw every card and every movement of his owner's finger he couldn't be induced to so much as wiggle his tail. He wouldn't ever wink. Not the slightest expression of approbation could be wrung from him. He was inexorably motionless. His chagrined owner went over the tickets again and again, hoping to win some sign from his brilliant protégé, but in vain.

At last, somewhat less confident but still hopeful, he shouldered Job and started for another shop. There the same mortifying experience was his. The alligator either could not or would not make a selection. Nothing could induce him to move so much as a wrinkle. His fond master was loyal and loving through it all, though his disappointment was deep and bitter.

This is Job's first day as a speculator, and it is no wonder he is timid and unnatural. When he gets used to being among people he will be himself again. He is of a reflective disposition, and not at all genial at first," said poor Tyler, apologetically, as he shouldered his friend at the second shop and passed out.

Over and over again the same disheartening programme was enacted, until at last even the hopeful Tyler became dispirited, and started home with the recreant Job on his back. He was very tired, very much discouraged, the way was long and the alligator very heavy. As he was passing through a dirty street in the outskirts of the city, he began to look around for some place to rest. Every shop looked very dingy and dirty, and this, together with his depression of mind, quite took the courage out of him.

Suddenly his eyes lighted up with interest. In the window of a dreary old shop, where everything, from old clothes to antique jewels, was on sale, he saw lottery tickets. The temptation to give Job one more trial was too strong to be resisted. His courage revived at the thought of it. His faith in the alligator's clairvoyance was so fixed and had been of such long duration that one day of defeat was not enough to extinguish it. He went in, ordered the tickets spread out, and very tenderly placed his pet on the counter overlooking the field, and began to point at each ticket in turn, with a face absolutely painful in the anxiety it revealed.

All at once Job seemed to wake up. He opened and shut his eyes several times in succession, moved his head from side to side and wiggled his cumbersome tail. His master was in a fever of excitement immediately. Could it be possible that Job's uneasiness had any significance? Did he really approve of a certain number? It looked as though he did, since he relapsed into a state of immobility, bordering on petrification, whenever Mr. Tyler lifted his finger from one particular ticket, and whenever that ticket was touched he fairly flounced himself off the counter. The ticket was purchased, and the curious but compatible couple started home, the man's face as radiant as a star, and the alligator as settled as a cemetery.

It is very curious how rested and refreshed the body will feel after a depression on the mind has been dissipated. Mr. Tyler walked home on air. Job didn't seem to weigh more than a doll. And how garrulous the man was. He talked to Job exactly as though the creature was a conversationalist of great brilliance and deep sympathies. He had always affected to believe that the alligator was the superior of the majority of human beings in sense and shrewdness, and now he considered his opinion confirmed and wanted Job to know that he appreciated him. Again and again his mind reverted to the ticket in his pocket, and his imagination unfolded the pleasures and comforts to which it would open the doors. All this was told to Job.

When they reached home it was nearly dark, and the parrot sitting on a rocking chair within the latticed gate, yelled out: "It's a hard world, me masters!" I met Mr. Tyler several times before the drawing took place, and though he wasn't garrulous on the subject of his prospective luck, his mind was made up. He was quite certain he would draw, and was merely living through the interval before he made any change in his business or surroundings. It was really funny to see his calm belief in Job's luck. Everybody laughed at him on the sly, believing it was all one of his broad burlesques of humanity, which he always pretended to despise. He was a Dean Swift in his contempt for people, except that instead of setting up horses as the superiors of men, he pinned his faith to alligators. As he wasn't the sort of man any one dared ridicule to his face, his friends heard his rhapsodies on Job with a polite affection of seriousness.

Two days after the drawing I stopped to see my eccentric friend. The parrot was on the doorstep, and when she saw me she screamed out, "How now! Good Cassio, what's the news with you?" and as I walked by her she sailed up to me with an attitude intended for tragic, and screamed, "Thou art a villain! Thou art a villain!" The alligator was promenading on the porch, and Mr. Tyler was inside packing a fiddle, some books and his modest wardrobe in a long and aged-looking trunk. I sat down. Desdemona came to the door and, without reproach from the head of the house, looked at me with fury in her eyes and yelled again and again, "Thou art a villain! Thou art a villain!" The delighted man was going away. Job's trunk had actually drawn ten thousand dollars. He showed me the newspaper report and his certificate of deposit at the bank. I was overcome with surprise. There seemed something uncanny about it all. I got up feeling that I was moving among unreal objects, and went out on the porch to take another look at the gifted beast that had brought this magic transition about. He was moving over the floor at a most dignified pace, the last creature under the sun one would expect to be able to read the future of a lottery ticket or anything else.

I could not express my astonishment to Mr. Tyler—I simply looked it. He, however, acted as though nothing unusual had occurred. It was simply what he had expected. He was going to Cuba for a year of rest. Job and Desdemona were to accompany him of course. He made some remark about the climate there being better for Job's health. We were chatting away comfortably when the parrot stalked into the room, and standing squarely in front of me, put the embarrassing interrogatory, "How long will ye ye my soul, and break me in pieces with words?" at which my friend laughed till he almost cried. Then the diabolical bird pounced his shoulder, and putting her head to his ear caressingly, left the scriptures for Shakespeare and muttered, "It's a hard world, me masters!" Then it walked out and rode the alligator up and down the porch for a vast half-hour.

The next time I passed the place the great latticed door was locked, the shutters closed and the house empty. Job's palace in the yard looked as desolate as the ruins of Perses polis.

Six years later I met Mr. Tyler by accident in an Indiana country town. He was the editor of the only newspaper in the place, a "fearless and outspoken journal," of course. As I saw about him none of the signs of wealth, and in his conversation more cynicism than of old was noticeable, I ventured to ask if the winds on the financial seas had been favorable. Naturally I mentioned Job and Desdemona in this inquiry.

"They are both dead, bless their bones," said the cynic, "and that is my only grief. The money didn't stick. It never does, I believe, when it comes that way. It's a kind of legalized robbery, you know. Well, I don't care for the loss of it. It slipped away by various routes, particularly after Job's death. It's curious, but while he lived I had the best of luck. After he left me it rained disaster."

"How did your pets die?" I asked. "Desdemona sickened and died the second year we were in Cuba. She moped about several days, and died one evening while I was playing the violin. Job had a more tragic fate. An old wall fell upon him while he was sleeping in the shade one day. I have been alone ever since, for you know I don't care much for my own species." Here the cynic's eyes seemed for a moment to see something far in the past—something remembered with tenderness—then he suddenly began to talk of his experiences as a rural editor in Hoosierdom, and we spoke of Job no more. GERTRUDE GARRISON. NEW YORK, May 7.

One hot, sunny day of midsummer I found myself anticipating the punishment due for sins and shortcomings in this world by waiting for an eastern-bound train long overdue, as if the trains, like the passengers, disliked approaching the depot at which I suffered.

A surly telegrapher, also ticket agent, who shot insults and tickets through a hole at people, told me after an hour's cross-examination that was very cross, that my train had brought up in a corn field, and I could not possibly get away by rail before midnight.

Now, what to do with myself from the noon of this information to the noon of night was a question that sorely perplexed me. I had no book, no papers, no anything to relieve the dull monotony of that awful time. I wandered listlessly about the dirty frame and platform. Both were hot enough to roast potatoes in the shade. I gazed on—may I studied all the colored bills, giving picturesque views of various towns, and telling in assorted type the advantages each had over the other—the only bit of amusement I had, and it was very mild. I found in gazing at the missing letters of a bill which read "Rough line to Chicago" some scamp had cut out the initial "th" when the bill had originally read, "Through line to Chicago."

While upon the platform gazing at an accommodation train just in, that was awaiting its conductor leisurely getting orders from the telegrapher, I was attracted by a noisy crowd of men and boys, gathered about a young fellow whose face indicated the idiotic condition that originated their entertainment.

He was a tall, broad shouldered, well-formed youth, and well dressed for one in his condition. But he had his clothes half-buttoned, in the loose, reckless manner of his class, while his face, without its intellectual outlook, was regular in feature, and one could see, had there been a brain back of it, would have been eminently handsome. As anxiety and care had ceased writing its record of age upon his face, it was difficult to tell his age. He had the form of a man and the face of a child.

"It's the opinion of this crowd, Len," said the blacksmith to the idiot, "that you can beat that locomotive in a race from here to the tunnel, and we have bet ten thousand dollars on it."

The poor fellow's dead face lit up with an expression of delight, so pitiable that it would have disarmed any other crowd than the one engaged in chaffing him. He gazed wistfully at the huge locomotive that stood hissing in the hot sun as if wrathful at the delay, and then he turned to the cruel crowd as if the suggestion was slowly working its way through his poor crippled brain.

"Go in Len," cried one of the crowd, "we've got our money on you, and you're bound to win."

"We'll give you fifty yards the start. You keep on the track," cried the blacksmith, "and the thing can't pass you."

I could scarcely believe these scoundrels were in earnest, when the surly engineer gave the last bang to his noisy bell, exploded a short snort from the locomotive in the way of warning, and to my astonishment I saw the idiot, throwing off his coat, start down the track ahead of his train. Fortunately the engineer caught sight of the poor fellow, and checking the speed of the locomotive, began ringing him off the track. This was responded to by the idiot hawling out with great glee: "Come on with your old teakettle, and the brutal crowd cheered and roared with laughter.

The crowd, keeping along with the train, cheered lustily, and the lunatic "spurred," as they say in a boat race—that is, shot ahead and exhibited considerable power as a racer by the speed with which he got over the ground. The engineer, infuriated at the delay, put on speed and rattled after. But he was upon a down grade, and fearful of overtaking the unfortunate, he almost immediately put on the brakes and checked up again.

By this time heads were thrust out of windows and the platform crowded by passengers whose excitement became noisy and intense as they discovered that it was a human being instead of a cow that impeded their progress. As for the idiot, he paused only long enough to indulge in a jeering laugh and a gesture that was more irritating than decent.

The crowd of brutal loafers that exhibited more industry in accompanying the race on this occasion than he had probably manifested in making an honest living for a year previous, went tearing along each side of the locomotive, laughing, shouting, cheering on the idiot, while hurling all sorts of ex-

pressions of contempt at the engineer, who, by this time, was nearly blind with rage. At this moment the conductor made his appearance, and crawling out upon the tender, began throwing lumps of coal at the boy, as the engineer, putting on steam, drew near the poor fellow. Fortunately the conductor's aims were not well taken, for had the young man been knocked down the locomotive would have undoubtedly run over him. From this the rough autocrat of the train soon desisted, for the idiot's backers, with an American sense of fair play that animates even the roughest of our brutes, began pelting the conductor with stones, each pebble sent with the accuracy of a rifle shot at that part of his animal economy where the legs and the body begins. He retreated hurriedly to the engine house, where he rubbed his person in a comical way with one hand while with the other he assuaged his wrath by a furious ringing of the bell. The engineer seconded his efforts by letting off short shrieks and keeping the locomotive off fully close upon the heels of the wretched youth.

Having begun life with a strange disposition to take upon myself the ills of others, and finding such practice extremely unpleasant and useless, I have gradually trained myself into the most extreme, and generally bear the misfortunes of my friends with a philosophical indifference that is very comical. On this occasion, however, I forgot my cynicism and found myself running under that broiling sun, shaking my fist, with my heart to my mouth, at the conductor, and demanding in the most authoritative manner that he stop the train.

From the depot to the tunnel was about half a mile; to accomplish this distance the train and idiot occupied some 20 minutes. The passengers, crowded at windows and on the platforms, took as lively an interest in the affair as the entire population of Glen Cove that accompanied the train and backed the idiot. It was a godsend to the passengers, and they expressed their satisfaction by the liveliest letting and cheers, first for the locomotive and then for its strange competitor.

It was neck and neck between life and the locomotive. A false step, a stumble, and the huge mass of roaring, throbbing iron would have gone crushing over the frail body of the man, who so strangely impeded its progress. And such result was imminent; for the poor fellow, exhausted by excitement and over-exertion, staggered at times, and at times reeled as if about to fall, in a way to make me shudder.

That such would probably have been the result became painfully apparent, when an abrupt and somewhat unexpected termination was put to the cruel sport. The man stationed at the mouth of the tunnel and employed to keep its murky depths clear of obstructions, suddenly seized the youth, at the risk of his own life, and threw him with some violence to one side. Such was the effort that both rolled over, and the huge locomotive, giving a shrill scream of triumph, dived into the tunnel, followed by the long train, that disappeared as if the earth had opened and swallowed it.

I sat down at the mouth of the subterranean excavation quite exhausted as the crowd dispersed, and from the mouth of the dark entrance was pleased to find a cool damp air that came out in puffs, as if a dragon were coiled up within and panted out its cold, clammy breath. I asked the old watchman a series of idle questions, of a statistical sort, such as a man under the circumstances always indulges in. He grunted out the exact length of the tunnel, the time required to construct it, the accidents that occurred within his remembrance, and altogether, in response to my leading questions, exhibited a good deal of information on tunnels. For a man to know one thing well is a power. It is better, however, to believe you know some one thing and impart the information to your friends. It is a bore at best and just as well when it takes the shape of a tunnel.

Having exhausted the hole in the ground—and really, come to think of it, there was nothing in it—I spoke of the late race. "Crazy jacks!" quoth the sententious guardian of the excavation; "he'll git killed yet, and sooner the better for all concerned."

"Why, do they often put him up to that?" "No, no, no, frequent. They do it on that train sometimes, for they hate the conductor. Onct, long ago, it wasn't needed. He used to run ahead of every train, clear through the tunnel, a warnin' people off. Now the ornary cusses puts him up to it."

"Queer sort of insanity."

"Isn't it? and he was onct a bright feller—a rale schollard."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, was onct, but left his senses in this tunnel."

"Why, how was that?"

"Well, you see, he's the son of old Judge Conrad, of these parts—only child, at that—and was sent to college, and no end of trouble taken and money spent to finish and furnish up his intellects. When he come home from study law, what does he do but take after a little girl named Mary Grubbs, da'ter of the cooper, an' she was poor as a pig an' purty as a painted wagon. Well, I guess she was about the handsomest critter in this part of the vineyard. Len Conrad was struck, I tell

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perating epinephs at the engine, who, by this time, was nearly blind with rage.

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you, after forty, as we called her, an I don't wonder; for her hair was as soft and light as silk on early corn, an' she had the handsomest teeth, an' the biggest, wonderfulest dark eyes, an' an angelic skin. But neither she nor her old cooperin' dad had a cent, so the Conrads, bein' topofical mahogany high parties, just shut down on her."

"The old, old story."

"I don't know of it so old. Per'aps you've heard it afore, an' I can save my wind."

"I mean that the course of true love never does run smooth."

"Oh! that's it, is it?"

"No offense, old man. But proceed with your yarn and tell me how Len Conrad left his senses in the tunnel."

"That's what I was a comin' to when you put in your chin music. When Len found the family was fornishin the courtin' he took to meetin' her unbeknownst. That was found out, and then it was decreed that Len should be sent to Youpore. The evenin' upon Len's departure he meets his girl, av course, an' they meandered naterly a little too late, an' undertook to make a short cut to the cooper house through the tunnel. I saw the doves go in. She was a loavin' on his shoulder a weepin, an' he looked as if he'd lost his mother-in-law."

"Mother-in-law?"

"That's a little joke o' mine, mister. I mean he looked like a cannon funeral. I warned 'em not to try the tunnel, for it was close on to the time for the lightning' express. But they didn't heed or hear me—jest kept on in. After they had left I got that ornery I took my lantern an' run arter 'em. Jes' as I come in sight the infernal thing came a roarin' past Glen Cove—it don't stop there—an' I heard the whistle as the death on wheels plunged into the tunnel. I jammed the wall, I tell ye. I could see Len push his girl again the same so the train might pass and not touch, an' like a flash I saw her tear away. Now, whether she was scart and didn't know what she was about, or wanted to kill herself, can't be known, but she shot right in front o' that train. I saw the headlight shine like a flash 'n' lightning on a white, frightened face as I crowded back agin the wall, an' then with a roar like thunder, an' the whole thing seemed wiped out as if a sponge had sorter soaked us out. I heard the train's thunder sort of spread as it left the tunnel, as if soundin' the murder over the land, an' I stood there in a sort of a daze listin' to that roar die out in the distance. When I come round, which I did in a minute, I ran on. I stumbled over poor Len, lyin' as if dead, an' then I run up and down at least twif before I saw a heap that looked like a bundle of rags soaked in blood, an' will you believe, the bundle moved. It was only a quiver, an' all was still. She didn't make a lovely corpse when we got it together. Some people sickened an' fainted when they saw it."

"And Len?"

"We carted him home. The doctors could not find any bones broken, cuts, or hurt inside or out, but he lay sorter stoopid six weeks and then got up an' has been looney ever since."

"Poor fellow."

"Should think so. Queerest thing about the poor chap was that he took to runnin ahead av trains, goin' through the tunnel a warnin' people off. He sorter got that hampered out av him."

"The old folks learned a lesson, eh?"

"Not much; can't teach sich old stoopids much. They do say the old Judge has softened up the brain, but I don't believe he had any o' cheen."

DONN PLATT.

MAC-O-CHEEK, O.

The Queen's Wooden Bed.

[London Letter.]

Queen Victoria fulfils the Biblical description of taking up her bed and walking when she changes her residence. It appears the queen always sleeps in a wooden bed of a particular shape and made up in a special way, and whenever her majesty goes to a strange place a bed and its furniture are dispatched from Windsor for her use. Two patched from Windsor for her use. Two were sent off a couple of weeks since from the workshop at the castle, the one for the queen's cabin in the steam yacht Victoria and Albert, and the other has gone to Aix-le