

NOW REST, MY HEART

Now rest, my heart!
Canst thou by fretting keep the day
From sleeping in the arms of night,
Or make one sunbeam longer stay?
Thou canst not keep life's pain away
From that soul dearer than thine own.
But thou canst trust each sorrow may
Bring blossoms where thorns might have
grown:
Now rest, my heart!

Now rest, my heart!
Two angels wait to give thee peace:
Remembrance with past blessings brings
Assurance that good will not cease;
Forgetfulness hath healing wings,
These will thy true companions be.
And hearts with burdens more than thine
May feel the love that shelters thee,
And seek the rest that is divine:
Then rest, my heart!

—Myra Goodwin Plants.



THE NIGHT RUN OF THE OVERLAND

By ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE.
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"I am going to let her have her head!" she cried out, in her distress. The fireman did not answer—perhaps he did not hear—and, setting her teeth, Sylvia assumed the grim burden alone. The ponderous locomotive fell over the brow of the hill, with her throttle agape, and the fire seething in her vitals with volcanic fury.

It seemed to Sylvia as though they dropped down the grade as an aerolite drops from heaven—silent, irresistible, awful, touched only by the circumambient air.

All Sylvia's familiar methods of gauging speed were now at fault, but she believed that for the moment they were running two miles to every minute. Under the strange lassitude born of her deadly peril, she relaxed her tense muscles and drowsily closed her eyes.

She was rudely shaken out of her lethargy as the train struck a slight curve half way down the grade. The locomotive shied like a frightened steed, and shook in every iron muscle. The flanges shrieked against the rails, the cab swayed and cracked. For a moment the startled girl was sure they were upon the ties. But it was only the terrible momentum lifting them momentarily from the track and in a few seconds, the fire-eating behemoth righted itself. Yet its beautiful equilibrium was gone; and the engine rolled and pitched, and rose and fell, like a water-logged vessel in a storm. The bell, catching the motion began to toll.

The young fireman suddenly sprang to the floor of the cab with a face torn by superstitious fear.

"What if she leaves the rails!" he cried. But instantly recovering himself he sprang back to his seat, with the blood of shame upon his cheeks.

"Am I running too fast?" shouted Sylvia. "Not when we're behind time!" he doggedly shouted back. As the track became smoother the engine grew calmer, but its barred tongue licked up the flying space for many a mile before the momentum of that perilous descent was lost. As the roar of their passage over the long bridge spanning the Mattuck, twenty miles from Stockton, died away, the fireman called out, cheerily:

"On time, madam!" Meanwhile in the superintendent's private car, at the extreme rear of the train, a party of men still sat up, smoking their Havanas and sipping their wine. One member of this party was the "big gun," the president of the Mississippi Valley, Omaha and Western Railway. He was a large man, with luxuriant, snow white hair, and though his face was benevolent, even paternal, every line of it betrayed the inflexible will which had lifted it from the roof of a freight car to the presidential chair of a great road.

Mr. Howard, the general superintendent, was regaling the party with an account of his experience in securing a substitute engineer at Valley Junction. For reasons afterward

risen from his bed and taken charge of the engine.

Mr. Stanford, the distinguished guest, listened quietly until Howard was done. "Charlie, you are a heartless wretch," he observed, smiling.

The party dropped off to bed, one by one. The general superintendent himself finally rose and looked at his watch. Three cars ahead he met the conductor, who also seemed a little nervous, and they talked together for some moments. The train, at the time, was snapping around the choppy curves in the Tallahua Hills, and



Began to cry in a choked, pitiful way. The two men had difficulty in keeping their feet.

"Fast, but not too fast, Dakins," observed the superintendent, half inquiringly.

"What I call a high safety," answered the conductor. "But fearful in the cab, eh?"

"Nothing equal to it, sir," rejoined Dakins, dryly. Howard started back toward the private car about the time the train struck Beechtree Hill. When he got back to his car he found Mr. Stanford still up, smoking and leaning back in his luxurious seat, with half-closed eyes. Stanford motioned Howard to sit down close beside him.

"Confound you, Charlie, you've got that sick engineer on my heart, with your inflammatory descriptions. Confess, now, that you exaggerated matters a little."

The superintendent chuckled. "Well, I did in one respect; but in another I fell short." He paused for effect, and then continued exultingly: "Stanford, I've got the best railroad story to give the papers that has been brought out in years."

"Let's have it," said Stanford, smiling.

"Well, between you and me, that man Fox was a mighty sick man—too sick to hold his head up, in fact." Howard paused inquiringly as Stanford turned sharply and gave him a glance.

"Fox, did you say?" asked Stanford. "What's his first name?"

"I don't know; he's a tall, smooth-faced man, with dark hair and eyes. Rather intelligent looking. He's a comparatively new man with us."

The old man's fingers trembled slightly as he flicked the ashes from his cigar. "I don't know that I know him," he answered.

"Well," continued the superintendent, with a mildly curious glance at his companion, "he was altogether too sick to pull a plug. But it seems that his wife has been in the habit of riding with him, and knows the road and an engine as well as he does. To come to the point—and this is my story—the Overland at this moment is in the hands of a girl, sir—Fox's wife!"

It seemed a long time before either man spoke again. Howard stared in blank amazement at the pallid face of the president, unable to understand. Then Stanford took the other's hand and held it in an iron grip.

"Charlie, it's my own little baby girl!" he said, huskily.

The operator at Valley Junction had flashed the news along the wire and when the Overland steamed up to the Union depot in Stockton, twenty seconds ahead of time, a curious and enthusiastic throng of lay-over passengers and railroad men pressed around the engine. When Sylvia appeared in the gangway, her glorious sun kissed hair glistening

with melted snow, and her pale face streaked with soot, the generous crowd burst into yells of applause. The husky old veteran runner who was to take the girl's place stepped forward and lifted Sylvia down. For a moment she reeled. Then she saw pushing unceremoniously through the throng the general superintendent—she started and looked again—her father!

When President Stanford, struggling to control his emotion, clasped his daughter to his bosom her overstrained nerves gave way and, laying her head wearily upon his shoulder and with her hands upon his neck, she began to cry in a choked, pitiful little way. "Oh, papa, call me your dear little red-head once more!" she sobbed.

WHY HER DANCING DRAGGED.

Young Lady Had Forgotten to Remove Her Rubbers.

A young man who was born on a ranch, and who, while getting his education in the East, has turned westward again every summer, and has thus maintained a fine, strong physique, recently danced with a young woman of some two hundred pounds in a village not far west of Rahway. He noticed that the dancing was uphill work, and, when it was over, sank into a chair in the incipient stages of exhaustion. The young woman looked thoughtfully across the shining surface of the floor and threw a glance of investigation at the corner where the punchbowl stood.

"Doesn't it strike you that the floor is very sticky to-night?" she inquired.

The young man gallantly denied thinking so.

"It seems so to me," the young woman observed. Then she looked down at her foot, protruding from a silken sounce, and exclaimed:

"Why! I've got my rubbers on!"

—New York Evening Post.

ALL DOUBTS CLEARED UP.

Applicant's Command of Epithets Praised Him a Sailor.

As is generally known, "seamen's return" tickets are issued by most railroads at seaport towns to sailors at reduced rates; but when, the other day, a somewhat stylishly-dressed young man demanded one to Birmingham, the booking-clerk at the Southern seaport town demurred.

"Seamen's returns are only issued to sailors," he snapped.

"Well, I'm a sailor," was the reply. "I have only your word for that," said the clerk. "How am I to know it is correct?"

"How are you to know it?" came the answer. "Why, you leather-necked, swivel-eyed son of a sea-cook, if you feel my starboard boom running foul of your headlights, you'll know I've been doing more than sit on a stool and bleating all my life, and you'll haul in on your jaw-tackle a bit."

The stationmaster had been standing near by.

"Give him a ticket," he said; "he's a sailor."—London Answers.

Swinburne and the Baby.

Algernon Charles Swinburne, according to the statement of one of his American friends, made a systematic study of babies before he wrote his admirable romances upon babyhood.

Mr. Swinburne, who is a bachelor, one day went on tiptoe into the nursery of a friend's house and bent in reverie over the infant that slept there. As he regarded it the slumbering infant smiled, and in contemplation of this seraphic smile the poet's heart was filled with joy and awe. But a voice—the voice of the nurse—interrupted his ecstasy.

"It's the wind, bless its heart," the nurse whispered. "Whenever they smile in their sleep, sir, you may always know they're troubled with the wind."

Mr. Swinburne scowled and withdrew. On account of the nurse's remark he never wrote a poem on the subject of a baby's dreams.—Kansas City Journal.

Cured Without the Bear.

Old Henry was a stickler for antiquated customs and luck-lore. He was Mrs. Newrich's gardener, and she bade him transplant some parsley. It was not parsley planting season, however, so there was war between her will and his superstition. His superstition prevailed and with a little careless laugh, lifting her pretty silk skirts high, she tripped back to the cottage.

Later in the afternoon she explained to some callers old Henry's eccentricities. "And just think," she continued, "he said to me once, with a note of interrogation in his voice, that he had 'heard say' the whooping cough was never taken by a child who had ridden upon a bear!"

"Of course," she added, "Mr. Newrich wanted to move heaven and earth to get the bear, but I wouldn't hear to it, and baby got well of the whooping-cough without it."

The Dangerous Drama.

Charles Frohman is laughing over the naivete of a woman friend whose young daughter wanted to see "a beautiful play, with lots of ginger in it."

"I'd rather you didn't attend the theater just yet, dear," said the mother. "I'm afraid the influence of some of the present plays is demoralizing. What is this particular one?"

"It's very exciting, the boy next door told me; it's a sort of Buffalo Bill play, full of fights, and gambling and murders, and things."

"Oh, that's all right, then," was the reply, in a measured tone, "I'll send one of the maids with you. I feared it might be a society drama!"—New York Times.

Things Quaint and Curious Gathered Here and There

A BIOGRAPHY OF ADAM.

Some Facts in the Life of Our Universal Father.

Celebrated as the original father of his country. Also noted as the discoverer of sin. In his day the genuine "only thing that ever happened." Only man that ever told the truth when he told his best girl she was the "only girl he ever even thought of." Owing to irregularities, which he was mean enough to blame on his



wife, Adam was relieved of his job as head gardener in Eden. He married well, his wife being the "first lady of the land." At one time he held the record for old age—being 960. This record was afterward smashed by Methuselah and Noah. Is regarded as an ancestor by most of our first families, as that would entail the acknowledgement of too many poor relations. Was the first father who ever had trouble with his sons, but not the last.—Boston Globe.

Machine to Sew Up Wounds.

A wound-stitching machine is the invention of a doctor named Michel. It works very much more rapidly than the old method of stitching by hand, is painless and effective.

It consists of a case, or sheath, holding a number of nickel hooks, or bands, like those used for the corners of card-board boxes. They are put in position with a pair of forceps and can be adjusted at the rate of 25 a minute.

Their rounded points do not penetrate the lower layer of the skin, but only the epidermis and therefore the pain caused by them is very slight. They have the additional advantage of being very easily disinfected.—Stray Stories.

Coiffures a Century Ago.



These were the styles in 1803.

Joke That Caused Death.

A young man, riding on a street car in the Boulevard Haussmann, Paris, noticed a friend passing along in a cab a few feet beneath him. As the cab came alongside the car his friend yawned, and the young man, for a joke, tossed down a road-sized walnut, which fell squarely into his friend's throat. Immediately the latter's body writhed in pain, his face grew purple and his hands wildly clutched the air. He was choking to death, the nut having lodged far down his throat. Cab and car were stopped, and the nearest doctor summoned. But it was too late, and the victim died in a few minutes. The perpetrator of the grim "joke" has been asked to hold himself at the disposal of justice.

Deer Pastures With Cows.

Lorenzo A. Manning has a large pasture in Templeton, Mass., in which he has a number of cattle. A few days ago he sent John A. Braithwaite up to get one of the cows, telling him how many were in the pasture. Mr. Braithwaite began to count the cows, but rount as often as he might, there was one more than the specified number. He went up nearer and discovered that the extra cow was a large deer, which stood around with the cattle while he caught the cow, without the slightest symptoms of fear.

Drinks No Water.

John L. Rosso, of New Brunswick, U. S., has not had a drink of water since 1862. For the past forty years he has drunk nothing but whiskey, wine and beer, always in moderation. Mr. Rosso is now 78 years old, is strong and robust, and says that he has never been ill a day in his life. He has forgotten the taste of water.

Relic of Pioneer Days.

There is on exhibition in a Haverhill, Mass., window a hatchet which it is said was used by the Indians in the famous massacre at Dover, N. H., during the early days, when twelve white people were murdered.

LIE IN OLD-TIME CEMETERY.

All in Montana Graveyard Died "With Their Boots On."

Near Billings, Mont., is an old-time cemetery which contains but fifty-two bodies, yet the cemetery is a remarkable one, in that every person buried there died with "his boots on."

The graveyard is an old one, and the memory of it almost passed from the memory of the rising generation. It is one of the pioneer institutions of the state, and to the minds of the old-timers brings many recollections.

There is not a headstone in the cemetery; if there were any they were wood and have gone the way of all the world. It is doubtful even whether any of the bodies buried there were encased in coffins.

Montana was a territory when this cemetery was started; the originator of the place was a gambler known throughout the West as "One-Arm Bill," who conducted several games in the little town that at the time occupied the site near here.

"One-Arm Bill" is believed to have been the originator of the expression "private graveyard," and it is certain that he did his best to increase the population of his. Of the fifty-two men buried there old-timers claim that more than half were slain by Bill, who was noted as a dead shot.

The rest of the occupants of the little city of the dead were men who were killed in brawls and by accidents—men who died literally with their boots on.

The existence of this old burial ground had almost been forgotten until yesterday, when human bones



Going There With His Boots On.

were unearthed by a man who was putting in the foundation for a house he intended building. A pioneer was in the office when the coroner made an examination of the relics, and he explained how all the bodies came to be buried there.

KILLING ANTS WITH CANNON.

Artillery Used to Crush Minute Enemies of Mankind.

Artillery charged with grape-shot has been employed to destroy great fortresses which the termites, or warrior ants, have made in many tropical countries.

In South Africa the termites work enormous havoc. They live in a republic of their own, and some of them have wings. The workmen, the soldiers and the queen, however, have none.

The workmen construct their buildings, the soldiers defend the colony and keep order, and the females, or queens, are cared for by all the others. These become in point of fact, mere egg-laying machines which have to remain tied to one spot.

Their nesting homes are often twenty feet high and pyramidal in shape. Cattle climb upon them with-out crushing them. A dozen men can find shelter in some of their chambers and native hunters often lie in wait inside of them when out after wild animals.

The ants construct galleries which are as wide as the bore of a large cannon and which run three or four feet underground.

The nests are said to be five hundred times as high as the ants' body, and it has been estimated that if we built our houses on the same scale they would be four times as high as the pyramids of Egypt.

MAKES SCRUBBING A PLEASURE.

Practical Device of Great Value to Hard Workers.

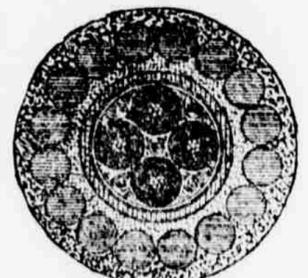
With the great number of office buildings which are going up constantly there arises a demand for some means of scrubbing their enormous floor areas superior to the old-time scrubbing brush. With this in



view there has been recently devised the scrubbing brush shown in the cut, which has not only the advantage of covering a great deal of floor space as it moves along, but the action of its bristles on the floor is increased as a rotary motion is imparted to it as well as the back and forth motion. This feature is said to decrease the labor of scrubbing by half. Another advantage is that it does its work without the necessity of bringing the operator onto his or her hands and knees.

The scrubbing brush has two long handles, one of which is held in each of the operator's hands. The handles are pivoted to a post on top of the brush head, and by means of a rack and pinion arrangement carried on the upper part of the brush head the brush is given a rotary motion as the handles are moved toward and away from each other. At the same time the brush is given the usual forward and backward motion. This device has been invented by a resident of the Far Northwest, and has been tried on some of the office buildings of Tacoma and Vancouver, and it is said, performs its functions with ease.

Cable.



This shows a section of the new Anglo-Belgian cable.

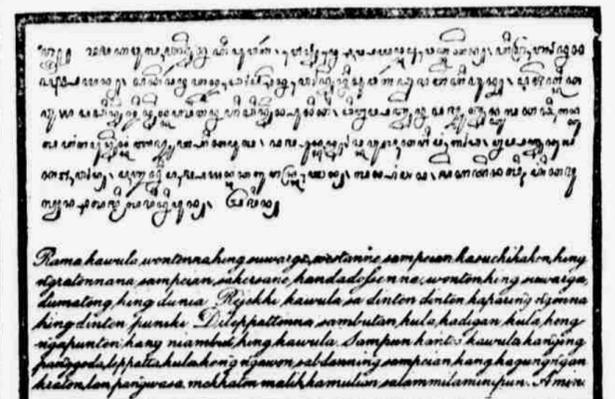
Frenchman in Hard Position.

A Frenchman named Lillier is in an awkward position. The Paris authorities have forbidden him to live in that city, while the military authorities have ordered him to remain in Paris. He was arrested, the other day, on a charge of theft, and sentenced to one month's imprisonment. If that sentence is served out in a Paris gaol the civil court may further imprison him for residing in the city. If he is sent to a country prison the military will prosecute him.

Good Stock to Own.

A Bath Club savings institution, which has just declared a semi-annual dividend of 2 per cent has never skipped a dividend since its organization 190 one year ago, and has paid as high as 5 per cent.

LORD'S PRAYER IN JAVANESE.



Charles Edgar Trowt, of this city, has in his possession a number of curious documents connected with the Christianizing of Java, in which work his great grandfather, the Rev. Mr. Thowt, a missionary of the Baptist Society, was most prominent. One of the most interesting of the curios is a translation of the Lord's Prayer into Javanese, made by the missionary, a reproduction of which is here shown.—New York Herald.



"What if she leaves the rails!"

divulged he suppressed though, the most startling feature of his story; namely, the sex of the engine runner he had secured. But he compensated his hearers for this omission with a most dramatic account of the heroism of the sick man, whom he unblushingly represented as having