A DOMESTIC EPISODE.

She stood at the glass with a glowing cheek,
And looked at the face reflected there,
And I thought that the mirror, if it could speak,
Would say she was very sweet and fair.

As she turned with a smile to her husband he
Remarked, and his tones conveyed a sneer:
"It pleases you very much, I see,
To look at yourself in the glass, my dear."

She had learned the art of keeping cool,
So she answered him in a gentle tone:
"I am glad to know I am beautiful,
For my husband's sake, and not my own."

A flush of shame his face o'erspread,
And crossing over to where she stood
He kissed her warmly, and gently said:
"You are more than beautiful—you're good."
—Cape Cod Item.

ABOUT ALLIGATORS.

Their Habits and How They Are Hunted in Swamps.

Naturally Timid, Sometimes They Become Ferocious Man Eaters—One Night's Work in Which Five Were Killed.

So great has been the demand of fashion of late years for alligator skins that in some parts of the south the hunting of these animals forms quite a profitable industry. Men band themselves together in couples and in companies of half a dozen, provision their boats for a week's or a month's trip and seek the wilder and more secluded streams and bayous.

So thorough are such hunts and so crafty and cunning are the hunters that a locality that previously contained from ten to fifty 'gators will at the close of a hunt be either totally depopulated, or at best, possess but one or two cautious, wary old fellows that are next to impossible to get a view of, to say nothing of a near enough approach for a shot.

This mode of systematic hunting has had a tendency to make the alligator extremely rare in many sections of the country, and to forever drive them away from some. They are queer, uncanny brutes, and a few facts in regard to them may prove interesting.

To begin with, stories of alligators measuring fourteen and sixteen feet in length may safely be put down as exaggerations. I doubt if such a one exists; twelve feet is a tremendous size; and rarely, very rarely, they run to twelve and a half.

I have measured alligators innumerable, and fully ninety-eight per cent. run from nine to eleven and a half feet. So scarce is one attaining the mythical fourteen feet that a reward of five hundred dollars for one of this size has been unclaimed for the last twenty years.

The part of the skin used for commercial purposes is cut from a line along the side, just where the heavy scales begin, and includes the sides and belly, the back being so tough as to be utterly worthless and almost impervious to a rifle ball.

In fact the two vulnerable points are the eyes and just behind the fore leg, while a ball striking his coat of armor in any but a direct line will glance off as if from a metal plate.

Although denizens of the water, they have the most abject horror of rain, and no sooner does the first faint sprinkling manifest itself than, plunging from the bank or log, they seek dry quarters beneath the surface. On warm, sunny days they bask on the banks for yours, but even when cloudy it is unusual to see one.

As a rule they confine themselves to what nature has provided for food, occasionally varying their diet with a stray deer or calf, but at times they become man-eaters, and are then terrors to all. Like the tiger, having once tasted human flesh, they prefer it to everything else, and with watching eye envy all who come within reach.

At times the community organizes and institutes a regular siege, which sooner or later ends in capture.

It was my pleasure in the winter of '87-88, together with a friend, to be more or less intimately associated with a party of alligator hunters on the upper St. John's river in Florida, and upon one or two occasions to participate in some remarkable hunts.

We were encamped on a sluggish little creek beneath a group of palmettos a mile or more from the river, and for some weeks past had been investigating the bird life of the surrounding region. Alligators were particularly numerous, and their roarings and bellowings could be heard on still nights from creeks and sloughs five miles distant.

One dark night just as we were about to turn in a bright light came suddenly around the bend and a boat with three men, armed and equipped for "'gator shootin'," pulled up to our camp. They proved to be just out from Voluria, and, an accident having happened to their coffee can, they had come up to borrow of us.

They informed us of their intention of remaining in the neighborhood for some time and extended a cordial invitation to join them in the chase.

There are two modes of alligator hunting. First, and best of all, is fire-lighting or fire-jacking; second, by floating in the daytime. For the first a strong reflector light is placed in the bow of the boat and provided with a dark slide or door; the man who is to shoot for the evening sits directly behind it, while his companions propel the boat.

The light, flashing full in the animal's face, appears to blind him and make him insensible to all danger, but the slightest sound proceeding from the boat is sufficient to arouse him. Nearer and nearer the boat creeps until the distance is a minimum, when the rifleman, taking a careful aim, pours a murderous discharge into the most available part of his body.

Those killed at night are pulled out on the beach and skinned the following day, while those killed in the daytime are usually skinned on the spot. The second method of floating consists of stealing softly within range of a sleeping 'gator by day. It is a difficult thing to no end, and, on the whole, unremunerative. It is usually practiced by local hunters, and very rarely by professionals.

Our party tried the first method. Stepping into the boat the light was trimmed, the rifleman took his accustomed position in the bow and the party started. A mile from camp the stream widened out into a flat marshy prairie, filled with small islands and quantities of driftwood.

Turning the light full ahead an immense fellow was seen lying on a pile of drift and intently watching the steering apparatus. With gentle paddling the boat approached closer, twenty feet, fifteen, ten—would the man never shoot?

A flash, a roar, and the great beast dropped suddenly into the water, shot through the heart. Instantly some part of the body is grappled with the boat hook to prevent its sinking forever, and with pulling and hauling it is got ashore.

The next one shot was swimming at a little distance, only his eyes and snout being above water, but an explosive bullet sent with unerring aim crushed into his brain, and after a few minutes' work he, too, was lying on the bank.

Occasionally the animal sinks to the bottom and is lost, oftener he is only wounded and crawls away to die by inches, while occasionally a sharp fight ensues between hunter and hunted, and a pair of jaws crunching the gunwales of the boat is no laughing matter.

Proceeding up the creek about a mile we came to a place where two streams met and on a point of land lay three, varying in size from seven to ten feet. Approaching in the same manner as before, two shots were fired, apparently killing one and wounding a second.

The wounded one slid into the water and swam softly by the boat; as it passed I blew the top of his head off, but before I could grab him he sunk. All this took but a moment, but that was long enough for some lively scenes to be transacted on land. The apparently dead 'gator was the smallest of the three, but he was the liveliest corpse I ever saw.

One of the men landed to examine him and inadvertently got within reach of his tail, which appeared suddenly to become possessed of extraordinary life, and in an instant he was lying senseless on his back a dozen feet away. The blow was a light one, however, as, under ordinary circumstances, it is sufficient to break the legs of a horse.

A second shot finished him. The injured man gave place to another at the rifle and the sport continued until long after midnight. Five 'gators in all were killed, the skins of which, when cured, represented about $75—not a bad night's work.

An alligator is naturally timid, but a mother in defense of her eggs or young is one of the most furious animals imaginable. After the eggs are deposited in the spring they are covered with dirt and debris of various sorts, the whole forming a mound about two feet high and four feet long; over this the female watches for weeks until the young appear, when her vigilance redoubles.

Clumsy in appearance they can, when occasion requires, get over the ground with remarkable swiftness, progressing in long leaps. Under these circumstances the best thing is to take to a tree and call for help. Escape can also be made by turning quickly, care being taken to keep out of reach of the tail.

No man has any business alone in the swamps; he can never tell at what moment he may need help, and that, too, when miles away from any human being, and where, perchance, months afterward another hunter may come upon his bleaching bones to tell the tale. This is why two men invariably hunt together in the great wilderness of the south and why so few serious accidents occur.—Washington Star.

NOT ALL IN GIVING.

A Few Timely Suggestions for the Receivers of Gifts.

From the receiver's standpoint all gifts may be divided into things that we want and things that we don't want. It takes no particular skill or grace to receive things that we want, but as, in times of general giving like Christmas, the larger part of the gifts we get are things that we don't want, that branch of receivership is worth attention. The two ordinary reasons for not wanting things are the vulgar one that they do not strike us as intrinsically desirable, and the more complex reason that we don't want to receive them from the particular giver. A general remedy applicable to reluctances due to either of these causes is to keep strenuously in the mind the happiness of the giver in giving. Remembering that you are delighted with a trifle from some one you love, because it makes you happy to have been even passively instrumental in procuring him the happiness of giving; applying the same principle, you can accept ever so costly a gift from some one for whom you care little without any irksome sense of obligation, since, of course, the giver had the best of it, any way, and it is a great deal kinder and more generous to sacrifice one's personal inclinations and accept than to refuse. Remember persistently that by receiving with due grace you secure to another person a desirable form of happiness.

After all, little children do it best. They are the superlative receivers, and it is because they are that we delight to give them things. They are frankly and delightfully appreciative. Obligations set as lightly on them as the air. They value their gifts simply by the pleasure they get out of them, and prefer a rag baby to the deed of a brick house. They take a jumping-jack from Mary, the laundress, and a jeweled pin from Aunt Melinda Croesus, without the least distinction of happy approval. The nearer we get to their guilelessness, the nearer we approach perfection in receiving, and in all the Christmas attributes besides.—Scribner's Magazine.

—Sweet sister—"What makes you so downhearted to-night?" Bad brother—"Debts of honor." Sweet sister—"Well, why don't you tell papa? He never objects to what is honorable."—Tucson Star.

Fatal Wreck on a Bridge.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Jan. 5.—The 12:67 train of the Kentucky and Indiana bridge while rounding a curve was derailed at Twenty-ninth street and ran off the bridge. The last car fell from a trestle thirty-five feet high. Conductor Frank Mahan was crushed to death under the car, which fell on him. Paccon, a passenger, was injured. It is not known what caused the wreck.

Switchman Beheaded.

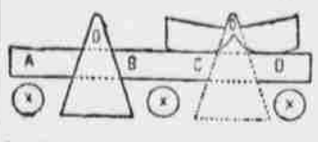
KANSAS CITY, Mo., Jan. 5.—F. Louhen, a switchman, was run over and instantly killed while in the performance of his duties in the Rock Island yards last night. He stumbled and fell upon the track and the wheel passed over his neck, severing the head from the body. The unfortunate man was about 25 years of age and was the support of his widowed mother's family.

All motor men and conductors in the employ of the Birmingham (Ala.) railway and electric companies struck for fifteen cents per hour instead of twelve. Their demand has been refused by the companies.

HUSKING ON A BOARD.

A Practice That Has Become Popular in New England.

What we call husking on a board has been in general use hereabouts for years. The board A B C D should not be less than 14 inches in width, and as long as the floor is wide, with rounded edges. It may rest on three nail kegs. At X X X place the baskets. Be sure and set them close up to the board. O O are stocks of corn with butts on the basket side of the board. One shows how the stock is before husking and the other when husked. Four men can husk here, sitting at A, B, C and D, A and B face each other, as do C and D. B and C can use the same basket. A and C are right-handed huskers and break over the left hand, while B and D are left-handed huskers and break over the right hand. In husking A tears down one-half of the husks with his right hand, then the remainder with his left and quickly encircles the butt with his left. He places his right above it and with both hands breaks off the ear, letting it drop with the same motion butt end first into the basket, and, while laying over the stalk with his left, seizes a new one with the right. The actual manipulation is accomplished with three motions—right hand, left hand, break. The breaking also drops the ear into the basket, which is done without looking toward the basket and almost unconsciously. Some call it a four-motioned process—ear, right hand, left hand, break. The left-handed husker uses his left hand in all cases to do the work that the right-



handed husker does with his right hand and with him it is left hand, right hand, break. It is necessary to strip the husks clear down to the ear with one motion and generally a husking pin will be found necessary. The left-handed husker here has a disadvantage, as he generally uses it on his right hand and must use four motions—right hand, left hand, change hands, break.

Huskers prefer to have the stocks large enough so that not over three will fill a bushel basket. In fact, the larger the better for the convenience of the husker, as he does not want to get up and sit down oftener than is necessary. The cornstalks should be piled long enough before husking to become soft. Twenty-four hours in the early part of the season will sometimes be sufficient, but later much more time must be given. It often will need to be got in with the dew on, or in foggy weather. It is cruelty to require men to husk dry, harsh corn, and the stocks should be kept entire. Scatterings are the dread and hindrance of the huskers. If possible have no loader and as few stakes as possible in the wagon or cart, and never step on a stock.

Some sort of a husking glove is needed. A good one can be made of a piece of a boot leg about four by six inches, with a hole for the thumb, and so cut that there will be a short finger for the fore finger with straps sewed on to unite the ends. It should reach across the inside of the hand, but on the upper side two inches may be uncovered. In cold weather, or if the hands get sore, one may husk with gloves on. All that is needed is to have a husking pin which will go on over the glove.

Never husk in the field. Never husk nights. Have your corn in a suitable place, have it in good condition, have proper appliances, and be warmly clothed, and you will find husking the prettiest work on the farm.—A. H. Blanchard, in Farm and Home.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

WHEN horses are fed on cut green fodder care is to be taken to give it fresh. If left in a heap it is apt to ferment in the stomach and cause colic.

THE filthy stall causes sore feet and injures the horse's health. By strict cleanliness a large amount of manure can be saved and the thrift of the animal promoted.

WATCH your farm expenses and be sure that your income always exceeds your expenditure. In order to know your standing, you will have to keep an account-book, of course.

CERTAIN varieties of our oldest and best known fruits of to-day are just as profitable as ever; so the theory of injury by long continued propagation has nothing to do with failure. The Bartlett and Seckel pears are fair examples of this.

THE best material for a hen with a brood of little chicks is the sweepings from the barn-loft. The seeds and broken leaves are readily accepted, and the litter serves as scratching material for the chicks, thus keeping them in exercise and health.

A CORNSTALK will absorb and retain a large amount of liquid manure, but the stalk has a very hard coat, and until it is broken or crushed it does not serve well for absorbing water. Crush the stalks or press through a cutter, and they can be put to good service.

W. A. HENRY, of the Wisconsin experiment station, conducted an experiment with a view to ascertaining whether sheep can utilize their food as well as hogs. It cost $2.61 to produce 100 pounds of gain with the lambs and $2.03 to accomplish the same with pigs.

SOME men will plow and work around a bowlder for half a lifetime. The cheapest way to dispose of it, if it is too large to be hauled off, is to dig a pit and topple it over into it. We have seen many an unsightly, bothersome stone effectually disposed of in this way.

NOT every farmer has the time or taste to cultivate flowers and shrubbery to much extent, and it is better not to plant at all than to plant and then neglect, but there are two things which cost little yet will beautify the the home acre on any farm. These are trees and grass.

Slye in the Sweat-Box.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 5.—Slye, the suspected Glendale express robber, has been identified as the perpetrator of the post office robbery at station C, corner of Jefferson and Chouteau avenues on the night of November 24. A passerby named Fox was compelled at the muzzle of a revolver to go into the post office and witness the robbery, as Slye feared Fox would give the alarm. Fox positively identified the robbers. After the identification Slye was put in the sweat-box and, it is said, weakened.

WAR REMINISCENCES.

HONESTY OF THE SOLDIER.

Not a Paymaster Robbed During More Than Four Years of the War.

After the first entry of the volunteer into the new life of the soldier, it always seemed to me, that either the oath of muster in or some invisible cause made him a man of honor, a man whose word could be trusted. I am willing to admit that in the preparatory camp he may have been, and was, somewhat wild, but when he became somewhat accustomed to the routine of soldierly duties, saw the necessity of drill and discipline, his word always seemed to me as good as gold.

This fact is more firmly established for the reason that with the thousands of opportunities I have yet to hear of a paymaster being robbed during the war by the sutler, the volunteer or regular soldier, and this point stands out in high relief to their credit, for nothing could have been more easy during those days than for one soldier and one accomplice, making themselves independently rich, had they been so disposed.

During the last two years the surviving soldier of the late war will no doubt remember the small iron safe carried by paymasters when they came to "the front" to pay off the troops. They were small, as a matter of course, and two men could carry it easily, it having a handle on each side for that purpose.

When a paymaster would arrive, he would be given an extra tent in which to place the safe; a guard would be detailed who was supposed to keep the safe in sight, and I well remember an incident that came under my own view of that kind. The safe in this instance contained, the paymaster told me, seven hundred thousand dollars. An extra tent was assigned him on his arrival, and a detail of three men, all he asked for, was made to guard the extra tent. The guard paced backward and forward in front of it, but as he could not possibly see the rear of it, and only occasionally its sides, any one can readily see that it would have been no difficult matter for two dishonest soldiers to have cut open the tent from the rear, quietly enter it, and carry off the safe with all its contents, the guard being none the wiser. Even the guard could easily have become an accomplice with some others and winked at the robbery. After securing the booty, it could easily have been hidden away, to await a future visit, when the fortune could have been secured and divided.

This is only one illustration of the ease with which paymasters could have been robbed, but there were dozens of other plans that might have been put in force, whereby a fortune might have been secured.

To the everlasting credit of the soldiers composing the federal army during the late war, not a single paymaster was robbed by the soldiers themselves. They did lose money in many ways; one I believe, lost in gambling nearly all the contents of his safe; an immense amount of greenbacks were lost by the sinking of the Sultana on the Mississippi, below Memphis, if I remember correctly, rising into more than a million of dollars. They lost money in many other ways, but no soldier that I ever heard of, was guilty, with all the opportunities at his disposal, of taking a single greenback from them.

There was something in the service that seemed to put men on good behavior; it might have been the oaths required of them or it may have been the knowledge that when they wore the uniform of their country they represented the everlasting principles of right, justice and humanity in general, and that it would be inconsistent in them to do a single act that was mean or wrong. In any way it may be looked at, the fact that no paymaster was robbed by the soldiers during the war whose opportunities were excellent every day, speaks volumes in praise of the inherent honesty of the pay corps of the federal army during the war.—Rush Williams, in American Tribune.

FATE OF A UNION SCOUT.

Taken From His Comrades and Shot as a Traitor.

It happened that when Col. Streight, of Indiana, made his famous raid into Georgia in the spring of 1864, in an abortive attempt to destroy the arsenal at Rome and draw away Bragg's cavalry from the front of Rosecrans, then at Tullahoma, he had in his command as guides and scouts some fifty East Tennesseans, picked from regiments at Nashville, for this special duty. These mountaineers proved invaluable to the command in piloting it through the passes and defiles of the rugged country in which Streight's rough-riders operated. They knew all the short-cuts, the fords and good stands for battle when the column was pursued and attacked, as it was almost daily from the start of the expedition by the rebel cavalry.

On May 4 Streight and his little band of raiders stacked their guns and surrendered to the superior force of Gen. Forrest, the famous confederate cavalry leader. Among those surrendered were the hardy scouts and guides. Of their number was a Tennessean from Waldron's Ridge in the locality where these mining troubles now exist, named Albert Wintermuth. Wintermuth was a daring fellow and had done excellent service on the raid both as guide and on the skirmish line in the daily bouts with Forrest's men before the capture. He and the writer, who was a member of an Ohio regiment in Streight's command, had fraternized in the early days of the disastrous expedition and before the day of capitulation had become sworn friends.

After the surrender, the federal soldiers were taken to Rome and corraled on the bank of the Coosa river, near the little city, surrounded by a heavy guard. Wintermuth was noticeably nervous. He seemed to lose all his reckless bearing after his carbine had left his hands. The reason for this sudden change came out later.

On the first morning after our bivouac on the shore of the Coosa a file of confederate soldiers marched by the guard into the camp. The prisoners, one thousand three hundred in number, were ranged in single file on the four sides of the inclosure. The officer, the captain of a regimental company, who headed the squad of newcomers, then passed along the line. With him were two women. They seemed to be of the ordinary type of southern women one met in those days in the little farm houses in the mountain regions of Tennessee or the Carolinas. The older one was perhaps forty-five, while the younger, though sallow-faced, was rather comely and scarcely twenty years of age.

Wintermuth and I stood side by side in the line. There was much wonderment among the men as to the purpose of this inspection. A slight tremor of the arm that touched my own on the right caused me to look at Wintermuth. His face was corpsellke, but not a word escaped him. The officer and the women in his company were approaching, closely scanning each man in the lines as they stood with heads bared for the scrutiny. When the eyes of Wintermuth and the woman met, there was a flash of recognition, betraying hatred, too, on the part of the visitors.

When the younger female had quickly scanned the face of my comrade, she said, sharply: "That's the man. Your name is Al Wintermuth."

Not a word fell from the lips of Wintermuth, but as his face took on a deeper pallor, I felt the tremor in his arm cease. His muscles seemed to be almost rigid.

"Step out here," said the officer. Wintermuth obeyed. A motion of the hand to the file of confederate soldiers, who had been quietly standing at order arms, brought them to where the captain stood.

"March this man to the guard-house and see he don't escape. At the first move he makes put a bayonet or a bullet into him."

These were their orders, and without a word my comrade in arms was gone. There was no time for leave-taking, and the suddenness and mystery of the thing had driven words away. The two women passed without the lines as they had come in the company of the officer.

Within ten days after Wintermuth left the lines he was dead. "Court-martialed and shot for desertion and serving with the enemy," was the entry on the roster after his name.

His story was learned after the war. Business called me into that part of Tennessee from which Wintermuth had come and from relatives the facts were gleaned. His family were stanch unionists. The father and three sons had enlisted in a Kentucky union regiment. Albert being the youngest remained at home. He was paying court to a young girl in the Sequatche Valley, whose family were all ardent supporters of the confederacy. The engagement was broken off by the ill-feeling engendered by war. Wintermuth was conscripted into a Georgia regiment, deserted and joined a Tennessee battalion in Rosecrans's army. The families became bitter enemies. The Ecklers driven out of their home by the change in the shifting tide of war, had gone to Georgia, and mother and daughter were visiting a brother and son stationed with his regiment at Rome when Streight's men rode through the streets as prisoners. They saw and recognized Wintermuth. Their story was soon told to the provost marshal, and willingly or unwillingly the woman who had once promised to be the brave young mountaineer's wife, pronounced the words which caused his execution as a traitor.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

SHERMAN AT COLUMBIA.

An Incident of "Old Tecumps's" Raid in South Carolina.

Twenty-six years ago Gen. Sherman's victorious army entered Columbia, S. C. The bridge over the Congaree river in front of the city had been burned by the confederates the night before and had to be replaced by a pontoon structure. "I was the first," wrote Gen. Sherman not long after, "to cross the pontoon bridge, and in company with Gen. Howard, rode into the city. The day was clear, but a perfect tempest of wind was raging. The brigade of Col. Stone was already in the city and was properly posted. Citizens and soldiers were on the streets and general good order prevailed. Gen. Wade Hampton, who commanded the confederate rear guard of cavalry, had, in anticipation of our capture of Columbia, ordered that all cotton, public and private, should be moved into the streets and fired, to prevent our making use of it. Bales were piled everywhere, the rope and bagging cut, and tufts of cotton were blown about in the wind, lodged in the trees and against houses, so as to resemble a snow-storm. Some of these piles of cotton were burning, especially one in the very heart of the city, near the court-house, but the fire was partially subdued by the labors of our soldiers. * * * Before one single public building had been fired by order the smoldering fires set by Hampton's order were rekindled by the wind and communicated to the buildings around. About dark they began to spread and got beyond the control of the brigade on duty within the city. The whole of Wood's division was brought in, but it was found impossible to check the flames, which by midnight had become unmanageable, and raged until about 4 a. m., when, the wind subsiding, they were got under control. I was up nearly all night and saw Gens Howard, Logan, Woods and others laboring to save houses and protect families thus suddenly deprived of shelter and of bedding and wearing apparel. I disclaim on the part of my army any agency in this fire, but, on the contrary, claim that we saved what of Columbia remains unconsumed. And, without hesitation, I charge Gen. Wade Hampton with having burned his own city of Columbia, not with malicious intent, or as the manifestation of a silly 'Roman stoicism,' but from folly and want of sense in filling it with cotton and tinder."—Chicago News.

After the Keystone.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 5.—Edward W. Magill, assignee of John Bardsley, entered suit in common pleas court against the suspended Keystone national bank to recover $100,000. Magill says that November 25, 1890, the bank received from J. Bardsley, as a loan, 100 bonds of the Baltimore Traction Co., valued at $1,000 each, the bank promising at the same time to return the bonds or give face value for them and that on November 25 President Marsh gave Bardsley a receipt for them but sold them and appropriated the proceeds to their own use.

Created a Bad Impression.

PARIS, Jan. 5.—M. Ribot, the French foreign minister, has created a bad impression in Russia by instructing the French ambassador at St. Petersburg to intervene in favor of a Paris Jewish firm in danger of public prosecution for trying to sell large quantities of adulterated flour in the famine-stricken provinces and claiming reduced rates of transit.

A BOY'S THOUGHTS OF LIFE.

The years have left me a boy no longer; yet
boyhood lingers in breast and brain—
Dear careless boyhood, that soon must perish,
and clothe its parting with tender pain!

A few more morrows, and I shall wonder how
mirth and frolic so long could stay—
From skies familiar the same sun shining, yet
ah, not shining the same sweet way!

'Tis no real sadness that steals to warm me; it
half is pleasure and half regret,
As though a welcome had met a farewell, and
intermingled when they had met!

For while gay fancies may from the future
delight and longing my spirit bring,
I'm like a nestling whose wings unfolded feel
yet the nest-warmth about them cling!

This life that waits me, I yearn to know it;
my heart is with it, my hope is there;
The large winds float it across my forehead,
with tingle of nostrils, caress of hair!

It moves in mornings; it speaks in starlight; it
lifts in sunset's fantastic lines;
I hear it murmur through swaying tree-tops; I
watch it sparkle from roadside dews!

All nature tells me my altered impulse; my
birthright's heirloms to gifts unguessed;
Streams in their flowing and flowers in their
blowing are rich with its prophecies half
confessed!

I listen, I tremble with expectation; the secret
answer I vainly plead!
To learn that answer is to have lived it—to live
it now is were life indeed!
—Edgar Fawcett, in Youth's Companion.

A LONELY PLACE.

Romantic Story of the Telegraphic Wires.

"You will find it a lonely, out-of-the-way place—a perfect wilderness—but it is all that I have at my command at present, and if you are brave enough to go down into the marshy country and do the combined work of agent and telegrapher you can have the appointment," said Superintendent Nash, referring to a vacancy on a railroad line that traversed the wild, mountainous section of Virginia soil.

"I cannot say that I am flattered with the picture you draw, sir, but, as I am looking for a situation and beggars shouldn't be choosers, I will take my chance and try my luck until something better turns up," said Hugh Gordon, the young man addressed.

"Very well," replied the superintendent, shortly. "If you attend to the business properly we shall not give ourselves any uneasiness about how you manage to live the life of a hermit, for such it will practically be, and you cannot say that I failed to warn you," he added, as he turned away, close to himself he soliloquized: "That chap will not be in Benning a fortnight. He's fresh from school and has been accustomed to civilized society, so it is not probable that he'll do a bit better than his predecessors. He'll be back at the end of a week and I shall not blame him, either, for it is the most God-forsaken place I was ever in."

But he was mistaken, for, though Hugh found it all that he represented it, he was not easily discouraged and took hold of the work with as much energy as if the place were in the very center of life and business. Adhering to the old adage: "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well," he performed his various duties in the best manner possible, and, though the railroad officials said nothing, from the way they glanced around the waiting-room—as clean and bright as soap and water could make it—it was evident that they had no fault to find with the new methods which the college-bred telegrapher had inaugurated.

There was no doubt about its being a lonely place, and except the people in the well-filled trains that flew past without stopping and the rough section hands, who occasionally came in to light their pipes and chat a few minutes, he scarcely ever saw a human face. Once he had been there some weeks though the sense he formed the acquaintance of Frank Reynolds, the operator at Shanton, a small station fifty miles farther on in the wilderness. After their first introduction the two spent many pleasant hours conversing on congenial subjects.

One day just after Hugh had returned from his dinner the ticking of his instrument left this message for him:

"Forest River: I have just received word that our fortnight's vacation is to begin this afternoon. My substitute is here already, and I will be off this evening. Will pass through Benning on No. 8. Be out to wave congratulations. As ever, FRANK."

"Eureka!" ejaculated Hugh. "I wish that train would come a-tearing along off. Wouldn't we have a jolly time together? Wonder if he could not get an order to have it stop. There would be no harm in trying, at any rate," and then backing to the wires he added:

"Can you get an order to have the train pull off at Benning? I should like to have the pleasure of your company during a part of your vacation day."

A few minutes later he had his answer:

"No. Sorry, but it is too late now. Fate has that never changed some unlucky fellow's fortune by stopping your train in Benning lately."

"What can't be cured must be endured," muttered Hugh, disconsolately, when he knew the decision. "Well, there is one thing sure—I'll see the dear fellow's face," and having nothing else to do he fell to musing fancies concerning the appearance of Frank Reynolds, for up to the present date the young operator had studiously avoided exchanging pictures, and further than that he had brown hair and eyes Hugh had not the slightest idea of the looks of the friend he had learned to esteem so highly.

No sooner thought than doing, a short time before midnight, and twenty minutes later the lightning express thundered down the steep grade at the rate of mile a minute, fairly shaking the little frame depot on its foundations. At Shanton two cars, where the two trains met, the one standing the place long enough for the other one passed.

As there was an night operator at Benning, and no important trains stopped during the night, Hugh was at liberty to close up the office and go home at 9 o'clock. He was quite a nighthawk, and usually remained at his post until the last train had the clock marked 12 [illegible] off and began [illegible] count the minutes till the [illegible].

On this particular night he was [illegible] wrought up [illegible] of the surprise in store for him. He was [illegible] to study or even become [illegible] interested in the new novel he [illegible] its leaves only partially cut [illegible] office table.

How long he had [illegible] in a day-dreaming [illegible] scarcely [illegible] tell. It must have been [illegible] however, for it was long after the clock had struck eleven when he was startled by a stealthy step close by his side. Before he had time to speak or change his position a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder and a harsh voice hissed in his ear: "Don't scream or try to escape if you don't want to make the acquaintance of this," exhibiting the handle of a revolver. "It is the other end that is dangerous, though, but if you obey orders you have no cause to be alarmed. Here are my pals," as two dark-faced, evil-looking men stepped boldly in at the open door. "We don't wish to harm you, youngster, but we want money, and by flagging the next train, No. 8, you will help us into a fortune, as we have some knowledge concerning the valuables it carries."

"Why, that is a through train; it never stops here, never!" gasped Hugh.

"Do you reckon we'd asked for your help if we hadn't known that?" sneered one of the other men. "We have no time to fool, and if you don't help us we'll fix you and take business into our own hands. What do you say? Will you stop the train or not?"

"I can't—I dare not!" exclaimed Hugh. "Do you think I would betray my trust in that shameful manner?"

"I told you the cub hadn't sand enough to stand up in a job like this," said the third man. "Better a-gagged him at first and it would have been over. There is no use in making confidents of such cowardly spooks as you find down in these Virginia swamps."

"I believe in doing everything in a square and honest fashion," returned the man who had made the first assault.

"Talk about honor among thieves," retorted the little, bald-headed man, "but if we are goin' to grab our selves then we can't stand fuss arguing any longer," glancing at his expensive timepiece.

"You're right," exclaimed the first rogue, as he placed a gag in poor, frightened Hugh's mouth. This done, the unfortunate fellow was tied hand and foot, and then, helpless as he was, the rope that bound him was made fast to the little iron safe, the danger lantern was swung out in the darkness and the cowardly ruffians hurried away to secrete themselves, expecting to hop on the express car as soon as the train came to a standstill, and by fair or foul means shut the mouth of the express agent, secure the booty coveted and made their escape unobserved when the train slowed up at the station above. The first part of their plan worked admirably, and when the train stopped one of the gang in the garb of a section hand ran up to the conductor, exclaiming, breathlessly:

"A bowlder rolled down on the track, and as none of the other men were in calling distance I was afraid I could not get it off in time and so had the danger signal swung out. But it is all right now," pointing to a huge rock by the side of the track.

Neither the conductor nor engineer suspected treason, and in a few minutes the train was again in motion, the disguised rogue hopping on the express-car platform on the opposite side of the train from the station, as it passed the place where he stood.

Not seeing the Benning operator according to arrangement, Frank Reynolds stepped off the train and into the little waiting-room, where a light was dimly burning. Hearing groans somewhere in the neighborhood she ventured into the office, where poor Hugh lay lying bound hand and foot. He had succeeded in forcing the gag partially out of his mouth, and just as the train started off his efforts to make himself understand the situation became clear and sent her to the instrument to flash the news to the station above. The message was brief but startling:

"Look out for robbers on express car No. 8 and assistance will be needed by next train. Benning by next train."

She waited a few minutes, and then the wires came:

"All right. You will have assistance very soon."

[illegible] she went back to release Hugh, still a prisoner in the lonely office. The poor fellow had been roughly handled and before he was free fainted several times from the loss of blood. He was still unconscious when the train stopped a few minutes later with a surgeon and the assistance mentioned on board. They brought the news of the capture of the train robbers, but Hugh was too weak to join in the conversation that night.

"[illegible] all right by morning," he told the doctor, confidently, but he was mistaken, for the next day found the poor fellow tossing uneasily in a high fever. Day after day and night for eight Frank Reynolds remained with him and refused to leave until his fortnight's vacation was gone. Not until the morning she went away, however, did Hugh identify her with Frank Reynolds, his friend the telegrapher.

He had supposed that Frank was a jolly, witty young man, about his own age, but when he found out his mistake, weak and helpless as he was, the shock did not injure him in the least, on the contrary, he made a very rapid recovery, and the messages then allowed to pass between Benning and Manton, though they changed somewhat in character, never decreased in number. Six months have passed since that eventful night that marked the first meeting, and—well, Hugh has taken charge of a larger office with double pay, and as Frank has agreed to make a home for him the office at Manton will be without an operator again.—Belle V. Chisholm, in Chicago News.

Chicago Board of Trade Officers.

CHICAGO, Jan. 5.—The new and [illegible] officers of the board of trade exceeded any in the history of the organization. The [illegible] was made up on the lines of Fox, Giles, and Joy as [illegible], the "regular" nominee for the presidency, was defeated by the "[illegible]" candidate, Charles D. Hansott, [illegible] majority of 105. For second vice-president, the only other office for which there was a contest, E. A. Handler defeated Michael Cudahy by the slender mark of two.

Grand Duke in Disguise.

LENOX, Jan. 5.—It is reported here that Grand Duke Sergius has disguised as a peasant, in order to discover the truth about alleged difficulties in the purchase of bread in Russia, but is suspected with a traitor and was thrown into the street by policemen, who severely hustled him and were about to arrest him, when he revealed his identity, whereupon three police officials committed suicide.