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## Boetry.

### THE HEART.

The heart that's once been rendered cold, By slight, or scorn, or jeer, Can never and love's warmth again, So thankful or sincere. Fer, as the newly budded rose Doth feel the wintry blast, So doth the heart grow weak and sad,

No balm of friendship e'er can heal The wound so deeply riven; No consolation e'er can soothe The pang that's once been given The thorn that has been planted there Nor can the heart be glad again

When blight is o'er it cast.

ath the hand of scorn Though it may seem to join in mirth, And strive to hide its paid, Still how that aching hear, doth fee The pulse beats with madder Its vitals throb with pain; And all its blood that once was warr

Doth freeze in every vein.

#### THINE AND MINE. BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

Hopes have budded and then withered E'er they opened into bloom, Like the early flowers that perish 'Mid their sweetness and perfume; And around Affection's garland, Clings the mournful cypress vine; Wrecks of earthly hopes and dreamings,

Withered flowers, are thine and mi Faith, all rosy as the sunlight, Gives us hope that cannot die And its light around our pathway Sheds a radiance constantly. Looking unto rest eternal, Rest in love that is divine Heaven and peace are thine and mine

# Selected Tale.

SPARKS

## A CHRISTMAS LOG.

CHAPTER II. BACA AND INDIANA.

(Continued.)

"You're right, child, don't snuff 'till -interesting perhaps from association.'-When Picton was in the trenches before Badajoz-this box---" Lor, ma! leave Picton in the trench-

"Well, as you please, my love, though its a capital story if you'd only hear it .- quet." Attention! Special Order No. 1. We are going to have a snug little bit of suped," to Beca. "The bouquet will be up

eral Crowdles." "Of course she will come," said Indiana, "and now be off, my veteran."

"We meet at Phillippi, then?" The relect gathered up her faithful an-

aconds and the door mat. " Right face, wheel, march."

And the General stalked out with military step, trumpeting "The Girl I left behind me," in feeble imitation of a military full brass band.

"Isn't she an odd fish, Beca?" "I owe her more than I can ever pay-

and you-" "There, there don't talk of pay; you

don't owe me anything, bless you.' " My heart thanks you, nevertheless .-

You seem tired ?" "I'm worried, child. A note thrown

in a bouquet to-night." "Another admirer?" "Another ape, you should say, or worse." Opening the note-with a blush through the paint on her cheek, and bitter scorn on her lip-" Love! adoration!-

in your prayers that your lot is not as mine." She is sobbing, with her head in Beca's for gods. Essellent fier, Colonel."

" We are outcasts, all-public property for man in his viciousness to scoff atwould I were dead!"

"Why do you not leave the stage and marry ?"

"What can I de off it? Born, as were, among the footlights, I know no other world. Marry! Who would marry the public dancing girl ?-no, no, that s an idle dream."

Beca whispered a name in her ear.

" No, no, misery surely follows marriages off the stage. His, poor follow, is an admiration coupled with light and tinsel and display at which my soul revolts, and yet is necessary to my life now. It has no deeper growth, believe me."

"If all know you as I know you." "Bless your unsullied nature for that.

The "belle," wiping her eyes and shaking out her rich curls-they were a pretty frame to her face and she knew it -put on the old smile again.

"I am not long depressed. Mecurial sylphide! what have I to do with sentiment? Poor Mr. Timber-what's-hisname, I must nip his worship in the bud. He deserves a better fate than me. You

Beca's hand is to the other's mouth, and the blood is mounting to her temples.

" Hush! hush, pray."

## " And why not ?"

world, alone !"

them. The wind howls and screams, the snow

whirls fiercely by, the little clock ticks years. pertly to the shadows on the walls, and if in mockery of the troubled heart.

There is the sound of a powerful voice calling from somewhere remotely in the distance. Indiana looks up. " That's the General. Come, Beca, let

She has crossed to the door and set i wide open. Beca has laid by her work; it is nearly completed, and smoothing her hair with her little hands, is about to rise. " Let me assist you."

"Thank you, I am becoming quite strong again," Beca answers as she reddens, and stoops to draw from under the table by her side-crutches.

She is a cripple! Hurried along by a mad crowd, hurled down and maimed and mangled among a hundred others by panic feeling in the general gruffness. stricken people, seeking to escape from a tottering hall of worship. Poor girl !-Poor human nature! How frail is the clay tenements which our souls inhabit.

"Why, so you are indeed, quite strong," Indiana cries. "So very much stronger than I was,

vou see." aside, soon."

"The friendly fiattery is too transpar- bridge and on such a night-" you're fifty. 'You like the box-a trifle ent, and the sufferer will not take the precious hope to her heart."

" Never, my friend, never." "Yes, yes you will. But come, we will a sorry opening of Christmas. Come, as

It is mournful to watch that shadow on the wall, moving slowly, slowly on, while low, as made from its ancient bridge. per, at which your presence is command- the other by its side, seems like the form of Mercy fulfilling her mission. So the berwilk was "cool, very." Notes, Drafts, Certificaets of Deposit, and in an hour. Commanding Officer, Gen- shadows glide on through the open door- "I'm seasonably," he replied, looking

# CHAPTER 111.

and justice to the famous compound of the "Bless me, no; certainly not," replied more "polite and experienced bar-keep- the nog. er" than the Colonel ever paraded before a discerning public by a flattering county as you did it would have been over now. reporter. The Colonel insisted that Jef- Go on your way." ferson should "smile" with him in honor of Christmas, and he "smiled" several pulse. He was by the man's side in an times in consequence. There never was instant, and dragging him with all the a jollier fellow than the Colonel, nor jol- force of his strength away off the bridge lier fellows generally than two or three Captains, a Major and a General present; nothing under a Captain, all select and struggling fiercely, for Mr. Timberwilk part, and so with one of the Colonel's El and he was in some danger of being Sols of choice brand, and reserved for strangled. choice spirits like himself. Mr. Timberwilk set out on his walk back to the cavern and the sprites, with his martial cloak around him, in a much warmer condition and the grasp was tightened. The wouldof mind and body than when he had be suicide was no match for the younger Beca, this, such as this is the nightly insult a dancer has to meet. Be thankful started.

"Capital nog," said Mr. Timberwilk to himself for company sake. "Nectar I'll promise."

Jefferson was merry, although the wind blew as rudely and the snow whirled as kind of thing again?" madly as ever, the warm within defied to its very teeth the cold of the man with-

draw-bridge, much broken and worn ing." through in places, which served as a rag- "Pshaw! What good would that ged pass-way over a neck of stagnant serve? Well, I promise." water, fed from a basin somewhere remote in the lower part of the city. This keep it." basin, long out of use, served for nothing Timberwilk placed himself between but the generation of sickness, a manu- the stranger and the bridge. factory set up by Death, and doing a good "It's a wonder we didn't fall through. thriving business. Toads and snakes he said, looking back upon it. "Stransported on the banks among the long ger, you'd better go home." weeds and rushes, that served as a bordering to its festering filth, which also served as the last resting place of the de- mind and body, which former allow me ed up so close in self that no one ever would not have been more astonished. funct cats, dogs and carrion of the sur- to doubt, that you havn't a home? Desrounding neighborhoods. Few cared to titute, and that style of thing, eh?" trust the rottenness of the bridge, even "No roof but that," said the stranger, thought at first, but heavy notes went to looked at her through the glass as at some cars and get warm from the fire that is in the broad daylight, and by night none pointing above. who knew another from the island-which formed the river front of the city, on Jefferson. "Not agreeable about Christ- settled. Demands were bought up by the moment; but the girl's mission was which Mr. Timberwilk lived-by the new mas. Come with me."

bridge, ever come that way. Wild screams are heard at lone hours by the bridge; marks of desperate struggles are detected, telling clearly of deeds berwilk seized the man's arm, and withof violence on the stranger, seized and out other word of explanation, hurried robbed and thrown from its sides or him off at a fair compromise with a run. through its gaping holes which show like to the corner cavern.

looms of sudden death, there to drown, Beca's face from matching scarlet has perhaps to be carried slowly out to sea, but the wind and the snow kept up their died, my mother soon followed; it was pin into his person at that instant. changed to deathlike pallor. In a mourn- but more likely to be thrown among the wild saturnalia, and they had the night all a happiness scarce looked for so soon. fringing of horror with the carrion around to themselves, and were making the most I married, married on nothing. I did "You forget; pray do not. You dis- it, there to lie with face upturned to heav- of it. tress me more than you can suppose.— en, stark and bloody, and corrupt until no There was a cheerful glowing fire in life, without a thought. I applied to the could have stood there, with the door in My life is plain before me-alone in the trace is left of the thing it was. It is a the stove, and the little den felt warm man, my griping cousin, who by false his hand, looking at her forever, as he comforter, and for some moments there and Christmas or something else has made bridge and its surrounding scenery of from his house, not that my father lived is a silent, communing sympathy between our traveler bold enough to take Hell gloom.

" Hallo! who's there?"

us look bright and cheerful for the festifire-wood. The dark stories told of the tion. place come up very vividly, indeed, before Mr. Timberwilk. " I've only got a small case of lancets with me," he thought, He drank off the contents. "but-perhaps he's admiring the prospect-an artist, perhaps."

" Who's that ?" " Pass on," a voice answered sharply,

pass on in God's name." "He isn't a thief," thought Jefferson

Arn't vou well ?" This was asked, for there was a tone of

The man said he was well enough i that would satisfy him.

Mr. T. was of an enquiring nature-he came from Vermont-and it didn't-

"You'll excuse me, but really that is such a very-you understand-such a very, I may say melancholy look out that -there is nothing very remarkable in a "We shall be leaving these friends man's standing on a bridge, indeed, men a little saucepan with water, he put it on " Well !"

"Well, echoed Jefferson-"there,don's move, my dear sir; there's a large hole by you. Well, as you say, for I presume have no more sadness to-night. This is you put the 'well' interrogatively, under these very uncomfortable circumstances, the General would say-on to the ban- you will excuse my curiosity, I know; I should like much to learn the result of your nocturnal investigation of Hell Hol-

The man laughed, and said Mr. Tim-

way, to be lost in the common darkness. the adventurer boldly in the face now, " just seasonable."

"Were you ever tired of life?" the THE STRANGER ON THE OLD BRIDGE. man asked, turning abruptly, facing the

Washington Saloon. There never was a Mr. T. A light was breaking in through "I am. If you hadn't come upon me

Mr. Timberwilk was a creature of im-

" No you don't: not quite." "Quit your hold," gasped the man, and

" Presently," cried Jefferson.

"I'll do that, then, will make you." But the descending arm was caught,

"Let me go," gasped the man, " and

They were now off the bridge. " Promise what? Not to attempt that

" And if I don't ?" "I shall be compeiled, my aqueous friend, to hand you over to the police, and He was approaching now a narrow you'll be fined five dollars in the morn-

"There," releasing him, "mind you

"I have none. Home, indeed."

" Do you mean to say, being of sound

"Pleasant covering in summer,"

" I didn't promise that."

"Whether you did or not, come." Without waiting for an answer, Tim- interest you enough to go on?"

The bells had suspended operations; ing but extravagant tastes. My father some kind friend had inserted a large size

"shorter cut" in the short distance from and grateful, and quite like a fairy palace looks, false debts, false deeds had beg- thought. the Colonel's to Mr. Timberwilk's cavern, of tranquil delight, after the old rotten gared mine and me. He had me driven Hollow bridge for his way home, for by After thawing the encrusted snow from ret corner. My wife died. How I loved ically; "bleeding and blue mass." such is the place known and has been for his eyelids and hair, and requesting the her. He who heard my prayer to-night stranger to make himself at home. Jeffer- on that old bridge knows money might disturbed district surrounding Butternut

"A queer place, a particularly odd son's first act was to force his visitor into have saved her, but I had none, and so street for almost every complaint among the bells, rollicking bells, are pealing as place," said Jefferson, stepping carefully a chair, then to hurry into the cavern to eighteen years ago, I was left alone, no the pointers, and some constitutions withon the bridge, and not without misgivings. pour something of a dark liquid nature —not alone, would that it had been so.— stood it. into a curiously shaped glass with mystic She left me a child, a girl. I became reck-A man in the gloom with the snow fall- lines and caballitic characters on its sides, less, turned to anything for daily bread. ing around him like a veil. He is stand- then to hurry back again, then to force actor, scribbler for the daily press. Too ing on the edge of the bridge where the the glass into the man's hand and there unstable for these, for anything, I went sing comic songs for her sake, if such an railing has been torn away long ago for to stand waiting the effect of the opera- low, lower, and then to a gambler. My act were practicable?

> "Off with it, its not poison." The stranger smiled a languid smile.

" Not bad to take, is it ?"

"An unusually palatable dose for drug store."

"The stranger was about forty-five, not year older. He had been a portly, good looking man enough, but stern deep lines about the mouth and forehead told of strong passions and time roughly handled. His dress neither new nor shabby, nor wanting in seasonable warmth, showed that poverty had no immediate share in

the recent attempt. The scene on the bridge had effectually cleared away the effects of the nog. and the re-action coming after the excitement left Timberwilk in a condition to take an invigorator Limself. So filling its boiling.

"Perhaps I ought not to recur-"

"You may if you like." "Then I like. Calmly now," laying his hand on the stranger's knee, "and about to commit a foolish, sinful act?"

A man without hope and without a purpose to live for is wise to die. Why did you bring me here?" "Yon said you had no home. Is that no courage to die, nor energy to live .- Star: an answer? I was thinking of some such

punch and then I'll draw the portrait!" is curling through the den. The stran- came."

ger's eyes wink again. "My canvass revealed," commenced Jefferson, after tasting and venting his approval in a hearty smack, "a man in rags, with grey hair, whose life had been spent in work-house and pet-house alternately; no wife, no children, no charac- perhaps I may live to thank you for it ter, no anything; haggard in heart as in looks; too palsied with disease to work, too idle to labor, if he were not; nothing to look forward to, nothing to hope; with no courage to die, no energy to live, but with enough of desperation in the man, in any sudden fit of despair, to dash at

"You are mistaken."-steadily, and without looking up. "Your portrait is a

true one, in part. "Oh! in part," echoed Jefferson. "Shall I tell you a story? A Christ-

mas story?" " About yourself ?"

His guest bowed. " My name is -Timberwilk was about to add, 'Norval,' but looking in the other's face, he didn't.

" Never mind the name." The stranger took a draught of the punch. He was thawing and getting an- but master Cheep slept on. other man altogether. He had come out

of the shell of his frostiness. "Years ago, my father, with his wife and a cousin, came to this country from a small town in England. The cousins, in get their pugilism over before this time. muddy, dark nights, it is the same. Perbusiness, prospered beyond their hopes, It don't pay." certainly beyond their expectations. My father loved ease, a table closely packed scratched off another spot of salts looked drels have placed obstructions in the way, with friendly faces, an open house after out fogily at the alarmist. If all the bells old country notions of hospitality. The that had rung out so merrily that night. other was his opposite-griping, plodding, scheming to add, add to that for which he Timberwilk to be treated for sore throats, not. Right on is the word with him, and had no future. He was a dark man, lock- arising from their previous exertions. he saw him clear. Business losses came. not to any very serious extent, as was protest, large demands came in, and the strange animal, or curious specimen in a house was bankrupt. The affairs were medical museum; he was so paralized for the cousin. My father was a beggar- urgent, for she said: the other was the wealthy, griping, plodding, scheming, dark man, still. Do I

Jefferson signified his assent by a nod, danseuse, with a cloak loosely thrown with decision and circumspection. as he filled his dilapidated meerschaum "I had been bred a gentleman, that is

in, for his soul was to small to fill a garchild was cared for somehow. I made

mite of what was my own by right, and he cursed me for a strolling thief. What had it been necessary, he bade the stranghas since been my lot, let me blot out .--Drunkenness became a passion. I could the leeches to run away, and set out again. not help it. I was chained in a madhouse. My child cared for by strangers it's so slippery." I saw but seldom, and that always in such wretchedness and ruin, that at last I was forbid the house. Again and again I saw he was with his day thought and nightly that man. The fancy possessed me-it came upon me in the mad house-to haunt him like a ghoul on Christmas, to foothold the sidewalks were, and how make him fear it as a day of death, to much trouble Mr. Timberwilk had to premake him count the time by days, seconds serve the perpendicular of himself and as they flew, bringing me nearer to him. I looked to find him dying at some such moment, that I might gloat over his gaspings, that with his latest breath he might take fresh with him my look of hate down, often stand on bridges; but on such a the stove and set down to preside over down. For five years I have not seen ed this. There was nothing of the tights my child; she must be a woman now.— and tunics about her now. Jefferson Seeking to do well, to do better, among pressed her arm as closely as he delicatethousands of broken fortunes such as mine, ly could; he might have done so tighter I went to California. I toiled and toiled still for all that the girl noticed, and they for her, all for her, but the good time had dispassionately, don't you think you were passed. I have returned little better than Hotel. I went. I hurried home to make my Christmas visit. It took near all I had "Calmly and dispassionately then. No. but I would not miss his death for worlds.

was looking steadily at the dying fire.

other's hand. "Whether you did well or not is a probyet, who knows?"

A clock in the vicinity was striking .-The wind had lulled, and the deep tones sounded like solemn warning.

ing down the clothes on the lounge .-"Come, my friend, turn in here; after lot in life, but of that no more to-night."

if sleep I can." Timberwilk would have dissuaded, but there was a decision in the man's tone, that shut out all remonstrance.

Jefferson had taken off his coat, when engineer is applying spurs to the devils the bell labelled "night on the outside," was rung violently. The stranger started, and Jefferson, with an eye to the endurance of the wire, enquired, in a loud key, whether it was meant to ring the house down.

"It's a damaged 'Pointer,' exclaimed Timberwilk. " A what?"

He passed into the store, and having had presented themselves before Mr.

" A 'Five Pointer!' I wish they would

Perhaps he might have stood there and "Let me in quick, please!"

La belle!

around her shoulders, entered.

"My mother is ill, Mr. Timberwilk."

He felt bound, under the circumstances that as I had done everything else in my to say something professional, though he

"What symptoms?"

"Apoplexy."

" Bleeding," said Temberwilk mechan-

This was the orthodox treatment in the

"Will you come with me ?" Would he go with her? Would he stand on his head at the North pole and

Coating himself again and insisting on enough to do this. Desperate one night, throwing his cloak around his fair visitor, I saw the man again. I asked but for a (like another Raleigh, he would have carpeted the snow with his entire wardrobe er make himself cheerful and not permit

" I will take your arm, Mr Timberwilk,

He had a sensation of a small stream dream tucked cozily under his arm. It was astonishing how glassy and unsure of

"Poor old General," said Indiana, I'm afraid one of these attacks will car-

were soon at the door of the Butternut

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LIFE OF AN ENGINEER.-The life of a rail-Something, who can tell what, made me road engineer is graphically depicted in desperate to-night. As you said, I had the following extract from the Schenectady

Chance led me to the bridge. A moment ' But the engineer, he who guides the man to-night, and I wanted to see him in came when all my life, in its waste, was train by guiding the iron horse, and althe fight. Stop until I have made the full before me; there was nothing but a most holds the lives of passengers in his blank—hate for enemy, love for child, all hands—his is a life of mingled danger The steam from two tumblers of punch gone: a momentary phrenzy—and you and pleasure. In a little 7x9 apartment, with square holes on each side for win Timberwilk's pipe was quite out. He dows, open behind, and with machinery to look through ahead, you find him. He "It was lucky that I did," grasping the is the 'Pathfinder; he leads the way in all times of danger, check the iron horse. or causes it to speed ahead with the veloclem yet to solve. You meant well, and ity of the wind, at will. Have you ever stood by the track, of a dark night, and watched the coming and passing of a train? Away off through the darkness you discover a light, and you hear a noise. and the earth trembles under your feet. "One," said Jefferson, rising and turn- The light comes nearer; you can compare it to nothing but the devil himself. with its terrible whistles; the sparks you proper. But the best of friends must had coiled his grasp round his cravat, eternity without a thought. My picture all this wear and tear, you will sleep imagine comes from Belzebubs nostrils, was out of drawing. You are not the without rocking. Yours has been a hard the fire underneath, that shines close to the ground, causing you to believe that "I will sleep where I am, in this chair, the devil walks on live coals. It comes close to you; you back away and shudder; you look up, and almost on the devils back rides the engineer; perhaps the machine' shrieks, and you imagine the

> 'A daring fellow, that engineer-you can't help saying so, and you wonder wherein lies the pleasure of being an engineer. But so he goes, day after day, night after night. Moonlight evenings It would have startled any but a goblin, he sweeps over the country, through cities and villages, through fairy scenes and forest clearings. He looks through the square holes at his side and enjoys the moonlight, but he cannot stop to enjoy the beauty of the scenery. Cold, rainy, haps the tracks are undermined or overflown with water ; perhaps some scounor trees been overturned across the track, and in either case it is almost instant death to him at least; but he stops he goes, regardless of danger, weather and everything save the well doing of his duty. Think of him, ye who shudder through fear in the cushioned seats of the kindled for your benefit.

> Those who admonish their friends says Plutarch, should observe this rule not to leave them with sharp expressions He had doubted his eyes before she Ill language destroys the force of represpeke. He opened the door, and the hension, which should be always given

Jefferson was in a dream. He would the When is charity like a top?to say I had no trade, no profession, noth- have regarded it as an especial favor, if When it begins to num.