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THE OLD RAILWAY WALL.

How wond'rous and varied the pictures of memory!
Some glowing in sunshine, some saddened with tears;
Whilst others have promise of greater distinctness,
And glow all the brighter with increase of years.
Scarce one but possesses some treasure, surpassing
The richness of Cuben's or Titian's art;
For with it is blended the sweetness of voices,
Those touches the painter can never impart.

It may be the scene of the old fashioned homestead,
The wood frowning near it, with each well-known glade;
Again you are hunting for bluebell and primrose,
Or the gay lords and ladies that grew in the shade;
Again come the voices from over the meadow—
The laughter of children- earth's sweetest refrain;
And the eyes swim with tears as you think of the many
Whose voices will never be heard there again.

Or in that close-curtained regions—so sacred—
The trysting place, hallowed by memories dear;
Where vows passed between you, still firm and unbroken,
Made firm by affection that casteth out fear;
The twilight is deep'ning, the last streak of crimson
Is flecking the cloudlets that lie in its train;
You listen once more in that eventide stillness
To accents more tender than Philmel's strain.

No trysting place mine, with its sweet recollections,
The tenderer scenes are but dimly portrayed;
Like a melody borne to our ears from a distance,
That dies while we wonder from whence it has strayed.
The spot I love dearest—an old narrow cutting,
A road running parallel, flanked by a wall;
Where often I lingered with him whom I trusted,
So steadfast in friendship, so noble withal.

Full often we sat there, the pale moon above us,
And talked of a future that knew no alloy;
Of deep cherished schemes that must end in fruition,
Nor dreamed of the forces that blight and destroy;
All heedless of time till the stillness that follows
The city's dull roar settled down like a pall;
Then with hearts knit more firmly by friendly communion,
We said our farewells by the old Railway Wall.

How few of the castles we built are remaining,
How few of the friends whom we valued so dear;
Our noble ideals, how much unaccomplished,
And the glass reveals darkly that once seemed so clear.
Full many a picture since then have I cherished,
But that of all others I love to recall,
Is the one where I sat with the friend of my boyhood,
In life's joyous morn, on the old Railway Wall.

—W. Ollis, in Jury.

A THRILLING RIDE.

An Experience in a Stage-Coach in the Sierra Nevadas.

ONE night I was crossing the Sierra Nevadas in a stage. I was the only passenger aboard, and hence had a lonely and dreary night of it. The long slow pull of the ascent had consumed all of the fore part of the night and much of the early morn. It was about two o'clock when the summit was reached, all unawares to either myself or the driver in front—for in the tediousness of the long climb, and the silence and solitariness of the surroundings, we had fallen fast asleep.

Suddenly there was a sharp rolling of the wheels, a violent jostling of the seats, and we both awoke to the terrible consciousness that we were going down the mountain at a most frightful gait—a runaway team in front.

When the down grade was struck, the driver—usually a careful and vigilant man—was so fast asleep that the brakes were not applied as promptly as was necessary; and the horses, finding that they were not under control, with the heavy stage rushing upon them, became at once frightened and fled in frantic speed down the steep descent.

When the driver first awoke and realized the situation, he was in mid-air, having been violently thrown from his seat. He had had the lines wrapped about his hands and wrists, and, holding fast unconsciously, he was being jerked forward in the furious leaps of the team. Yet it was but a moment or two until he struck the ragged ledge below the roadway, and I discovered my situation as I heard him utter a horrible shriek and then a low moan as of one in the death agony.

A RUNAWAY TEAM IN FRONT.

By this time the lower wheels of the stage were off the roadway; the stage itself was on the edge of the fearful precipice and the axle of the vehicle being dragged along over the stone wall that supported the lower side of the road bed.

The scream of horror piercing my ears emphasized the frightful situation, for the driver was not only being dashed to his death, as I supposed, in the darkness below, but there was an awful possibility that in the next moment the stage and the horses would go over the brink and land in the dismal unknown abyss of the canyon beneath. The driver was pulling with all his weight in the direction of that abyss.

The half upset stage and the vigorous jerks of the frightened team in front brought additional horrors to me; nevertheless I determined to make an effort to save my life, if possible, in a leap upward. So I sprang out of the stage in a desperate jump from the higher side. I reached the ground in safety, but not a moment too soon.

The stars were bright overhead, and through an opening in the forest trees around on either hand, I saw the "leaders" of the team making a desperate effort to avoid being pulled over the precipice. the lines still in the grasp of the driver below, the man clinging to the ribbons with the clutch of death; and the rough stone edges of the lower wall of the roadway having broken the speed, since the axle had to be dragged forcibly over the uneven surface. With swift decision of mind I saw what must be done to stay the tragedy, so I jumped to the front, seized the leader by the bridle-rein, and at once pulled his face square to the upper bank. I thus stopped the horses and kept the stage still on the road.

I STOPPED THE HORSES.

But where was the driver? This was the harrowing thought now in my mind, for the man's cries were hushed. I cried aloud for him, but no answering voice came in reply, no sound was heard save the echo from the opposite wall of the canyon beyond and the frightful panting of the trembling horses now well in my hands. Again and again I cried—louder and wilder and deeper in my distress. But I heard nothing in response save the mocking echos and the heaving sound of the restless horses. It was the most terrible moment of my life—terrible beyond expression! Alone in the dismal Sierras—themselves the picture and inspiration of gloom! alone in the deadness of the night, with a frightened team I knew not how to manage, a broken stage out of its pathway, and a supposed dead companion to find and guard till help, or the morn, or the grizzly bear should come. No pen can ever adequately portray the sensations of a soul in such a crisis.

Again I cried with a wail of misery and despair. I knew not how long, how loud, nor to whom the wailing note went; but my cry was answered by a low moan, the groan of a man seemingly in the agonies of death. My driver was not yet dead! and so thankfulness again sprang into my soul.

It was some consolation even to hear the sound of the man's agony, for with it came the hope that the poor fellow, after all, would survive.

Hope grew stronger, for the next moment came another and still another groan, this time from a man evidently with vital energy and a rallying struggle. Soon the driver crawled, half dead, up the bank, but the only thing he seemed to be thankful for, and the only fact he appeared to appreciate, was his courage in holding on to the lines while he was being dashed and dragged about on the rocks below. In the darkness the first thing he wanted seen was the manner in which he had performed the fearful feat of—holding the reins! I, still trembling, held the frightened horses against the upper bank, doing all I could to quiet the fears of the panting beasts.

By the aid of matches we soon had a good light, and the situation was fully revealed. The poor driver was frightfully mangled and torn, one ear being well nigh severed from the head as he struck the sharp edge of the rocks below.

I tied up the man as best I could, we mended the broken stage and got it back into the road, and then came the slow and cautious and painful descent to the next station at the foot of the range.

But poor Henry was never again able to go upon the road behind his team in the long months during which I remained in correspondence with friends over his fate.—M. V. Moore, in Detroit Free Press.

—Damaged Goods.—Buzbuz—"You can get a typewriter for a dollar now." Fuzfuz—"My! How homely she must be!"—Chicago Times.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The richest vein of tin in the known world has, it is alleged, been discovered near Durango, Mexico.

—The factories of England, France, Germany and Holland, produce about 87,000,000 pins daily.

—Stenographers and typewriters can be had in New York in bunches at four dollars a week. Cooks at thirty dollars a month cannot be found to supply the demand.

—An English bacteriologist, who is notable as the discoverer of taxalbumens and who is now studying the Koch method at the Hygienic institute, Berlin, announces that he has discovered a remedy for anthrax.

—Babies and young children dressed in white are thought by medical men to be more susceptible to colds and infectious diseases than those clad in dark, warm colors.

—The principle of the compressed paper car wheels, which are so widely used throughout the world, is applied in France to the manufacture of pulleys for power transmission. The pulleys are said to be very light, cheap and serviceable in every respect.

—It was found from careful germination tests at the Wisconsin station that the hulled grains of timothy seed neither germinate so well nor retain their vitality so long as those not hulled; also that timothy seed, when properly stored, is fairly reliable up to five years old.

—Petroleum was discovered near the surface at Lafayette, La., recently, Drilling was commenced at once in the hope of tapping a reservoir of the fluid. At a depth of fifty feet a bed of solid coal of fine quality was struck. The oil, which tests fifty-eight per cent. pure kerosene and a small per cent. of lubricating oil, naphtha and vaseline has so far appeared only in limited quantities.

—The pitting of small-pox has been entirely prevented by Dr. Lewintaner, of Constantinople, by antiseptic treatment, as follows: The entire head and face, except the eyes and the neck, are covered with plaster consisting of three parts of carbolic acid and fifty parts each of olive oil and starch. The body is covered over with a mixture of three parts of salicylic acid, thirty parts starch, and seventy parts olive oil. The internal treatment consists in giving quinine in acid solution.

—Some recent statistics show that very rapid increase is being made in vine culture in this country. There are now under vine culture in America 400,000 acres, of which about 300,000 acres are bearing. The estimated value of the vineyards and wine cellars is $155,000,000. In California there are 150,000 acres under vine culture, and a large proportion of the grapes produced is made into wine. Most of the grapes grown in New York state are sold for food. The total production of wine in the United States during the past year is about 40,000,000 gallons.

—It has been determined that the resistance of the air to a bullet three-quarters of an inch in diameter, weighing one-twelfth of a pound, is about 10 pounds, or 120 times the weight of a bullet at a velocity of about 1,600 feet per second. On the principle of mechanical similitude it has been shown that a 24-pound cannon ball fired with a charge of 16 pounds of powder should acquire a velocity of 1,650 foot-seconds, and that the resistance of the air would then amount to 540 pounds, or nearly 23 times the weight of the shot.

—Experiments recently made in Germany have added convincing evidence to a fact already noted, to wit, the variability of terrestrial latitudes, for example, the latitudes of Berlin, Potsdam and Prague, diminished between August, 1889, and February, 1890, about half a second of arc. In the latter year, between April and August, the latitude of Berlin increased four-tenths of a second. In other words, Berlin is nearer the North Pole in summer than in winter. The periodicity of these variations would indicate that the direction of the earth's axis, under the influence of some external or internal disturbance, was changing. This phenomenon is attracting very general attention.

What the Talmud Is.

The Talmud is the title applied to the Mishnah and Gemara, two collections of Jewish tradition and decisions relative to the law as given by Moses. The Mishnah is the earliest collection of traditionary matter in regard to the law, and the Gemara is an elucidation of the Mishnah text, consisting of a running commentary, explanations and opinions given by renowned rabbinical scholars. The comments are frequently in the form of an argument, reasons pro and con being advanced and instances cited in support of the proposition assumed by the imaginary contestants. There are two Talmuds, or commentaries; that of Jerusalem and that of Babylon, the latter being regarded as more complete and satisfactory. The compilation of the Talmud was begun, it is said, about the time of the return from the Babylonish captivity, B. C. 536, and was completed in the second or third century after Christ. It is, therefore, a body of Jewish thought and doctrine, covering a period of 600 or 700 years.—Chicago Globe.

Not an Ornithologist.

A verdant sportsman at Tulare, Cal., shot at three large birds which he supposed were crows. He killed one of them, and when he went for the carcass was surprised to have the other two come at him with a rush. As they got near he dropped another one, but the third alighted on the back of his neck and made it very uncomfortable for him for a few minutes. The birds were eagles.—Chicago Times.

HUNGARIAN MUSIC.

Its Powerful Influence Over the Native Peasantry.

The national spirit pervades the ancient Hungarian church music, and colors the priest's oration during high mass even to-day. Our ancient chant to St. Elizabeth (used by Liszt's as one of the principal motives in his oratorio Legend of St. Elizabeth) might be the mother of some of our folk-songs, those songs which from the cradle to the end remain the people's faithful friend. Their power seems to be omniptotent, and their sway irresistible. The wild and untamed son of the "puszta" (plains) will listen in tears to the pathetic melodies that the obedient gypsy plays for him, and the peaceful peasant farmer may be transformed into a hurricane at the hearing of certain patriotic songs, or such that may recall the memory of a pair of treacherous brown eyes. Mighty Austria suffered more defeats in 1848-9, thanks to the Rakozy, Hunyady, Kossuth and Klapka marches, than through the inability of her proud generals.

Of a more recent date may be mentioned the following incident: It was in 1878-9, during the occupation of Bosnia. The battle of Maglaj was raging. The enemy, well protected in its fortified position, repulsed the repeated attacks of the third escadron of heavy dragoons (Bohemians), who, disheartened and decimated, retreated in wild disorder. Defeat seemed to be inevitable. Captain Millinkovie's presence of mind bade him to call in the second escadron of the Thirteenth regiment of Hungarian hussars. Using no eloquence, no encouraging word, he simply ordered the band to play three Hungarian melodies for them. The thundering hurrah which drowned the song's last chord led the lads into the fire, and although only twenty out of their hundred survived the carnage, they dislodged the enemy and won the battle.

When in 1849, after the country's victorious self-defense, the magnanimity of Russian hordes intrusted Hungary to the fatherly care of defeated Austria, whose patronage, bravery and civilizatory fervor flourished upon the gallows and in dungeons, and the very utterance of the names of the nation's decapitated heroic martyrs became a Majestatsverbrechen (crime against his majesty), and punished accordingly; when all the refinements of the Spanish Inquisition, revived and improved upon, were the masters of the day; properties confiscated, the language suppressed, and mournful silence accompanied the nation's requiem—song was still soaring in the air.

The love songs, those genuine poems of nature, renewing and arraying themselves in eternal youth and variety, kept on exhaling the perfume of the fields, and the spirit of sincerity, warmth and truth. The corn fields; the flowers; the maidens' brown eyes, or the stars in heaven; the sunlight upon the plains, with its fairy structure, the Fata Morgana, finishing the horizon; the mysteries of night in mountain and forest; the heroic brigand, who single-handed combats armed soldiers to capture the horse which strikes his fancy, or alleviates the rich nobleman's purse to give its contents to the poor; the rushing waters of the Tisza river, or the fiery juice of the country's wine, and the almighty power of song—they are all subjects and elements existing merely to glorify the bliss couched in a pair of brown eyes, or to bewail deception and misery that lie buried in them. Love and song complete each other as melody and harmony. The yearning, the dejected, the happy or love-lost lad or lass, sings the hearts exuberance in appropriate song, very often their own. One might say that every single folk-song is the singing, ringing testament of some actual love drama. Those immediate and sincere creations of such unspoiled and vigorous children of nature as are to be found among the real Hungarian (Magyar) peasantry may be naive in text and musical construction, but while almost never sinking into valgarity, they are true and original. Their growth and development occur frequently in the following manner: The first two or four lines of a newly blossoming song will usually challenge an appropriate sequence of so many lines and bars in some sympathetically afflicted companion, whose contribution may be augmented by others, until the whole village having added its own heart's share to the new song, they all will sing it, spread it, and by-and-by the whole country re-echo with it. It is then that this crystallized essence of so many heart throbs and tears, transformed into a precious pearl, enters the treasury of Hungarian folk-songs, and becomes the nation's property.

But the two brown eyes which struck the first spark, and the loving heart which nurtured it into the glowing first two or four lines, and the others, where are they? Have they joined some traveling breezes laden with seeds of wild flowers to re-blossom somewhere else? Or have they vanished into oblivion, simply to make room for others to come?—Francis Korbay, in Harper's Magazine.

A Hint to Landlords.

Stranger—How is it that you charge me three dollars a day instead of one, the usual price?

Landlord—My dear sir, when you came here you took the only vacant room in the house, so I had to turn away two men who subsequently applied for board and lodgings. You don't expect me to lose what they might have paid if you hadn't come, do you?—Texas Siftings.

DIAMOND SALESMEN.

Competent Men Hard to Find Even at Princely Salaries.

"A thoroughly competent and thoroughly equipped diamond salesman," said a leading importer of the valuable stones, "is almost as rare and valuable as the diamond itself. I will say freely to you now that if I could find a salesman who filled all the requirements of the position, I would gladly pay him a salary of $10,000 or $15,000 per year. But it is difficult to find a well equipped salesman who has not some drawback or fault. There is a man in my mind now who is a most valuable salesman, is possessed of a thorough knowledge of diamonds, and his only fault is the fact that he will get drunk. Now if this man was strictly sober he could add several thousand dollars yearly to his salary. As it, is, he draws a large salary, and the house which employs him would worry if they thought there was any danger of losing him. You can appreciate the danger of employing a man who is addicted to drink as a diamond salesman at once. You see we are forced by the nature of our business to give such a salesman when he goes out a valuable lot of goods to sell. We can't sell goods like other people. The buyer must examine each one. Hence we are forced to give a man a large and valuable stock of goods when he goes out to visit our customers. Now, anyone would naturally hesitate before he gives a man, who is addicted to drink, a stock of goods worth from $20,000 to $30,000. The firm who employs the salesman to whom I refer thoroughly realizes the danger, and so does the salesman himself. He knows his own value, and he also knows his own habits.

"In order to protect him when he goes out with a stock of goods a man is sent to accompany him. This man who has nothing else in the world to do, always watches the salesman and takes care of his stock when he gets drunk. He receives a salary of $1,200 a year and has all of his expenses paid. Of course, this man is of really no value except as a guard over the salesman, and you can at once see the estimate placed by the firm on the salesman's value.

"If they could get as good a man who was not addicted to liquor, they would quickly discharge the man they now employ. There is no doubt about the temptations in the way of a diamond salesman. They are greater than those placed in the way of any other class of trusted men I know.

"One of the greatest dangers to a diamond importing firm is that a trusted salesman will fall in with an unscrupulous woman, or will become addicted to the habit of gambling. Suppose a man becomes a gambler, and suffers losses heavier than he can afford. He gets in a tight place. Like every gambler, he feels his luck will soon turn. He knows that he has $20,000 or $25,000 worth of goods with him, on which he can at once realize ready money at a pawn shop.

"He never doubts the turn of the cards his way. He sel s or pledges his goods. Any of his regular customers will buy from him and will never suspect anything if he offers a bargain. He has done that often before for the sake of trade. He loses the money and his delinquency is soon revealed. Then comes arrest, prosecution and conviction. As I said when I began, good diamond salesmen are rare, and I could name now several men who have been found short, but whom their employers have forgiven and offered another chance sooner than lose their services. If we could sell goods by sample all this would be changed, but we can not, and hence we are forced to take the risks. As a result, you will find that as soon as possible most importers of diamonds give a salesman as soon as they possibly can an interest in the business besides his salary, so as to offer an additional inducement to him to be honest."—N. Y. News.

SEEING A JOKE.

The Density of Some of Our Continental Neighbors.

A friend of ours tells a good story with regard to the obtruseness of many Scotch people in seeing a joke. He had occasion once in London to introduce two Scotsmen, called Christmas and Holiday; and he felt that he really could not do so without making some re erence to their peculiar names, which he did by saying, with a smile:

"I take it you must be related to each other."

"No," said Mr. Christmas "I think not."

Mr. Holiday, who appeared the more aristocratic of the two, drew himself up in a stately manner, and replied:

"I know our family very well; and we have no connection with any by the name of Christmas."

Then he immediately changed the subject to matters of business.

Some days after, in discussing the subject of the wit of various nations with an English acquaintance, who remarked that the majority of Scotch people were slow to see a joke, my friend quoted this instance as a case quite in point. When he had finished his story and was expecting the other to say, as he himself laughed at the joke: "Well, that was stupid enough!" he was amazed, for, with a perfectly sober face, the reply came:

"Well, they weren't related, were they?"

He concluded he would make no further attempts at facetious remarks at witticisms with either English or Scotsmen, but save his strength in that direction where it would be appreciated—Pearson's Weekly.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"What's Wing's business?" "Decorative artist." "What is his specialty?" "The town."—St. Joseph News.

—Never speak ill of anybody; you can do just as much execution with a shrug of the shoulders or a significant look.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

—"Where's the proprietor?" asked a man, as he entered a down-town restuarant. "He's gone home to dinner, sir," replied a waiter.

—Watts—"Hello, Potts. Why are you eating down town? Wife gone away?" Potts—"No. Her dog is dead."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Gazzam—"It is said that many a book is sold by its title." Bunting—"Many American girls are sold by titles, too."—Smith Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

—Say to the average man that there is a new sensation in town, and the thought will flash across his mind that he has been found out at last.—Atchison Globe.

—Another Temptation.—Mrs. Hojack—"A woman who can write poetry and will not write poetry should be——" Hojack (interrupting) — "Richly rewarded."—Inter Ocean.

—We've all Been There.—Mrs. Hustley—"O, our church fair was a wonderful success! We cleared over $2,000." Mr. Beenthere—"What frightful robbery!"—Boston Courier.

—"Have you heard about Blicker" "No; what's up now?" "They say he's struck natural gas." "Natural gas! Well, I should think so! He's married a widow who talked three men to death before she was forty."

—"I hear the plumber is engaged to your housemaid." "Yes." "Why don't they get married?" "He is not rich enough yet. She hasn't been in my employ long enough to stuff the water pipes more than once."—Epoch.

—Weakley—"Statistics show that men of brain and thought attain a good old age, and that nincompoops die very young." Miss Sharpley—"I presume you have your obituary prepared, Mr. Weakley?"—Cincinnati Gazette.

—Newspaper Titles.—Little Boy—"Pop, what's the difference between an editor-in-chief and a managing editor?" "Pop (an old reporter)—"The editor-in-chief is the man who attends banquets and gets all the glory, the managing editor is the man who does the work."—Good News.

—Different Men, Different Minds.—"Why do the poker players sometimes get up and walk around their chairs?" "They are superstitious, and think that will change their luck." "Why doesn't that old gambler do it?" "He's afraid he might shake some of the cards out of his sleeve."—N. Y. Sun.

—Presentiments.—"Do you believe in presentiments, Dodsley?" "I do, Duffer, most thoroughly." "Did you ever know one to come true?" "I never allow them to. When you made an appointment to meet me I had a presentiment that you wanted a loan, and I left my pocket-book at home." "Well, that knocks out mine, too. I had a presentiment that you would oblige, but I never knew one to come true."—Chicago Times.

A VALUABLE NECKTIE.

It Contained Twenty Thousand Dollars in Cash.

His necktie was worth $20,000. A plain, black, ordinary-looking, every-day, four-in-hand, but worth $20,000. He was a traveler who had just come in on the Sante Fe route direct from Arizona, and he removed his coat and vest preparatory to cleaning his cinder-speckled face in the lavatory of a prominent Michigan avenue hotel. With the carelessness of a western man he flung his coat and vest on a contiguous chair, but his necktie, his four-in-hand he carefully rolled up in a small compass and thrust deep into his trousers pocket.

This unusual exhibition of caution excited the curiosity of a friend, and the natural query, "Wherefore?" developed a most ingenious device.

"That necktie is worth just $20,000 plus the cost price of the article itself. Sabe?"

The smile of incredulity brought the valuable piece of black silk to view again. With his penknife the traveler open the seam, and unfolding the ripped portions, dazzled the eyes of the skeptic with ten crisp, clean $1,000 bills. "Ten thousand dollars on this end and the same ante on the other. Beats a money-belt all hollow. I was held up by the James and Younger boys in Blue Clay cut one time and 'Jim' Younger ran his hand over my body and felt the money-belt, and I handed over just $1,200. But what thief, or son of a thief, would ever look twice at a fifty-cent necktie? They might corral it if it was red or yellow or even sky-blue, but plain black is too unobtrusive, for those chaps run to high color. This plan is better than the porous plaster scheme, too. Never heard of it?

"Well, next time you travel with more ready cash than you care to have obtanable, step into a drug store and buy two porous plasters. Fold your wad neatly and flat, wrap around it a piece of oiled silk and stick a plaster over it and on to the outside of the other plaster. Then slap this double-deck plaster on your chest and no one's the wiser. But the four-in-hand racket's the best," and the man with the $20,000 necktie gave it a final twist as he tied it around his collar, slipped on his vest and coat and walked out, serene and secure with twenty $1,000 bills snugly hid away in his queer safety-deposit vault.—Chicago News.