

TROY HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 17, 1873.

THESE.

To any hearts who there, beyond the peaceful river?  
Do, foot souls wait, with longing in their eyes,  
For those who come not—will not come, forever—  
For some wild hope whose dawn will never rise?  
Do any love there still, beyond the silent river,  
The ones they loved in vain, this side its flow?  
Does the old pain make their heart-strings ache and quiver?  
I shall go home, some day, go home and know.  
The hill tops are bright there, beyond the shining river,  
And the long glad day, it never turns to night?  
They must be blest, indeed, to bear the light forever—  
Grief lings for darkness to hide its tears from sight.  
Are tears turned to smiling, beyond the blissful river,  
And mortal pain and passion deluged in its flow?  
Then all we, who sit upon its banks and shiver,  
Let us rejoice—we shall go home and know.  
—Louise Chandler Moulton.

AT THE GARDEN GATE.

Sombody came to the garden gate,  
With a soft hand trimmed the flowers;  
And a blackbird piped to his list'ning mate,  
In language as rich as ours.  
Sombody blushed at the garden gate—  
A blush it was fair to see;  
And the sky sun peered as he fain would wait,  
And the blackbird paused on the tree.  
Sombody spoke at the garden gate,  
As the shadows began to fall;  
And the rose looked up through the hour was late,  
And the peach blushed pink on the wall.  
A sweet head fell at the garden gate,  
On an arm that was strong and true;  
And a chirrup of lips was heard to state  
What words refused to do.

KATIE'S LANTERN.

[From Appleton's Magazine.]

Truth to tell the comfortable, old-fashioned farm-house, at the foot of the narrow and rocky ledge, had a most picturesque position. A way to the southward wound and smiled the fertile valley, a good proportion of whose acres appertained to Grandfather Crowninshield, and along the edge thereof swept the curve of the railway, after what seemed its birth in the cloven ledge so very near to Katie Crowninshield's home. As for Katie herself, with her sweet, fresh face and her merry brown eyes, the little valley and her nestling home were all the world to her, all, indeed, that she had ever known, for she had been but a wee thing when Grandfather and Grandmother Crowninshield became father and mother to her, in place of those whose faces she could hardly now remember. Neither did it ever occur to her that she was in any sense an heiress, for she seemed rather to belong to the valley than the valley to her; while the idea, if anything had brought it to her mind, that her good old grandparents were not to live forever, would have turned the brightest June day to the gloomiest December.

But, in these latter years, one great entity had painfully struggled into Katie's world, with an apparent mission to unite the valley with that great unknown, which lay beyond the hills and ledges. Katie had seen the ragged rift cleft in the granite wall, watching it curiously from the door or window, and listening for the dull reports of the blasting charges, until the barrier was pierced and the railway crept out and forced its way down through the valley, and ever since the trains began to run, she had connected with them the idea of a life that was almost human. She had waved her handkerchief enthusiastically to the very first train, and had been liberally responded to by passengers and conductor; and, although she had been then a little girl, and was now a young lady, she had never yet dreamed of any unmanly boldness in giving the same white signal of welcome, at times, when the great railway mystery came rushing out of the cloven wall. There was one train in particular to which Katie's attentions were at last pretty well restricted—a through express which went by at 8 o'clock in the morning, and there was another from the same direction again at 8 o'clock at night. With the latter, for a long time, Katie felt no sort of sympathy, since it could, as she thought, neither see nor acknowledge courteous greetings, while from the former, just as easily as her own dainty "good morning" fluttered above the garden-gate, so certainly would there be a fleeting flash of white to answer her from the platform of one of the cars, or even from the engine itself, for that, too, had happened. And Katie knew very well that, in these latter days, at

least, her answer had always come from the same hand. A tall, erect, manly fellow he was, dressed in dark blue cloth; and Katie had been well aware, for a good while, that he was the conductor of the train, but she had never yet been near enough to speak to him, or get any clearer notion of his face and its meaning than might be given her in those swift but almost daily glimpses. When or how he found his way back to the beginning of his perpetual journey, was a question that Katie never asked even of herself. It was enough that every morning the swift train brought him out of the unknown country beyond the hills, and added a something, that had grown to be very pleasant, to the peace and quiet of her day.

There was something very noteworthy, even to railway men, about the manner in which the road broke in upon the valley. A deep cut, a sharp curve, and a heavy down-grade, combined to make the precise point where the conductor had learned to look for Katie's greeting, an interesting one; and her white kerchief may even have seemed to wave a species of congratulation at his repeated safe passage of what might at any time have shaped itself into a danger.

Be that as it may, the railway "cut" had brought to Katie Crowninshield, among other results, a shorter and easier path to the home of her aunt, her mother's sister, who lived just a little way beyond the ledge, and who was never satisfied if too many days passed by without bringing the sunlight of Katie's face across her threshold. And so Katie had gone and returned many and many a time, by the narrow path between the granite walls. She had learned to walk the rails like a rope-dancer, and she knew the time of every train too well, as she often told Aunt Betsey, over to get caught in the cut. Even if she should, she said, there were ever so many places where she could clamber up on the rocks at the side and be entirely safe. Nobody in that peaceful region dreamed of fear at being "out after dark;" and again and again had good Aunt Betsey detained her pet until night had fallen, although her only company homeward was her little star of a lantern. It was a neat little lantern, with a sort of piquant winning character of its own, like everything else that belonged to Katie Crowninshield, and she herself was half inclined to make a confidant of it.

In fact, Katie's lantern found occasion for putting on almost the semblance of a personal friend. There came a day when Katie's handkerchief fluttered in vain, and then another, when even the reply she received from the train convinced her that there had been a change of some kind, and that she would receive no more signals from the same hand. It was odd enough, but her long accustomed bit of morning pleasure seemed suddenly turned into something childish and uninteresting—a worn-out amusement that it was time to put aside with her discarded dolls. And so she sadly prepared to give it up, in the first fit of genuine blues she had ever indulged in; but, in a few evenings afterwards, she lingered at the garden-gate a little, after her return from Aunt Betsey's, to see the night express go flashing by. It was a grand sight when it came, incomparably more interesting and mysterious in the darkness than ever in the day, and Katie wondered she had never thought so before; but she almost unconsciously raised her little lantern, and swung it around her head as she had used to wave her handkerchief.

Could she believe her eyes! She almost refused to give them any faith at first, but then there followed a quick flush in her cheek and a warm glow at her heart; for she was sure there had been an answering light, and she could almost picture a tall form in dark-blue clothing, standing on the platform between two of the cars.

She knew very little of railway matters, but was not so dull that there was any special mystery to her mind in such a thing as a change of train conductor. She did not let Grandfather or Grandmother Crowninshield see her, however, the next evening when she again crept out to the gate, almost smothering her little lantern; for she had a half-futtering sort of dread that this second experiment might fail.

Fall? No; the greeting from the train was as ready as was Katie's own "good evening," and the little lantern was likely thenceforth to be the foremost of prime favorites with its mistress. And now, while the October days grew cooler and the glorious evenings longer, Grandmother Crowninshield began to grumble a little at the disposition her darling evinced to pay so many visits to Aunt Betsey.

"It's a long walk for you child," she said; "and it's right through the cut, too. What if a railway train should come right along before you could get out?"

"O, grandmamma, that'll never happen," laughed Katie; "the railroad and I are very good friends."

"You ought to be," said grand-mother. "I never saw any living being care more for a dumb thing than you've always done for that there train."

But grandmother was nearer right than Katie; for only a night or so after that—it must have been that Aunt Betsey's clock was slow—for Katie was in the very middle of the cut when her ears were suddenly filled with the shriek and roar with which the train dashed in at the upper end.

Her heart beat quickly for a moment, but not with fear; for as she sprang lightly upon a projecting rock that had often before a very available perch, she gathered her fluttering dress more closely about her and exclaimed:

"There, I'm safe enough; but to think of its coming so near!"

Near enough, indeed, and Katie leaned back hard against the crag behind her; for it seemed as if she could feel the breath of the iron monster on her cheek. In one hand she clutched more tightly the folds of her shawl, and in the other she raised her lantern, as if its feeble star could be of some protection, and then her grasp of it grew suddenly very tight, indeed; for leaning out a little from the platform of a car, and looking, as if impatient for the train to clear the cut, stood a tall, handsome, bearded man, in dark-blue clothes, with a lantern in his hand, and his eager, waiting, expectant face, came so very close to her own!

It was like a flash of lightning; but Katie knew the face, and she knew also that she herself had been seen, and she had even marked the swift paling of the brozed visage as it recognized her and then swopt on into the darkness beyond.

"He was afraid I would be hurt," she thought; and then she said aloud: "But he must have seen how safe I was, up here on the rock. I don't believe he swung his lantern at our garden-gate to-night."

Katie did not relate her adventure even to her grandmother, and on her next visit to Aunt Betsey's she was careful to come away in time.

"I don't want to get home so very much too early," she said to herself, as she finished her visit and hurried her departure; "but I don't like being caught in the cut at all. I'm glad I'm so sure not to meet anybody. I believe I'd want to hide away from a stranger, to-night, almost as much as from a railway train."

It was indeed an unusually dark and gloomy night, but Katie was destined to be disappointed in the hope of getting through the cut without seeing anybody. As has been said, the granite ledge had necessarily been pierced on a curved line, so that no one standing at one end of the cut, moderate as were its dimensions, could see more than half way through.

Aunt Betsey's house was some little distance from the upper entrance, and the approach to the latter was gloomy enough that night, even for one who knew every inch of the way as well Katie did; but her little lantern shone out cheerily against its bright reflector, throwing its radiance ahead, as if it were trying to tell her: "There, dear, that's it; don't be afraid, now, I'll show you the track!" But Katie remembered, just then, that it was getting later every minute, and she tipped briskly into the cut, wondering why the lantern light should make it look so strangely high and narrow. She had not gone far, however, before the granite walls brought to her ears, all the way from the lower end and around the curve as if the cut had been a speaking-tube, the sound of voices that were evidently meant to be low and guarded. There were other sounds mingled with the voices, and Katie could not make out more than a word or so here and there, but there was something about it all that startled and frightened her. At first she was half inclined to turn and make the best of her way back to Aunt Betsey's; but that seemed foolish, and Katie was really a courageous little soul. She hid her lantern under her shawl, however, and stepped very lightly and swiftly forward, trying to remember if there were not a rock or hollow where she would be as safe from men as she had been from the passing train. She did not think of or find any such place, and, after all, the persons whose voices troubled her were not in the cut, nor were they coming to meet her. She was very nearly through, herself, before she could make out what it all meant; but as she paused in the deep shadows of the rock and peered timidly out towards the now dull and muffled sound, with which the voices were no longer mingled, a broad, quick gleam, as from a lantern suddenly shaded or extinguished, shot across the track not many yards below, and then all was darkness and silence.

But that one moment of illumination had revealed extraordinary things to the keen, excited vision of Katie Crowninshield.

There were men, three or four, she could not say just how many, but rough, fierce, wild and anxious-looking, and before them, on the railway track, from which the rails had been pried away just there, was a confused heap of heavy granite bowlders and fragments. Katie understood it as clearly as if those men had taken her into their confidence and had told her in words.

It was a plot to wreck the train!

No matter why—whether for revenge, or plunder, or in the utter malignity of lost souls—Katie never paused so much as to ask herself a

question, but turned and fled back through the cut as if for life and death, for both were with her, side by side, and hurrying step for step. She had no thought or dread that the wreckers had seen her, or would follow. Neither was it at all likely; but Katie's brain was too full of her purpose to admit a thought of self, and she held out her lantern fearlessly enough now, that she might be doubly sure of her footing on the ties and gravel.

And now she was out in the open air, beyond the upper entrance, and she could see the peaceful light still shining from Aunt Betsey's window. But there was no time to go there for help.

The train must be so very near! Katie did for a moment think of kindling a bright fire on the track, but that would take too long, and the great ruin and horror would come before even a small sagot would be well ablaze.

"There is nothing but my own little lantern," almost sobbed poor Katie. "Maybe he will know it when he sees it, but he must be warned before he reaches the cut."

The lantern shone like a frosty little star determined to be seen as Katie sprang forward up the track. She had not far to go, for the train was ahead of time that night instead of behind, as would have been more desirable under the circumstances. Never had anything appeared to Katie Crowninshield more suddenly than did the great, glaring eyes of the locomotive head-lights that now glowed upon her out of the overshadowing night, and her lantern seemed to have instantaneously vanished.

"It is so small," she cried in agony, "and he will never see it."

Nevertheless, on a low mound of earth and stones, close by the side of the track, Katie took her post of clarity and danger, and swung her little lantern frantically to and fro, while she now tried to make her sweet girl's voice heard through the roar and clamor of the rushing train.

On came the railway giant, tugging with him his precious freight of human life, and it flashed upon Katie Crowninshield's mind what an awful capacity for suffering that train might have on board. On, with the great glare and the all-absorbing torrent of sound, and almost before Katie knew it, the object of her hope and fear had dashed ruthlessly past, and was quickly swallowed up from her sight in the rocky jaws of the deep cut. With a cry of grief and disappointment on her lips, and a strange thrill of pain at her heart, the poor girl sank upon the ground and buried her face in her hands, while the little lantern dropped neglectedly beside her.

Only for one brief instant, however, did Katie yield to the terror and the trouble of it, for in another she had picked up her starry friend, sprang to her feet, and darted away down the railroad track toward the cut. She was light of foot as any fawn, and there were sad wings to her as if she should never get through the cut. She paused a moment, when the lower end was reached, to gather breath and to brush the salt mist from her eyes before she looked upon the awful scene she knew must be prepared for her.

And then—why, there was the train, the rear car rising close in front of her, while the others (and there were but few of them that night) stood all erect upon their wheels beyond—not all upon the track, to be sure, but all apparently safe—all, except one great, dark mass, whose polished metal glittered in the varying lights that flashed upon it, and whose hoarse throat screamed angrily with the escaping steam, for the locomotive had come to grief pretty decidedly among the granite bowlders that were heaped on the track by the floods who had planned the wreck.

The passengers were swarming out of the cars, and none of them seemed to be hurt at all, nor did Katie hear a sound that told of pain as she swiftly threaded her way among and past them. She had caught a glimpse of a group away beyond even the shattered locomotive, however, which forbade her lingering for an instant. Right down toward her own garden-gate four men were carrying a heavy burden, and others were following, and Katie heard them say as she darted by:

"Who is it?"

"Why, it's the conductor. He was thrown from the platform of the forward car."

"Is he killed?"

"They say so. Nobody else was hurt. He was a splendid fellow."

A tall, handsome, bearded man, in dark blue clothing, but his face was ghastly pale when they laid him on Grandfather Crowninshield's own bed, and the surgeon, who had been the passengers bent gloomily above among him. "Head all right," muttered the man of science. "Only a cut or so. Ah, there's a rib, two of 'em, and his left arm below the elbow. Struck the ground so, that's clear, and the other bones are likely to be all right. Must have been leaning out to look ahead, I should say: 'Hallo, what's that light on his face?'"

The light in the room, what with the crowd and the country candles, had been none of the brightest, but just at that moment a clear, golden

gleam was poured down on the face of the injured man, and slowly, as if the radiance itself had awakened him, he opened his eyes and looked drowsily about him.

The surgeon heard a sigh that was half a sob close behind him, and looked up to see that that and the sudden light came from Katie and her lantern, but just then the questioning eyes of the wounded conductor fell upon her face, and he exclaimed, faintly but earnestly:

"I know it was hardly room to stop the train in, but we'd have all gone to pieces if it hadn't been for you and your light. You've saved them all, God bless you!"

And so Katie Crowninshield suddenly found herself a heroine with a swarm of grateful people around her very much to her discomfort. They would have made her a present if she would have allowed them, but the, only really welcome words she heard from any one were those of the surgeon:

"What, killed? A man like him? Nonsense! he'll carry his arm in a sling for a month or so, but he'll be up again in a fortnight."

Of course, no time was lost in repairing the track and in forwarding the passengers, and a few hours only saw the old farm-house as quiet and peaceful-looking as ever. Even the surgeon had done his work and gone. The engine lay battered and helpless among the bowlders where it had forced its willful way. The conductor lay still on Grandfather Crowninshield's bed, and the stifled sobs of the surgeon's opiate gave him wide starry with signals that white fingers held up before his dreaming eyes.

As for Katie and her lantern, the latter had fairly burned itself out and asleep on the little table in Katie's own room, and she herself had by no means clearly comprehended, as yet, the happy consequences other railway signaling. It was very much like a dream to her, for Katie was no prophetess, nor could even her lantern throw any light on the future. She could not see, just then, and yet the days that followed brought it all to pass, that neither she herself, nor Grandfather and Grandmother Crowninshield, would consent to any more railroading or signaling. It was much better, indeed, they all declared, nor did he himself pretend to deny it, that Katie's husband should farm broad acres of the fertile valley than that he should any more be at the mercy of train-wreckers and wayside lanterns. And when the question was decided to her liking, such a hug and kiss was that which Katie Crowninshield gave—

"To whom?"

"Why, to her lantern, of course."

**BLOOD MONEY.**—An ex-soldier has returned to the Treasury Department all the pension-money hitherto drawn by him, upon the ground that it is "blood-money," and he has conscientiously scruples against receiving it. Herein we and the other members of the home guard have the advantage over this person. If we ever get a pension from the government, we need not hesitate to take it because we dislike blood-money. There is not the slightest probability that any of us would hesitate; but, at any rate it might be comforting, if we ever got the cash, to reflect that it is not the price of blood. In this we and our companions in the militia are peculiar among warriors. We have all studiously refrained from shedding blood. Some of us were anxious to spill gore—we thirsted for it. But we restrained ourselves; we held our wild, tempestuous passions in check; we curbed our ferocious and sanguinary nature; and when we found that if we went into battle we must shed blood, we left the ranks and went home rather than yield to the impulses of our brutal instincts. There is something grand and beautiful about this kind of self-restraint and self-discipline, and it seemed even more magnificent at the time—when we were out with the militia in defence of the state of Pennsylvania.—*Max Adeler in To-Day.*

**A SPECTRAL BANQUET.**—The *Cologne Gazette* prints the following curious story: "In one of the principal restaurants in Paris, a single guest lately sat down to a table laid for thirteen. He signified to the person that the other twelve places were taken and proceeded quietly to eat his dinner. For twenty years, on the same day, he had dined at a table similarly furnished. This year he was unaccompanied except by memories of the dead. On the first anniversary the thirteen places were all filled, the comte de Flehac, Alfred De Musset and Theophile Gautier being of the number. Next year one chair—like *Banquet's*—was empty. Year after year passed, and though the friends were fewer the seats were placed as for the original party. During the course of the present year the last but one died, and the survivor, M. Rabelais, the artist, in his eighty-fourth year, dined alone."

A Mr. Dahm runs a store and hardware store up at Eagle Harbor, and the *Marquette Press* says: "He must have had an extensive trade, for we have heard his name mentioned in connection with all the stoves and stove-pipe we ever saw put together here or elsewhere."