

TWO OLD SCHOOLFELLOWS.

Over the hill and valley,
Drawn by the steam horse's power,
The railroad king is speeding
Forty miles an hour!

He counts his wealth by millions,
By thousands counts his men;
O'er ten thousand miles of gleaming rails
He waves his scepter pen.

The diamonds of the coal mines,
Where toil the miners grim,
And the gold of the waving cornfields
Pay tribute unto him.

But pale and worn is the monarch;
Unheeding is the eye
Before which the smiling country
Goes fitting and whirling by.

And he sees but does not notice
The farmer rein old Gray
At the crossing, to let the special pass,
Speeding upon its way.

Stalwart and strong is Farmer John,
And bronzed with sun and weather.
"Ha, wife," he laughs, "you'd never think
He and I were boys together!"

"He, that shadow, silent and sly,
No bigger than my arm,
He owns a hundred millions, and I
Have only you and the farm!"

"But, Lord, who ever would change with
him?
Poor fellow, he never sees
Our upland meadow of clover red,
Our blossoming apple trees.

"He only hears the clanging wheels
And the engine's whistle shrill;
Ours are the humming of the bees
And the wild bird's summer trill.

"And while in the dusty town he toils
At a toil that ne'er is done,
I swing my scythe to a merry song
In the cheery wind and sun.

"And we shall be jogging behind old Gray
When in earth his bones shall lie,
How long do these meadows keep the
sound
Of his swift train roaring by?"
—Philadelphia Record.

"JIM'S ONERY BROTHER."

The Mysterious Robberies at Flat Broke Camp.

Flat Broke was in a state of angry sub-surface excitement. The hanging of a Chinaman a fortnight before had not stopped the robberies of dust, which now came to be of nightly occurrence. Every man in the camp looked on his neighbor with a distrustful eye and the universal distrust created an irritating condition of public sentiment, the peculiarity of which was that each miner felt himself under the surveillance of his comrades and unjustly beneath the blighting shadow of suspicion.

When the camp turned out one bright morning and added a page to its rather turbulent history in the above-mentioned episode, leaving the horrid shape dangling to a cottonwood as a monument of blind savagery, it showed the utmost cheerfulness and good humor. The picturesque and rugged landscape, the singing of the birds, the sweet, aromatic woody odors which hung over the early breeze, the dazzling sunlight, the placid calm of the young day were all in accordance with the feelings of the boys, who enjoyed on their return to work the peace of approving consciences and the satisfaction born of a good deed fitly performed; and yet the poor, inoffensive, half-blind life which had been so mercilessly snuffed out was sent into the mysterious beyond for the crimes of another, and the Flat Brokers became dimly conscious of the fact, as after a few days the robberies were resumed.

"If a Chinaman was a human, I'll be derided if I wouldn't feel sneakin' about sendin' him over the divide," said Gold Dollar; but Gold Dollar was looked upon as unnecessarily sentimental.

Jim Fikes had suffered much. One of the first hauls the thieves had made had been through a slit cut in his tent. Later he built a shack, and one night, while he was absent over the range, it was broken open and the small hoardings of himself and his brother were again taken. By virtue of his losses he was made chief prosecutor before Judge Lynch, but he seemed unnecessarily severe in his accusations against the poor, chattering wretch who only partially understood the nature of the difficulty.

"Too blamed hard on the yaller devil, seeing as he's got to hang anyway!" said "Caravan" Jones at the trial; which remark caused "Caravan" to be facetiously installed chief mourner in the subsequent ceremonies.

Perhaps Fikes' losses had made him hard. None knew or cared.

He was tall and angular, with sloping shoulders, and he came from Missouri. His hair and whiskers were dark, but his eyes were those of a blonde—not a reassuring combination. Then there was Jim's brother. I had almost forgotten him. No one ever heard his given name, and he was too insignificant to be accorded a nick-name. Jim invariably addressed him as "Say, you," and he was referred to as "him," or "Jim's onery brother." The man's appearance was far from inviting, and there was a general lack of color in his entire make-up. He had straw tinted-hair, faded and sunburned, large, watery, protruding eyes of no particular hue, and complexion and clothes alike of a dull, dead clay color. Never making a positive assertion; holding opinions that were faint and half-hearted echoes of those of his brother, and having an expression which was a standing apology for his presence on earth, his whole being seemed to be a negative quality. As a consequence his life was a continued career of sacrifice and self-abnegation

before his brother. Both had loved the same woman. Jim married her, and uncomplainingly the brother carried the burden of his disappointment as he supposed in secret; but Jim saw it plainly enough though no word was spoken. Jealous? Not a bit of it. He knew too well the dog-like fidelity of his dull relative and turned the sentiment to account in more ways than one.

The night was hot and lowery. Flat Broke, never tranquil, was a picture of wholesale ill-temper. One or two fights had come off early in the evening down at Lucretia Borgia's, which could be directly traced to slighting allusions or suspicious looks over the late robberies. Lucretia Borgia, who had been named with the usual disregard to the fitness of things, as far as sex was concerned, in compliment to the quality of liquor he set out upon his bar, kept the most popular place in Flat Broke. It was the heart of the camp, and there its leading citizens were ever to be found outside of business hours.

"This yer thing has got to be clared up," said Gold Dollar, decisively; "or the likeliest camp on the range will go to pieces. We don't want any more promise us hangin', fer the don't seem to fetch it," and he called his partner aside and fell to discussing the mystery.

An hour later the surly revelers at "Lucreesh's" were startled by the appearance of Gold Dollar and his partner with Jim Fikes between them, cool, defiant and cheerful.

"Fore God, gents, I kin prove you've struck the wrong lead."

"You'll hev the chance, pardner," humorously remarked the captor, and the crowd laughed.

The news brought the entire camp to the spot in a few moments. "Lucreesh" was obliged to call up one of his day-shift bartenders to accommodate the excited gentlemen. The sensation took possession of every one; even the faro-bank dealer in the next room suspended operations a few moments to listen, a proceeding which no mere killing could bring about. Some were for a moonlight neck-tie party at once; but Gold Dollar demurred.

"We made a miscue when we worked off the Chinese, an' while they don't count, seein' as he war a Chinese, yet we'd a done the same ef he war a human, an' thet would a bin onpleasant."

The county had just been organized and an appeal issued, calling on the inhabitants to submit to the laws of civilization, which was met with derision; but now when Gold Dollar argued for a regular trial by the newly-appointed officials, the proposition was hailed with delight as an amusing novelty.

"We'll have some fun out of the tender-foot nonsense, and if she don't work right, she goes!" was the popular verdict.

While the deliberations were being conducted, Jim's brother hovered about the outskirts of the camp like a frightened hare, straining his ears to formulate some meaning from the shouts which echoed up the gulch from "Lucreesh's." When an opening door threw a path of light into the night he shrank affrighted into the deeper gloom of the chaparral. Trembling, feverish, heartsick, he skulked in the shadows with one idea—that of escape for his brother—fluttering within the walls of his dull mind, like a helpless bird dashing itself against the bars of its cage.

In the saloon, with hands bound in front, elbows on his knees, head down, sat the prisoner, his mind busy all the night long turning over plans of escape with the cunning of a devil. One of his guards slept. The vigilance of the other, seated on the floor with his back against the wall and a cocked derringer handy, precluded any thought of escape by force or flight. The watcher was secretly desirous that an attempt might be made so that he could display his superior marksmanship, and the wretched man knew it.

After midnight the crowd thinned out and conversation became subdued. The imperturbable faro dealer continued his work as silently as fate. Occasionally a player arose with a deep-drawn breath, which told he had been cleaned out, and shoving his hands into his empty pocket, watched the game as another quietly slipped into his seat. The bartender came out and tried to engage the prisoner in conversation, but without success. The man sleeping under a billiard table snored softly, and two or three in chairs nodded the hours away. The light in the little tin boat over the pool table grew dim in the stale and poisonous air, and the silence was broken only by the rattle of chips and the low-spoken monosyllable over a game of poker. Some noisy drinker might disturb the calm for a moment, and when the bustle died away in the night as he wandered to some other saloon, the endless clicking of chips, which went on day and night the year through, became audible again. And so the long night wore away.

Just as the morning sun painted the hill-tops in molten gold against the filmy haze of the western sky, and the lights in the saloons, pale and sickly in the coming dawn, finally flickered out, Jim raised his head and asked for a drink. His problem was solved.

At that moment a miner leisurely walking up the gulch to his shack, after a night's hard luck at high ball poker, stopped and listened to a half-suppressed wail which arose from the shadowy rocks below.

"I can't get him out! I must get him; I must—I must! Poor Maria—if we could only get back to Missouri! How—oh God, tell me how! Tell me what to do!"

"Poor devil, it's Jim's brother," and the miner continued his slow climbing. Among the most grotesque episodes

of frontier life are its legal proceedings. The religious regard for hollow form implanted in the ignorant breast, conflicting with an equally sincere intolerance of restraint, creates endless incongruities; hence Jim's trial promised a fund of entertainment for all.

Early in the morning the prisoner called for his brother. When that worthy arrived the amateur jailer left them alone, stopping only long enough to hear Jim's salutation:

"Waal, old man, I reckon it looks to you as if I hed run agin four aces, don't it?"

An hour later when the guard stuck his head in and called "time!" he heard Jim's parting injunction:

"Think of Maria, ol' man. She would like for you to do it."

"See yer," broke in the jailer; "don't yer go to ringin' no female in on this deal. It won't go."

At the examination that morning a man who had acted as a constable in the States, and as such was supposed to have sounded the depths of all legal lore, presided. The proceedings were erratic and uncertain, but vigorous. Gold Dollar related with much circumlocution how, on dropping into Jim's shack, he had discovered him kneeling over a cavity in the earth under his bed which contained the stolen property; that he acted in a very suspicious manner and failed to account satisfactorily for his compromising situation. He supplemented his testimony with several opinions, which were unobjectioned and carried all the weight of fact, one of which was that Jim had robbed himself on both occasions to divert suspicion. The prosecution rested after a large part of the property had been identified, and there was a strong inclination among the boys to go out and hang him at once.

"Chip in, Jim, ef you want to take a hand," remarked the "Judge."

Up to this moment he had shown little uneasiness, but a shade of worry now crossed his face as, peering among those assembled, he was unable to discover his brother. Finally catching a glimpse of the blank, owlish face on the outskirts his nervousness left him, and, settling back on the keg which formed his seat, a premonitory gleam of triumph lit his cold, milky eyes. So when the "Judge" asked for his defense he indifferently remarked, motioning toward his brother:

"Call him."

The preliminaries over, the "Judge," who usurped the office of prosecutor, asked the witness what he knew of the stealing.

"Jim didn't do it," he hesitatingly ventured.

This called forth a roar of derision, which embarrassed the speaker. You have seen a boy with a half-learned lesson, who, on being called upon to recite, half covertly turns and appeals to a classmate for help. Just so the witness looked at the prisoner. The latter leaned over with a slight look of anxiety. He whispered:

"Maria."

The witness heard and stiffened up. The prisoner breathed easier again.

"Ef Jim didn't do it, who did?" said the court, with the air of one putting a poser.

The man hesitated and cast a sudden glance at his brother. The glitter in the steely eyes was remorseless. In the same listless, impersonal manner which characterized all his answers he dropped two words:

"I did."

"You derned onery cuss!" remarked the Judge as a yell went up from the boys. Several derringers were drawn. Here and there a bowie gleamed like the fang of a wolf. "Pious Moses" drew from the bosom of his shirt a hair lariat, which he had brought for emergencies, and was promptly fined for contempt for thereby insinuating that the court was unable to do its own hanging.

When the excitement subsided the remainder of the legal proceedings were put through with a rush. Jim was exonerated by his brother's testimony from all complicity in or knowledge of the crimes.

"As I intimated, gents, at the opening of the game, I had the call on the facts to prove you was workin' a pocket," remarked that person, who, released and smiling, stepped down and mixed with the auditors; but not a word to the brother who took his place. The newly-made prisoner looked after him with a hopeless, yearning, hungry stare as he edged his way out and then relapsed into a state of apparent indifference. The two men never again saw each other.

The boys adjourned to "Lucreesh's" to drink on the money. "Pious Moses" had turned in to the court to purge himself of contempt, and there they magnanimously resolved, in consideration of the handsome way in which Jim's brother had come to the scratch and acknowledged his guilt, to let "tender-foot law" take its course.

Before the few days had passed which intervened between the trial and the time when the prisoner was sent to an Eastern penitentiary, Jim left Flat Broke for ever and without saying good-bye to his brother.

Swiftly to the happy but lagging steps to the miserable and oppressed do the years go by; and when Jim's brother became weary and sick in counting the days before he might regain liberty and Jim and Maria, he fell into a state of insensibility as to the passage of time. The seasons came and went without his appearing to notice, and he took an interest in life only when a desultory mail brought an ill-spelled, sisterly letter from Maria.

One day in early spring the warden received a telegram which he perused with more than usual interest.

"Tell 193," he said to a turnkey, "that his brother was shot at Miles City a few weeks ago, and that before he went off he confessed to the offense 193 is doing time for. Give him the liberty of the grounds till his pardon comes. It ought to be here to-morrow."

The turnkey departed regretfully.

In a few moments he returned with an expression which indicated that an eagerness to tell a bit of news was struggling with official dignity and assumed indifference for right of way. The warden was writing and did not look up.

"Well?"
"Well, 193?"
"What of him?"
"Stone dead!"—Detroit Tribune

ON THE WING.

Bob Bardette Describes His Attempt to Write While on a Railroad Train.

You may, or you may not, know, as it is, perhaps, the case either way, that writing on the cars is attended with certain difficulties and interrupted by uncertain incidents. The more uncertain the incident the more liable is it to happen, and the more nervously you anticipate it, the more certainly does it never happen. You grasp this, I trust? And that, kind reader, is the only thing I will trust you with.

No matter how smoothly the train is running when you are doing nothing, it begins to jump and roll when you begin to write. There—this car has just jumped over a stump; now it is running, I think, in the bed of a creek—an old, abandoned bed at that, which was so rough that no creek could run in it. If the creek bed is any more abandoned than the language of the passenger who just now caught hold of the stove to steady himself as the train corkscrewed itself around a reversed curve, it must be something terrible. I will not even look at it.

At Allentown, Pa., a party of Pennsylvania Dutch ladies, attended by a numerous retinue of children, mostly boys and girls, get on the car and proceeded to occupy the territory already pre-empted under the laws of the road by existing passengers. I have two children billeted upon me, the elder being several years the senior of her little brother. I do not mind it, because I am fond of the company of young people. But the commercial traveler, who happened to be temporarily absent and has returned to find his claim jumped by five children, is mad about it. There are four ladies in the invading party and thirty-two children. The youngest child can just walk, and the eldest is so young that the conductor can't get a single half fare out of the whole crowd. So many children, all rugged and healthy as kids, apportioned between four mothers, isn't so bad.

If the gentleman with the "perfumed" breath sitting in the next seat leans over much further in his effort to see what I am writing, he will fall into the coal box. What did I tell you? There he goes? But I was wrong in my diagnosis. We struck the other curve and he fell out of the window.

The ladies hereinbefore mentioned are conversing in Pennsylvania Dutch. It is a most distracting language to listen to. About one-fifth of the words are plain English, and the rest are half-breeds and thoroughbred Dutch. So you can understand just enough of what they say to make you wild to know the rest of it.

I find that I was mistaken in attributing those thirty-two children to four mothers. One of the ladies, I learn, is the mother of the other three. That makes it about right. I thought the families were rather small for this country.—Bardette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

HE SETTLED.

But Not Exactly in Accordance with the Advice of His Lawyer.

"Dat's what ye git from foolin' round wid dem yere lawyers!" he said, as he joined a group of colored idlers on the market-place.

Being asked why he had been to see a lawyer, he explained:

"You know dat Buck Williams! Powerful bad nigger he am. Gits drunk an' kicks in doahs an' clubs winders. Come round to my cabin one night las' week an' stove de doah in an' wanted to clean out de shanty. I falls out o' bed an' goes fur him wid an ax-handle, an' dey war gwine to 'rest me for 'sault wid intent to kill."

"Well?"

"Wai", when dey tole me dat he had a cracked head, a broken arm, an' war all broke up, I wanted to settle de case. My ole woman coaxed me to go an' see a lawyer, an' de lawyer he taxed me five dollars an' advised me to offer Buck my ole hoss an' wagin' an' twenty-five dollars in cash."

"And you did?"

"An' I didn't! When I got home his wife was dar 'waitin' fur me, and she said if I didn't han' ober two dollars in cash an' a sack o' flour she'd mutilate me wid a lawsuit clean up to the Supreme Court. Took me jist seventeen ticks de clock to settle on dat basis, an' now I can't be muttated nohow. Lawyers! Dar' I paid five dollars to one of 'em to tell me dat I mus' reduce myself from poverty to affluence to settle a case whar' de de' claimant don't ax but three dollars, an' I could hev set me fo'ty off on dat if I had kicked 'em. Detroit Free Press.

—David's fair daughter, paragon of cooks, found she could peel onion without being moved to tears by keeping them, during the process, wet in a dish of warm water.—N. Y. Tribune

SOUTHERN GLEANINGS.

John Price and John Wright have been arrested at Tyler Tex., for killing Conductor Frazier and wounding Brakeman Powers.

While riding into Louisville, a few days ago from their country residence, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lovell were thrown out of a buggy by the horses running away. The wife was severely injured. The husband's skull was fractured and he was fatally injured. The injured man is a son of General Lovell of the United States army.

Wiley Cannon and his wife, living near Bell's Ferry, N. C., went off to the ferry a few days ago and locked their three children in the house. On their return they found the house in flames, and all efforts to save the children proved fruitless, and they were burned to death. The children were aged one, five and seven years, respectively.

Dr. D. E. Salmon, Commissioner of the Bureau of Animal Industries, visited Jackson, Tenn., recently, to examine the herd of Jerseys, removed there from Cynthiana, Ky., lately. He says there is no doubt but the cattle are affected, and, having been exposed, the danger will not be passed for eighteen months. The cattle are quarantined.

Robert Freeman, a mulatto boy, seventeen years old, was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun, near Jackson, Tenn., a few days ago. He had started hunting, and was standing in the door leaning on the gun when it slipped, striking the hammers, and the entire charge entered his abdomen. He lived about two hours.

The Pennington Hotel at Cleburne, Tex., was destroyed by fire a few days ago.

A woman of Tuckertown, Fla., is making money by running a saw-mill.

The old city of St. Augustine, Fla., is to celebrate the 320th anniversary of its foundation March 27-28.

Bennett Parsons, a farmer seventy-two years of age, was murdered near Jonesboro, Ala., a few days ago, and his wife and two daughters are charged with the crime.

The second female moonshiner ever arrested in Kentucky was lodged in jail at Louisville, a few days ago. Her name is Melissa Flow. She is a good-looking blonde, twenty years of age, and was taken in for selling a pint and a half of "Mountain Dew."

Judge Alexander H. Arthur, one of the oldest and most prominent citizens of Vicksburg, Miss., died in that city a few nights since. He was State Senator from Vicksburg for several terms prior to the war, and has filled various positions of public trust during the past twenty years.

Mrs. Cole, widow of Judge James L. Cole, of Plaquemine Parish, aged sixty-nine, was found murdered in bed a few mornings ago. Thieves took her jewelry, including a diamond ring from her finger. Five persons have been arrested on suspicion.

Franklin J. Moses, formerly Governor of South Carolina, recently finished a term of three months in the Detroit (Mich.) House of Correction for obtaining money on false pretenses. He was at once arrested by a Boston officer, to stand trial in that city on an indictment for swindling Colonel T. W. Higginson and several other professors of Harvard University.

On returning to his home in Jackson County, Georgia, a few nights ago, Mr. Basil White found his bride-wife hanging dead from a joist in the stable. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Beatty, and she had been married but one week, her husband being a widower with one child. The new relationship proving irksome she sought relief in suicide.

The mother of a dead infant found in Dallas, Tex., a few days ago, in a well, has been discovered in the person of Ella Coleman, a young woman from Sherman, Tex. When her crime was discovered she took a train for the East, and officers went in pursuit of her. She is a prepossessing young woman, single and about eighteen years old.

A few nights ago a farmer named P. Smith, residing four miles north of Covington, Tenn., was murdered by unknown persons. His body was found in the woods near his house, his skull having been split open by a hatchet. Robbery is believed to have been the cause of the murder, the money in his possession at the time having been taken.

Fire at Lewisville, Tex., a few nights ago, destroyed the principal part of the town. The heaviest losses, with insurance, are: B. Flew, loss, \$2,000; insurance, \$1,700; W. H. Hyder, loss, \$3,000; insurance, \$1,600; H. Owens, loss, \$500; insurance, none; John Kealy & Co., loss, \$1,000; insurance, none; Mrs. May Rawlings, loss, \$2,500; insurance, none; E. F. Stover, loss, \$1,500; insurance, none. The total loss is estimated at \$10,000. The origin is thought to have been incendiary.

During the year 1883 Ballard County, Ky., lost several bridges, the most important passways in the county. A reward of \$1,000 was offered for the apprehension of the guilty parties, with evidence to convict. No clue was obtained, and would never have been, most likely, but for the arrest, a short time ago, of Wm. Beard, charged with breaking into a store. After the arrest and incarceration of Beard, he concluded to cause the bridge-burning business to be divulged and secure the company of his confederates. He managed to get an interview with Mildred Coffey, of that county, one of the partisans induced him to peach on Tobias Hendricks, who, Coffey says, fired the Scarborough bridge across the west fork of Mayfield Creek, on the Mobern & Paducah Road. Hendricks was arrested upon Coffey's affidavit, and is in jail at Wickliffe. He denies any knowledge of the burning, but it is understood that both Beard and Coffey will testify to the effect that they saw him setting fire to it. It is hoped that further developments will reveal the whole diabolical scheme by which Ballard County suffered so heavily in the loss of bridges, as well as her Court-house, by fire.

Florida has a town named "Hurrah."