

"MOTHER."

What visions of a happy past, That home-like word to me recalls; On listening ears it gently falls, Like music far too sweet to last, 'E'en still the sounds I often hear, Like echoes of a soft toned lute, Sweet whispers of a voice long mute, Which brightened life with words of cheer.

When first I gazed, an infant mild, I saw my heaven in her eyes; As mist before the sunlight dies, My troubles vanished when she smiled. As wider, further ranged my eyes, And I looked on the world around, How strangely old seemed all sweet sound, Soft wind, bright star and sunny skies.

As years roll on in heedless flight, And I once more to heaven draw near, Bringing sweet trust where once was fear, And seeing all in truth's pure light, I can now see that 'twas not strange That nothing beautiful seemed new, My mother's face, my earliest view, Reflected landscapes fairest range.

-G. R., Glasgow, Scotland.

A PERILOUS RIDE.

BY ARCHIE R. EGGLESON.

REMEMBER a little incident that happened some three years ago while I was acting as railway agent at Excelsior Springs, which I would never willingly pass through again. Excelsior Springs is situated twenty miles north of Kansas City, and is "up grade" nearly all the way. I had been agent here for over a year and was pretty well acquainted with most of the people in the city.

I had just seated myself at the desk one morning and was busily engaged in writing when Sambo, a fellow employed as drayman for Waite & Co., and who, by the way, was "black as the ace of spades," came excitedly on the platform.

A car of lump coal billed to the company had been set out on the wrong side track and could not be unloaded. Sambo had come in the day before asking me to have it removed to another point, but as it was the end of the month and I was unusually busy his request was forgotten.

"Now I shall catch it," I thought, and accordingly prepared for the blow. "Why'n't you mind me, sah? I done tole you to hab dat car set so dis leah niggah could get at it. 'Pears to me you don't ker fur de trouble you make oder people."

"Sam, I forgot all about it. I am sorry, but—" "Sho now! Massa done gone and 'lectified de head oberseer ob dese heah ears and I 'speck you'll be lookin' fur a job totin' coal along wid dis nigger."

I laughed at this and his anger grew warmer. "Yah-haw-haw! I see a mind to clamber 'tro' de winder an' gib you a whalin'! White folks is good as niggers as long as dey habedemselves, but when dey gits mulish, satan am to pay."

Remembering that the track was down grade, I felt sure that we two could open the switch and run the car on the main track and from there to the other side.

"Sambo," said I, "if you help me, in a very few minutes you can handle your coal."

"Now, boss, you is talkin' sense. I 'clare to goodness, I 'se clean beat out dis mornin', an' I axes yer parding fur de talk dat I sent."

"All right, Sam," I answered, rising from my chair. Leading the way out to where the car stood, I opened the switch. With the help of a pinchbar we soon had the car rolling out on the main line, Sambo acting as brakeman.

I stopped to lock the first switch, thinking Sambo would slow the car down and give me a chance to open the next. To my amazement the car had already passed the second switch and was fast increasing in speed.

"Brake her down!" I yelled at the same time setting out after the car at breakneck pace. "Set that brake, you black imp!" I panted, as I clambered on behind.

But there he stood, his hands on the wheel and his eyes protruding from his head. He seemed paralyzed with terror.

By this time the speed of the car had increased fifteen or twenty miles an hour. I crawled over the coal and, clutching the wheel, gave it a whirl. Horror! The chain was broken—it was useless.

I gave one glance at the ties as they flew past us. There was no chance to jump now. We were running wild at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour!

How long would it be before the car jumped the track? The thought drove me wild. As for Sambo, he had thrown himself flat down on the coal. "Oh, for de good Lawd, I 'se clean done for, I is! An' I done gone an' stole dem chickens last night from de preacher! Oh, dem watermillions dis chile done borrowed from Deacon Sherman! I set go to die easy. An' dat ham I toted away from dat meat bar' of marse's an' done forgot to tote him! 'Pears like dis nigger nebbel had any mem'ry no' how."

At any other time I should have laughed at this; but when one is facing death and realizes everything speaks of tragedy. The speed of the car was now over a mile a minute. The telegraph poles whizzed past so fast that I could not count them. The sensation was sickening. I clung convulsively to the brake-wheel, waiting every moment for the crisis to come.

We flew by the first station

like lightning, leaving a crowd of people standing on the platform with their mouths open and doubtless wondering where the company had procured an engine that ran without smoke or steam. My knees shook together so that I could scarcely stand, and had the brake been out of my hands I should certainly have been keeping Sambo company in the coal.

If the car kept the rails for five minutes more we might still escape, for at a short distance ahead there was a slight ascent and then a more abrupt incline. As we neared this spot the speed of the car perceptibly lessened. My heart bounded. I would jump for my life as soon as we reached the summit of the grade.

"Sambo," I said, "we shall yet be saved. Rise and stop your howling. Brace up and be a man. Now see here," I said, as he reluctantly obeyed. "Stand on this beam. When I tell you to jump do so if you wish to save your life."

The car was running quite steadily now. One hundred yards more would bring it to the top of the little hill. Stepping behind Sambo, I waited for the critical moment, determined to kick him from the car should he disobey me when I gave him the word to leap.

Nearer and nearer we came to the top, when at last we were running on a level. "Go, Sam!" I yelled. He made one attempt to jump, and then drew back. I was too quick for him, and sent him sprawling into the air. Scanning the ground for one brief moment, I sprang from the car. I struck on my feet, head and hands alternately until I reached the bottom of a ditch. I was stunned for a moment only, and rising looked around for Sambo.

He was already on his feet and coming toward me. He had struck on his head and shoulders and came out without a scratch, but was badly frightened. As for myself, one finger was broken and half the skin on my nose had been rubbed off and replaced with sand. My gold watch was crushed into a shapeless mass.

I looked at the car as it disappeared in the distance with a shudder. I was so glad to know I stood there alive that I could not control my feelings and madly shouted, "Let her go, Sam, let her go!" Not stopping to realize that the car would "go" in any case.

Five miles further it jumped the track and ran into a watering tank, flooding the track with 800 barrels of water. The tank, in going down, crushed a neighboring windmill into fragments. I felt as Sambo did about the matter.

"Boss," he said, "if we'd been on dat 'ar car I 'speck we'd done gone to glory, shuah. Dis chile am mighty glad he had de presence ob mine to jump at the right minit."

And I never disputed his great courage and "presence ob mine." The next day I was summoned to the superintendent's office, where I was severely reprimanded, as I deserved to be, but not discharged. I have been very careful ever since and run no risks.

To this day Sambo never unloads a car without examining the brake chains to see that they are set and safe.

FOUND AFTER TWO YEARS. A Pocketbook Which Was Recovered Through a Lost Collar Button.

A lady who had been staying in Albany was returning to her home in Philadelphia by way of the Hudson river and New York. After spending a night on the boat her pocketbook, which contained her ticket and all her money, was missing. She was quite sure that it was in her pocket when she went to her stateroom at night; but in the morning the most minute search of the room and of her clothing failed to bring it to light. A fellow passenger loaned her sufficient money for her ticket to Philadelphia, and once at home the loss of the pocketbook quickly passed from her memory.

Two years afterward, when again in Albany, she was summoned one day to the drawing-room to speak to an unknown gentleman who had something important to communicate to her. The something important proved to be the old lost pocketbook, which the gentleman had just found on a Hudson river boat, and which—having in it the lady's name with an Albany address—he had no difficulty in taking directly to her. The account which he gave the Home Journal of the discovery was most amusing. While dressing his collar button had slipped from his hand and, with the total depravity characteristic of collar buttons and other inanimate things, had rolled to the least accessible corner of the stateroom. In the course of his search for it he had opened wide the half-closed door of the stationary wash stand and there, in a corner, covered with dust and mold, was the pocketbook, which must have lain in that exact position for two whole years.

An Explanation. In the year 1836 the aurora borealis was seen one night as far south as Wiltshire. The inhabitants of a certain village assembled to make inquiries as to what it was; when a woman exclaimed, "Do thee send for our Jock, he's a scholar; I'll be bound he'll gie un a neame!" When Jock arrived, he looked upward and said, "Oh! it's only a phenomona!" "There," said the delighted mother, "didn't I tell 'ee he'd gie un a neame?"—Notes and Queries.

She Knew. A new instance, borrowed from Tit-Bits, of the danger incident to leading questions: The minister's wife was laboring with a delinquent member of the industrial school.

"Eliza Jane," she said, "I am sorry to hear from your teacher that you are not diligent at your needlework. Don't you know who it is that finds work for idle hands to do?"

"Yes'm," answered Eliza Jane, anxiously to propitiate; "yes'm; you do."

The Broken Saw.—A Generous Act.—A Rooster in Uncle Sam's Navy.—The Tower Bridge.—A Trick With Water.

The Broken Saw. A boy went to live with a man who was accounted a hard master. He never kept his boys—they ran away, or gave notice they meant to quit; so he was half his time without or in search of a boy. The work was not very hard—opening and sweeping out the shop, chopping wood, going errands, and helping round. At last Sam Fisher went to live with him.

"Sam's a good boy," said his mother. "I should like to see a boy nowadays that had a spark of goodness in him," growled the new master. It is always bad to begin with a man who has no confidence in you, because, do your best, you are likely to have little credit for it. However, Sam thought he would try. The wages were good and his mother wanted him to go. Sam had been there but three days before, in sawing a cross-grained stick of wood, he broke the saw. He was a little frightened. He knew he was careful, and he knew he was a pretty good sawyer, too, for a boy of his age; nevertheless, the saw broke in his hands.

FOR BRIGHT YOUNG PEOPLE INTERESTING READING FOR THE YOUNG.

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"Mr. Jones will thrash you for it," said another boy who was in the woodhouse with him. "Why, of course, I didn't mean it, and accidents will happen to the best of folks," said Sam, looking with a very sorrowful air on the broken saw.

"Mr. Jones never makes allowances," said the other boy. "I never saw anything like him. That Bill might have stayed, only he jumped into a hens nest and broke her eggs. He daren't tell of it, but Mr. Jones kept suspecting, and suspecting and said everything out of the way to Bill, whether Bill was to blame or not, till Bill couldn't stand it, and wouldn't."

"Did he tell Mr. Jones about the eggs?" asked Sam. "No," said the boy, "he was afraid, Mr. Jones has got such a temper. 'I think he'd have better owned up at once,' said Sam.

"I suspect you'll find it better to preach than to practice," said the boy. "I'd run away before I'd tell him. And he soon turned on his heel and left poor Sam alone with his broken saw.

The poor boy did not feel very comfortable or happy. He shut up the woodhouse, walked out in the garden, and went up to his little chamber under the eaves. He wished he could tell Mrs. Jones, but she wasn't sociable.

When Mr. Jones came into the house, the boy heard him. He got up, crept downstairs, and met Mr. Jones in the kitchen.

"Sir," said Sam, "I broke your saw, and thought I'd come and tell you before you saw it in the morning." "What did you get up to tell me for?" asked Mr. Jones. "I should think morning would be time enough to tell of your carelessness."

"Because," said Sam, "I was afraid, if I put it off, I might be tempted to lie about it. I am sorry I broke it, but I tried to be careful. Mr. Jones looked at the boy from head to foot; then, stretching out his hand—

"There Sam," he said, heartily, "give me your hand, shake hands. I'll trust you, Sam. That's right, that's right. Go to bed, boy. Never fear. I'm glad the saw broke; it shows the mettle in you. Go to bed."

Mr. Jones was fairly won. Never were better friends after that, than Sam and he. Sam thinks justice had not been done Mr. Jones. If the boys had treated him honestly and "above-board," he would have been a good man to deal with. It was their conduct which soured and made him suspicious. I do not know how that is. I only know that Sam Fisher finds in Mr. Jones a kind master and a faithful friend.

A Generous Act. Queen Elizabeth of England, as all the children who have studied English history know, never married, though many of the noblemen at her court were suitors for her hand. Among them all, the Earl of Essex—a handsome man and a gallant soldier—was said to be her greatest favorite, and there were rumors that he would share her throne. But, instead, he died on the scaffold, and his friends, who loved him devotedly, were enraged against the Queen.

Among these friends was the famous Shakespeare. In his wrath he wrote some verses assailing Elizabeth. One of her courtiers, an enemy of Shakespeare, bribed a servant to secure a copy, and instantly placed it in the hands of his royal mistress, remarking that the actor Shakespeare—an actor in those days was held in very low esteem—had written a malicious lampoon against her Majesty.

Elizabeth took the paper, and flung it into the fire, saying, "My lord, William Shakespeare is more than an actor; he is the greatest author in Britain."

Then she sent for Shakespeare. "Sir," she said, as he entered deeply troubled, for he had already learned what had occurred, "I hear that you have written a lampoon against me. A copy has been placed in my hands, but it lies yonder on the hearth, ashes. If there is truth in the matter, I advise you to burn the original. Your Queen pardons you. She would not wish to bear the stigma of having robbed England of her most brilliant intellect."

Shakespeare stood speechless; then suddenly kneeling at her feet, he exclaimed, "Your Majesty, here I again swear a new and inviolable allegiance." And they remained friends to the end of their lives.

A Rooster in Uncle Sam's Navy. The story is familiar of the prisoner who was so lonely in solitary confinement that he became friendly with the rats in his cell. Even the commanding

officer on board a man-of-war is a prisoner during a voyage, and in the tanks below him a discipline exists that is as strict as that in a penitentiary. Everything that will break the monotony of the trip is welcomed, and it is easily understood how the officers and men on board the white cruiser Chicago became attached to a rooster.

The Boston Herald relates that "he was bought at Barbadoes on the squadron's way South last winter, and was intended to be served for Christmas; but during bad weather he crowded so lustily and seemed such an undaunted rooster, that one of the officers interceded for him, and his life was spared.

"On the quarter-deck are several big ventilators, which are partly covered with polished brass, making reflectors; Dick, for so the rooster was named, soon passed these ventilators and saw his reflection. His first air of startled surprise was met by the other rooster with one which entirely equalled it, and upon this Dick ruffled his feathers and looked threateningly, only to be met by a look quite as defiant.

"This was more than he could stand, and after prancing around a little he advanced to the attack, being promptly met by the other rooster. Then ensued a very comical encounter, for Dick struck at this ventilator with bill and spur, getting more and more mad every minute, and furnishing side-splitting amusement to officers and men, who were interested spectators, until finally, from sheer exhaustion, he was obliged to give up the fight and retire, having only the satisfaction of finding that the other rooster retired likewise."

The Tower Bridge. The Railway Review writes thus of the bridge which is to cross the Thames near the Tower of London, and which will permit the passage of ships without interrupting traffic:

The draw or open span consists of two leaves, each weighing nine hundred and fifty tons, which are counter-balanced in such a manner as to make them easy to handle. These leaves, when let down come on a level with the main roadway of the bridge, which is thirty feet above high water. One hundred feet above this bridge level and one hundred and thirty feet above high water is another span or roadway to be used by foot passengers when the lower span is open. This upper roadway is accessible by elevators, which are placed in the towers at each end. When completed this bridge will be one of the most remarkable in existence, and will span what is probably the busiest water way in the world. The total length of the bridge with the approaches is two thousand six hundred and forty feet, and the steepest gradient of the approach is only one in forty. The foundations of the piers are sixty feet below high water and twenty-seven feet below the bed of the river. The side spans are two hundred and seventy feet wide and twenty to twenty-seven feet above high water mark.

A Trick With Water. If a drop of water is let fall on a piece of paper, it spreads in a large circle. If, however, the paper has been oiled, or covered with lamp-black or some similar substance, the drop of water will roll upon it as a ball slightly flattened. This fact may be made use of for the performance of a pretty trick.

Take a band of rather strong paper about a foot wide and as long as possible, several sheets pasted together end to end will do admirably,—

pass it over a smoking lamp, or better still cover one side of it with graphite, commonly called black-lead, or plumbago. Stand upright on the table several books decreasing regularly in size, and pin the band of paper on their backs, taking care that the waves in the paper are longer and more shallow as you approach the smallest book.

At the lower end of the band place a dish. At the other end pour water drop by drop on the paper. The drops will roll rapidly down the first incline, and with the impetus thus gained will re-mount over the back of the second book, and so on over one book after another till they drop into the dish.—Illustration.

This is a trick which will provide amusement and valuable instruction to the young. Place upright on the mouth of a bottle a stiff ring of paper about four inches in diameter. On top of this ring, exactly over the opening of the bottle, lay a dime.

Put the end of a small rod into the ring and give it a sharp blow sideways. The ring when it is struck will fall down, but the coin, instead of being carried with it, will fall directly into the mouth of the bottle. In consequence of the suddenness of the shock



the coin, by virtue of the principle of inertia, has not time to feel the movement given to the paper.

There are many similar experiments showing the inertia of matter. One is to place on the forefinger of the left hand a visiting card, in the center of which is a 50-cent piece. Give a hard rap on one of the corners of the card and it will fly away, leaving the coin on the end of your finger.

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