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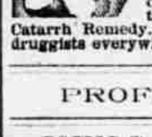

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—OR,—

Annie Alderson's Rescue.

JAMES E. PAYNE.

CHAPTER V.

RETURNING to consciousness, I found myself in a pretty little room in a small log hut built high upon the mountain side. Far below me I could see the rippling waters of the Cumberland river, and beyond it the jagged rocks that lined the other shore. Above me was a strip of blue sky, with fleecy clouds flitting across the azure field. The forests were robed in the crimson and gold of autumn and the russet glory of October lay upon the forest slopes and mountain sides.

Where was I, and what had happened? The last thing I remembered was the battle on the cliff and the gleam of fiendish triumph that blazed in the eyes of the ruffian who was crushing out my life with his brawny arms. But that was in September and the green leaf was still on the bough; now the fruits were all brown and red and golden in the glories of mid-autumn.

Had I been dead, and was this the resurrection? or—

My reflections were cut short by a vision of rare womanly loveliness—a mountain flower, a divinity in white, an angel of life and beauty.

This fair vision was a girl of about eighteen summers. The mountain air had painted her cheeks with the tinge of perfect health and strength. Her eyes were of a deep, beautiful blue and shaded with long sweeping lashes. Her mouth, whether in repose, engaged in conversation or wreathed in smiles, was beautifully shaped, and strongly suggestive of a pure, sweet character and a determined will. Her hair was a lovely brown, and floated down her graceful shoulders, when unconfined, like a mantel of glory. Her form was well-rounded, and finely developed; her step light and active, and every motion that of grace and beauty. I thought, as she approached my bedside, I had never seen a lovelier woman.

As she came forward and saw that I had returned to consciousness, her eyes lighted with a glad surprise, and seeing I was about to speak, she motioned me to silence, saying: "You have been very sick, sir, and for a long time. You are still weak and must not talk. Take this, please:" and she held a glass of something to my lips as she gently elevated my head with her left hand.

With no will power to resist this superb creature, I drank the potion she held to my mouth and sank back on my couch.

Then a sense of heavenly content came over me. My vision became confused. Mountain, forest and river melted into vagueness, the song of birds died away in the woodland, and I slept.

The next morning I awoke and found my strength slowly reinvigorating my limp muscles and thrilling my long dormant nerves.

A footstep caused me to look around, and I saw coming towards me an old man of benevolent mein, and a kindly interest beaming in his eyes. His hair was silvered with age, but his form was yet robust, his step firm and bouyant. In his cheek glowed the color of health, and a certain air of refinement told me at once that he was not a native of this wild, uncultivated region.

"You are better this morning, sir," he said, looking into my eyes and feeling my pulse

"Yes, thanks to your care and nursing, I think I am," I replied. "But will you tell me how I came here, and how long I have been under this roof?"

"At some other time I will," was his response, "but, be patient; I fear you are not strong enough to hear the story now. A little excitement might undo the work of many days. But be assured of this: You are safe here, and as long as you are under the protection of Edward Alderson you have nothing to fear."

"As to your care and hospitality," I said, "I have had ample proof; and I can never adequately repay you for your kind attention, but—"

"Tut, tut," interrupted the old gentleman, "What duty is more richly paid than that of hospitality worthily bestowed? Suffice it to say, I found you wounded—dying, I feared. I profess to be a Christian. It was my duty to care for you. I brought you here, and thank God I have the satisfaction of seeing you in a fair way of recovery!"

Then, seeing I was about to speak, again, he said: "Pardon me, sir, but I must forbid you talking to-day," and raising his voice he called:

"Annie! Annie! come, daughter!"

The door opened, and I beheld my visitor of the previous morning.

She approached my bedside, and taking one of my thin, emaciated hands in hers, so fair and soft, said:

"I am glad to see you looking so much better, sir. I will bring you your breakfast."

And with a graceful step she retired, returning directly with a platter covered with numerous articles of a most delicately prepared morning repast.

My breakfast over, my fair nurse administered another sleeping potion, and I was soon sleeping and dreaming of lovely Annie Alderson.

Thus several days passed, my strength rapidly coming back to me.

During these sweet days of my convalescence Annie Alderson would sit and talk to me of their home and their simple life; and then, as I became strong enough to do part of the talking I would tell her of the great living, rustling world beyond the blue limits of the mountains, of which she knew nothing, save what her father had told her.

Their story was a brief one. Edward Alderson was a native of Baltimore and had been educated for the ministry. He had chosen the rough district of the Southern Appalachians for his field of labors. With his wife, who was fifteen years his junior, he had settled where I found him. Five years after the birth of Annie, his wife with a boy baby on her breast, took earthly leave of all that were dear to her, and winged away to her heavenly home, leaving little Annie to the sole care of her father and one faithful servant. As for society there was none, except the uneducated families of the rough mountaineers. These in the immediate neighborhood were mostly outlaws, and practically Edward Alderson and his daughter lived the life of hermits.

Of books there was quite a store in the house, and all of these of the choicest selection. These Annie had read and re-read until she knew all the favorites by heart.

The story of how I had become an inmate of Edward Alderson's house was thus told me one evening as we sat by a cheerful wood fire:

One afternoon, as Mr. Alderson was coming home from a trip a few miles up the mountain, he had found my apparently lifeless body lying in the narrow bridle-path that wound around the mountain side. Stooping to examine me closer, he found a deep knife-thrust in my left breast, from which the warm blood was still slowly oozing.

Staunching the blood with his handkerchief, he placed his hand to my heart and found that it still beat, though but feebly. He then placed a flask of liquor to my lips and forced me to swallow a little of it.

Not daring to be discovered rescuing me, he dragged my body into a clump of laurel bushes and concealed me there until night would enable him to carry me away to his home, distant nearly two miles, unseen.

While waiting and watching, he learned the story of my catastrophe, and the author of it.

The name of my assailant was William Brownlow, or "Moonshiner Bill," as he was familiarly known. When he sprang at me, as related, he saw my companion hastening to my aid, and just behind him one of his own men. He called out to this man ordering him, "shoot the sneaking detective." His man raised his rifle and fired, and my companion fell dead almost at my feet. I was overcome and crushed down, limp and almost dead. Brownlow was, himself, desperately wounded, but still furious. Drawing a large clasp-knife from his pocket, he plunged it in my side. He then, with the little remaining strength he had left, assisted by his henchman, proceeded to roll my body over the cliff. Fortunately it had fallen on the thick boughs of a reclining hemlock, which broke the force of my fall, and yielding to my weight, let me down without breaking any bones.

After Brownlow had tumbled me over the cliff, he fainted from loss of blood and was carried to the nearest "still" house, where he was confined to his bed for several weeks.

As soon as dark came, my rescuer, who was a man of great physical strength and indomitable energy, lifted me to his shoulder and slowly and faithfully bore me homeward. He had seen the star of a United States marshal glittering on the lappet of my coat, and this served to add to his determination to save my life if possible.

After three, long painful hours he reached his home and laid me down on a couch, where for five weeks I lingered between life and death. I had careful nursing and a strong constitution—youth and vigor did the rest—and my awakening was as told you.

Ah, how happily passed the hours as I sat by the cheerful fire and talked with lovely Anne Alderson! Rapidly strength came back and with it my sense of duty. This called me away; but a tie, which I found hard to resist, chained me to the little mountain home.

I loved Anne Alderson.

This I whispered to her one moonlit eve, as we stood at the front gate awaiting her father's return from a mission down in the valley, And what a thrill of joy shot through my being as she laid her hand trustingly into mine, and blushingly confessed the secret of her own heart.

This is not a love story, or I could tell you of a very interesting episode of love and moonshine, blushing maiden and ardent wooer. Suffice it to say that, as her head, all glorious in its wealth of tress and ringlet, went softly to my shoulder, I passed my left arm around her waist, and raising her face to mine with my right hand, pressed on her lips the seal of my everlasting devotion. Then and there our troth was plighted, while the silver moon shed over the scene a halo of glory.

Upon his return, Mr. Alderson was apprised of our wishes and readily gave his consent to our union, which, it was settled, should be as soon as he could withdraw from his duties and join me in Washington City. He could do this, he thought, by the following spring, and it was agreed I should meet them there early in March.

This important matter being arranged, one cloudy morning in November I set out on my return for the national capital, disguised as an itinerant minister. Little did I imagine that all our plans for the future were doomed to be upset, and that March, instead of bringing Anne Alderson to my arms, would bring the darkest woe and disappointment imaginable to my heart.

CHAPTER VI.

I soon reached Washington City and reported to the department, where I had been given up for dead. In two weeks I was sent to Chicago, and thence to the Pacific coast, where I remained until the middle of February. Thus it was, I was cut off from any opportunity of hearing from the Aldersons.

I now asked for leave of absence, or to be transferred to Washington again. The latter request was granted.

I reached Washington City on the first day of March, and awaited anxiously the coming of Mr. Alderson and his daughter; but I waited in vain. I wrote, but no letter—not a word. March passed and April came; but no tidings. May succeeded April and was in turn followed by June, and still no news of them. Then, sick at heart, I joined a small posse of deputy marshals that was going down into the country of the "moonshiners," determined to know what had become of Mr. Alderson and his daughter.

I had known that Brownlow was infatuated with Annie Alderson—she had told me of it—and with a shudder had referred to the look of beastly fury he had cast upon her when she rejected his offensive overtures; but I knew not that his pursuit of her had not been given up.

The trip to the mountains was soon made by train. At a convenient station we debarked our horses and were soon encamped in a little valley about five miles from the house of Edward Alderson. From this point I sat out alone for the house.

With beating heart I climbed the steep, narrow path that led to the cabin. No sign of life anywhere. I knocked at the hard oaken door, but only a hollow echo responded to my knocks. Opening the door I entered. I found only confusion. The furniture was scattered about—disorder everywhere! The house looked as if it had not been inhabited for months.

What had become of my old friend and his daughter I could not conjecture. It was with a heavy heart, therefore, that I turned away, determined, as hazardous as the undertaking was, to go to some of the neighboring houses and enquire.

As I started to leave the premises, a shock-headed urchin came slouching up the bridle-path.

"Are you un the chap as was here last yere?" he asked.

"I am," was the reply. "And say," said I, handing him a silver coin, "can you tell me what has become of Mr. Alderson and his daughter?"

"Naw," said the boy, "only she be done runned away with Captain Bill Brownlow, an the old man be g'lang too."

I knew the urchin was lying, as far as the action of Annie Alderson was concerned, but she may have been abducted by the villian Brownlow, and possibly she and her father were now prisoners in his hands. I knew that all the people for miles around were adherents of the outlaw, or held him in such dread, that they would do nothing against him, and until I could come with men enough to root out the entire moonshiner gang, any attempt at rescue would be futile. So, returning to where I had hitched my horse, I vaulted into the saddle and rode away.

I had gone back about two miles toward where the posse I had come with was camped, when, on turning a sharp angle in the road, I saw a blinding flash directly in front. A sharp report followed, and I felt the sting of a bullet in my side. Drawing my gun I dashed at the wretch who had shot me, and before he could reload his rifle, I sent a bullet crashing through his brain. One of us had to die, and very naturally I preferred it should be the other fellow

How I got to camp, I hardly knew. My wound was a bad one; and, weak from loss of blood and pain, I fainted as I fell from my saddle into the arms of one of the men. I was kindly cared for. The surgeon was a skillful one and in a short time he had me out of danger. It was this wound that took me to my kind old relative in Springfield.

I now return to the night when I recognized my old enemy, William Brownlow, standing over me with a knife in his hand, while we were sleeping by the cave down in the Ozark mountains. Fortunately he did not recognize me or I might not now be telling this story.

Apparently satisfied that I was not the man he feared I was, Brownlow turned and walked away as noiselessly as he had come. I watched him and saw that he went directly towards the cave. I moved forward, determined to see what game Brownlow and his pals were up to.

For nearly an hour I watched the black hole that led to the chamber, and seeing and hearing nothing, I slowly worked my way inside.

It was black as Egypt, but I had the advantage of being afflicted with nyctalopia, at times, and on this occasion did not consider it any affliction whatever, as it enabled me to see things with remarkable distinctness in the darkest part of the cave without the aid of an artificial light.

When I got well inside I made a startling discovery!

The room was empty. Not a soul in there, save myself,

What had become of Brownlow and the four men?

I examined every nook and corner, but not a trace of the moonshiner chief or any of his band, could I find.

Was it possible they could have slipped out at the entrance! No; for from the time I had seen them enter it, up to the time I had followed them in, I had never taken my eyes away from it.

I then concluded it would be best to return to the tent and resume my former position and watch.

On the following night I could slip into the cave under cover of the darkness and observe things on the inside. There was a mystery here I was determined to fathom; and moreover, I was fully bent on bringing William Brownlow to bay, and force the secret of the disappearanee of Edward Alderson and his daughter out of him.

I had hardly gotten well composed in my bed in the tent, when I saw Brownlow and his campanions emerge from the cave again. To assure himself that none of our party had been watching his movements, he once more approached close enough to the tent to satisfy himself we were all there and asleep; then turning away he and the four men soon disappeared down the valley.

The impulse to shoot him as he approached the tent was strong upon me and I would have done so, but I wanted to force him to tell me where he had concealed the Aldersons. Beside, I had no doubt whatever he would return to the cave. He evidently considered it a very safe retreat.

The next day our party moved their hunting grounds over beyond the mountain, to the eastward, sending their wagon around into the new territory. During the afternoon I managed to slip away from them, and concealing myself in a thicket of alders, awaited the coming of night. As soon as it was dark I set out rapidly for the cave. Arriving there and seeing no one around, went inside, and taking a position from whence I could watch the entrance, awaited further developments.

I had not long to wait. Hearing the hum of voices, I looked toward the entrance and saw several men come inside. One of them lighted a torch, and I saw that it was Brownlow.

They came straight towards where I lay, and I got my pistol ready for defense. The men turned and went to where the water was boiling up in the corner of the cave. I heard Brownlow say:

"I see them hunters is gone: but I tell you what, one of them looked powerful like Duke Denham. Ef he's on our trail we've got to look sharp. I thought sure I had him dead onct, but ole Alderson, cuss him, brought him to life again; but, never mind, if they'll just give me five days more, I can snap my fingers in their faces and bid defiance to them."

While the ruffian was talking, he knelt down and I saw him reach his arm into the water. When he withdrew his hand he held a small hammer. With this he struck the wall five distinct raps, thus: oo-o-oo; that is, two taps, an interval, one tap, another interval, then the other two taps.

In a short time the water in the boiling stream became quiet, then began to subside, and finally disappeared altogether.

"Go under," commanded Brownlow, and one by one the men disappeared under the arch through which the limped waters had been flowing five minutes before, Brownlow going last.

Scarcely had the bandit chief disappeared than the waters resumed their wonted course.

It was easy now to explain the ease with which the outlaws had so effectually concealed themselves.

But by what strange means were the waters of the cave switched from their course long enough to permit the men to crawl under the arch-way? And where did that way lead to?

The conclusions I arrived at were these:

The archway was simply a passage connecting the first chamber of the cave to another in the rear.

In the inner chamber there was a confederate of the band whose duty it was to answer the signals, and to apply certain mechanism to the water which would divert it from the archway and then turn on the flow again, when the robbers had passed in or out.

If my conclusions were correct, I could give the signals I heard Brownlow give, and follow them right in.

But a serious objection to this plan at once presented itself: Should all the members of the band be present, they would know some one had discovered the signal, and they would either pay no attention to it, or let the man giving it come in, and then kill him or hold him a prisoner.

Prudence dictated that I await until circumstances should open the way for my further explorations. Only I was determined upon this—to never let Brownlow escape me as long as Annie Alderson was a prisoner in his hands.

Fortunately, I had provisions enough with me for a very fair supper, so eating this, I slipped silently out of the cave and hiding as closely to it as I could with safety, awaited to see what next would turn up. Nothing disturbed me during the remainder of the night.

Just before daylight I climbed into a red oak tree whose ample foliage afforded shelter and concealment, and a perch from which I could still watch the cave. Thus I passed the greater part of the day without seeing any of the robbers.

Worn out with my ceaseless vigils; hungry and parched with thirst, I was on the point of descending the tree, when I heard voices and soon saw the robber chief and his men coming out of their place of concealment.

I learned from their conversation that they were going away on some important expedition, from which they expected to return in three days, if all should go well.

One of the men, however, was to remain behind and guard the cave; for Brownlow could not dismiss the impression from his mind that the officers of the law had tracked him to his lair and suspected his hiding place.

He gave his directions to the man he left as sentinel in an undertone, but I caught this much: "Be sure you take good keer of the gal and see she is kept secure."

I watched Brownlow and his gang until they were out of sight, and felt I had nothing more to fear from them for a time at least. In three days I would be prepared for them.

The fellow who had been left behind after watching the retreating forms of his pals a few minutes, came and sat down at the foot of the tree in which I was concealed.

Here was a dilemma!

How was I to get into the cave while this brawny giant was lying there? Certain I was that the least noise I made would disclose my hiding place to him, and he would shoot me like a rat.

However, I must get rid of him, even if I had to shoot him where he sat; but although I did not doubt that he deserved killing, I did not care to be his executioner.

I concluded to resort to strategy.

I was a proficient ventriloquist, and had often exercised my ventriloquial powers to amuse a friend or embarrass an enemy.

I thought I would try my skill on my immobile "cerberus" at the root of the tree.

My plan was this: Get his attention attracted from the tree to the ground, and while he was listening to some imaginary sufferer under the sod, spring upon him and bind him before he could recover from his surprise.

I saw that he was nodding, and began by uttering a loud whisper, which seemed to him to come from behind the tree.

He jumped like he was shot, and bringing his gun to a "ready," peered cautiously around.

Then he heard another whisper at his elbow, but behind him: "Look sharp!"

My situation was too serious to admit of laughing, though I could have roared out with a peal that would have shaken the woods. Even as it was I enjoyed the show immensely. The fellow looked this way, then that, swinging his gun madly about, as mysterious whisperings buzzed around his ears.

Then, to add still further to his entertainment, I caused a deep groan, agonized and sepulchral, to heave up from the ground at his feet.

"Oh, God! oh God! He is murdering me!"

This was too much for my audience. With a wild yell of terror he dropped his gun and dashed into the cave.

I had not calculated on this, but it suited me fully as well as anything else. Hastily descending from the tree I followed him. Just as I reached him he was giving the signal for entrance under the archway.

Without a word I caught him by the shoulder and jerked him violently to the ground. Pressing my revolver to his head I said:

"One word and you are a dead man."

He was too terrified to be capable of resistance, and I soon had him bound and gagged.

One look at the man's scared, sullen eyes, his dogged countenance and square jaws, convinced me that I could get no information by questioning him, so I made up my mind to leave him there and attempt to explore the hiding place of Brownlow and his men at once.

Brownlow's allusion to "the gal" had fired my imagination and whetted my eagerness to begin immediately the search.

Dragging my prisoner to the farthest corner of the chamber and turning his face to the wall so he could not see where I went, and assuring him I would shoot him if he moved, I crept silently away.

By this time, in answer to the signal the man had given, the waters had receded from the bed of the stream, the archway was clear, and I began the journey under it. I carried my revolver, and that best of all weapons for a close fight, a genuine bowie-knife. Thus equipped, I moved forward. The archway was about fifteen feet long, and very rough under foot and overhead. I was compelled to drag myself along on my breast, but in three or four minutes, I came from the low archway into a cavern of extraordinary dimensions.

An old fashioned oil lamp was hanging on a spike driven into one of the seams in the rock, and its sickly flame shed a dim light around.

It was with extreme caution that I moved forward, expecting to be challenged by the gruff voice of some inside watcher, or become the target of his deadly aim.

But the place seemed to be totally deserted. Save the lamp with its dull glare, there was not a sign of human habitation or presence.

Possibly back in those impenetrable shadows that filled the rear of the area lurked desperate men only waiting for me to advance further, to spring upon me. Squatting low I peered deep into the gloom, trying to penetrate its depths and force its secrets if it had any.

When I entered the chamber, the water that had been directed from the channel was pouring through an opening in the bed of the stream. I now percieved that it was again surging through the arch. While I was gazing around me some unseen, unheard power had closed up the opening through which the waters were plunging down to unknown depths, and had sent them again racing along their wonted course.

I was a prisoner in this gloomy cavern with no means of escape, and evidently alone.

But, no! Look! What is that dark form yonder crouching in the shadow? It moves slowly toward me. I hear its labored breathing in the close air. Two balls of fire gleam at me, and their light glows with a deadly fury.

Nearer, still nearer it comes; crouching, creeping, noiseless, slowly yet surely, shortening the distance that separates us.

I now perceive that it is a Siberian bloodhound of the largest size, and one of the strongest and most ferocious of its kind.

It has, with its keen instinct of smell, discovered a stranger: and all strangers to it are intruders to be destroyed. I reach for my revolver and make an alarming discovery.

I had dropped it from my pocket when crawling through the arch.

[To be continued.]

Some Good Things from the New York "Herald."

A DREADFUL MAN.

He never plays cards,
But his manhood he sinks
In that cesspool of gaming
Called tiddledewinks.

CHANGES IMMINENT.

A weight will soon be lifted from
The narrow parlor chair,
And soon the garden gate will have
As much as it can bear.

BAD FOR THE LAMBKIN.

The frisky lambkin's sleek and fat
The butcher has his eye on,
And soon he'll dress him to lie down
Within the social lion.

HE DOES, INDEED.

When April flowrets greet the sight
And apple trees give blossoms birth,
The poet pale begins to write
And works the spring for all it's worth.

A REFLECTION ON NOAH.

Jinks—You ought to get along on water; Noah lived on it for forty days.

Gallon—Yes; but how he did cut loose after he struck port!

A DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

"Tom" she whispered, as they bade good night, "mamma says that I must never accept anything from young men," and standing on tiptoes she gave his kisses back again.

SHE HAD TO DO IT.

Mrs. Numbernine (of Chicago)—What! You have accepted that New York dude? How could you do such a thing?

Miss Numbernine—Well what could I say? If I hadn't he would have boycotted the fair!

A HARD CASE.

Revivalist—Do you ever cast your bread upon the waters?

Sinner—No; my wife belongs to a cooking school and I have too much compassion for the poor fish. I have, however, made an excellent road bed out of her attempts at bread making.

WHY SHE WEEPS.

The artists picture spring—a maiden fair
Swaying recumbent on an apple bough,
With sunshine falling on her golden hair,
Which makes a coronet above her brow.
Draped thus in shimmering robes of clinging gauze,
Her eyes seemed filled with tear drops, bright and soft.
Why does she weep? Most probably because
Too soon she's left her heavy flannels off.

EXPECTED IT.

Reagan—What's the latest news, Moike?

O'Leary—Strange indade; Oi'm towld the divvil is did.

Reagan—You don't tell me? An' McGinnis' son, Pat, only doied lasht wake. Wull, 'twixt you an' me, Oi expicted summut to happen purty suddint, but Oi didn't think he cud do 'im thot quick!

THE BROKER'S PROPOSAL.

Fairest maid, I'm but a broker, but my heart disdains the brake
When I think of what life would be were it not for your sweet sake;
Broken words proclaim my fervor, broken sighs my truth attest,
And my heart beats broken measure 'neath my palpitating breast.
Broken down would be my vigor if my love you put to rout,
With the fever of affection I'm completely broken out.
At your feet I lay the treasure of a bank I helped to break,
And some broken lots of presents that you're also free to take.
Though I'm broken in to sorrow and have drained life's bitter cup,
Darling, if you should refuse me, surely I'd be broken up!

Proving Mr. Darwin's Theory.

New York Recorder.

"Do brutes have a language?" asked the president of the Millville literary circle at a recent meeting.

"Do they?" replied the secretary; "you ought to hear my husband when he loses his collar button."

A Fortunate Marriage.

Chicago Times.

"Did Philpot marry well?"

"Yes indeed. He made $10,000 by the transaction."

"Was his bride so rich? I heard she was poor but pretty."

"True, but she had sued him for $10,000 for a breach of promise and he compromised on marriage."

A Card.

The Lexington Ferry company and Pontoon Bridge company having compromised their differences, the citizens of Lexington and traveling public can now be assured of certain connections with the great Santa Fe route for all trains both for passengers and freights. Remember this is the only road that gives the city of Lexington four daily passenger trains, with close connections for Chicago and the east; also to Oklahoma, Texas, Colorado, Utah, New Mexico and California. Cheapest rates and the best of train service.

For information on passenger or freight rates call at city ticket office, corner 9th and Main streets. JOHN TAUBMAN, Agent.

Janet's Hair.

BY MILES O'REILLY.

"Oh, loosen the snood that you wear, Janet,
Let me tangle a hand in your hair, my pet,"
For the world to me had no daintier sight
Than your brown hair veiling your shoulders white,
As I tangled a hand in your hair, my pet.

It was brown with a golden gloss, Janet,
It was finer than silk of the floss, my pet;
'Twas a beautiful mist falling down to your wrist,
'Twas a thing to be braided, and jewelled, and kissed—
'Twas the loveliest hair in the world, my pet.

My arm was the arm of a clown, Janet,
It was sinewy, bristled, and brown, my pet,
But warmly and softly it loved to caress
Your round white neck and your wealth of tress—
Your beautiful plenty of hair, my pet.

Your eyes had a swimming glory, Janet,
Revealing the old, dear story, my pet—
They were gray, with that chastened tinge of the sky,
When the trout leaps quickest to snap the fly,
And they matched with your golden hair, my pet.

Your lips—but I have no words, Janet—
They were fresh as the twitter of birds, my pet,
When the spring is young, and the roses are wet
With the dew drops in each red bosom set,
And they suited your golden brown hair, my pet.

Oh, you tangled my life in your hair, Janet,
'Twas a silken and golden snare, my pet,
But, so gentle the bondage, my soul did implore
The right to continue your slave evermore,
With my fingers enmeshed in your hair, my pet.

* * * * * * *

Thus ever I dream what you were, Janet,
With your lips, and your eyes, and your hair, my pet,
In the darkness of desolate years I moan,
And my tears fall bitterly over the stone,
That covers your golden hair, my pet.

Rail and Tie.

A trans-Australian railroad is being talked off in the colony.

The Hartwell, (Ga.) Sun says that for every five miles of the Georgia, Carolina & Northern railroad a murder has been committed, with which the gangs at work on the road have been connected.

An engineer on a Texas railroad found a big flock of sheep huddled together in a cut to get out of the storm, and in driving through them killed seventy-eight. Pieces of mutton were found on the platform of the last car.

The tramways, omnibuses and underground railways which serve the area in and round London within a radius of five miles leave little for the main lines of railway in that district, and carry each year about 453,000,000 passengers.

It is reported that J. J. Hill of the Great Northern railway has in contemplation a system of insurance for employes of the road by which he intends to enable the men to be pensioned on half pay after twenty-five years service.

The timber on our railroads amounted to 516,000,000 ties, or an average of 2,694 per mile of railroad, in use in this country in 1889; 310 ties per mile, or a total of 60,000,000, were annually required for renewals, and 13,000,000 for new construction.

A peculiar accident happened yesterday on the local Omaha line, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press. In going to the Junction, and before reaching Hersey & Bean's mill, the passenger and smoking cars left the track, owing to a broken rail, ran some distance on the ties, struck a switch, and regained the rails. The engine and tender had not left the rails.

The Richmond and West Point Terminal system of roads is now with one exception the greatest in the point of mileage in the country, as it aggregates 8,053 miles, or only about 900 miles less than that of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, besides which it claims about 500 miles of water lines, making a total of 8,550 miles of rail and water lines.—Railway Age.

The new Argentine Pacific railroad from Buenos Ayres to the foot of the Andes has what is probably the longest tangent in the world. This is two hundred and eleven miles without a curve. In this distance there is not a single bridge and no opening larger than an ordinary culvert, no cut greater than one meter in depth, and no fill of a height exceeding one meter.

Driving a Baptist Out.

Frank Honore had a peculiar experience before the fire, which serves to show the great difference between the Chicago of that day and to-day, says the Post. On Washington street, near Clark, was the old Parker building, which was the home of the gay young bachelors that belonged to the Four Hundred. As soon as one would give up his bachelor state the first one on the list of applicants for vacancies would take his room and furniture in the Parker block. Mr. Honore and his room-mate, W. D. Kerfoot, were one evening dressing for a dinner which was to be one of the social events of the season. Mr. Honore was a Cambellite, and was considered to be one of the best talkers in the church. While Mr. Honore and his chum were in the midst of their preparations there was a terrible knocking on the door of their room. At the moment Mr. Honore was buttoning his collar and had succeeded in getting the button through the buttonhole in the back of the collar.

"What's wanted?" he asked when the knocking grew less violent.

"Does Mr. Honore live here?" asked a voice.

"Yes; come in," called Mr. Honore.

When the door was opened a breathless young man appeared.

"Dr. Major wants you to come over to his place," excitedly shouted the boy. "He says there's a Baptist minister over there, and he wants you to help drive him out. He's a powerful talker."

"All right," replied the Campbellite orator. "I'll run right over."

He had not finished buttoning his collar, but picked up his coat and rushed down the stairs. The appearance of the gentleman with no coat and a collar fastened only in the back, was picturesque, even if it was not exactly the costume that is considered good form by the Four Hundred of the Chicago of to-day.

In about an hour and a half, Mr. Honore returned to his room. He was limping. His collar though bottoned, was wilted, and he was covered with perspiration. Mr. Kerfoot, expecting him to return every moment, had waited for him and was not in a very good humor.

"What's the matter, Frank?" he asked, his anger having given place to sympathy when he saw him limping. "You are lame."

"I tripped on an old hoop skirt on the side-walk when I went out the front door and hurt my knee."

"Does it hurt much?"

"Yes. But I don't care. The Baptist minister had to leave town."

The two friends did not attend the dinner.