

SONG OF THE CONQUERORS.

Let us sing the new song of the conquerors of the earth:
The battle song is still the song that thrills.
Let us sing our song of soldiers, men of wisdom and of worth;
But the soldier that we sing of never kills.
But he fights with wind and ice-floes in the welter of the seas,
And he drives his fire-lunged war horse through the night;
Through the snowstorm and the midnight hear his iron courser wheeze;
Here is battle worth the singing! Here is fight!

Let us sing the new song of the conquerors of the world,
The axemen of the forests of the north.
The smoke-flag from their log camp on the frozen air unfurled
Beckons to the waiting millions to come forth.
Old Solitude has nodded on his throne a thousand years,
But he wakens at the axe stroke. Let him flee!
For he hears the rattling engine shrieking in his deadening ears,
And he hears the roar of cities yet to be.

Let us sing the new song of the conquerors of the earth,
The song of the plowmen of the west.
Who make a land of plenty where they find a land of dearth,
And the serpent swamps are changed to homes of rest.
Sing the men who lay the highway where the palace car is whirled,
And the iron monster thunders down the rail;
Strong as men who fought with dragons, tamers of the savage world,
These are the men who fight with Chaos, and prevail.

Let us sing the new song of the conquerors of the earth,
For the soldier race has not departed yet;
Far up the western mountains see the gunless hosts go forth,
The soldiers of the Brotherhood of Sweat.
Our war is never ended and the fray is but begun,
We battle till the coming of the night;
And we grapple with our foe man at the setting of sun;
We're enlisted while our day lasts. Let us fight!
—Sam Walter Foss, in N. Y. Sun.

THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

The northern express was about to leave the Tedcroft Junction when two girls rushed into the station. They had just time to hurry into the first carriage at hand and have their bags and rugs bundled in after them, when the whistle sounded and the train started. "How I hate a rush!" exclaimed Angela Trevor, the elder of the two sisters, a handsome, resolute-looking girl, as she sank breathless into her place. "It is so upsetting to one's nerves."
"Disarranges one's clothes, too," added Molly.
"To think of our not having had time to select a carriage for such a long journey!" said Angela.
Both glanced involuntarily to the other end of the carriage, where their one fellow traveler sat in the corner seat on the same side with Angela. His head and face were hidden from view by the ample pages of the Times spread out before him. Two long, tweed-clad legs were stretched out, finished with flattish feet in well-finished boots. At the side glimpses showed of a shoulder, an arm, and a thin, nervous-looking hand.
"He looks all right," Molly said, carelessly thrusting a hairpin into her back hair.
"Undeniably a gentleman," said Angela, with decision. "He has a good tailor, and his boots are unexceptional."
The girls settled down for the journey, extracting from among the surrounding impedimenta the usual literary solaces in the way of newspapers and vividly-bound books. First, however, they talked over in low tones the visit on which they were going in Yorkshire. Their hostess was a friend and contemporary, who had lately married the squire of Mappedene. The girls were full of excitement, surmise and pleasant anticipations regarding the visit to their friend in her new place and position. It was some time before the flow of conversation ceased, and they took up their books. Angela was soon engaged in following the unwholesome career of a modern heroine through all its risky intricacies. Mollie had chanced on a volume of short stories, plainly inspired by the triumphs of Sherlock Holmes. They were full of ghastly adventures with criminals and lunatics; the situations, though infinite in variety, were all alike thrilling and blood-curdling. Mollie's youthful imagination took fire; one story, an adventure with a lunatic in a railway carriage, especially excited her. It was not a particularly happy selection for a railway journey. She looked up from the pages with a shudder, her blood running cold. It was only in books, however, that awful, creepy adventures happened to travelers. She had never known a real person who was unlucky enough to meet a criminal or lunatic in a train. As the reassuring thought entered her mind, her eyes wandered to the far end of the carriage. They unexpectedly met those of the man in the corner seat; the shock was sharp and violent. He was sitting up, the Times folded on his knees, allowing his whole face to be seen. Such a face! Just like so many of those described in the stories Mollie had been reading. The coincidence was extraordinary and startling. The girl's

imagination rushed off on a series of wild flights, and she drew quickly back, cowering behind her book. She had never seen a stranger looking man; hollow-cheeked, gaunt, grim, but, above all, with the most peculiar eyes, staring and prominent. She had so little expected such a development in the harmless-looking man behind the Times that the shock and surprise were very great. She retained, however, self-control enough not to appeal to Angela on the impulse of the moment. Mollie was used to having fears ridiculed. She therefore decided to wait before giving any alarm, for it was possible that her excited imagination was running away with her.
After a few minutes she ventured to peep cautiously from behind her book. The man had turned away, and was looking out of the window, the gaunt face only showing in profile. Mollie breathed more freely, relieved from the stare of those terrible eyes; she made a quick, close study of the stranger. As the scrutiny progressed, however, another change came over her face—the composure she had regained began to diminish rapidly. Her eyes noted the man's bare head, then went from it to the rack above, to the seat opposite, to the floor. No trace of hat or hat box, of bags, rugs or luggage of any kind could she discover. Her heart stood still. Who but an escaped lunatic or criminal would be traveling hatless and without baggage? The ghastly ideas, vague before, now took terrible and definite shape. She bent quickly across and touched the unconscious Angela, whom the doubtful heroine's adventures still held wholly absorbed.
"Take care," Mollie whispered. "Don't start and look around. I want to tell you something."
"Good gracious! What has happened? Are you ill?"
Angela, so suddenly aroused from her reading, found it hard not to exclaim aloud at her sister's words and the sight of her pale face.
"No, no. I am all right. Only it's a great deal worse. It's about the man in the carriage." Mollie's voice sank to the lowest whisper.
"What do you mean? Has he been doing anything?"
"No, but he is dreadful-looking; such a strange face and staring eyes. He must be an escaped criminal or a lunatic. A lunatic, I think, he looks so queer. Oh, it's dreadful!"
"Why should you rush at such awful conclusions?" Angela expostulated, "merely because a man is queer-looking?"
"But it's not only that. Oh, I wish it was!" Mollie's teeth chattered with fright.
"What else? What is it? For heaven's sake, speak plainly!"
"He is traveling without a hat; his head is bare," Mollie gasped out, in strangled whispers. "And he has no hat in the carriage, no luggage of any kind, either."
"Good gracious! Are you quite sure?"
"Quite. He has nothing with him but the Times. Would any ordinary man travel like that?"
Angela's face bleached to the color of her sister's; her fears started into just as acute life. No ordinary man would travel bareheaded. There was an awful probability about the conclusions drawn by Mollie from his hatless condition.
"Oh!" she gasped under her breath. "It is awful! And to think that we're nearly half an hour from the next station!"
A movement at the other end of the carriage made both girls sink back in their places with beating hearts. As Angela sank against the cushions, she caught a sudden and unexpected glimpse of the suspected stranger. He had turned again from the window, and was reopening the Times. Alas! Mollie had not exaggerated, as fear sometimes made her prone to do. The man's face was dreadful in its gaunt grimness. And then the staring eyes and bare head.
Angela could not but accept the situation, as the more suspicious and timid Mollie had accepted it. There was something wrong with the man; he had all the appearance of being a lunatic. Awful though the thought might be, that they were alone in the carriage with a madman, it had to be faced. Angela, less helpless than Mollie, rapidly began to consider what could be done. The train was not due to stop for at least 20 minutes longer. Would the quiet phase in which the man evidently then was, last during that time?—a terrible and vital question. And if it did not? Angela clenched her hands in the agony of the thought, and thrust it from her resolutely. Better not to think of the worst, not to anticipate a situation which would find them helpless. The thing was to stave off danger, to do all that they could to preserve the man's present state of calm.
Angela made a rapid mental review of all her knowledge—principally gathered from sensational literature—concerning the insane. As a result, she concluded that what they had to do now was to avoid everything which could attract the man's notice, or excite him in any way. They must not, for the world, let him see them looking at him, nor rouse any suspicions in his mind that they were talking or thinking of him. The difficulty was to communicate these decisions to Mollie without exciting suspicion.
Angela first ventured a swift glance

from behind her book to the other end of the carriage. The man was again concealed by the newspaper; the peaceful, ordinary way in which his long legs were stretched across the carriage would have been more reassuring were it not for the top of the bare head that showed above. He was quiet, however. A gleam of hope kept up Angela's spirit. That calm state, if undisturbed, might very well last until their arrival at the next station.
She snatched the opportunity to stoop over and communicate with the trembling Mollie. It was difficult to restore her to the appearance of a moral state to prevent her little gasps becoming audible.
"Try not to look so frightened, for heaven's sake, Mollie," Angela softly whispered. "Quiet and calm are our best chance. Don't give way like that, it may not be so bad after all. If we do nothing to attract his attention he will not notice us. They often do not. Perhaps he will fall asleep; he must be drowsy going over that paper so often."
A smothered "Oh!" answered Angela's well-meant attempt to reassure her sister.
"He's not a bit drowsy," she gasped. "I've just caught his eye over the newspaper. And—and—he looked as if he was going to talk. Oh! what are we to do! Oh, Angela!"
Angela had turned deadly pale, but her presence of mind did not desert her.
"Let us pretend to be admiring the view," she whispered. "How lovely the light on those fields is!" she said, in a louder tone, turning to the window.
"Do look, Mollie."
"He might spring on us—"
"Look," Angela severely interrupted the faltering whisper, "at that effect. Out of the window beside you, a little to the right; the shadows on the trees."
"Yes—yes—I—see."
"Go on looking, and talking about what you see," admonished Angela in undertones, "and when you can think of nothing more to say we will go on to the weather, and to Yorkshire, and the hours of arrival at the stations."
She gave the lead, taking up the prescribed topics in a quiet, level tone, the least calculated to arouse interest and attention. Her ears, all the time, were fairly alert, listening for the slightest sound from the other end of the carriage. The chief burden of the conversation rested on her, for Mollie's part in it, even with the most heroic efforts, was very weak and disjointed. Sometimes it broke off altogether, when a rustle, or movement in the far corner, made her teeth chatter and all power of speech fail. Though the stronger-minded Angela's heart beat just as quickly at these awful moments, she always rose to the emergency and kept up the discourse with unvarying calmness.
To those, stretched in agony upon a rack, minutes are as hours. Never had the sisters dreamed that 20 minutes could be drawn out to such dreadful length. Ten times 20 seemed to have passed, when at last the engine began to whistle and the train to slacken speed, before pulling up in the station. On the instant the stop was made the man sprang from the carriage and disappeared in the crowd on the platform. It was hard for the girls to realize at once that the danger was over; the reaction after the great strain had such a bewildering effect.
Angela found her voice first.
"Oh,"—she drew a deep breath—"what an escape we have had! He is stark, staring mad."
"To think of his rushing off like that! We need not leave the carriage now. Oh, it was dreadful while it lasted!" sighed Mollie.
"He is evidently evading pursuit. I hope he may be caught. I wonder if we ought to tell anyone about him, Mollie?"
The girl had not decided the question when the signal for departure was given and the train began to move. At the moment there was a rush and a shout, the door was dragged open, the bareheaded man precipitated himself into his former place in the carriage, breathless and panting. The girls, literally paralyzed by the terror of the awful surprise, were struck dumb. They could not call for help until it was too late and the station had been left behind.
Several moments passed in silence. Although Angela did not look, she felt the staring eyes fixed on her, as surely as if she saw them.
The man moved uneasily and cleared his throat. Angela's heart beat wildly; the crisis had come.
"I beg your pardon—" he jerked out the words in a peculiar and awkward way—"I frighten you?"
"Yes," she agreed, hastily. "You did."
"I failed in my attempt, though I ran half way through the town. I hope to have better luck next time. I shall try again at Darlington, the next station."
"Oh! I hope so. Indeed, I am sure you will succeed at Darlington."
"You know the town? Then perhaps you can direct me where to go."
"Yes, I know the town very well," said Angela, boldly.
"But how do you know what I want?"
"I don't know what you want. Certainly not. I haven't thought about it at all."
"But you said you were sure I would succeed at Darlington."
"Yes—that is—no—that is, I should

be very glad if you succeeded in whatever it is."
"Success would be very convenient," he said, drolly. "I was looking for a better." He gave a short laugh. "I suppose that does not surprise you, does it?"
"No," Angela managed to answer. "Not at all; it is very nice—very natural, I mean."
Mollie's heart gave a first, faint throb of hope on seeing how closely the lunatic was attending to Angela's words. To have his mind well fixed on Darlington was the best way of keeping deadly thoughts out of it.
"Do you know a better? And can you direct me to the shop?"
"Certainly."
With his staring eyes fixed straight before him, he began fumbling in his pockets. From one of them he finally produced a small leather case. The eyes of the girls followed his movements with a terror far more deadly than any which had before possessed them. Mollie's pupils dilated still more; the man had drawn something from the case. What was it—that thing clasped within his hand? The lunatic's sudden drawing forth of a razor from a bag, his address to the other occupant of the carriage, "I am about to sharpen this for you. I have been studying your throat; it looks as if it would cut well."
"I shall follow your directions closely," he paused in the doorway of the carriage to say. "Excuse me, I have not a moment to lose. Au revoir, young ladies."
He disappeared from sight at once. Angela's nerves broke down completely in the sudden relation of the strain.
"Let us call the porter. Quick, quick."
Even as she spoke the train—which still had to make up for lost time—was in motion. For some awful instants the girls' eyes were riveted in agony on the door.
"We are safe! safe at last! Heaven be thanked!"
Next morning as Angela passed through the hall, a fly, with luggage, drew up at the door. The interchanged greetings, "Hello, professor!" "Well, Tom!" reached her ears. The first voice was the squire's, hearty and welcoming; the sound of the second made Angela start and turn abruptly round. Descending from the vehicle appeared a long, thin figure, with a gaunt face and staring eyes. His head was not bare but covered by a soft hat. Still there was no mistaking—the lunatic!
Some hours later the Trevors were holding a private conference with the lady of Mappedene in her boudoir. "Fears of laughter still filled the eyes of the latter.
"I cannot help it, girls, you mustn't mind. It is too killing!" she said. "Anyone would have made the mistake. I never saw the man until now. Such a being. No wonder you thought him a lunatic."—London Punch.

A PRINCE WHO COULD FIGHT.
Duke William of Wurtemberg and His Heroic Stand at Magenta.
Duke William of Wurtemberg, heir to the throne of the kingdom, who died early in the month of Meran, was perhaps the most valorous royal prince in all Europe. By his personal bravery and tenacity at the battle of Magenta he enabled a handful of troops to hold in check the pursuing Frenchmen, and to save nearly two-thirds of the defeated Austrian army under Count Clam-Fallas and Baron Ramming.
The duke was ordered to hold Magenta to the last possible moment. He had two battalions of his own regiment, two companies from another regiment and half a battery. The French had two regiments of the foreign legion and a regiment of zouaves for their attack. Four times as the Frenchmen advanced, the duke led out his men, with fixed bayonets, and forced the enemy back. During the last bayonet charge the color-bearer of his own regiment was shot. The duke dismounted, seized the colors, mounted and called his men on. His horse was shot dead; he extricated himself, and was still in the lead. He was shot in the foot and he fell, but he was up again in an instant, still waving the colors, and shouting encouragement to the troops.
When the railway station at Magenta was abandoned by the Austrians who had held it, and the French swarmed in over the captured ground, the duke began holding his little command entirely on the defensive. With pistol in one hand and sword in the other, he fought from house to house and street to street, as stubbornly as any private, until after four hours of unequal conflict he learned that the Austrian army was saved; then he retired. He was the last one of the Austrian army to leave Magenta, and he left riding a horse which had run into his lines after losing its French rider.—Chicago Journal.

Parlor Curtains.
When it is necessary to use sash curtains at front windows, especially those of a parlor or drawing-room, the ugly bedroom effect that they often have may be changed into one quite pleasing and artistic by setting across the lower third or half of the window a narrow frame of Venetian bent-iron in a simple pattern, which frames in a curtain of colored China silk very prettily. The two pieces of the frames that make the top and bottom should be wider than the sides. The curtain should be secured at the top by running it through a very small brass rod.—N. Y. Post.

A SHERMAN LETTER.
The Senator from Ohio Is Against the Movement to Retire United States Notes.
HARTFORD, Conn., Jan. 8.—Albert H. Walker, of this city, made public last night, by permission of Senator John Sherman, a letter he recently received from the senator, giving the senator's views on the retirement of greenbacks. It is as follows:
WASHINGTON, Jan. 3, 1894.
Mr. Albert Walker:
My Dear Sir: Your kind note of the 29th ult. is received. I do not sympathize with the movement proposed to retire United States notes from circulation. I believe it is easy to maintain a limited amount of these in circulation without danger or difficulty. The maintenance in circulation of \$216,000,000 in United States notes supported by a reserve of \$100,000,000 gold not only saves the interest on \$216,000,000 of debt, but is a vast convenience to the people at large. The best form of paper money is that which is backed by the government and maintained at the specie standard. The absolute security of these notes was never called in question, after the resumption of specie payment in 1879, until the reserve was being treasured upon to meet differences in currency revenues brought about by what is known as the Wilson tariff law of 1894. Very truly yours,
JOHN SHERMAN.

MAINE'S GOVERNOR BIASED.
Investments of Millions in the West Declared Lost—Home-Staying Praised.
AUGUSTA, Me., Jan. 8.—Gov. Powers' inaugural address opens with a felicitation upon the improved industrial and financial prospects and then says: "Our young men have very generally ceased to emigrate to the west as soon as they are old enough to commence life for themselves. They are beginning to realize the important truth that at home are to be found more certain inducements and advantages with much less of hardship, suffering and privation. Our people have learned in the stern school of experience to their sorrow and cost that a large part of the many millions that have been sent westward to enrich and build up that section and to be invested in all sorts of wild and visionary schemes will never be returned to them again, and they will no longer permit themselves to be deluded and deceived by specious pretenses and false promises rarely ever to be realized."

A LIVELY MESSAGE.
Gov. Pingree, of Michigan, Scores Party Conventions and Denounces Lobbies.
LANSING, Mich., Jan. 8.—The two houses of the legislature convened in joint session this afternoon and listened to the addresses of the retiring and incoming governors. Gov. Pingree's address at the outset recommended the abolition of party conventions which, he asserted, had become the mediums of trickery, bribery and fraud. He advocated instead the direct vote and the Australian ballot system in nominating candidates. Present fares in Michigan (owing to certain features of the charters of certain roads) were argued to be a proper subject for legislative action.
The governor came out strongly against "the paid lobbyists who infest our halls," and added: "If the legislators are not intelligent enough to give intelligent thought and action to public measures without the aid of those who wine and dine, cajole and flatter and bribe, at least steps should be taken to modify the nuisance."

INTO A SNOWDRIFT.
Bad Accident to a Passenger Train at Donaldson, Minn.
ST. PAUL, Minn., Jan. 8.—A Stephen, Minn., special says: A terrible accident happened yesterday on the Great Northern railway at Donaldson station, seven miles north. As the passenger train was coming into the station with two engines, it struck a snowdrift, throwing the front engine off the track. It struck the platform and tore it up for a distance of 30 feet and then fell over a perfect wreck, burying Engineer Duke Jewell in the debris. The engineer is not expected to recover. Many others were injured, but none fatally. The other engine was thrown off the track, but the engineer and crew escaped.

THE "UNWRITTEN LAW."
A Wronged Husband Justified by a Judge in Killing a Man.
CARROLLTON, Ky., Jan. 8.—Frank Harris, who shot Herman Medley to death on Christmas day, when he found Medley with Mrs. Harris in the Harris home at Eagle station, was discharged by Judge Donaldson. Harris made a statement which was strongly corroborated by circumstances detailed by other witnesses. The judge held that it was a case in which the unwritten law applied and the defendant was dismissed.