PHIL'S SECRET.

I know a little girl,
But I won't tell who!
Her hair is of the gold,
And her eyes are of the blue,
Her smile is of the sweet,
And her heart is of the true,
Such a pretty little girl!—
But I won't tell who.

I see her every day,
But I won't tell where!
It may be in the lane,
By the thorn-tree there,
By the rose-buds fair,
Such a pretty little girl!—
But I won't tell where.

I'll marry her some day,
But I won't tell when!
The very smallest boys
Make the very biggest men,
When I'm as tall as father,
You may ask about it then,
Such a pretty little girl!—
But I won't tell when.

—Laura E. Richards.

GETTING INTO SOCIETY.

"I tell you, Jack, the farm is not your vocation. I become more and more convinced of the fact every day, and less contented with the life we are leading."

Breakfast was over, and we stood on the farmhouse portico arm in arm. On the sill sat baby, screaming with delight, as she fed a pair of pet pigeons from her dimpled hands.

Our breakfast had been a delicious one—coffee clear as amber, bread like snow, and steak done to a turn.

All about us was a green tangle of sweet-brier and honeysuckle; the sun was just rising above the mountain peaks, and the morning air was sweet and fresh, and filled with exquisite woodland odors, and musical with the song of birds. We could catch a glimpse of the barn and the poultry-yards from where we stood, and hear the plaintive lowing of the kine, and the dream-like tinkle of their bells.

I felt a vague sort of conviction that Jack had but little sympathy with my spirit of discontent, yet I was determined to carry my point, if possible.

"You are dissatisfied with your lot—I see that plainly, Nell," said Jack, a trifle sadly.

"Oh, nonsense!" I put in. "Not with my lot, nor with you, only with the farm, Jack. I'm tired to death with this prosy, humdrum life, and I hate to see you delving and toiling like a slave from one year's end to another. You were born for something better, Jack—something grander and nobler. Fancy a man of your abilities sowing grain, and digging potatoes, and raising stock, to his life's end!"

"But, my dear," suggested Jack, "one must live and have bread and butter."

"To be sure, Jack; but why not earn it in a more genteel fashion?"

"Honest labor is always genteel, Nell."

"Oh, pshaw! you understand me, Jack. I mean that you have capacities for something better. You only cling to the old farm to please your father, when you could do a hundred-fold better elsewhere. And, besides, where is our society in this place, Jack? What chance is there for our children, as they grow up?"

Jack laughed as he glanced down at baby, who was struggling furiously to get a pigeon's head in her mouth.

"Ah, Nell, that is looking so far ahead," he said; "and, my dear, you seem to forget that I have lived here all my life!"

"No, no, I don't forget. And pray what have you done, Jack?"

"Led an upright life, and married yourself in the end."

"But you didn't pick me up among the clover-blossoms, Jack, don't forget that. You found me in town. And Jack, dear, I'm anxious to get back to my native element. I'm tired of all this. You can get on ever so nicely in town, Jack, and there we can get into society."

"I'm not over-fond of society, Nell."

"Oh, but you should be for my sake, Jack. I'm fond of it. I hate to live like a hermit. Why, Jack, if we desired to give a little party to-morrow, we could not for lack of guests."

"Dear me, Nell, why I could muster scores."

"Of a certain sort, yes; but I don't want them, Jack. I'm a little peculiar in my notions. I want no society but the best; the—the sort of society one gets into in town."

"Fashionable society, Nell."

"Well, then, why not? You have means, Jack, and I flatter myself that we are fitted to move in any circle. Why should we bury ourselves in this wilderness?"

"Our means are not inexhaustible, Nell."

"I'm aware of that Jack, but we've enough for a start, and Vanborough offers you a good place in the bank."

"At a limited salary, Nell."

"Oh, yes, but you can work your way up, Jack; right up to the topmost round of the ladder. Do let's go Jack! I've lived here to please you ever since our marriage; I think you can afford to please me a little now."

Jack sighed as he looked out upon his ripening grain fields, but he drew me close to his heart and kissed me.

"That's true," he said; "you can't be expected to care for the farm as I do, Nell. I promised to make you happy when you consented to become my wife, and I'll try and keep my word. You shall have it all your own way, Nell."

The continuous dropping of water wears away the solid stone. I had conquered my husband at last, and the desire of my heart was about to be accomplished.

When Jack once made up his mind to do a thing he did it with all his might. The matter was soon settled. Cherry Hill, as we called the farm, was sold at a great sacrifice, and one sunny morning we turned our backs upon the breezy mountain summits, and golden grain fields, and journeyed cityward.

"I'm afraid you've made a big mistake," said Jack's father, as he bade us good-by, "you'd better have stuck to the farm. You remember the old saying about rolling stones?"

"I don't believe in old sayings, sir," I answered, loftily; "and I think I can appreciate my husband's abilities better than any one else can."

"All right; I hope you won't find yourself mistaken, my dear. Good-by to both of you. Whatever you do, care well for the little one. I'm afraid she won't like the change. If you happen to tire of town and fashion, don't forget that a welcome always awaits you at home."

Jack's heart was too full for utterance.

"Thank you, sir," I said, "but we shall not get tired."

Our new home in Penryth was a stylish residence in a fashionable block. We established ourselves in the principal hotel, and then set about the task of furnishing the house.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Vanborough, the banker's wife, dropping in for an early call, "don't dream of such a thing as ingrain carpet. Get brussels, by all means, good, English brussels. You'll find it much cheaper in the end, and besides it is so much more stylish."

We harkened to our friend's advice, and laid our rooms with brussels, and the cost ran up into hundreds.

Then furniture was got to match. Mrs. Vanborough and several other friends aiding us in our selection, and all sorts of pretty, costly *bric-a-brac*, and real lace curtains, and a new cottage piano. My old instrument was too plain and clumsy for the new establishment.

There is a curious sort of excitement in spending money, which seems to drive the most sober and economizing people desperate, when they once get at it. Jack had always been the most careful of men, counting the cost of everything as he went, and saving every stray penny.

Once in the vortex of city life, his prudence was speedily changed into a sort of recklessness. After the first few days, and by the time our new home was ready to receive us, he actually seemed to take delight in seeing his money go.

"We've got snug quarters here, Nell, by George!" he said, looking through the extravagantly furnished rooms with admiring pride. "No one in town can outshine us, not even Vanborough himself. It has lightened our purse a good deal, I'll admit, but what does that signify? What good comes of having money unless one enjoys it?"

"We must try and save up a little now, Jack, since we are fixed so nicely." I said, feeling somewhat terrified at his growing recklessness.

"Pshaw, child! Whoever heard of a banker's clerk saving anything. If we make both ends meet, it will be more than I look for."

"My dear," said Mrs. Vanborough, when we were pleasantly settled in our handsome house, and had hired a couple of servants "I suppose you will want to give some sort of a party now? It is customary, you know. Suppose you let it be an informal reception, with cards and coffee for the old people, and ices, and fruits, and dancing for the young ones? That would do nicely. You can throw your parlors into one, and the new carpets will not get much injured. I'll help you to order your refreshments, and Cecelia will write out your invitations for you. She's an excellent judge as to whom it is expedient to invite."

I mentioned the matter to Jack when he came home, and he entered into the spirit of the affair with great excitement.

"To be sure, my little wife, have a party by all means. When one's in Rome, one must do as Romans do, you know. Don't spare expense either, my dear; we must make as good a show as other people. And I shall take it upon myself to order your costume. I want you to look as grand as a little empress'"

"But Jack," I suggested, timidly, "we are spending a great deal of money."

"Oh, well, never mind. It will all go, anyhow, one way, or the other, and we might as well enjoy it. You've always wanted to get into good society, Nell, and you're fairly in now, and it won't do to let people see that you are cramped for money. Let's make the most of it while we've got it."

My heart ached a little; and in the midst of all the flare and flutter of preparation, I was conscious of a vague feeling of regret whenever I recalled the quiet months of my early wifehood, spent at Cherry Hill. Jack had seemed such a different person in those days—so strong, and steady, and self-reliant; and now he seemed to take as much pleasure in life's frivolities as I did. With the foolish inconsistency of my sex, I sat down and cried over the consummation of the very hopes which I had cherished so long.

But, despite my tears, our reception went on and it turned out to be a great success. The best people in town honored us with their presence, and everything, thanks to Mrs. Vanborough's foresight, was carried out in the most lavish and elegant manner.

"By George," said Jack, "this sort of thing is jollier than the old farm. I see now, little wife, that you were right, always right."

I would ten times rather he should have upbraided me for what I had done.

The winter that followed was exceedingly gay. We were invited everywhere, and our house was constantly filled with guests. Balls, *soirees*, kettledrums, and the opera, seemed to engross every hour. Jack and I seldom had a quiet moment together, yet he seemed to enjoy it with his whole heart.

When spring came our last surplus dollar had been expended, and we were solely dependent on Jack's monthly salary.

The warm weather came on, and baby soon fell ill. I hoped day by day that Jack would say something about going back to his father's for the summer, but he did not even hint at such a thing.

The days grew longer and warmer. The sun shown down with a pitiless splendor, and the paved streets seemed like heated brass.

Our fashionable friends fluttered off like summer swallows, and we were left almost alone.

"Couldn't you manage to make a little trip to the sea-shore, my dear?" Mrs. Vanborouh had suggested, and Jack had caught at the idea with eagerness.

"We might, Nell. I think we can. I'll try and borrow a few hundreds somewhere.

"Oh, Jack, no, no!" I sobbed out in my remorse and despair. "I won't go to the sea-shore. You see how ill baby is. Oh, Jack, ask your father to let us return home."

"Oh, you wouldn't be satisfied, Nell, if we went back. It is dreadfully stupid down there these summer days, with the haymaking, and the reaping, and all that sort of thing. We should never be able to endure it now."

I said no more. The long, bright, burning days wore on, and our bills ran up higher and higher, and baby's little breath seemed to grow weaker and weaker, and poor Jack himself began to look dreadfully ill and worn. And one afternoon he was sent home in a carriage, quite unconscious, stricken down by a sudden fever.

I put my pride aside then, and wrote a letter to Jack's father.

"Jack and baby are both ill," and we are sick and tired of this life. Pray forgive us, and let us come home."

The very next day the dear old gentleman arrived, but the bailiffs and the officers of the law were there before him. The rumor that we intended to leave town had gto out, and our creditors rushed in, anxious to secure the lion's share of our effects. The Brussels carpet, the handsome furniture, and costly bric-a-brac, all went under the hammer at a disastrously low figure.

Never mind, said my father-in-law, not a shadow of reproach on his kind old face; "let them squabble over it if they will. We must get our sick ones home."

As we got Jack into the carriage and with his poor hot head upon my face, and baby in my arms, I turned my back upon the scene of my short-lived triumph.

"We are going back to Cherry Hill," said the old gentleman, as in the dusk of the golden day we drove through the dewy stillness of the mountain ravine. "The old home has been waiting for you all these months. I was pretty sure you'd want to come back."

I could not utter one word in answer. A great full moon was rising above the mountain peaks as we reached the house. Not the smallest thing was changed. The great red roses bloomed on the terrace, the bees droned in their hives, and the cattle-bells tinkled in the barn-yard. The doors stood wide open. We carried Jack in and laid him down in the broad, breezy room that had been our bridal chamber.

He opened his eyes and drew a deep, quivering breath, as the mountain breeze touched his throbbing head.

Nell, where are you?" he said. Surely this must be home?"

"I am here, Jack," I answered, through my tears, "and this is home, dear; old Cherry Hill."

"Thank God!" he murmured, and fell back upon the pillows, and I saw great tears trickling slowly from beneath his closed eyelids.

Beyond the open window, in the silver glory of the rising moon, the old grandfather sat, with baby at his feet, half-hidden in the rank, cool grass, and even at that late hour the pigeons came fluttering round her as of old, and she screamed with rapture as she clutched at them with her thin little hands.

I arose softly, and fell on my knees beside Jack's low pillow.

"Oh, Jack," I sobbed, "I have been so wicked. Forgive me, Jack, forgive me. I am so glad to be at home again."

His worn face grew radiant, and his dear arms held me close.

And then and there, clasped to my husband's heart, in the safe, sweet shelter of the home he loved, I understand all the past.

"You didn't mean it, Jack," I whispered, "You only pretended to enjoy it all to please me."

He smiled at me with his grave fond smile.

"And, oh, Jack, our money is all gone,
He silenced me with a kiss.

"No matter, little woman; the lesson we have learned has been cheaply bought. We shall not care to leave the safe old mountain nest in search of fashion and society again."

I could not answer. I heard my baby cooing to the pigeons in the grass, and sat there, clasped in Jack's forgiving arms, the happiest woman the world held.

Things in General.

The total receipts of the Thomas concerts in San Francisco, just ended, were $51,000; total expenses, $38,000. The guaranteed fund was $25,000. The total attendance was 30,000.

General Roger A. Pryor says New York is the strictest state in the Union in regard to divorce proceedings, and Rhode Island the most lax.

The pay of a cade at West Point is $450 a year to commence with his admission into the academy, and is sufficient with proper economy, for his support. No cadet is permitted to receive money or any other supplies from his parents or from any person whomsoever without the sanction of the superintendent.

The bank of France employes 160 female clerks, who receive 60 cents a day to begin with, and after a year or two an annual salary of $360. They sit in rooms apart from the men, are superintended by officials of their own sex, and their work is of the best quality.

The highest bridge in the world is said to be the railway viaduct at Garabit, in France, now being erected over a river in the department of Cantal. The bridge has a total length of about 1,880 feet, and near the middle of the great centre arch, which is one of the noteworthy features of the structure, the height from the bed of the river to the rail is 413 feet.

A beautiful exhibit at the London Fisheries Exhibition, and one that has attracted considerable attention, is a mother-of-pearl suite of bedroom furniture—wardrobe, table, washstand and chairs, valued by its exhibitors, Messrs. M. Samuel, at the high price of $1,500 guineas. Perhaps the most curious point in this costly set is that it contains no less than 47,000 separate pieces of pearl laid on a wood backing, and a dozen or more men were working on it for upwards of nine months.

Carving in ivory is carried now-a-days to a high degree of excellence in Paris. There is in London at present a bust of a lady of the time of Mary Queen of Scotts, executed in Paris by A. Moreau Vauthier, which is said to be the finest piece of ivory carving ever executed. The Pall Mall Gasette states with grim irony that so high a price is demanded for it that it will, most probably, be purchased by a Rothschild.

A Brooklyn girl thus "gives away" an important secret to the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer: "All summer long, and whenever else we go away from home, we all of us always say we're from New York. Our father and brothers are there in business, you know, and everybody knows New York, and altogether it's much easier and pleasanter to say we come from there than to go to explaining all about Brooklyn, and—and—well, Beecher."

A Michigan school teacher went to Tennessee last winter and engaged to teach in a district where the big girls were to proud to go to common school. He soon began to kiss the little girls freely, and in less than three weeks the house was filled with big ones, and old ones, too—even a widow discovered her early education had been neglected. The only drawback was that the young men kept constantly challenging him to fight duels, and finally threatened to waylay him. He says he did not practice kissing for the fun there was in it, bat in the interest of education. He has been employed for next winter, and the big boys have signified their intention of attending school in a body.

The Carson (Nev.) Appeal says that for some years there has been a bank in Lake Tahoe which in clear weather has generally been taken for moss formation. It looked as if a lot of trees had sunk to the bottom of the lake, and that moss and slime had collected there until the whole presented a wavy, transparent appearance about fifty feet below the surface. During the past few weeks the moss and debris have disappeared, and now when the water is clear, a forest of pine trees can be plainly seen, with every limb and twig perfect. Some fishermen, by lowering grappling irons, have recovered several splendid specimens of the petrifaction. One is a pine branch about three feet long, which, when held a few feet from the eye, has the exact appearance of a pine branch just taken from a living tree, and apparently fresh and green.

How to Treat Cases of Sunstroke.

The New York board of health makes the following recommendation to prevent sunstroke: If working in the sun wear a light hat (not black, as it absorbs heat), straws, etc., and put inside of it on the head a wet cloth or a large green leaf. Frequently lift the hat from the head and see that the cloth is wet. Do not check perspiration, but drink what water you need to keep it up, as perspiration prevents the body from being over-heated. Have, whenever possible, an additional shade, as a thin umbrella, when walking; a canvass or board cover when working in the sun. When much fatigued do not go to work, especially after 11 o'clock in the morning, on very hot days, if the work is in the sun. If a feeling of fatigue, dizziness, headache or exhaustion occurrs, cease work immediately; lie down in a shady and cool place. Apply cold cloth to, and pour cold water over head and neck. If any one is overcome by the heat, send immediately for the nearest good physician. While waiting for the physician, give the person cool drinks of water or cold black tea, or cold coffee, if able to swallow. If the skin is hot and dry, sponge with or pour cold water over the body and limbs, and apply to the head pounded ice wrapped in a towel or other cloth. If there is no ice at hand, keep a cold cloth on the head, and pour cold water on it as well as on the body. If the person is pale, very faint, and pulse feeble, let him inhale ammoniac for a few seconds, or give him a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammoniac in two teaspoonfuls of water, with a little sugar.

TOWARDS NIAGARA.

A Thrilling Story of the Rescue of Four Men by a Brave Canadian

"During the winter of 1847-8," said an old resident of Chippewa, Ont., "a scow had been built for use on the Erie Canal. With the view of delivering her in Buffalo she was fitted out with a crew of four men, and a team of horses to tow her up the river. A start was made, but just as the scow swung out of the Chippewa Cut, into the river, she met a raft of timber rather near to the shore for the scow to pass between it and the land. The scow was forced to take the outside. The driver of the horses did his best to keep the line clear by urging his horses, but it finally caught in the logs and snapped. As the rope parted the boat trembled on the surface of the water for an instant as if in dread of the terrible fate that awaited it, and then swung around and started for Niagara Falls at a terrific pace. The scow being destined for canal navigation, had no small boat or anchor.

"Appreciating in an instant their awful danger the men on the scow yelled to the men on the raft to get a boat quick. One of their number sprang ashore and ran for Chippewa, shouting as he ran "Help! a boat, quick, men going over the falls!" The sound of his voice reached the village considerably in advance of the man, and the cry was there taken up and repeated from street to street. The people poured out of their houses and shops, each inquiring of the other what could be done. Some scattered to hunt for one, while those who thought that they could be of no use if a boat were found ran down the creek bank to see what was the situation of the river. On reaching it we were horrified to see that the scow had al eady got considerably below the mouth of the creek; and was speeding down stream with its precious human freight to what seemed certain destruction. Some of the men on the vessel were on their knees with clasped hands and upturned faces, commending their souls to God. Very soon the Canadian bank of the river was lined with hundreds of people, while a crowd could also be seen on the Goat Island side. They were all agonized witnesses of four fellow-beings in horrible terror. Just as all hope had been abandoned apparently by people on land and the men on the scow, a voice cried from the upper end of the crowd, "here comes a boat." In an instant every eye was turned in the direction of Chippewa Creek, and there most of them recognized the tall and athletic form of young Smith, I have forgotten his first name, in an ordinary clinker boat, boldly pulling into the river. He found a boat while the rest of us were gazing at the movements of the scow, and had used all possible dispatch in reaching the scene.

"As he forged out into the stream he made a hasty survey of the situation, and then plied the white ash with redoubled energy. As he sped along, the boat almost leaping from the water at each stroke, a cheer arose from the people on the shore that fairly rent the air. The moment Smith appeared the attention of the men on the scow was riveted upon him and his frail craft. On and on he shot, each stroke narrowing the distance between him and the scow, but the latter was getting alarmingly close to the rapids, to enter which was certain destruction to all on board. Those of us on shore could not help admiring and applauding the heroism of young Smith, but we could only feel that the result of his daring would be to add another to the list of the lost. As he neared the scow he turned his head and shouted to the men: "Scatter along the side of the boat and drop in as I pass by." The command was promptly obeyed and in an instant the little craft was alongside. One after another the men sprang in, until the four were safely in the bottom. Now came a moment of painful anxiety. "What will he do?" was the query that came to every mind. Smith had his plan of action and never hesitated a moment. At a point some distance from the Canada shore the current divided at the head of the rapids, part of the stream flowing around an island in the vicinity of the burnt spring. In reaching the current leading around the island lay the only hope of escape. Taking a diagonal course across and down the stream Smithbent every effort to reach the Canadian divide. It was a desperate struggle for the life of five men between the seething, boiling waters, and the muscle and endurance of young Smith, with the odds seemingly against him. But the divide was finally gained with not a boat's length to spare, and the frail craft shot down between the island and the mainland like a rocket. At the foot of the island the channel widened materially, the current slackened, and the water became more shallow, and here young Smith landed his boat, having performed one of the most herioc and daring feats ever performed by mortal man. The stepping ashore of the men was the signal for another cheer that for a moment drowned the roar of the cataract, and the rescuer was literally borne upon the shoulders of the excited people. He recieved $10 apiece from the men, not without protest on his part however, for his service. The scow went down the rapids and lodged on the brink of the horseshoe falls, about one-third projecting over the precipice. It remained in this position about six weeks, then broke in two and disappeared."—Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

Love is the Simplest Thing in the World.

From the Philadelphia Times.

As a matter of course love is the simplest thing in the world, and it is perfectly easy for any newspaper to tell what it is. The only difficulty about it lies in the fact that to different people and in different seasons love comes in different forms. That is why so many have trouble to understand it. It comes in the summer in the shape of ice cream and picnics, and in the winter it means oysters and the theater. Sometimes it means a sleigh ride or a boat ride, and sometimes it is an evening on the front steps, or an hour in the parlor, or a swing on the front gate, but it is always love. Love may come in a less pretentious shape. It may appear in a pint of peanuts, or in a mouthful of taffy or in ten cents worth of caramels. It may be even the circus, Love is a pleasing thing, which sometimes endures and sometimes does't. It thrives very well when the sun shines, but it gets a good deal put out in a storm. Young people expect much of love. They want it in great variety, and it is little wonder that few of them know what it is. There are people, however, who have lived long enough to know that love is merely—absent-mindedness.

A HAWKEYE HEROINE.

How Kate Shelly Saved Several Lives in the the Recent Northwestern Railway Accident—A Daring Passage of a Bridge in the Night.

The Boone, Ia., Standard says: When the wind and rain was pouring in torrents down the canyon through which the railway track from here to Moingona runs, on Wednesday night of last week, a young girl of fourteen or fifteen stood at her window at midnight nea the lower end of the ravine, watching the slow forward creeping of the pilot engine sent out to explore the condition of the embankments and bridges. Suddenly, as it passed upon a well known trestle, she saw its lights disappear, and knew there were human lives in danger. Rushing out into the storm and to the brink of the chasm, Kittie Shelly called at the top of her voice, with the hope that some poor struggler in the turbid waters might hear her voice and be encouraged by her cry. She was heard, and back from the swaying tree top, in which precarious perch the engineer had found another lease of life, came an answer to her cheer, many times repeated. But the streams forbade hearing the directions which were shouted to the young girl, and she was left to her own resources to effect a rescue, which fortunately were not wanting. Alone, and guided by the flickering light of a dim lantern, she commenced her journey through the tall wood to Moingona, a mile away, to summon help. She crept beneath the swaying branches, her face brushed by the switching undergrowth, wet to the waist by wading the little hollows of the hillside, each now a running brook, losing her way at times, though every foot of route was a known page under ordinary circumstances, and at last came out upon the long railway bridge. Here her light blew out but she did not hesitate.

ACROSS THE SLIPPERY BRIDGE TIES,

for there were no planks, she stepped, guided only by the ghastly flashes of lightning, while the wind blew a gale and wrapped her skirts about her head and drenched her eyes with the cold spray of the storm. Beneath her were the waters whose embrace was death. Six feet had they risen in an hour; one false step and they would close over her forever. They dashed and howled against the piers and across the ice break, clamoring for her, and licking out their foaming tongues and flecking the trembling timbers with their froth. There must have been a Providence which guided little Katie Shelly's footsteps across that perilous passage in the awful night until the safe ground of the western embankment was reached and she fled through the black darkness, with streaming hair and outstretched bare and gleaming arms to the lights of the town, and in the ears of anxious men at the depot shouted the story of disaster and the cry for help. Two men went down in that fatal chasm, and two widows and two families of infant children call for the lost who never shall return; but two other men and two other families, to their dying days, have cause to thank the good Lord that he made one woman with the brave heart of Kate Shelly. The cold, business-like official report will never tell it as it is, only what—"the accident was reported by a young girl and relief was promptly dispatched." And when the fatal trap in which poor Olmstead and Pat Donahue found their watery graves, is again filled up and traffic once more is busy over the spot, the great company will forget the deed, or only remember it as an accident which brought no suit for personal damages against the company.

From the Ogden Reporter: On last Wednesday night, when O'Neil Donahue and Olmstead went down to death, when the elements and all things terrestrial seemed a blaze of fire, the rain deluging the earth, a noble girl, but fifteen years of age, was watching and praying for those whose duty called them out over the railroad in the fearful storm. Kate Shelly, whose father was killed on the railroad some years ago, lives with her mother just on the east side of the river, and nearly opposite where the engines made the fearful plunge and Donahue and Olmstead lost their lives. Miss Shelly and her mother, in their vigils, heard the crash, as the engine went down, and realizing what had happened, Kate took a lantern, and amid the hurricane of wind, the deluge of water, the incessant glare of the lightning and peal upon peal of deep-toned thunder, left her home and started for the wreck. Her light soon went out, but she felt her way through the woods and fallen timbers to the edge of the dashing waters that covered the drowned men. She could hear, above the roar of the tempest, the voice of Wood, the engineer, who had caught in a tree top. She knew that the express, with its load of passengers, was nearly due, and none to warn them of their danger. She, a young girl, was the only living being who could

PREVENT AN AWFUL CATASTROPHE.

The telegraph office at Moingona or Boone, was the only place where she could notify the officers. To Boone was five miles over hills and through the woods, and before she could get there the express would have passed. To Moingona was only a mile, but between here and Moingona was the Des Moines river, ten or fifteen feet above its natural height, and to cross this she must pass over the railroad bridge, sixty feet above the rushing waters. She must cross this bridge, four hundred feet long, with nothing but the ties and rails, the wind blowing a gale, and the foaming, seething, muddy waters beneath. Not one man in a thousand but would have shrunk from such a task. Not one man in five hundred who would have went over at any price, or under any circumstances. But this brave, noble girl, with the nerve of a giant, gathered about her her flowing skirts, and on hands and knees she crawled over the long, weary bridge. Slowly, but surely she went. Tie after tie was passed. It was time for the express train to come dashing over the bridge, and to hurl her down to death amid the dark and muddy waters of the roaring, rushing river. Slowly she nears the other shore. The blood from her lacerated knees has stained her dress; but she does not falter. She reaches the shore, and the remaining half mile she flies, almost, to the telegraph office. Breathless, and in broken accents, she tells her tale of death and destruction, and faints in the arms of the by-standers. The wires set at work, and a more horrible disaster averted. Of Kate Shelly we have no more at present to tell. We believe the officers of the Northwestern cannot be unmindful of the duty they owe this brave girl.

Trick on a Traveler.

"Man About Town" in the New York Star.

Andrew Dam, of the Union Square Hotel, told me a story the other day that is too good to be lost. It appears that among the guests af the hotel was a maiden lady from the rural districts. Dam noticed that about 9 o'clock every night she would come down stairs, get a pitcher of water and return to her room.

"One night," he said. "I made bold to speak to her, and ask why she did not ring the bell for a bell-boy to bring the ice water to her."

"But there is no bell in my room."

"No bell in your room, madam! Pray, let me show you," and with that I took the pitcher of ice-water in my hand and escorted her to her apartment. Then I pointed out to her the knob of the electric bell. She gazed at it with a sort of holy horror, and then exclaimed:

"Dear me! Is that a bell? Why, the hall boy told me that was the fire-alarm signal, and that I must never touch it except in case of fire!"

"And that," sighed Andrew, "is how the hall-boy saved himself the trouble of going for the ice water."

The Lord and the Shilling.

From London Truth.

The following episode which happened lately at one of our fashionable hotels, proves that virtue is sometimes more substantially rewarded than the old adage would seem to indicate: One evening rather late a gentleman, a great admirer of man's best friend, saw some magnificent dogs in the care of a hall porter. Having entered into conversation with the temporary keeper of the Cerberi, he learned that the owner had left no instructions as to their being fed; he therefore took upon himself to order a repast for them. They were still enjoying it when the owner returned, and the good Samaritan, going up, told him that he had been admiring his dogs, and had ordered them to be fed. "Oh, thank you! Here, take this"; and the owner's gratitude took the tangible shape of the coin, recruiting sergeants dispense in the queen's name. The gentleman smilingly took the proffered reward, and said: "I am Lord——, and I most heartily thank yon for the first shilling I have ever earned. I shall have a hole drilled in it, and wear it as a charm. It may bring me luck." "Oh, my lord! I cannot tell you how sorry I am at my blunder. Pray give me back the shilling, and accept my most heartfelt apology!" "I beg you not to apologize. You have made me feel quite a proud man, and as to the shilling, you must allow me to keep it, that it may become an heir-loom in my family, where we have never had an opportunity of earning money."

NICE IDEAS AND PRETTY THINGS

Women Who Blindly Follow Fashion's Leaders and Women Who Do Not.

New York Letter in the Hartford Times.

There is an utter absence of the artistic element on the dress of fashionable New York society. It is strictly conventional, very French, often pretty and graceful, though not always, and sometimes very costly, but never original. Nothing is worn that madame, the modiste, does not approve of—and, in fact, it can not be otherwise. The life of the rich, or those who live in fine houses, and have a numerous retinue of servants, is so ordered for them that they cannot depart from the routine, and as their food is what the cook and house stewart see fit to provide, so their clothing is, according to the ideas of Mr. Taylor and Madame Dressmaker, not their own, for ideas are troublesome in polite society, and it is easier to get on without any.

It is not in what are called "high" circles, therefore, that one is to look for the picturesque or strikingly original. These if at all, are met with in professional circles or art receptions, in picture galleries and informal "at times." At a recent opening of an art exhibition there were a number of striking toilets which were simple and not at all costly, but imparted immense distinction to the wearers. A Vandyke collar and hat with plumes surmounted a costume of dark-green cloth and velvet with girdle of thick cord which caught the drapery on one side. There was a moyen-age dress of garnet velvet and one "Early English" (this last was worn by Miss Kate Field), the puffed sleeves, the belted bodice, the straight skirt and plaited tulle handkerchief (making only a rim inside the neck of the dress) being all reproduced with exactness. Of course, on such an occasion historical or other ideas are not carried out through the entire costume, for that would look like masquerading; but there are artistic hints and a freedom from the formalism of usual assemblages which make them very much more attractive.

A tall, fair girl will make a picture in a large hat of puffed red velvet, with red feathers and collar of dark red velvet, trimmed with old lace and tied with red cord and tassels.

Catarrh and Religion.

Some one has advanced the rough statistical statement that in the United States alone there are ten million sufferers from catarrh, and the religious press has for many years teemed with "catarrh cures," read with open-mouthed interest on quiet Sunday afternoons in New England villages and Western frontier towns, till the name of catarrh has become blended in the mind with one or another form of religious belief, and the catarrh cures eagerly embraced as emanating from a religious fountain, and, ignominiously failing, have threatened in their own fall to undermine the very foundations of the faith, The popular idea of catarrh differs also somewhat from the medical, and approaches much more nearly to ozena; but the catarrh of the ten millions can scarcely be considered as a true disease, but rather as the effect upon the average nasal membrane of climatic causes, heat and cold, dryness and moisture, too rapidly alternating and too excessive for the average nasal membrane to resist successfully. The nose that is catarrhal at Boston may be healthy in Philadelphia, or may suffer severely here and be cured by a sojourn in the Southern States. Whether our noses are growing weaker with each generation in North America, or whether the climate be too much for any nose to stand; is a question we leave to others; though Europeans arriving in our midst are often rapidly attacked.—Medical Times.

Miseries of a Defective Memory.

From the Christian Advocate.

The miseries of a poor verbal memory are great. The Rev. Arthur Mursell, of England, says that his own father was one of the most impassioned and powerful extempore orators he ever heard; but he had a bad verbal memory, and "after working us up with a splendid passage of unprepared and inpromtu eloquence, he tried to close the sentence with the text, 'Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other!" But the words escaped his recollection, and he said: 'Mercy and truth are met together, and—and—and—two similar sentiments have kissed each other!" Bad as the verbal memory may by nature be, it is capable of great improvement. We have seen a minister who, till he was forty, did not dare to quote a verse of scripture or a line of poetry; when, hearing some one say that the defect could be removed, made it a matter of study, and soon attained the power to quote what he would.

The Ideal Onion and the Real Onion.

What a grand thing it would be for the man with a small appetite if he could only taste the perfume of cooking. Walking in the neighborhood of an oyster saloon, for instance, he scents afar the oder of the frying clam or oyster. It is dainty, piquant, aromatic. He enters the saloon, and when he commences to eat his ordered "fry" he finds it is in tangibility a much different thing than it was when it's oders were wafted in the air. Again, the man with a small appetite may be strolling past a German restaurant. He sniffs the odor of fried onions, and has an appetite at once. Then he orders beefsteak and onions. But he cannot eat them. The reality is so different from the ideal. Soyer' the great French cook, used to make eatable things for the soldiers of the French army, and amassed a fortune. The cook who will make edibles taste as they smell in cooking has unlimited millions before him.—New York Star.