Of hope that hardly does portend the morn And sadness that hast scarcely guessed at fod takes the characters of late outworp. And writes them fair again.

Those little feet, that scarce the light turi Those little hands so brown with wind and

God grant they tremble not for weariness Before the course be done.

And thou shalt love and learn what love is And thou shalt trust and learn to value And all the sudden mysteries of earth Shall open to thy ken.

What! Wilt be flying? Am I then too stabil Can I not smooth the meditative brow. Flash through the cun and flutter through the As birds from bough to bough?

What! Dost thou linger? Ah, my dear, how Thou givest, couldet thou only understand! The kies of childish pity and the touch Of thine absolving hand.

-New York Lodger

### A PLICKY ENGINEER

I am a vivil engineer, or rather I with a comfortable fortune. Many mer in our profession have had exciting experiences, but I doubt whether any body a railway carriage.

I was never a man to seek adventure for its own sake; neither was I inclined to be timid when a task attended with danger had to be performed. My work often brought me into great peril; but, except on the occasion of which I am about to write, I had, fortunately, kept olear of socidents

It was in the seventies that I received the appointment of chief engineer to one of the big railway lines connected with Boston. I was of an inventive turn and had recently taken out a patent for a radial axle frame for six wheeled coaches. This was a device that enables the wheels of a carriage to adjust themselves to sharp curves and so obviate the friction of the rail and consequent danger that attached to the ordinary fixed

This patent of mine was applied experimentally to several coaches on my line, and the results were to all appearances very satisfactory. However, I had a technical dispute with a brother engineer, an old friend in whose opinion I generally had the fullest confidence, respecting a rather important detail. As a matter of fact, we held different opinions as to the behavior of the mechanism when in actual operation, and my working model did not help us much.

'I'll tell you what I will do," I said. "I'll satisfy myself by seeing how it works."

"Why, I'll travel underneath the coach, hang myself up in a hammock and watch the whole thing." My friend smiled incredulously.

Will you accompany me? I am in York. earnest," I continued.

"No, thank you," was his reply. must decline to embark on such a harebrained adventure. I have a wife and family dependent on me."

But I was determined to settle the point. If what he said was correct, the sooner the modification was made the better. So I made arrangements for my journey on the Boston express next day. When I reached the railway station, I

found that my instructions had been carried out. A large piece of sacking was suspended beneath the carriage by four stout hempen ropes, passed through wrought iron staples and properly tied and lashed. I examined it carefully and found everything secure.

A few minutes before the train started I crept into my hammock, assisted by my friend, who had come to see me off on my strange journey. He wished me bon voyage, the whistle blew, and we began to move out of the station.

Lying as I was on my back, smoking at a cigar, the motion was at first decidedly pleasant, but as we got up steam and increased our speed my position became one of considerable discomfort. I was rooked from side to side with ever ingreating violence and soon became covered with dust and ashes, which, with the tremendous draft, were driven against my face in a manner that was at times quite painful. My eyes were, however, protected by a spitable pair of spectacles that I had taken the precaution to provide myself with

I was able from my position to watch closely the behavior of the axle frame. I was acquainted with the position and character of every curve on the line, and consequently knew just when to be specially watchful. My gratification was complete when I found that in every respect the views I had advocated were correct. Every swivel and lever worked splendidly, and the undue straining that my friend had insisted must occur at certain points did not exist. There was absolutely no way of improving the mechanism that I could see.

We had passed the worst curve on the line and were now greatly increasing our speed. We were entering on the fastest bit of the journey, and things were getting lively for me. The pitching and rolling of a small boat in midchannel in "choppy" weather were not to be compared to the motion I experienced. It was more like being violantly "tossed in the blanket."

One jolt sent me flying upward, and I struck my head against the framework with such force that the blow nearly stunned me. At another time I was nearly rolled out beneath the wheels. I was compelled to hold on to the sides of the sacking for dear life, and my hands were battered a good deal. To make matters worse, a giddiness and nauses were coming over me a virtual seasickness and I kept asking myself why I had been med enough to embark on such a foolbardy undertaking.

Suddenly turning my eyes to one of

the been supporting courts at the head of my hammock, I saw, with a feeling of axtrame horror, that through friction with part of the radial axle frame it had been cut more than half through! I was hanging by a more filament! If that brokes death was certain. I must either be thrown between the wheels of the carriage and frightfully mangled or

tasked to pieces on the permanent way. I immediately sought some means of scape from the doom that stared me in the face. I could find none. To hang on by the remaining cord at the head of the hammock was impossible, as directly the other was out through there would be no apport to my feet, which I could not place over the side of the sacking without their coming in contact with the mechanism of the coach. For the same resson I could not grasp any of the framework above, as the only parts on which I could lay hold were the levers. which were constantly moving from side to side and would infallibly crush my hands to please.

The cord was wearing thinner and thinner, and I knew that a few minutes must put an end to my existence. There was absolutely nothing to be done but await my fate, which I did, not with that calm composure that is supposed to mark the hero, but in unspeakable terror. My life was literally hanging on a thread, and I could only lie there tremwas one until I retired a few years ago blings in a cold sweat, watching until my fragile support should give way.

Suddenly the engine whistle gave a long scream, and I knew that the brake but myself has ever traveled at the rate | was being applied and that our speed of 60 miles an hour, suspended beneath was rapidly slackening. What could it a railway carriage. us. If only the train would come to a standstill, I could escape!

We were fast reducing our speed, and I was greatly excited with the hope that lay in this providential occurrence when another short whistle told me that the line was now clear. I felt the brake removed.

Now was the time or never! I knew that the train would not move any slower during the time that I could hope to continue in my position. We were going 15 to 20 miles an hour.

Whipping out my pocketknife, I resched up one hand and out through the thin strand that supported one side of my hammock. At the same moment I closed my eyes and let myself go, directing all my efforts to the end that my fall should be in the center of the track. I was conscious of a fearful blow on the back of the head and remember on more until my senses returned.

When I opened my eyes, I was lying between the lines with no train in sight. I found that I had received a number of severe contusions, that my left shoulder was dislocated, and that I had sprained my right ankle. This seemed to be the extent of my injuries. In great pain I managed to limp to a cottage a few hundred yards from the line, where an agricultural laborer's wife was extremely kind and attentive. She sent her boy to fetch the local surgeon, who soon put my shoulder right si bandaged me all over. He then drove me to the nearest station, where I telegraphed the news of my safety, and awaited the next train back to New

When I reached town, a great many of the officials of the line were on the platform to condole with me on my socident and congratulate me on having escaped with my life. There had been great excitement and apprehension. When the train had arrived at Boston and it was seen that an accident had happened and that I was missing, a search for my body had been made along the whole line. My disappearance had been considered very mysterious.

My engineer friend, who had been extromely anxious about me, helped me into a carriage that he had in waiting to drive me to my home.

"How, in the name of heaven, did you escape with your life? he asked as we drove out of the station.

"I'll tell you all about it when we get home," I replied; "but, first of all, was right and you were wrong!" "My dear fellow," he said laughing-

ly, but in all sincelrty, "I am extremely glad that you have at least that antisfaction out of the melancholy business. I congratulate you heartily."-Exchange.

# A Reseon For Indolence.

Our public school and university system of training consists, from its conception to its end in one continued series of competitions among those whom it is training for practical life, and the most successful competitor is supposed to be the most promising man of the future. But the triumphs thus obtained on the threshold of practical life are not infrequently purchased by a strain on the power of adolescent manhood, to be followed by a period of lassitude and indifference when the real work of the world begins.

A story is current that in early life one of the ablest and most vigorous of modern statesmen was reproached by a relation for his apparently incurable indolence, and he retorted, "I am storing energy."-Quarterly Review.

## Where the Danger Is.

A stranger in New York city was being shown the sights by a resident friend. They had been putting in about 24 hours a day at it for a week, and the last day but one had arrived.

"By the way," remarked the visitor, "I've done this town pretty thoroughly, but before I leave I want to see the most dangerous locality in it and go through

"You've been," replied the resident. "I guess not."

"Yes. Two or three times."

"Why I didn't know it. Why didn't you tell me?"

"I never thought of it."

"Where is it?" "Wall street."-Detroit Free Press.

Journalistic Enterprise The Springfield Republican the other day printed the Ten Commandments as an advertisement. At least it printed them, and we don't suppose the editor regarded them as being news. -- Somer-

## A ELASHINTHENIGHT

SIGNALS OF LIGHT AT FIRE ISLAND AND THEIR ANSWERS.

the Darkmens and Lives and Property Are two women, each with a he Speed-The Pilethants and the Lensie Watchers on the Bonck on the Lonkout.

Stowed anualy away in his little tower at Fire island, the man who always borison with his night glass, watching that investetible aus that is one of the sentinels, and all around would be simply unbeamble could are the mosning of the distant part, the but understand it. broaking of Waves on the beach at his feet and the whistle of the wind as it ever have selected such a mother eddies and swith around the tower and inexplicable. hoge lamp at its top. Minute after minute names away, each one marked by a

Suddenly there comes from the northeast, as if thrown up by the ocean, a cleans of red-red, the danger signal, ed when the our stopped. but the watcher is not disturbed. He ped on. only waits. Not for long, however, as the night glass pointed toward that dark brown, made of some risk as point of red on the octan's rim shows a material edged with fur. Her ad blue light on each side of it about 100 was of that warm, rich that that feet away, while just below the red light is a faint speck of green. That is enough. The signals have told their story, and the next instant a blinding flash of green light from the tower answers the distant vessel, and before its has sent to the Western Union Talegraph office and to every newspaper in the city the message "Steamer Paris southeast of Fire island."

The big boat speeds on her way. The green signal. The dim lights of the steamer had not attracted the attention of the sailors on the little pilothosi standing to the custward, but the brilliant fish of green told them that signal had been answered, and there was no need for the Paris to send up the familiar pilot call of white-radwhite. The Paris meant \$150 for the pilot catching her, and the men started right off after her, knowing that abe was due and noping it was her signal that had been answered.

The ocean greyhound has passed away to the westward in the darkmen, and again the watcher resumes his vigil. But the wind has increased. The breeze has given way before a gathering of the forces of the air, and up from the southwest comes a surging of waves, and the surf is beating and pounding on the shore with a hollow, resounding boom that tells of a tempest abroad in the night. Blacker and blacker grow the clouds overhead, narrower and narrower grows the circle of inky see and sky that marks the limits of vision, and while the faithful monitor overhead ing and fading its range of power is constantly lessened by

Down on the beach the swing of a lantern marks where the life sever is steadily tramping along to meet his companion from the next station. It is a She was not so quick, he terribly lonely mission. He is alone with the meaning surf, and each step is her plain, kind, motherly face all alle like entering some enchanted realm of darkness, raied by the spirit of the storm. On one side of him is the milen. grinding sea, on the other a waste of sand, and in front the titful gleam of his own lantern. He is lonely and cold, but that has no terrors for him. His next step may touch some one lonelier and colder than he-a human body pressed into the moist unvielding sand. Or away through the breakers rises the form of a ship, helpless for all her strength, driven by the gale far on the shore despite the friendly warning from

the tall tower with its finger of flams. Then the crimson signal in his hand tells the watch at the station that there is work to do, and the wrecked mariners that help is at hand. He harries to the station to saist in the preparations for resone. As he nears the little house there begins a brilliant display of fireworks. A glare of red, changing to a clear white, which is followed by a vivid green, conveys the message to the next station, and a bright white blaze tells that the signal is seen and understood, and then the beautiful Coston lights send shooting through the gloom a series of orders entily understood. A bright green tells the distant watchers that aid is needed, and a red and green call for boats and equipments. A red and white would have called for a rocket apparatus, a green and red for the life car or "breeches buoy," and so on, different combinations of colors convey-

ing different instructions. But it is not always stern business that calls into play the Conton colors. A big yachting club has its regatta. From up and down the court come the swift, white singed or steam driven pleasure craft. Some of the stragglers come in late, and as a white-redgreen-white succession of fires appears lighting up the sails of a belated flier the waiting fleet prepares to welcome the wanderer from the Eastern Yacht club of Boston, and chasing close after her comes a red-white, followed by a red and then a white star, and the welcome to the man from Boston is extended to the Corinthian's delegate.

Next comes a four color combination. and the red-white-green which is fol-

Death In Floating Dust Particles. The Staten island microscopical sharps who have been examining the son. dust that sifts into the best modern built New York houses find in a single gram (15 grains) scraped from a third story window not less than \$.000,000 of microbes and bacteria, besides chalk, plaster, hair, wood, fiber, vegetable refuse, pollem colis and numerous other infini--St. Louis Republic.

AN AMORT CHAMANEL

It was on a Sixth avoided surface and whon she got on at Twenty sighth street there were but five pe

spectator. One of the women and in ner, while the other and on the opposite

The sprotetor is not as a rule. has his weather eye open sweeps the en't to behins, but that beby was one of and waiting. Boulde him is his list of makes fen of you, surging out all outs reguels bound to the great port of which of disjointed criticisms of year personal the firming beacon way above his head appearance and general makeup that

How such a delightful baky our As you looked at her hard and

womanly face—which not even her great beam of light must out over the baby's mails could soften you involvetarily nitied the child that some day must turn to her for sympathy and bein-

These observations were just complet-

finds in the women of the south, with golden brown hair and eyes. Altogather ahe was most good to look at

But about her was that intempible illusive something, that indescribable air-in mite, or perhaps because, of her otherwise modest demean claimed her the woman of please

She seated herself across the cor, a immediately that baby, attracted by something who om my whati-come latent goodness in that face perhaps watcher checks her name off the list of which her innocent wisdom, metalinted vessels due. But others have seen the as yet by the wisdom of this world, reognised-prepared to make a congr of the newcomer.

She moved her little plump hand and coped and laughed. Who could resist

Her face because suffered; her are with heavasing longer microly a protty of was a beautiful wom Leaning forward, also kinned the M

hand tremulously. Pinolity, yielding impulse, she aroused over said and b the mother who might have been a parren image for my sign of Me dit gave.

Would-would you let me hold their dear baby just a minute?" For the first time that wooden face

became expressive. Those light blue eyes actually glimted and spackled. In a thin voice that gave vent to all the malios of a negrow me jeered: "You! Why. I wouldn't let

touch ber!" The poor face The beautiful, happy finch

For the boby's pure sales ared it at the door of her lips.

she hurried to the door. that the other mother caught her h with a divine impulse of gene

you carry my beby a little way? My

arms are very tired. As they stepped together from the platform of the our the spectator, overcome with reverence for the be charity of that act, felt that he dimly understood what it was to "entertain an angel unawares!"-New York Recorder.

"It is well for a speaker to know where his percration is going to end when he begins, " mid H. M. I Denver.

"I heard a young lawyer make his maiden speech. It was in d follow who was shoot half without sorested on the charge of stealing a langthe young attorney having been app ed by the court. His detense was that his alters was an idiot and amalia to distinguish hotwest Field and distinct He closed a flowing speech with wy oration like this:

"Gentlemen of the jury, look at my client. That low, receding for those Insterline eyes, purte was deprived by mature of the power-to distinguish right from wrong, ignorant of the distinction which saists be his own property and that of others. To him, as to the 3-year-old child, whistowe he wants and can reach belongs to him. He knows neither why it does nor why it does not. But, gentlemen of the jusy, much are the immittations of this our free and giorious country. that way client, idiot though he is stands for a trial today by a jury of his peers. " The culprit got the full limit of the law." St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The literature of the world was Von Bulow's. He loved the music of all the world, so he know it by beart. I new some illustrations of his wonderful memory. I got some of Greig's lyric pieces from Warmouth, which I showed to Bulow. He was not acquainted with them. I believe they were then quite new. He glanced them through before giving them back to me. A few date afterward, at a party, he sat down to lowed by a blue star shows that one of the piano and played one of them, the the American Steam Yacht club's hoats most difficult one. "Was not that is?" has fallen in line.—New York Tribune. "Yes, exactly." He could smallinly figures like 1,750,874 by 2,686, 798 in his head. I think most people would need

His Day Off.

"Thank heaven," sighed the weekly editor. "for one day's rest in seven!"

pencil and paper. - Bjornstjerne Bjorn-

"What do you do on Sunday?" "Nothing—only split the wood an light the fire and milk the copy and draw the water and whip the child A sweet accord at letero!

man who mid he wanted her

The was semilia! mid "It was for a fast

the other day, " said the less is What's that!" act "Free, Manhalf as had as one I m

the other day.

10 cents and a child's our ticket tale from her, and never a soul to offer a objectioes.

'Why didn't you get up and do some mantiv.

I'll was be "Where was th

man, growing force "Oh. on a min mother held her

could take the facts The stoat man walk in any way in Louis Post Dispute

emored from hi backet for his caldle. He was at a loss to

One morning. when they found, the old A plant from his Man paid no estentian for his triands, but me Sample of material come & to well the fall was a fire of

the veracity of a feverite a for anything, it saved a m

ittell as of and help on the s

It will be seen that I have eight novels of eight well known with ery: Bossett "All State and Con of Men." 18; Teoriops, "Bi Tower," 18; Lytto. Kinds Morning, 48; Scott Beat of lothian, 49; G. Bliet, "Middingers 30; Discoul, Transmit," 58; The TO THE COURSE OF STREET

sation of the motors.

Mr. Marveys I be