

## THE WAY WE DID IT

BY WILLIAM HAUGHTON.

We made our home as bright and fair  
As willing hands could make it;  
It laughed with sunshine everywhere,  
And many a cozy nook was there.  
When Maggie came to take it;  
Just such a spot where love might dwell,  
And loyal hearts protect it well.

But, oh! the sunlight and the song,  
The heaven of joy that thrilled it;  
The love that made its life so strong,  
And shed sweet music all day long,  
Was one dear life that filled it;  
Sweet angel by the hearth was she,  
Who gave her girlhood love to me.

The shadows fall, as fall they must;  
The tempest raved around us;  
Full many a hope lay in the dust,  
And yet our faith looked up in trust  
To Him whose blessing found us—  
We shut the door in sorrow's face  
And kept for love the inner place.

We called our troubles kinder names,  
And put them in love's keeping—  
We heard, but laughed at pleasure's claims,  
At fortune, worst of fickle dames,  
And kissed away our weeping—  
We took life's burdens, heart to heart,  
Each seeking most the heavier part.

Some day the Master's voice will call,  
And one of us must hear it—  
Pale death and darkness, shroud and pall,  
May come, but will not end it all—  
We wait, but do not fear it,  
For parted hands again will press,  
The hands that love, in blessedness,  
Viroqua, Wis.

## THE TRAIN-WRECKERS.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES MONTFORD.

"During the winter of 1861-2 a continual warfare was kept up in Missouri with the guerrilla bands.

"They are the most terrible pests of a country, even when anxious to defend it, and the ordinary guerrilla is a friend to no one but himself.

"I was often out upon the chase, and several fierce skirmishes took place. A band of guerrillas had taken possession of the Missouri Railroad, and burned the bridges, tore up the rails, and brought about a desolation that half a dozen battles would not have caused.

"I met with an adventure at this time which evidences the bloody and ruthless character of these outlaws.

"I think it was about the last of December that I started from the command for a small station some twenty miles distant.

"I had business with a gentleman in the village, and rode across the country, intending to leave my horse—I owned a good one at the time—with my acquaintance, and return with the supply train, which was expected at that time.

"The day was as bad as one as I could have well chosen; the bleak air swept over prairies, chilling horse and man to the very bone.

"I should have waited for a fairer day; but the train was expected up in the morning, I was anxious to go, and had already been delayed several days.

"So I started early, and rode along cheerfully enough for the first five miles, when a genuine Western storm arose, and began to rage with the fury that is only witnessed in those treeless districts.

"I was soon soaked through to the skin, the rain beat upon my face fiercely, and I wished myself back at camp, or anywhere else out of the storm.

"I believe we were five hours traveling the succeeding five miles, and at the end of that time I was nearly frozen.

"The fear of losing my way added still more to my distress, for there were no fences or other landmarks, and the ground was being fast covered by the beating snow, which succeeded the rain.

"My clothing was frozen stiff, and the neck and breast of my horse was covered with sheets of frozen breath and blood which had oozed from his swollen nostrils.

"I must find shelter, I thought, or perish in the most horrible manner.

"Suddenly I noticed smoke arising in the distance. No house was visible, and it has seemed remarkable to me that I observed the smoke; a fortunate chance was the cause, perhaps.

"No house was to be seen, the place was in the hollow of the prairie, and I rode within twenty rods of the door ere I saw the way.

"Getting off the horse with difficulty, my limbs had become stiffened with cold, I was about to approach the house, when it occurred to me that it would be as well to reconnoiter a little.

"A band of outlaws might be harboring there, and then I would wish myself outside again, cold as it was.

"Speaking kindly to the horse, who stretched his nose against me for warmth, I fastened the bridle to a shrub and stole cautiously toward the house.

"Making a circuit, I approached from the back of the building. It was a poor affair, the habitation of a prairie farmer, evidently; but there was shelter for man and beast.

"As I came up the door at the side opened. I had but time to escape around the corner when three men issued out.

"They were rough looking fellows, warmly clad, and I at once concluded to give them a wide berth.

"With some imprecations at the weather, they hurried to the stable, which fronted the road.

"When they reappeared it was upon fleet-looking horses, and they then rode away toward the north.

"I watched them out of sight, and then approached the cabin again. Listening, I could hear no one, and conceived that the place was untenanted.

"I resolved to take advantage of the shelter, and hastening back to my poor horse I soon left him munching hay in the little stable, and myself hurried on to the house.

"I was nearly ready to drop with fatigue and cold, and, waiting for no ceremony, I opened the door and entered.

A fire was burning on one side of the poorly furnished apartment, and hurrying forward I spread out my person to the blaze.

"I had seen no one as yet, but a voice sounded from a back room a moment later.

"Is that you, Carl?" asked a woman's voice.

"I explained that I was a traveler, nearly frozen, and had taken the liberty to enter the house, as I saw no one about.

"A tall, wrinkled old woman, with a very erect carriage, came in from the kitchen.

"She looked at me searchingly, as I made my excuses, and I thought a sad expression appeared upon her face. What could it mean, or was I mistaken?

house. The old woman seemed to shrink with fear as she heard the sound.

"Rising to my feet, expecting some disaster, I placed my hand upon my pistol and waited.

"The door opened, and twenty men, I counted them as they came in singly, filed into the room.

"They were all armed with rifles, and an entire arsenal of small arms, and I knew I was in the presence of a band of guerrillas.

"There was no help for it, however, the men had seen my horse, and doubtless knew my character.

"Put up your shooter and surrender," said a tall, red-headed man, who seemed the leader. "You shan't be hurt so long as you remain quiet."

"But who are you?" I returned with as much resolution as I could summon up. "It would not be policy to surrender until I know to whom I—"

"A loud laugh from the entire crowd cut off my speech.

"That's a good one," said the tall individual. "Twas jist lettin' you down kinder easy 'cause you cum into my place un-awares. We can kill you easy enough, if you insist upon it."

"I did not. Resistance would be the last thing I should attempt against such overpowering numbers.

"I handed over my weapons to the leader, and he ordered two of the gang to take me into the back-room and watch while they conferred together.

"I passed nearly an hour in the back-room, listening to the talk going forward in front. From the broken words I heard I pieced out the following:

"The supply train, due to-morrow, was to pass this afternoon, and the outlaws were plotting its destruction.

"The track was nearly a mile from the house, and the leader concluded to go at last. He entered the room where I sat, and ordered the guards to watch me closely.

"One of them pleaded so strongly to go upon the expedition that the leader submitted, and when the men left I was alone with the old woman and the single robber.

"My own fears and troubles had been swallowed up by the more important news I had received regarding the train.

"It was quite valuable, besides being much required by the troops at the time. There were several officers on board, also, and their capture or death would be a great loss.

"To shorten a long story, I had a flask of liquor in my pocket; the outlaw had a larger in his own possession, and he also had an appetite for a larger quantity than was obtainable.

"He drank up the liquor in his own flask in a very few minutes, and my own followed immediately afterward.

"As might have been expected, the cold and the liquor threw him in a drunken slumber. I now decided to leave the house at any risk.

"The old woman had remained in the front room. Slowly I drew away the ruffian's weapons. I had been left unbound, and warned by my own escape, I proceeded to secure the fellow without awakening him. I then entered the front room and prevailed with the old lady to allow me to serve her in the same way.

"Five minutes later I had mounted my horse and was riding at break-neck speed toward the railroad track.

"I heard the engine whistle shrilly as I left the stable, and knew the probabilities were against my reaching the spot in time to do any good.

"I rode with the speed of the wind over the snow-covered ground, and came into view of the track just as the train halted.

"Running the steed back, I looked at the cars; they were already in the possession of the outlaws.

"A couple of the men had gone up the track with a red flag, and had halted the train—in an ambush of their fellows.

"They jumped on board, with shouts and screams of triumph, while the bullets rattled fiercely.

"Disappointed that I had not been a few minutes earlier, I watched the rascals.

"The soldiers upon the train were soon all dead or prisoners, and then the outlaws left the cars.

"Standing together in a body, they consulted for a moment, and then the engine was uncoupled, two men leaped upon it and drove down the track.

"I watched them with bated breath. What did they intend to do? It was soon explained.

"The locomotive was stopped again a few miles away, then the lever was thrown back, and the engine rushed back upon the cars with the speed of the avalanche.

"A moment, and it collided with the foremost car, plowed its way through, and soon the valuable supply train was but a mass of smoking ruins."

The Colonel stopped and drew a long breath.

"I tell you it was a thrilling night," he said, after a moment; "but the guerrillas soon paid for the damage."

"I escaped without difficulty, and reached camp again that night. The following week witnessed the destruction of that band of bushwhackers, for the soldiers were maddened by the loss of their supplies, and rested not a moment until they revenged it."

### Friendly Advice to the President.

HUDSON, Wis., June 3, 1886.

The Hon. Grover Cleveland, Washington, D. C.—MY DEAR SIR: You have now assumed a new duty and taken upon yourself an additional responsibility. Not content with the great weight of national affairs, sufficient to crush any other pachyderm, you have cheerfully and almost gleefully become a married man. While I cannot agree with you politically, Grover, I am forced to admire your courage.

This morning a new life opens out to you—the life of a married man. It is indeed a humiliating situation. To be a President of the United States, the roughest of a free people, is a trying situation; but to be a newly married President, married in the full glare of official life, with the eye of a divided constituency upon you, is to place yourself where nerve is absolutely essential.

I, too, am married, but not under such trying circumstances. Others have been married and still lived, but it has remained for you, Mr. President, young as you are, to pose as a newly wedded President and to take your new mother-in-law into the Cabinet with you. For this reason, I say freely that to walk a slack rope across the moist brow of Niagara and carry a nervous man in a wheelbarrow sinks into a mere commonplace. Daniel playing "tag" with a denful of half-starved lions becomes an historic cipher, and the Hebrew children, sitting on a rosy bed of red-hot

clinkers in the fiery furnace, are almost forgotten.

With a large wad of civil service wedged in among your back teeth, a larger fragment, perhaps, than you were prepared to masticate when you bit it off; with an agonized Southern Democracy and a clamorous Northern constituency; with disappointment poorly concealed among your friends and hilarity openly expressed by your enemies; with the snarl of the vanquished Mr. Davis, who was at one time a sort of President himself, as he rolls up future majorities for your foes; with a lot of sharp-witted journalists walking all over you every twenty-four hours, and climbing up your stalwart frame with their telegraph-repair boots on, I am surprised, Grover, honestly, as between man and man, that you should have tried to add housekeeping to all this other agony. Had you been young and tender under the wings I might have understood it; but you must admit, in the quiet and sanctity of your own home, Grover, that you are no gossamer.

You have arrived at man's estate. You have climbed the barbed-wire fence which separates the fluff and bloom and blossom and bumble-bees of impetuous youth from the yellow fields and shadowy orchards of middle life. You now stand in the full glare of life's meridian. You are entering upon a new experience. Possibly you think that because you are President the annoyance peculiar to the life of a new, green groom will not reach you. Do not fool yourself in this manner. Others have made the same mistake. Position, wealth, and fame cannot shut out the awkward and trying circumstances which attend the married man even as the sparks are prone to fly upward.

It will seem odd to you at first, Mr. President, after the affairs of the nation have been put aside for the day and the Government fire-proof safe locked up for the night, to go up to your boudoir and converse with a bride with one corner of her mouth full of pins. A man may write a pretty fair message to Congress, one that will be accepted and printed all over the country, and yet he may not be fitted to hold a conversation with one corner of a woman's mouth while the other is filled with pins. To some men it is given to be great as statesmen, while to others it is given to be fluent conversationalists under these circumstances.

Mr. President, I may be taking a great liberty in writing to you and touching upon your private affairs, but I noticed that everybody else was doing it, and so I have nerved myself up to write to you, having once been a married man myself, though not, as I said, under the same circumstances. When I was married I was only a plain justice of the peace, plodding quietly along and striving to do my duty. You were then sheriff of your county. Little did we think in those days that now you would be a freshly married President, and I the author of several pieces which have been printed in the papers. Little did we think then, when I was a justice of the peace in Wyoming and you a sheriff in New York, that to-day your timothy lawn would be kicked all to pieces by your admiring constituents, while I would be known and loved wherever the English language is tampered with.

So we have risen together, you to a point from which you may be easily observed and flayed alive by the newspapers, while I am the same pleasant, unassuming, gentlemanly friend of the poor that I was when only a Justice of the Peace and comparatively unknown.

I cannot close this letter without expressing a wish that your married life may be a joyous one, as the paper at Laramie has said, "and that no cloud may ever come to mar the horizon of your wedded bliss." (This sentence is not my own. I copy it verbatim from a wedding notice of my own written by a Western journalist who is now at the Old Woman's home.)

Mr. President, I hope you will not feel that I have been too forward in writing to you personally over my own name. I mean to do what is best for you. You can truly say that all I have ever done in this way has been for your good. I speak in a plain way sometimes, but I don't beat about the bush. I see that you do not want to have any engrossed bills sent to you for a couple of weeks.

That's the way I was. I told all my creditors to withhold their engrossed bills during my honeymoon, as I was otherwise engrossed. This remark made me a great many friends and added to my large circle of creditors. It was afterward printed in a foreign paper and explained in a supplement of eight pages.

We are all pretty well here at home. I may go to Washington this fall if I can sell a block of stock in the Pauper's Dream, a rich gold claim of mine in Elk Mountain. It is a very rich claim, but needs capital to develop it. (This remark is not original with me. I quote from an exchange.)

If I do come over to Washington do not let that make any difference in your plans. If I thought your wife would send out to the neighbors and borrow dishes and such things on my account I would not go a step.

Remember that I have not grown cold toward you just because you have married. You will find me the kind of a friend who will not desert you just when you are in trouble. Yours, as heretofore,

BILL NYE.

P. S.—I send you to-day a card-receiver. It looks like silver. Do not let your wife bear on too hard when she polishes it. I was afraid you might try to start into keeping house without a card-receiver, so I bought this yesterday. When I got married I forgot to buy a card-receiver, and I guess we would have frozen to death before we could have purchased one, but friends were more thoughtful, and there were nine of them among the gifts. If you decide that it would not be proper for you to receive presents, you may return the card-receiver to me or put it in the cellar-way till I come over over there this fall.

B. N.

### Light Two Miles Under Water.

In the Lake of Geneva Messrs. Fol and Sarasin found sufficient light to affect very sensitive photographic plates at about five hundred and fifty feet. The light at that depth being about equal at mid-day to that at the surface on a clear moonless night. In the Mediterranean during bright sunlight the last trace of light was lost at a depth of 1,300 feet. But an examination of the eyes of certain crustaceans lately dredged from the abyssal regions of the Atlantic convinces Prof. S. I. Smith that despite the objections of physicists, some light probably reaches even beyond 12,000 feet. He thinks that, on account of the purity of the water in mid-ocean, light might reach this depth as readily as 3,000 feet or even 1,200 feet near the shore.

## THE PURCHASE OF ALASKA.

History of the Purchase—President Lincoln Alone Should Have Credit for It.

I have lately seen it in print for the first time that Wm. H. Seward said that the one act of his life most to be proud of was the acquisition of Alaska. This, to those who are not ignorant of the facts, is a remarkable claim. As I was minister plenipotentiary from the United States at St. Petersburg, Russia, during the time of the purchase and addition of Alaska to the Union, and Seward Secretary of State—however, we might both claim to be the peers of Lincoln in ability—Lincoln was our chief, and the honor of that expansion of territory belongs to him. It is the general-in-chief who wears the laurels of victory, however gallantly his subordinates may have fought. So far, then, as Seward and myself are concerned, I lay the facts before the world for the award of honor.

Collins, having explored the route from America, through Alaska, the Aleutian Isles, and Siberia to St. Petersburg, united with Sibley, the President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, to extend their line to the Russian capital. They placed this project in my hands, and I got a very favorable charter from the Russian Government, one clause of which was the privilege of a "rebate," or gratuity, in common phrase, for all words transmitted from the Pacific to St. Petersburg on Russian lines. Another project of mine was to secure to American citizens the perpetual lease of the splendid coal mines on the island of Saghalien, on the eastern coast of Russia. A third was a grant of the Russian Fur Company's privileges—for an equivalent—to an American company, in the vast regions of Alaska. Heretofore the Russian Pacific coast was not open even to foreign consuls, but an American consularship was now allowed.

These projects of mine were all cognate. The telegraph would free us from dependence on the enemies of the Union by lines in our own possession. The coal mines of Saghalien were almost a necessity of our commerce with China, Japan, and the Corea. And our acquisitions in Alaska would offer a combined force of Americans and Russians against a war with England, which then seemed imminent. Collins and Sibley asked not only for a right of way through Alaska, but for land grants for the lines and stations, all of which were freely discussed by me and Russian officials in a private and personal way. I found the resources of Alaska to be beyond price in minerals, and fisheries, and forests, and furs, and commercial promise. I wrote to Gov. John A. Andrew, of Massachusetts, and other distinguished citizens and capitalists about these projects. A company was formed in San Francisco, and I was engaged to contract with the Russian Fur Company for a transfer of its chartered rights to the Americans.

Everything was favorable, when Seward opened up his unfortunate Perkins claim and completely disgusted the Russian autocrat and Gortchakoff with American projects. The Saghalien enterprise was cut short. The telegraph line was refused the "rebate" and dropped out, notwithstanding Collins, Sibley, and I did all we could to have the terms confirmed which had been made by the Minister of Telegraphs, Count Tolstoi.

Still, the advantages of the transfer of Alaska were so apparent that, having sounded the Russian authorities, I had formal meetings with the Russian Fur Company, and the terms were all agreed upon. When the news came that Alaska was purchased outright by the United States, Seward sent me a treaty upon "trade marks," which I signed and delivered; but he negotiated the Alaska purchase, for which he had no more reason to claim credit than for Jefferson's acquisition of Louisiana. There was no American so odious to the Russians as Seward, and I had worked up the project and cultured the tree until the fruit was ripe and fell, by the necessity of the case, into his basket.—C. M. Clay, in New York Sun.

### Fish by the Square Mile.

Some faint idea of the vast and inexhaustible number of fish on our shores may, perhaps, be obtained by a consideration of the fact that yesterday no fewer than 6,000 barrels of porgies were caught off Newport. If the sea, through the Vineyard and Long Island Sound is anywhere near as rich in porgies, mossbunkers, and other varieties of the most abundant kinds of fish, what an unimaginably teeming world of life there must be beneath the waves! And it is, even more than the striving, pushing world of human life, a scene of rapacity and destruction—the stronger preying upon the weaker and "the survival of the fittest." Enormous as this single day's catch of porgies seems, it is surpassed by some of the big hauls of bony-fish or mossbunkers—the "whitefish" of the evil-smelling fish oil mills on the shore. These creatures actually swarm in millions and are caught and hauled in by the cargo. Schools of voracious bluefish pursue and drive them flipping and flashing to the surface, where they are promptly pounced upon by the sailing fish-hawks and sea-gulls that wait for them out of water. In the sea and on the land the world seems to be a scene of shark and tiger, in one or another form of destructive rapacity.—Hartford Times.

LITTLE is known of the effect of solar eclipses on our atmosphere. To add to our knowledge, Norwegian seamen happening to be in favorable localities have been requested to make barometric and thermometric observations during the total eclipse of August 29 next.

## HUMOR.

THE color of a sick dog—a purp ill.

A POLICEMAN's lot is often an acher.

WIFE—"What's the news, Henry?" Husband—"War is going on in Greece." Wife—"Oh, lard!"—Newman Independent.

SMITH—Ha, Jones! Suppose we go a-fishing? Jones—Can't do it, my boy. Smith—Why not? Jones—I swore off liquor the first of the year.—Boston Courier.

It is said that shingles may be made fire-proof, but you cannot convince the small boy who has had experience that a shingle is not frequently red-hot.—Lowell Citizen.

WHEN a coil of lead pipe in front of a hardware store begins to wiggle and stick out its forked tongue a Dakota man knows it is time to swear off. | Estelline Bell.

"Do you not see on every side evidences of the new art of making home attractive?" asks an exchange. We regret to say that we do not. We board.—New York Graphic.

THE man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before is a benefactor to his species, and the woman who will get along with only one bonnet where two were needed before is an ornament to her sex.—Fall River Advance.

"How ARE you getting along with that red-headed wife of yours?" asked Gilhooly of an intimate friend. "My wife gives me a heap of trouble. After we have a row and just get through having a monkey and parrot time of it, she doesn't give me any peace or quiet, until we have started a fresh fuss."—Texas Siftings.

It is said that Queen Victoria requested the Prince of Wales to edit the life of John Brown, but that the Prince positively refused. The Queen was much grieved, and, in conversation with a prominent gentleman, said:

"Yes, Hi ham 'urt. Hi thought 'e would do 'imself the honor of hedding such a work, but Hi was mistaken. Halas! the 'ead is not cold until the noble body is forgotten. Hi would get somebody helse to hedit it, but Hi don't want to pay out hany money. Halas!"—Arkansas Traveler.

THE old gentleman was intently studying a letter he had just received from his lawyer, hanging fire on the words suum cuique, which the legal wight had carelessly shelled out. Seeing his son enter, he exclaimed:

"See here, Billy, you're a Latin scholar, what do these words mean?" pointing to the aforesaid suum cuique. "Mean?" replied Billy: "Why, I should think you could flush that sentence, even if it isn't spelled according to Hoyle. Sue 'em quick, is what the counselor meant to say, but he's a little erratic in his orthography."—Yonkers Gazette.

A MAN in last year's clothes was seated at a table in the reporters' room writing. It was costing him great effort, apparently, for his tongue was sticking out about four inches and he shoved the pen along as if it were a plow. "Who is that?" whispered the city editor to one of the boys, who had been coaching the visitor. "Anarchist," replied the reporter, with a warning shake of the head. "The devil! How do you know?" gasped the city editor.

"Saw his writing. Spells God with a little g," and the reporter slipped out.—Washington Critic.

### THE LADIES' MAN.

He's handsome, polite,  
Unapproachable quite  
In elegance, gracefulness, style;  
In a word, delectable.  
And admired by the fair,  
Whose hearts 'tis his aim to beguile.  
He's attentive to Jane,  
And he flirts with Elaine,  
And he murmurs soft nothings to Fan;  
While his mustache he twirls,  
But beware of him, girls,  
For he isn't a marrying man.  
He can sing in duet  
With Janet or Rosette,  
And the upright piano can play;  
And delightfully spoon  
Through a whole afternoon,  
With Bella while playing croquet.  
He's expert in all games  
Played by maidens and dames,  
And waits through the german he can;  
Most gracefully whirls  
But beware of him, girls,  
For he isn't a marrying man.  
—Boston Courier.

### How They Get Confused in Washington

Col. Smith was the guest of Congressman Belford, in Washington, and was returning to his hotel late one night when he lost his way. While browsing about in an aimless, inane sort of a manner, he encountered a policeman.

"Scuse me, my frien'," said Col. Smith, "but can you tell me which izee opposite side o' ze street?"

"Why," explained the policeman, "it's over there—the other side."

"Zat's what I thought," said Col. Smith, "but while I was walking over there a few minutes 'go, I asked a man an' he told me zis wazzee opp'site side!"

—Eli Perkins.

### Why He Couldn't See It.

"I think the streets are in a fearful condition."

"Do you mean dirty?"

"Certainly. Any man can see that."

"I don't know about that. There is a man in our neighborhood who can't see it."

"You mean that he is blind?"

"No; he is the street-cleaning contractor."—Philadelphia Call.

### He Went by the Rules.

"I wish you wouldn't grin at me in that idiotic way, Mr. Lightwaist; you make me nervous."

"Can't help it—my 'Hand-book on High-toned Etiquette' says you must wear a pleasant smile during the pauses in conversation, and I'm wearing one, that's all."—Puck.