

## RAILROAD.

### ELEGY ON A RAILROAD PASS.

No more, 'twixt rails of iron laid  
O'er field and moor and fallow,  
Anemones will bloom and fade,  
And daisies, white and yellow;  
No more between the ties will grow  
The weeds and tangled grasses;  
They'll all be dead, all trodden low  
By people without passes.

From many a fair provincial place,  
Where companies are stranded,  
In early spring will set the pace  
Those companies disbanded;  
From many a legislative hall  
Will come a fresh contingent;  
Shippers and editors will fall  
In line; there's no infringement

Of the grim law; when skies above  
Betoken settled weather  
Then will the sorrowing cohorts move  
Along the track together.  
No more between the ties will grow  
The weeds and tangled grasses;  
They'll all be dead, all trodden low  
By people without passes.

## THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER.

BY M. J. ROY.

It was a plain but neat little country house standing at the roadside, surrounded by tall elms and maples. It looked in the distance as if the house had been a pedestrian, grown weary with tramping along the dusty thoroughfare, and squatted at the roadside in the shade of that delightful grove. It seemed only to repose there for the night, and on the morrow it would take up the march again and resume its journey.

A youth stood at the creaky old gate, resting one elbow upon it, while the palm of his hand supported his sunburned chin. He was a young farmer, not over twenty years of age, and as his dark gray eyes wandered down the road a sigh escaped his breast. Was he to live, grow up, grow old and die on this little farm? Was he to wear through a few years of such humdrum life, and then pass away to be forgotten or only remembered as a tiller of the soil?

Many other ambitious youths have sighed for freedom, and dreamed day-dreams of the glory of a brilliant career, have gone forth to seek fame and fortune, and sighed far more bitterly for the little country home and humdrum life they once thought distasteful than they ever did for fame and glory. They made the discovery when too late that the fame and glory which they so ardently desired was not worth the getting. But other youths will sigh and dream, and hope for greatness, as long as the heart has passions and as long as life has woes.

Walter Russell's eyes wandered down the broad country road, just as they had day after day ever since he could remember. The road, which he had once thought led to the end of the world, was the same old road it had been then. The dark old forest on either side was just the same, with the exception that he had explored its depths, and there was less of the mystery and awe about it than of yore. The giants, fairies and goblins with which his infantile imagination had peopled it were gone, and with them all the pleasurable enchantment. "Come in, Walt; what are you standin' out there for?" called his mother.

"I am looking down the road, mother."

"What d'ye see?"

"Nothing; I hear the wheels of a carriage."

"Oh, it's some o' them high-flyers from town," said Mrs. Russell, with just the least bit of sarcasm, which did no credit to this really gentle-hearted woman.

Suddenly, there was a shriek from up the road. It had grown too dark to distinctly see objects, but from the rattling, roaring sound of wheels and deafening clatter of hoofs the young farmer knew that the horses had become frightened and were running away.

There was no time to call for assistance. The cries of female voices for help appealed to his manhood, and Walter ran with the speed of a reindeer up the road. The corner of the cow-lot was at the side of the road, and tied to a hickory tree was a heavy rope which had been used as a swing. On the opposite side of the road was another tree, and to seize this rope, fly across the road, stretch it tight and tie it hard and fast was but the work of a few seconds.

In fact he had but a few seconds in which to act, for the team was coming down with the speed of an express train. No human hand could stay their onward, headlong flight, and Walter had adopted the only plan which could possibly save the people in the carriage.

Having made the rope fast he flew to the center of the road.

Like a mighty engine of destruction, rolling amid whirling clouds of dust, came the carriage with redoubled fury at every moment. The snorts of frightened horse, clatter of hoofs, roar of wheels, and shrieks of inmates could be heard for miles on that quiet night, and brought the entire family out of the house.

The horses struck the rope like an avalanche, and made the trees crack and bend, but the rope held them. There was a crashing, rolling together, and screams of terror and pain, all concealed by a dense cloud of dust.

Walter sprang forward and seized the horses. His father, mother, and sisters hastened to his aid. The frightened animals were taken from the carriage and tied to the trees, and then two ladies were lifted from the carriage. Both were insensible, and Walter and his father carried them into the house.

One of them was a lady about forty years of age, while the other was not to exceed eighteen. Evidently they were mother and daughter.

"It's Mrs. Norton, the banker's wife, and gal," cried Mrs. Russell the moment the rays of the lamp fell on them.

Very tenderly Walter laid the slight, golden-haired girl upon the plain couch, and stood gazing at the pale, sweet face. Mrs. Russell ran for her "camp-fire" bottle, and, as neither of the ladies was seriously injured, they soon recovered and were able to explain how the accident had occurred.

The driver had fallen from his seat on account of one of the wheels of the carriage running into a rut, and the horses, becoming frightened, ran away. The coachman, looking rather humiliated, now came up, and, as the carriage was considerably damaged and they were unable to return to the city that night, he was sent ahead to bring out a conveyance for them next morning.

Walter wanted to go to the city and bring out a doctor, but Mrs. Norton declared there was no need for him to do so; both herself and daughter were getting along very well, and neither was injured in the least by the runaway.

When the large blue eyes of Miss Olla

Norton fell upon the face of the robust young farmer, whose strong arm and clear brain had doubtless saved her life, those orbs of heaven's own blue drooped, and a faint blush mantled her face. Walter felt ill at ease when Mrs. Norton thanked him for his noble services. Oh, how homely, plain, and mean the old farmhouse looked with such elegantly dressed ladies for their guests! He retired from the room as soon as possible, and passed a sleepless night in the hay-loft.

Next morning the ladies were called for by the driver in another carriage, and took their leave of the farmer, after thanking himself and his wife for their kind hospitality.

"What are your charges?" Mrs. Norton asked, drawing her purse.

Mrs. Russell, whose covetous eyes fell on the purse, was trying to fix on a sum as exorbitant as possible, when her son said: "Nothing, mother; take not a cent."

There was something so fierce in the determined manner of the youthful farmer that Mrs. Russell was a little terrified, and refused to accept a cent.

Again Mrs. Norton thanked them, and asked the bashful young farmer to assist herself and daughter in the carriage. Oh, how he felt his blood thrill in his veins as he touched that plump little hand, flashing with diamonds. The contrast between his homespun clothes and her silk was very great, but Miss Olla did not seem to notice it.

The carriage rolled away, and with a deep sigh Walter turned to the farm, which had grown more commonplace and mean than ever. He sighed, he blushed, he dreamed day-dreams, and cursed his own folly for dreaming them.

"It is not for me; drudgery, toil, and hardships are alone for me," he said, discontented with his lot.

Those fields, which were lovely with verdure, and gave forth delightful odors to others, had no charms for him.

A few weeks later, when he went to the city, dressed in his best Sunday suit, the banker invited him to his house, where he met the blue-eyed, golden-haired divinity, who again thanked him for his bravery and daring, to which she owed her life.

The few moments were like a dream—a delightful dream—the awakening from which he dreaded. She played and sang very sweetly for him, and he was desperately in love with her, yet realizing his own inferiority, he dared not hope ever to win her.

How he met Olla Norton again and again we need not tell; but he became less reserved and more hopeful, and she seemed to even give him encouragement. It was only when he got down to real stubborn facts and cool reasoning that he was forced to admit that Olla Norton was beyond him. The banker's daughter marry a country clown? Such a thing was preposterous.

The fact that he had been rather favored by the banker, and when in the city had even been a guest at his house became rumored about, and his envious neighbors took occasion to remark that they thought "Walt Russell had more gumption than to be stickin' himself on people who thought 'emselvs better'n him. Because he's saved the girl's life he thinks they're goin' to give 'er to 'im. I'd think he'd take a hint without bein' knocked down with it."

These ungracious remarks reached his ears, and caused him many a heart pang. Walter thought that may be his frequent calls at the banker's were becoming intrusions, and determined to know the very worst the next time he met Miss Norton.

"Hey, Walt, goin' tew town?" asked Tom Flynn, as he met the young farmer, mounted on his prancing horse upon the road.

"Yes."

"Was that yisterdy," said Tom, reining in his horse. "They's goin' ter be a big weddin'!"

"Who?"

"Miss Norton, the gal ye kep' the horses from killin', they say's goin' to marry Mr. Adolphus Malloy, the rich New Yorker. I saw him in the bank. Oh, he's a reglar dewd."

Walter galloped on. The bright delusion was dispelled, the sweet dream gone. Little did Tom Flynn dream of the amount of gall and bitterness his mischievous words had caused. He hoped he had blasted Walter's happiness, and cared not how miserable he made him.

The ride to the city was blurred with misery, if not a blank.

He had to pass the banker's suburban residence, and as he did so he heard voices. Turning his eyes in that direction he saw a no less personage than Adolphus Malloy himself.

There stood the dandy talking with the banker, while Olla, more lovely than she had ever appeared before, stood behind her mother's chair on the portico.

Walter was partially screened by some flowering shrubbery, and involuntarily checked his horse. The men were so close to him that he could hear what the soft-toned Adolphus was saying:

"If you wish testimonials, Mr. Norton—ah! I can furnish them, indeed I can. I'm one of the best families in Ny York. I make a fair proposal for your daughter's hand, and—"

"Mr. Malloy, you must consult with my daughter herself about this matter," said the banker. "Get her consent, and then I will hear you."

"He has not got her consent yet," said Walter, feeling the load on his heart temporarily lightened. But he reflected that it would not be long until the dandy had the girl's consent, and then the weight upon his heart seemed as oppressive as ever.

The next two or three hours were like a terrible dream to Walter. He wandered mechanically about the city, hardly knowing what had brought him to town, or whether he should go. Then he seemed desirous of leaving.

It was late in the day when he started for his home. He was forced to go by the banker's house, and it was as he rode slowly by the garden wall that he overheard voices in the summer house. Impelled by some strange feeling, he drew rein and listened.

"No, Mr. Malloy," the well-known voice of Olla was heard saying, "I can never be more than a friend to you."

"What! do I understand that you refuse my suit?" demanded the voice of Adolphus Malloy, quivering with rage.

"Yes, sir."

"Do you reject me?"

"I do."

"By heaven, girl, you shall be made to repent this. You know not who I am. I am not a person to be trifled with in that manner."

"Do you threaten?"

"I do, and you shall have cause to fear. You shall be mine whether you wish to or not, and this kiss shall seal our betrothal—"

"Oh, help! help!"

Walter never knew how he got over that wall into the summer house. The first he knew he was standing in the arbor clasping the sobbing, frightened Olla to his breast, while Mr. Malloy, his brain considerably muddled, as if he had been hit with an Alexandrian battering ram, was slowly scrambling to his feet.

The fashionable young New-Yorker glanced about him, and, with a blighting curse on the head of the young farmer, left the scene.

Walter's tongue seemed loosened, for the first time in his life. Consciousness of power made him brave. All timidity, all awkwardness was gone, and he, a veritable hero, led the frightened, rescued girl to the house. Words of deep sympathy, if not of love, were exchanged.

He remained for several minutes, and there could be no mistaking the look of regret on the face of the beautiful girl as he took leave of her.

The sun had gone down and night had thrown out her sable mantle, when he cantered out of the city. Adown the dark road his horse pranced.

His course lay through a forest most of the way, and as there was no moon, and it being slightly cloudy, the night was intensely dark.

He was riding slowly along the dark road, his horse's feet making but very little noise, when he was suddenly startled by hearing voices only a few paces away. One of the speakers he recognized as the man he had punished that day. Walter slipped noiselessly from the saddle, tied his horse to a small tree, and crept to the top of the creek bank, beneath which the persons engaged in the conversation were standing.

"Yes," said the voice which he recognized as Adolphus Malloy's, "that's all up now. The girl has refused me point blank; and now all we can do is to make the most we can out of it. His house is in the suburbs, and they keep considerable jewelry about it, as well as money. Besides we'll drag the old hound out, make him go with us to the bank, and, as he knows the combination of the lock, open the vault for us."

"Won't there be danger?"

"Yes, some; but no more than we've risked before. We, who've cracked so many cribs in New York City, needn't have any fears of this one. Besides, boys, it's bound to make a big haul for us. What do you say?"

"Oh, we'll go anywhere ye lead," said another.

"We'll be four to one. There's only the old man and two women, with possibly a woman servant and man servant in the house. But they'll be surprised, and what can they do? Come on."

Walter crept swiftly and noiselessly back to his horse, led him about two hundred paces, and then, turning his head back toward the city, leaped into the saddle and galloped away. The further he went the faster his horse ran. It was several miles, but the noble animal bore him onward like wind.

It lacked several minutes of midnight when he reached the house of the banker in the suburbs, and boldly opening the gate led his horse into the lawn, and turned him into the summer house, as it offered the best place of concealment.

Hurrying up the door-step he rang the night bell. A moment later a sleepy dorky came.

"I must see Mr. Norton at once," said Walter.

Mr. Norton came down half dressed into the hall, where he listened in amazement to what Walter had to reveal.

"Have you no weapons?" the countryman asked.

"No, not a thing, except that heavy cane in the corner."

"That will do! Now, if I had a dark lantern," said Walter.

"Stop—I have one; I will get it."

The banker soon brought the lantern, and Walter then seizing the cane told Mr. Norton and the colored man to secure clubs, and be ready at the head of the stairway when he should call.

They did so, and then a deathlike stillness fell over the scene. An hour had passed, when Walter could hear footsteps creeping forward toward the door. Skeleton keys were inserted, the bolt clicked, shot back, and four dark forms, each wearing a black mask, glided into the hall, softly closing the door after them.

"Wait up stairs, this way," some one whispered.

"Surrender!" roared Walter, and with a click the dark lantern flashed a flood of light upon them.

Whack! came a blow from the cane, and one of the four burglars fell.

"Douse the glim—cut for the door!" shouted another.

There was a sharp report, and Walter felt a stinging pain on his cheek, but he struck out again, and down went the man who had shot him. Another sharp crack and a pain in his shoulder told he had a second hit. The lantern fell from his grasp, but he continued to do battle, though all was darkness about him, and he felt as if ten thousand worlds were crashing in ruin about his failing senses. He heard shouts on the stairway, and knew the banker and negro were coming to his aid, but the excessive pain and loss of blood overcame the modern Hercules, and he fainted.

When he recovered he was lying on a bed, two surgeons were dressing his wounds, and some one was softly weeping at the head of his bed. He looked, and it was the banker's daughter.

Never was a hero so fully repaid for his suffering. Olla was his nurse, though his mother came to share her vigils, and before Walter recovered he had declared his love and been accepted by Olla.

People began at once to speak of Walter as a decidedly lucky boy, but of course the banker's girl would not throw herself away on him. When rumor of the betrothal was first made known no one believed it.

When it became a fact, everybody supposed that Walter would go into the bank and learn the business, but he did nothing of the kind.

Mr. Adolphus Malloy and his two associates captured with him, who proved to be a band of New York burglars, were all sent for a long term to the State's prison. Walter and Olla were married as soon as he recovered from his wounds, and the banker settled his son-in-law upon a large stock farm in the country, not far from the city, where he became the model farmer of that locality. And his wife, that excellent lady and housekeeper, is the banker's daughter.

We trust Horace did a little hoeing and farming himself, and his verso is not all fraudulent sentiment.—C. D. Warner.

BUT we are all the same—the fools of our own woes.—Matthew Arnold.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—The following changes in Indiana star-route schedules have been ordered by the postoffice authorities to go into effect July 1. Edinburg to Shelbyville, increase service to six times a week. Crawfordsville to Alamo, embrace Yountsville, without change of distance, curtail route to begin at Yountsville, omitting Crawfordsville, decreasing distance to five miles; increase service to six times a week. Reese's Mill to Lebanon, increase service to six times a week; make schedule daily, except Sundays. Rensselaer to Culp's Farm, end at Pleasant Grove, omitting Culp, decreasing distance three miles. Warren to Dillman, increase service to three times a week; make schedule Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. Hartford City to Priam, increase service to three times a week; change schedule to Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. Fort Wayne to St. Joe Station, increase service between Spencerville and St. Joe Station, three miles, to six times a week. Logansport to McCameron, increase service to three times a week; change schedule to Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. Epsom to Washington, curtail so as to omit Washington and end at Cornettsville, decreasing distance nine miles, and extend from Epsom to and begin at Plainville, increasing distance five miles; increase service to six times a week. Mauckport to Corydon, increase to three times a week; make schedule Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. New Amsterdam to Corydon, increase to three times a week; make schedule Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. Alpha to Deputy, extend from Alpha to begin at Oard Spring, increasing distance three and five-tenths miles. Salem to Delaney's Creek, increase to three times a week; make schedule Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Salem to New Philadelphia, embrace Seba, between Canton and New Philadelphia, increasing distance four miles. Elkinsville to Brownstown, increase service to six times a week; make schedule daily, except Sundays.

—A case of death by poison has occurred at Valpen, a station west of Huntington, on the Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis Railroad, the victim being a child of Mr. Henry Hallenberg, a wealthy merchant of that place. The mother had given the child a tightly-corked bottle containing what she supposed to be whisky, but after the child had gone off to play she was startled by the screams of the little fellow, and on responding found the child in terrible convulsions. The bottle was uncorked and the contents, which afterwards proved to be oil of tansy, found missing. The child lived but a short time in excruciating agony.

—The following patents have been issued to Indiana inventors: Henry W. Althouse, caster, Warsaw; John W. Boyd, assignor of one-half to M. W. Walden, Vevay, churn; Wm. A. Cochran, Edinburg, assignor of two-thirds to H. G. Solomon, Hope, J. W. Wingate, Huntington, apparatus for making fences; Martin A. Eisenbour, Plymouth, cultivator; Thomas E. Hampton, Wabash, school desk and seat; Wm. McTyre, Madison, coffee and tea-pot; Wm. C. Whitehead and A. L. Teetor, said Teetor assignor to J. H. Latshaw, Indianapolis, sand molding machine.

—The women in and for eight or ten miles around Anderson are just boiling over with wrath, because the terrible roaring of the immense gas well at that village has been more disastrous to the egg crop than the loudest thunder ever heard. Not an egg will hatch, and even the old hens refuse to lay, the noise being so great that the biddies become so bewildered that they cannot return to their nests, and even forget to put a shell on the eggs.

—The New Albany District Conference of the Methodist Church are contemplating the purchase of 160 acres of land in Orange County, near West Baden Springs. Should the land be purchased, suitable buildings will be erected, similar to those at Chautauqua, giving to the membership of that denomination a pleasant place in which to hold camp-meetings and other assemblies of like character.

—Mr. George Conrad, a wealthy farmer, living about three miles southwest of Thornstown, accidentally shot and killed himself. The entire load of shot passed through his heart. The supposition is that he went to get the gun to shoot a hawk, and, in picking it up, the hammer caught and the gun was discharged.

—Mrs. Frost, an aged lady residing in Harrison Township, Miami County, arose in the night and, walking to the bank of Deer Creek, near her home, jumped into the water. She was not missed until next morning, when the body was found in the stream. Mrs. Frost's mind is believed to have been impaired.

—A Polish Jew, named Leopold, employed in the Star Woolen Mills, at Wabash, fell into a vat of boiling water. From his middle down he was horribly scalded, and when exposed to the air the skin came off in flakes. His recovery is doubtful.

—A young married man living near Corydon, was whipped by the Regulators, and is now confined to his bed. He offered resistance and was given seventy-five lashes. He is a desperate character, and is charged with many misdemeanors.

—Lightning struck the residence of Thomas Gilbert, at Center Square, Switzerland County, instantly killing Mrs. Gilbert and Mrs. John March, and severely burning Gilbert's young daughter and Township Trustee Jacob Shaddy.

—A. J. Ford, of Donaldsonville, while returning home from prayer-meeting, was struck by a Vandalia train and killed. He was a widower, fifty-five years old, but left a family of grown children.

## KILLING WOMEN.

THE Anglo-Saxons drowned women guilty of theft. The criminal was thrown from the cliff or submerged. In the tenth century a woman was drowned at London bridge.

WOMEN were punished by drowning in Scotland. In 1599 Grissell Mathon was condemned by the High Court of Edinburgh "to be taken to the north lock and there drowned till she be dead."

In ancient German history we read of female criminals being impaled in the mud, and in comparatively recent years the remains of several bodies having been found to prove the truth of this assertion.

In early England a cook once poisoned fourteen persons. The authorities did not believe they had a punishment sufficiently severe for her case, so a law was passed making her crime punishable by being boiled to death.

ACCORDING to the Danish laws women were buried alive for theft, a method of punishment not unknown in France. In 1831 Marote Dupias was scourged and subjected to this death at Abbeville; in 1460 a woman named Perotte Manger, a notorious thief and receiver of stolen goods was, by order of the Provost of Paris, buried alive in front of the gibbet of that city.

A MEMORABLE instance of drowning occurred at Bavaria, October 14, 1496. Agnes Bernauerin, wife of the Duke Albert the Pious, was dropped off the bridge of the city of Strasburg into the Danube, by order of her father. She appears not to have been put into a sack, and her limbs not to have been securely bound, for she rose to the surface of the water and swam to the shore, crying "help," "help," but the executioner put a long pole into her hair and kept her down.

In the early days of England men were too humane to execute women, but they drowned them. During the reign of Henry III., however, a woman was hanged, but as she did not die after being on the gibbet a day, they cut her down and she was granted a pardon. Adulterous women and sorceresses were drowned or smothered in mud. Stones were fastened to their necks to prevent their swimming, or they were sewed up in sacks. Sometimes they were drowned in company with a cat, a dog and a snake.

### Making Food from Grain.

Bread is an invention from the Greeks and passed from them to the Romans.

A round disk of bread was for many centuries the substitute for plates. After dinner these plates were distributed among the poor.

The hand-mills were the only known tools to squeeze flour from grain until the first crusaders copied from the Saracens the art to let wind-mills do the work.

Bread was not cut at meals, nor was there any meal for it, for it was not baked in the size or thickness as it is at present, but in thin, smooth cakes, and could, therefore, easily be broken. This is the origin of the saying: "To break bread with him or her!"

Most of the ancient nations ate biscuits under special conditions; chiefly, in war, whether navy or military, or on long journeys by sea or land. To the Greeks they were known as arton dipuron, that is, "bread twice put to the fire," while the Romans had their panis nauticus, or capta, chiefly used, as its name implies, for nautical purposes.

It is not a little odd that the word "bisquit" or "biscuit" embodies the process by which biscuits were made from time immemorial to within the last century, if not indeed, later. Bis, twice, and coctus, cooked, shows that they were twice baked, and although the double process has now been discarded yet the name is retained.

Already, in the times of Pliny, the naturalist, the Gauls made use of barm to render their bread lighter. In the seventeenth century the doctors in Paris pronounced this as detrimental to health, and the use of barm was prohibited. Out of this arose between doctors and bakers a long lawsuit which did not lead to any result. Fashion here settled the question. To-day nobody considers barm as unwholesome.

At what period of man's history the lightening of dough by fermentation was first adopted no one, of course, knows. It is, however, certain that cakes made of nothing but meal and water and then baked are very much older. Fragments of unfemented cakes were discovered in the Swiss lake dwellings, which belong to the neolithic age, an age dating back far beyond the received age of the world. This is the earliest instance of biscuits as yet discovered, for biscuits are merely unfemented bread.

### A Georgia Mule.

There was a very large mule that died in my neighborhood, and three years after it was dead it killed a nine-year old negro boy. The hawks were very bad at our house, and we took the skull of the above-mentioned mule and hung it up in the top of a mulberry tree to scare the hawks away. In the summer, when the mulberries were ripe, the negroes one day went to the tree to get some. One climbed up the tree and shook it, and the skull fell and struck the negro boy on the head, killing him instantly. It was three years to the very day from the time the mule died until he killed the negro.—Hartwell (Ga.) Sun.

### Suspicion.

The man who is suspicious lives in a constant state of unhappiness. It would be better for his peace of mind to be too trustful than too guarded.