

## BAILLY.

### ELEGY ON A RAILROAD PASS.

No more, 'twixt rails of iron laid  
O'er field and moor and fallow,  
Americans will blosom and fade,  
And die in the winter's cold.  
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 man 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 Russel'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 down," said Mrs. Russel, 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. Russel 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. Russel 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 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. Russel, 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. Russel 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 Russel had more gumption than to be stickin' himself on people who thought 'emselves 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 yesterdy," 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 cawn furnish them, indeed I cawn. I'm of 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 he 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. A down the dark road his horse pranced.

His course lay through a forest most of the way, and as there was no moon, and it was 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 dark came.

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

Mr. Norton came down half dressed into the hall, where he listened in amazement at 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 faintly closing the door after them.

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

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 verse 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.

## 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 1539 Grisell Mathon was condemned by the High Court of Edinburgh "to be taken to the north loch 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