

THE OLD HOME.

To-night
I stood, a stranger, 'mid its quiet ways,
And life seemed somewhat harder than of
yore.
A weary stretch of bare and toiling days.
Dear heart, I vowed to see it never more.
Twas weakness, just a longing once to pass
Awa'nt the meads, knee-deep in clover
grass.

To-night
I passed from out its precincts dim and
quaint,
And all my heart grew full of yearning,
dear,
For those sweet days; I saddened was, and
faint,
Ay, as I have not been for many a year.
Clasp close my hand, beloved, in thine own,
I thought of thee, 'twas hard to pass alone.

DOWN BRAKES.

We were delayed at White River junction and we were boozing right along across the lower meadows to make up time. I did not like the looks of the black river along both sides of the track. You know how high the water is, stranger? Well, I tell you it looked wrathful last night.

Carlyle stopped speaking and lighted a fresh match, but I observed he let it burn out in his fingers as the intensity of his strange experience assumed sway over him. "Well," he resumed, "we were just thundering down grade on the big flats this side of Russell's cut. The steam was screaming right out of the safety valve the moment I shut her off. I did not ask for brakes, but let her buzz. As soon as I saw the straight stretch, all clear, as I thought, I even clapped heron again and let her run as if she was climbing for grade a mile and a half away. I tell you we just flew. Now, there is a stone culvert running right out of the bottom of the straight mile just as you begin to climb. I am always afraid of it. Suddenly, as sure as I'm telling it, I saw a woman, as if in her night clothes, just this side of the little bridge. Jim saw her, too, and shouted to me, 'Shut off, for God's sake!' But I did not, though I blew, for the woman had no signal lantern. The next moment I found myself shutting off, because it would be just like a woman not to take a lantern to wave to us even if she wanted to stop us, and as true as heaven if she was not lifting her hand up this way. She never stirred at the whistle or the bell." Here the man sprang from his chair and raised his right arm on high in a tragic attitude to show me the gesture that the figure on the track had assumed. I will confess that it rather chilled my blood to see him so realistic. Poor wretch, it was all real to him. His wife got clear out of her chair and caught hold of his upraised arm, and his pretty little daughter, who sat on the other side of the table, her brown eyes wide open, came and clung to the other arm, crying, "Papa, papa," and kissed the horny member cheerfully. "You may be sure of a shut-off then," he said, and he remained standing, "and I whistled down brakes, and God help us, the woman did not move! Jim and I shut our eyes; I threw the lever clean back, and the old engine fairly slid over the damp rails. On we went straight over the spot where the woman stood. The last thing I saw in the flash of the headlight before I shut my eyes, and I shall always say it to my dying day that I did see it, was the pretty face of the women all in white, kind of pleading with us as she held her hand up, so. A kind face it was, too, as if it meant to do us good, and, my God, we had killed her!" The man was so overcome for a moment that the tears started in his eyes. We all sat in a sort of spell waiting for him to recover himself. After a time he resumed: "Well, after about an age, as it seemed to us, the old train stopped. Jim and I got down and looked all over the engine, but there was nothing, not a rag and no blood. We searched everywhere. The water was within four feet of the rail on both sides of the embankment, and though we held our lanterns and torches along out over the black and hateful flood to see if she had been tossed into the water, there was not a sign of her. When got back to the bridge the water was boiling to get through. So we gave up looking and climbed aboard the 'train' and clapped steam to her and came home all right. That was last Friday night." "No, it was Saturday," said his wife. "It was Friday," reassured the engineer. "Saturday night I saw it again at the same place." "You did not tell me that you had seen this apparition twice," cried his wife. "You shall never go over the road again until the floods are over" and her arms were about him in a minute. "Now, what do you say to that?" he demanded of me. "And you went through the performance, stopping and going back on Saturday, the same as on Friday night?" I asked. "Just the same." "And you found nothing?" "Nothing and nobody, only the bridge was in a worse condition, and the river roared worse than on Friday, and it will be worse every day from now until the White mountains have shed their snows. 'Father,' said the wife, 'promise me you'll not go over the road again.' 'But I must go my next run. I have told the superintendent that I was able to go, and I have got my living to earn.' Then there followed a long altercation of love. I said nothing, but left the family to settle it among themselves. The reason of the matter was that he had his wife, he would take the run, and after that he would stop.

off," as he expressed it, until the floods were over.

I well remember the Monday night when this conscientious fellow took his engine. His wife and little daughter walked to the depot with him. They clung to him and kissed him. "This is the last, Mary," he said. "Now, don't make such a fool of yourself. Why, if you feel this way after I have taken this run, I will give

GANDER AND RAT.

Summary Revenge for the Death of a Gosling.

A goose on the Lingle farm hatched out, a fine family of goslings last week, says a letter in the New York Sun. She and her mate, an imported gander, have been assiduous in their attentions to the downy, little yellow things, but in spite of that a big Norway rat, hordes of whose kind infest the outbuildings on the farm, was smart enough to elude the watchful eyes of the old goose and gander, and a day or so ago captured one of the goslings and dragged it to his lair under the barn. A few feet from the barn is a low horse-trough, which is kept constantly filled with water. There is a hole three inches in circumference under the foundation of the barn which is a runway for rats, and it was into this that the rat dragged the gosling.

The two old geese indulged in noisy lamentations for some time over the loss of their little one, and then an idea seemed to strike the gander. He and his mate held a sort of confab in subdued tones, and then they both became quiet. The gander waddled up to the rat hole under the foundation of the barn and took a position at one side of it. He stood there motionless and patient, with his eye fixed on the hole. He had stood ten minutes or more when the head of a rat was poked out as far as the shoulders. Quick as a flash the gander hurled its head against the rat's and it's strong bill closed over its neck. The rat squealed and struggled but couldn't get away. The mother goose set up a vociferous and triumphant squawking, and the gander waddled as fast as he could to the horse-trough. He shoved the rat under the water and held him there until he was drowned.

Then the gander threw the carcass on the ground and the old geese picked and tore it until scattered in bits about the barn-yard. Whether the rat was the one that kidnapped the gosling is of course not known, but the geese were satisfied with their vengeance, and after tearing the dead rat to pieces joyfully conducted their family of goslings to the duck pond and gave them their first exercise in swimming.

BROWN-SEQUARD'S Elixir.

Continued Investigations Have Produced Additional Evidence of Its Value.

The newspapers have for a long time been silent on the subject of the rejuvenation of old men by means of the injection of testicular juice, and many people have doubtless nearly forgotten that such a thing was ever talked about; but the venerable discoverer of this odd form of stimulant has by no means forgotten it, and his faith in its efficacy grows stronger every day. He has recently published a brochure recounting the details of the method and producing additional evidence of its value.

Dr. Suzor, of the island of Mauritius, has practiced injections in certain cases of leprosy with the most gratifying results, the ulcers rapidly cicatrizing and the patients regaining strength and appetite. The same experimenter reports in a case of malarial fever, occurring in a woman, in which one injection sufficed to arrest the daily paroxysms immediately and to remove permanently the feeling of languor and the jaundice from which the patient was suffering.

As a result of his study of these various experiments and of his personal experience, Dr. Brown-Sequence is more firmly persuaded than ever of the value of his discovery. "There is no doubt," he says, "that these injections exert a marked dynamogenic action upon the nervous centers, at least in a large number of cases. There is also no doubt that these injections are without danger when they are made with those precautions which intelligent physicians know to be necessary when animal matter is to be introduced beneath the skin."

How a Spanish Mine is Run.

The Rio Tinto, the great copper company of Spain, has divided its works into contracts, which the men themselves undertake in gangs of two, four, six, or twelve, the proceeds being equally divided according to the number of days worked. The men choose their companions. Eight hours constitutes a day's work and the average pay is about 87 cents per day. In the company's store the necessities of life are sold at a trifle above cost price, but every one is at liberty to buy where he pleases. No work is done on Sunday except repairs. Arrangements are made for medical treatment and the relief of families during sickness or injury of the husband, and schools and recreation clubs are also provided.

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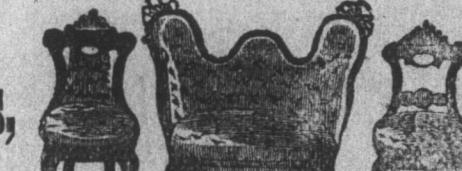
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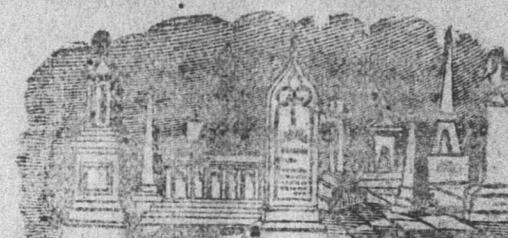
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