

## A RAILROAD JOURNEY.

Mr. Robert Cary, bachelor, seated him self in the high-backed seat of the West Shore railway car, and tipping his silk hat over his eyes, fell into a delightful soliloquy. Yes, it was delightful, for he had been away about five years, and it made him feel very happy to think that he was so near home again. Five years before, Mr. Cary, then a comparatively young man, had gone West with the flood of people who were in search of gold. And among them all, he was one of the most successful, having acquired an immense fortune.

Yes, he was rich, and he was happy, and as the train which bore him toward home sped along, he could scarcely confine his happiness to his heart, but it seemed to be brimming out of his very eyes, and his face was so smiling that two young girls who sat directly across the aisle giggled, and surmised that he was "on his way to his wedding."

But he was not. Oh, no! Robert Cary seldom thought of getting married, although he would have liked a wife, and a daughter, perhaps, to lavish his money upon. He tenderly loved his widowed mother and his beautiful sister Mollie, but he almost envied his younger brother Fred, who, they had written, had been married for a year, and had the cutest little girl, which looked like her Uncle Rob. That was three years ago, and the little girl must be quite a young lady by this time. He wondered if she could talk yet; a girl 3 years old ought to talk, and he shouldn't wonder if she could say "Uncle Robert." How he would like to see her! He had never seen the mother yet, and he wondered what she was like. But he would see them all before long, for they were to meet at mother's on her birthday, which occurred the day after to-morrow.

Thus ran the thoughts of Mr. Cary until the car stopped at a station with a jolt which sent his silk hat into the seat directly in front of him, and into the lap of a lady, who handed it back with a smile which fairly won the heart of the bachelor, who had not noticed before what a pretty little woman she was. He thanked her for restoring his hat, and was about to lean back in his seat again when he noticed a bundle of dry goods all curled up on the seat beside the pretty lady. It did look like a bundle of dry goods, but he soon discovered that it was alive, yes, a real live little girl, and oh so pretty! She had the loveliest golden hair and the sweetest red lips he had ever seen. So thought Robert Cary, and he just wanted to take the little dear in his arms and kiss her. Of course he could not do that; but he did bend over the back of the seat and say:

"Poor little girl, how tired you are. Have you come far, madam?"

"Yes, sir, all the way from New York," the lady answered with another sweet smile, "and I know that Elsie is very tired. But we are now within a few miles of the end of our journey, and then we will be so happy. Elsie has talked about going to grandma's for ever so long. Poor dear, how tired she is!"

"And are you going home too, just as I am?" inquired Mr. Cary.

"Yes, at least, to my husband's home. I have not been there for over two years now, and they have not seen Elsie since she was a baby a few months old."

"How very glad they will be to see her and her mamma. I have not been home for five years."

"Oh, that is a long time; but I think a greeting is all the sweeter the longer we have been separated from our loved ones," said the lady.

By this time the little girl was wide awake, and rising in the seat she said: "Has oo seen my papa?"

"No, my dear, I have not. I do not know him."

Your papa is at grandma's dear, I have no doubt. You see, sir, my husband was obliged to visit Boston on business a few days ago, and as that city is near his home he decided to go there, leaving Elsie and me to travel alone."

"I see. And you are not afraid, you and little Elsie?"

"Oh, no, sir! I am quite used to travel, and really enjoy it."

"Me go o've! dare!" said little Elsie, reaching out her arms to the stranger.

Mr. Cary took her on his knee, kissing her pretty red lips.

"Me like 'oo," said the child.

"Do you? I like you, too, my dear," he replied.

"Oo look like my papa."

"Do I?"

"Yes," said the mother, "you do resemble my husband, but I am surprised that Elsie should notice it."

Just then, without a moment's warning, came a terrible crash. The car was thrown from the track, and Mr. Cary found himself lying some distance away, on a soft grass plot, stunned and greatly bewildered, but unhurt. He gathered himself together and looked around for his new acquaintances, but could see nothing of them. There were many people, some badly mangled, others only slightly injured, and some, like himself, unharmed. Those who were unconscious were being carried to near farm-houses, for the accident had occurred in a farming country, and there were several houses in the vicinity. Brushing the dirt from his fine broadcloth trousers, Mr. Cary looked around for his silk hat. He found it near by, the top crushed in, looking very forlorn indeed. Still, it was better than no hat, and so the bachelor smoothed it as much as possible and put it upon his head. He was about to offer his assistance to any who might be in need of it, when he heard a plaintive little cry:

"Mamma! Mamma!"

Looking around, he soon found poor little Elsie, who was lying held firmly between two huge beams, unable to release herself. With some difficulty Mr. Cary succeeded in removing the beams, and lifted the child in his arms.

"Where's my mamma," she wailed, clinging to her benefactor.

"I do not know, my dear," he answered. "We will find her."

"Ise hurt my foot!" she cried, the tears rolling down her cheeks. "I want my mamma."

Taking off the little shoe, Mr. Cary found that the child's foot was badly bruised. Wrapping his handkerchief carefully around it, he carried her to a near farm-house and left her in the care of a kind, pleasant-faced woman, and then returned to the scene of the disaster in search of the mother. But she was not to be found. All search was in vain, and Mr. Cary returned to the farm-house in great perplexity.

"You may leave the child here until her relatives are found," said the woman, "and I will take the best of care of her."

But he preferred to take her to his own home, for Elsie clung to him, begging him to take her to "mamma."

And so, in a short time, when a train came along, Mr. Cary and his little charge went on board and were soon flying toward Canton.

In the meantime where was the child's mother? When the accident occurred she was thrown from the car and became unconscious. Upon recovering she found herself in a spotless white bed, with a kind, pleasant-looking lady bending over her.

"Where am I?" she asked feebly.

"You are safe," answered the lady, "but you must be quiet. You are badly shaken up, but I trust not seriously injured."

"No, I am not hurt, only bewildered. What has happened? Where is my child?"

"Child?"

"Yes, my little Elsie. Isn't she here?" she cried weakly.

"No, we have not seen her. We found you only about an hour ago; it is after noon now, and the accident happened about 10 o'clock this morning. Another train came along at noon and most of the passengers left on it."

"Where was I?" cried the mother, burying her face in her hands.

"You had fallen into a clump of bushes near the track, and lay there unconscious for some time, until my husband found you and brought you here."

"Oh, my child, my Elsie! Where is she?" cried the distressed mother. "Can you not find her?"

The woman tried to comfort her, saying that her husband would go in search of the child at once. He went, but no one knew where Elsie was, though an old man said that he had seen a tall, handsome gentleman carrying a little girl with golden hair into Farmer Green's house. Mrs. Green was interviewed, and told what she knew about it, saying that the gentleman and little girl had been at her house, and the former had been in search of the child's mother, but being unable to find her had departed on the noon train, taking the little girl with him. She did not know where they had gone, only that they had taken the east train.

Elsie's mother was greatly distressed, and quite unable to resume her journey until the next morning, when she left, resolved to go directly to her husband's home at Canton, where she would find him, and they would search for Elsie.

And they would find her, for God was too merciful to separate her from her darling, so she thought; and with an earnest prayer for help in her heart, she went to the little station, sad and perplexed, but full of hope.

Canton is a pretty town about twenty-five miles from the city of Boston, and in a neat little white house on the principal street lived the widow Cary and her daughter Mollie, a pretty girl of 18. It was the day before Mrs. Cary's birthday, when they were to have such a grand home gathering, and dainties of all kinds had been prepared. Mr. Fred Cary had already arrived, and was anxiously awaiting the arrival of his wife and child.

"I thought they would surely come to-day," he said. "They were to start yesterday, and should have been here last night."

"I guess they are safe, Fred; do not worry," said his mother, who was always hopeful.

"How so; has the train come yet?"

"No, but it is about time," was the answer.

Shortly after the omnibus from the train drove up to the gate.

"Why, there is a gentleman and little girl getting out," said Mollie. "Who can it be?"

Nobody knew until the door was opened and Robert Cary walked in with little Elsie in his arms.

"Robert!" cried Mrs. Cary, springing to her son's side. "Is it you, my boy?"

"Yes, mother, it is indeed, your long-lost boy. You did not expect me, did you?" he said, kissing her more than once.

Then he kissed Mollie, and was turning to his brother, when he noticed that Elsie was clasped in his arms.

"Papa, where has 'oo been?" cried the child.

"Why," cried Robert, in amazement. "Is this your child?"

"It is indeed, my dear little Elsie, Rob. But where is my wife—do you know? Tell me!" he cried, his face white as death.

"I do not know," answered the brother, then proceeding to relate the story of the accident.

I cannot describe the scene that followed. Filled with cruel anxiety, Fred Cary and his brother departed on the afternoon train in search of the lost one, while those at home prayed fervently for their success.

When Mrs. Cary entered the train which she supposed would bear her to her friends, she was quite unconscious that it was bound west instead of going east toward Canton. But presently the names of the stations began to sound familiar to her, and she asked the conductor:

"Are we not nearing Canton?"

"No, madam, we are going west," he answered. "Canton is east."

"What?" she cried.

"You are going directly from Canton, not toward it," was the answer, which carried dismay to the heart of the lady.

"Oh, dear, I was so bewildered and full of trouble that I took the wrong train."

Tasty dress ornaments are enameled flowers in their natural colors, with diamond paved petals.

What shall I do?" she cried bursting into tears.

"Why, you can get off at the next station and go back," the conductor answered kindly.

And so it happened that Mrs. Cary was about fifty miles further from her destination than when she started. At the next station she was obliged to wait an hour before a train returned. She afterward declared that it was one of the most miserable hours of her life.

Fred Cary and his brother Robert went west as far as the station near where the accident had occurred, and upon making inquiries were informed that Mrs. Cary had left several hours before, saying that she was going direct to Canton. And so the brothers waited until another train came from the west, and then started back. It was the same train which Mrs. Cary had taken on her return, and she was in the car directly in front of the one in which her husband and his brother were seated, little dreaming that she was so near them.

When the train stopped at Canton the brothers alighted and hastened up the little street to their mother's house, hoping and expecting to find the lost one there. But they were again sadly disappointed—she had not yet arrived.

"Well, I am almost discouraged," said Fred, sorrowfully. "I don't know what to do."

"We will find her yet," said Robert.

"But how do we—we know she is alive?" wept Mollie.

"Hush, Mollie," said the mother, weeping also.

At that very moment the door was opened softly, and the little woman whom they all loved so well flitted in, with a cry of joy fell into her husband's outstretched arms.

The next day was the birthday of Mother Cary, and of all the households in the land, I do not think there could have been one more full of happiness and thankfulness than this of which I have written.

"How queer it was," said Mrs. Fred Cary, "that the kind gentleman of whom Elsie and I thought so much was my own husband's brother!"

"And we never dreamed of it—strange, too!" said Robert. "If we only knew!"

"Yes, if we only had—but we didn't, so it is just as well," she replied.

"Elsie, it's just as well," said little Elsie. And so it was.

## Returned Good for Evil.

Sitting in the rotunda of the Alexander hotel of this city yesterday, said a Louis ville letter to the New York Sun, Proctor Knott told this story:

"It was the most remarkable scene I ever witnessed. It occurred during my early manhood, when I was attorney general of Missouri. Robert Stewart was then governor of that State. One day I was in his private office when he paraded a steamboat man for some crime. What it was I have forgotten, but that does not matter. The man had been brought from the penitentiary to the governor's office. He was a large, powerful fellow, with the rough manners of his class.

The governor looked at the steamboat man and seemed strangely affected. He scrutinized him long and closely. Finally he signed the document that restored him to liberty, but before he handed it to him he said: 'You will commit some other crime and be in the penitentiary again, I fear.' The man solemnly promised that he would not. The governor looked doubtful, mused a few moments, and said:

"You will go back on the river and be a mate again, I suppose?"

"The man replied that he would.

"Well, I want you to promise me one thing," resumed the governor. "I want you to pledge your word that when you are a mate again you will never take a billet of wood in your hand and drive a sick boy out of a bunk to help you load your boat on a stormy night." The steamboat man said he would not, and inquired what the governor meant by asking him such a question.

"The governor replied: 'Because some day that boy may become a governor, and you may want him to pardon you for a crime. One dark, stormy night, many years ago, you stopped your boat on the Mississippi river to take on a load of wood. There was a boy on board who was working his passage from New Orleans to St. Louis, but he was very sick of a fever and was lying in a bunk. You had plenty of men to do the work, but you went to that boy with a stick of wood in your hand and drove him with blows and curses out into the wretched night and kept him toiling like a slave until the load was completed. I was that boy. Here is your pardon. Never again be guilty of such brutality.' And the man, cowering and hiding his face, went out. As I never heard of him again I suppose he took care not to break the law."

## The Pious Poll.

It was at a party given in the country at the house of a most pious family, says the Boston Courier. A worldly minded niece had come for a visit, and it was felt that something should be done to entertain her, even at the expense of the sober traditions of the family. The neighbors had, therefore, been gathered together in the parlors to entertain themselves in a house where cards or dancing would be considered sinful and the most innocent amusements frivolous. By the time supper was announced everybody was bored almost to death, and they filed into the dining-room with a grave and melancholy air, as if they were being led to execution. When they were within and ready to begin, the voice of the old family parrot was heard piping from some unseen corner:

"Let us pray."

An old man in North Carolina, who had lived all his life without ever seeing a railroad, recently got on a train, and before he had traveled a mile he was thrown off and killed. Yet, on the other hand, according to a writer in "Scribner's," a man might travel 51,000,000,000 miles before being killed.

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## WHERE THE PAGE WENT TO.

## And Who Stole It After the Young Editor Wrote It.

The total depravity of inanimate things has been proved, defined, catalogued, and accepted. Nobody doubts that a tack on a bed-room carpet always stands on its head; that a chair in the dark always moves to a position where a bare shin cannot miss it; that a pin in a pretty lady's belt always pokes its point away out at the moment