

DAY IS DYING.

Day is dying! Float, O song,
Down the westward river,
Requiem chanting to the Day—
Day, the mighty Giver.

Pierced by shafts of Time he bleeds,
Melted rubies sending
Through the river and the sky;
Earth and heaven blending;

All the long-drawn earthy banks
Up to cloud-land lifting;
Slow beneath them drifts the swan,
Twist two heavens drifting:

Wings half open, like a flower
Only deeply flushing,
Neck and breast as virgin's pure—
Virgin proudly blushing.

Day is dying! Float, O swan,
Down the ruby river;
Fellow, song, in requiem
To the mighty Giver.
—George Eliot.

SIS

The heavy touring car came around the turn at a rapid pace. There was a depression in the roadway where the recent rains had flooded the wagon track. As the ground slowly drained deep ruts had formed, ruts that dried and hardened.

Into one of these a front wheel sank. The driver made a quick turn, the car swerved and went into the ditch. The ground was soft and the machine came to a sudden stop. Three human forms were flung from the seats and fell sprawling on the sloping turf.

For a moment or two there was silence. It was broken by a twittering bird on a branch above the stranded car. The breeze softly stirred the leaves.

Then a boy came down the roadway. He stopped short and stared at the wreckage. Then he plunged down the incline.

A moment later he whistled shrilly—once, twice, thrice. He ran back to the roadway. He whistled again.

Around the bend a girl came running, bareheaded, her curls flying. "What is it, Arlie?" she cried.

The boy pointed down. "Three men hurt, Sis," he gasped. "They look like they're dead."

She leaped down the bank and dropped to her knees beside the first man. "Tom," the man moaned. "Tom."

The girl arose and ran to the second man. "Arlie," she called over her shoulder, "get a pail of water—and the walnut box in the parlor cupboard—and a sheet from the press in the hall. Quick!"

The boy disappeared around the bend, and the girl darted to the third man.

In a moment the boy was back. "They're all alive, Arlie," said the girl. "This one is hurt the worst. I think. Bring the water. Now raise his head. Don't be afraid." The girl worked swiftly. The bruised and bleeding forehead was bathed, a strip of plaster from the walnut box was affixed, and a bandage torn from the sheet deftly bound the wound. The water revived the man.

"Is that you, Jim?" he thickly muttered. "Quiet," said the girl. "Put his head down, Arlie. Now this one."

As they approached the second man a weak voice hailed them. "Hullo," it said. "What's going on?"

The third man was sitting up staring at them. "Hush," said the girl warningly. She was on her knees besides the second man, pushing back his thick gray hair and staring into his half-closed eyes.

"What's the matter with Jim?" said the third man stupidly. The girl dashed a little water into the second man's face. His eyelids fluttered. He gave a little gasp.

"Let me up," he muttered. "Where are the boys? Is somebody hurt?" He tried to raise himself, but the girl quietly but firmly put him back.

"Lie still for a little longer," she said. "Give him a drink, Arlie, but don't let him get up."

She crossed to the third man. He was blinking as he stared up at her. "Angel of mercy," he murmured, "flitting about 'neath the greenwood tree. Where's Robin Hood, sweet lady?"

The girl stood before him studying him with her keen black eyes. "Come," she said, "let me see you stand up."

"Anything to oblige," the man replied. The girl gave him her hand and he tried to arise.

"Wow!" he cried, and he dropped back. "Something's wrong with that right ankle."

The girl was down in a moment studying the hurt. "It's a sprain," she said. "You twisted it when you fell. I'll put it in hot water when we get to the house."

The man's head was rapidly clearing. He stared about him. His face paled.

"Are they much hurt?" he gasped. "I think not," the girl hurriedly answered. "The man there has hurt his head. The other man seems to be suffering from the shock."

"Have you sent for help?" "The nearest help is five miles away."

A groan from the man with the bandaged head drew her away. "How are the others?" the man faintly asked.

"Doing very well," the girl answered.

ed. "Can you stand up? I want to see if anything is broken."

She helped him to arise and he took a step or two. Then he caught at the girl's arm. She held him up.

"A little dazed," she said, "but no bones broken. Arlie, bring one of the cushions. There," she cried as she let him down. "You are on the convalescent list. Give the gentleman a drink of the blackberry brandy, Arlie."

As the boy ran for the medicine box the girl bent over the second man. He looked up at her.

"How is Jim?" he asked. "Doing nicely."

"And Jack?" "Equally well."

"How soon will help get here?" She ignored the question. "I want to see how much you are hurt," she said. "Can you get up?"

"I am sore all over," he answered. "The left shoulder certainly is the sorest place."

"Move your left hand—your left arm. Now let me see you stand." He arose and walked a few steps and then leaned for support against the careened car.

The three men stared at one another. "Hullo, fellow joy riders," said the third man, weakly.

"Hullo, Jack and Tom," said the first man. "Hullo, both of you," said the second man. His voice was hoarse and faint.

"I guess we should be thankful if isn't any worse," quavered the first man as he felt of his bandage with an uncertain hand.

"Optimist," growled the second man. "He hasn't any sprain," snarled the third man. "Wow!" he shrilly added. "What's to be done?" growled the second man.

The girl had been in close converse with the boy. As she stepped forward he darted away.

"Our home," she said, "is close by. I want to get you there as soon as possible. You will be much more comfortable."



"TOM," THE MAN MOANED.

fortable. I think both the man with the bruised head and the man with the wrenched shoulder can walk. We will have to help the man with the sprained ankle."

"Has the boy gone for help?" It was the man with the bruised head who asked this question.

"No," the girl replied. "You will have to depend on me."

They looked at her. She was young—not more than seventeen—a slight girl with bright eyes and a quick smile.

"All right," said the third man, "but it's something of a responsibility."

"I don't mind that," said the girl gravely.

The boy came hurrying back with a crutch and a cane.

"You will take these," said the girl to the third man, "and my brother will help you. I am going to walk between you gentlemen," she added to the other sufferers. "You will find me firm and strong if you need my help. Come."

So the procession took up its slow way to the old brown farmhouse that stood back from the road a short distance. It arrived in fairly good order, the man with the sprained ankle panting a little, and the other men were glad to sink back on the comfortable chairs of the cool sitting room.

"I will get the sprained ankle into hot water at once," said the girl. "And then I will look after the bandage and the strained shoulder."

A half hour later the three victims of the accident were as comfortable as they could be made. They had been steamed and rubbed with liniment, and more thoroughly bandaged, and had enjoyed the reviving effects of a cup of hot tea and a plate of excellent bread and butter.

Now they were out on the broad front porch, where the air was cool and they were shaded from the sun, all three smoking the cigars from the silver box of the man with the lame shoulder.

"Clear case of falling into a Samaritan ditch," said the man with the sprained ankle.

"Yes," the bandaged man agreed. "There isn't any discount on little Miss Samaritan."

"Fine girl," growled the man with the lame shoulder. "Knows just what to do and does it. Never thought I'd reach the time when a kid like that could gain my confidence. I've had two doctors and a pair of trained nurses fussing around me for a good deal less than this. And here I am cheerfully taking the advice of a seventeen-year-old, and a girl at that."

The other man chuckled. "Same here," said the bandaged man. "I'm not even making a virtue"

of necessity. I'm in that happy frame of mind when I'm confident all is for the best."

The man with the sprained ankle suddenly frowned.

"I'd feel a good deal better," he grumbled, "if we hadn't slipped up on our little scheme."

"Back to the shop again, eh?" said the bandaged man. "But what can be done about it?"

"Let's ask the girl," growled the man with the lame shoulder. He looked around. The girl stood in the doorway. Her face was flushed, her eyes dancing.

"You mustn't get impatient," she said. "I am hurrying dinner as fast as I can."

The man with the sprained ankle raised his hand. "Young lady," he said in his odd way, "we want to divert a few moments of your valuable time. Can we do so?"

"Not more than five minutes," said the girl. "Arlie is apt to let things boil over."

The man who had spoken last took out his watch. "Stopped," he said. The man with the bandage fumbled in his pocket.

"Smashed," he snapped. "Use the kitchen clock," growled the man with the lame shoulder.

"Kind lady," said the man who had spoken first, "I want you to formally meet your beneficiaries. This," he pointed to the lame shoulder, "is Jim. The other man, the bandit with the bandage, is Tom. I am Jack."

The girl courted and vivaciously replied with a bright smile.

"Happy to know you," she said, "I am Sis."

They laughed at this and winced afterward.

"Now," said the man who had called himself Jack, "let me tell you something. We were on our way to Monticello when Tom here dumped us out of his car. Our errand was an important one—to us, at least. It concerns a short line railroad that is to be sold at the county seat to-day. We meant to stop this sale—it should be stopped. We were hurrying to Monticello over a road that was unfamiliar to us, but which we were told would bring us there a little sooner. Now we want your advice. Can you find a us a messenger who by any possibility could reach Monticello by 2 o'clock?"

She shook her head. "No," she answered.

"I was afraid you couldn't," said the man. "It's all off, boys," he at last growled.

"But I can go myself," said the girl. They stared at her.

"You!" cried Jack. "But how is it possible?"

"Cut that out, Jack," said the man called Tom. "Sis says she'll do it. That's enough."

The girl laughed. "I have a pony," she said. "He will carry me five miles across country to Burbank, and there the morning train stops on signal. I know the station master. He will help me. And the train reaches Monticello at one-twenty."

The man called Jack drew a long envelope from an inner pocket.

"Here is the packet," he said. "You will hurry with it to the law office of Thorpe & Holmes. Hand it to Thorpe. Go with him to the courthouse. Bring back the papers he will give you. Here is money for your fare."

"I'll pin the envelope inside my dress," said the girl. "I can catch the 3:10 train for home. Look for me before dark. But your dinner?"

"Never mind the dinner, Sis," cried Jim. "This ride means many dinners to us. Go, dear girl, and luck be with you!"

A moment or two later, Sis on the pony, clattered up the road.

Presently the boy came out on the porch.

"I had to quit in there," he apologized. "Sis said I'd spoil things. She will get the dinner when she gets back. And if you are hungry there's plenty of cold beef and bread and butter and milk and sauce and cheese."

"That's all right, liddle," said Jack. "And now tell us how you two children happen to be living here alone?"

"We ain't afraid," said the boy. "Sis has got a gun an' she can handle it as well as any man. Our mother is at Springfield nursing. Father died out West last spring—he went there because he wasn't very well and we had him brought home and buried beside my baby brother. And—well, it cost so much that we had to give up our house in Monticello and come here and mother goes nursing to help out, you know. It's awful lonesome here sometimes—we're so far away from everybody—but Sis has some books and she reads to me, an' we go hunting, an' there's the garden, an' the chickens, an' the pony. Sis knows how to do a lot of things. She's pretty clever at nursing, too. She helped old Dr. Raines a good deal last summer, an' when the threshing boiler machine blew up at Sam Thompson's and hurt seven men, Sis was the first one there. An' they all say she saved Sam Thompson's life by keeping him from bleeding to death. Sam gave her the pony. Sis would awfully like to move back to Monticello an' go to school at the seminary there—but she says this is the best we can do now."

There was a little silence.

"You've got a good sister, liddle," said the man called Jack.

The boy nodded vigorously. "You bet your life she's a good sister," he said.

"We're all betting the same way, my boy," said the man called Jim. "It was almost dark when the cantering hoofs of the returning pony were heard."

The three men on the porch, still solemnly smoking, kept silence. And

presently Sis appeared in the doorway.

"The train was late," she quietly said, "but I got there."

A sigh of relief ran across the porch. "You saw Thorpe?" inquired Jack.

"Yes."

"What did he say?" "He didn't have time to say anything until everything was fixed. We ran most of the way to the courthouse. But afterward he was very nice. He said I was pretty young to carry around so much valuable property, and he said something to the judge and the judge came down and shook hands with me—all dusty as I was—and he was nice, too. And when Mr. Thorpe took me in his carriage down to the station, and sent you his regards and sympathy—and here is the paper he gave me."

She passed it to the man called Jack. "If you don't mind, Sis," he said, "we all want to shake hands with you, too."

She laughingly passed down the line and each of the three men grasped her hand.

"And here," she said, "is the money I didn't spend. And, oh, I mustn't forget. Mr. Tarbell, near the station, is going to send over his team in the morning and pull your automobile into the road."

"Just one moment, Sis," said Jack. "We have a little business with you that we want settled right here. You are going to take care of us to-night, are you?"

"Of course," laughed the girl.

"Well, we want to settle before the obligation gets too big. There are three captains of industry on this porch, Sis, who feel particularly grateful to you. They are grateful to you in both mind and body. I think I may say that they are men who believe in putting gratitude into a practical form. To-morrow these men will take a certain girl and her brother in their car to Monticello. They expect her to cooperate with them in several ways. They expect she will do a lot of shopping at their expense, and that she will find a home there that will suit her and her good mother, and that she will realize that a certain amount to her credit in one of the Monticello banks will take her nicely through that Monticello seminary. And these men want her to understand that they can well afford to do this, and that they do it cheerfully and gladly—being much richer men than they would be if there had been no brave and willing courier to carry the message to Monticello."

He paused, and they all looked at the girl. She was standing in the doorway, her white face gleaming through the dusk.

She tried to speak, but the words would not come.

"I—I'm afraid something is going to boil over," she half sobbed, and ran back into the house.—W. R. Rose, in Grit.

KINKS SEEN IN FLYING FISH.

Overhead Fins Intended to Maintain Aeroplane's Equilibrium.

"I hope to fly through the air faster than any American has yet flown, including the Wright brothers," is the statement made by W. Starling Burgess, the millionaire yacht designer of this town, who, according to a Marblehead (Mass.) correspondent, has been making flights with his partner, A. M. Herring, the former partner of Glen H. Curtiss, in a new biplane of their own design at Plum Island.

Associated with Mr. Burgess and Mr. Herring are Norman Prince, a well known young Boston millionaire, and Prof. J. V. Martin, manager of the Harvard Aeronautical Society.

The Herring-Curtiss biplane, which has been named the Flying Fish, is about the same size and somewhat like the Herring-Curtiss machine, and much smaller than the Wright brothers' machine. One of the features of the machine is entirely different from any other machine, and is designed especially to avoid litigation with the Wrights. To prevent it from tipping over it has eight overhead fins or sails, four near the center and two on each end. They are shaped like a leg-o-mutton sail and are believed by Mr. Burgess to be a great improvement over all other devices to prevent tipping. Another feature is the use of skids or runners instead of wheels for making a rise into the air from the ground. There are three of these, shaped like snow skis, and they have steel runners like a child's ordinary sled. The machine, complete, weighs 408 pounds. It is built of laminated spruce. It is 26 feet, 3 inches wide and 29 feet long. The control is by the right hand and right foot and steering is done by a horizontal wheel with the left hand. It has a four-cylinder twenty-five horse power engine, capable of developing thirty horse power.

As a result of the flights that have been made with the two Herring-Burgess machines so far tried out, a few modifications will be made, principally looking to the better protection of the ends of the wings and to altering the controlling mechanism so that the engine levers can be operated without taking the hands from the steering and balancing controls. A more direct system for lateral stability has also been suggested and will probably be adopted. Meanwhile other machines of the same general type are nearing completion in the Burgess shops.

OR DUTY.

Winfred, six years old, was tying paper boots upon the kitten's paws when his aunt remonstrated with him for teasing the kitten, saying, "I thought you belonged to the Band of Mercy."

"Yes, auntie, I do," said Winfred, "but," he added apologetically, "my badge is on my other coat."—De lineator.

GOATS ASSIST RAILROAD



ONE OF THE LEADERS



A BUNCH OF KIDS

THE Union Pacific railroad has discovered a new use for billy goats and every day at half a hundred stock feeding stations on the line of the big railroad system, solemn goats with long white beards act the part of Judas, luring unsuspecting sheep to their doom. Little did the grave members of the Interstate Commerce commission think when they made a ruling that live stock en route from the great western ranges to the packing houses along the Missouri river, should not be kept aboard railroad trains for more than 28 consecutive hours, but that, at the expiration of that period, the animals should be taken from the cars and given water and provender that the ruling would be responsible for the creation of a band of goats trained to ingratiate themselves into the confidence of innocent little lambs, matronly ewes and stately rams and bring these down to their death.

But such is the case. And the Union Pacific railroad has a flock of goats, each individual member of which can do better work along the lines for which it is trained than half a dozen men could do in twice the time.

When the 28-hour law went into effect the Union Pacific railroad found it necessary to build big feeding yards at numerous points along its line—in fact, these yards were installed about every 25 miles from end to end of the big system. During the shipping season that railroad brings hundreds of thousands of sheep from the great ranges of Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Oregon, Montana, California and the southwestern states to the packing houses at Omaha. Under the new law it was necessary that these sheep be unloaded, fed and watered, and then reloaded every 28 hours.

Those men who have ever attempted to drive sheep will remember how difficult the task is, especially to get the animals headed in the right direction. "As timid as a sheep" is a proverb, and its truth is proven every day and every hour wherever sheep are handled.

If the sheep are in the stock cars it is a big job to get them out. Efforts of the attendants to get them to leave the cars usually result in the whole bunch crowding up in one end and refusing to go out the door. Sometimes it was even necessary that each individual sheep be actually lifted up and taken from the car.

And sometimes this 28-hour limit expired in the dead of night, when the sheep were all lying asleep on the floor of the car. At such times it was almost impossible to unload except by the "hand" method. At times half an hour was consumed in unloading a single car.

After the sheep were fed and watered came the reloading, and again there was trouble, almost as much as when unloading.

The railroad found it necessary to maintain a large force of men at each feeding station, it being found more economic to do this than to spend hours and hours loading and unloading a train. This cost money, and lots of it, but there seemed no means of avoiding the expense. There stood the United States courts ready to inflict a \$100 fine every time a car of sheep was not fed and watered every 28 hours. Employing the men was cheaper than fines.

His Philosophy.

Hank Stubbs—Ambition ain't hardly worth while.

Bilge Miller—Why not?

Hank Stubbs—Waal, ef you are behind the procession you haffer keep bumpin' into somebody, an' ef you git ahead you're liable to git teller-scoped.

An Independent Spirit.

"This earth gets a chance to see Halley's comet only once in 75 years."

"Well," replied the man who is strong on local pride, "we aren't getting any of the worst of it. That's as often as Halley's comet gets a chance to see the earth."

One day a stockman who had come into South Omaha with a train of sheep dropped in at Union Pacific headquarters to see General Superintendent W. L. Park on business, and in the course of his conversation began telling of the trip down from Idaho. He had had lots of trouble loading and unloading, he said, until he reached North Platte, Neb.

"But there I saw the funniest thing in my life," he laughed. "The station agent there has a boy and that boy has a goat—just a plain old billy goat. And that billy goat has learned to chew tobacco."

"When we got ready to load our sheep, that kid took a plug of tobacco in his hand and started. Billy started after the tobacco. The kid walked through the sheep and old Billy followed him. And blamed it all those sheep didn't walk right after that old goat. They thought he was one of them, and you know a sheep will follow where another one leads."

"The boy walked up the chute into one of the cars. Billy was right behind him and sheep were simply falling over themselves to get in. The boys and Billy remained near the door and when the car was filled with sheep they got out and the door was closed."

"That freckle-faced kid and that old billy goat did in five minutes what half a dozen men could not have done in ten."

The stockman saw only a funny occurrence in the work of the goat, but Park saw the solution of a big problem.

Two hours later a special train carrying the general superintendent left the Omaha yards, its destination being North Platte. On arriving there the boy proudly made Billy show off.

Within a month every feeding station on the Union Pacific system was equipped with a couple of billy goats and their training was begun.

Today, when a long line of stock cars, each filled with sheep, draws up at a feeding yard, one of these goats is sent up the chutes and into the car among the sheep. He quickly makes the acquaintance of the newly arrived animals and then calmly walks out the door. True to the idea of following a leader, the sheep fall in line and march out behind old Billy.

This action is repeated until all the cars are emptied—and then Bill gets his reward—a chew of tobacco.

The goats have learned to chew tobacco from the train men who pet and tease them whenever they have the opportunity, and the "chew" is usually given them as a reward when their task of unloading a train of sheep is completed. The railroad company makes a regular allowance to pay for tobacco for these goats.

When ready to reload, the goats are again sent among the sheep, with whom they frolic a few minutes, and then they start for the cars, followed by the sheep. When all cars are loaded the goats receive another chew of tobacco.

The feeding yards are all equipped with electric lights so that cars may be loaded and unloaded at night, thus saving much time. And when a train arrives at night, especially are the goats necessary. At such times they enter the cars where the sheep are lying on the floor and butt the sleeping animals around until they are thoroughly awakened—and then they lead them out into the feeding pens.

These goats are great favorites of the railroad men and seem to know every brakeman and train employee on their division. But not a single one of the railroaders is more necessary to the economical operation of the line than is one of the Bills, and none of them do more work for their salaries than the goats for their feed and tobacco.

The facility of the goat for this work has long been known at the packing houses, where they are utilized to lead animals to slaughter.