

POETRY.

MY NEIGHBOR.

BY DENALD HANBY.

"Love thy neighbor," we are told,
"Even as Thyself;" that creed I hold:
But love her more, my neighbor,
Who lives so near me.

My lovely neighbor! oh, how sweet
To lonely lanes or crowded street
I know the music of her feet.

She little thinks how, on a day,
She must have met me on my way,
And walked into my heart for aye.

Oh how the rustle of her dress
Thrills through me like a soft caress,
With trembles of deliciousness.

We women, with her smiling mien,
And soul celestial serene,
She passes me, unconscious Queen!

Her face most innocently good,
Where shyly peeps the sweet red blood,
Her form a nest of Womanhood!

Like Raleigh—oh, her dainty tread
When ways are nigh—I could not tread
My cloak, but there's my heart instead.

Ah, neighbor, you will never know
Why 'tis my step is quickened so:
Nor what the prayer I murmure low.

I see you 'mid your flowers at morn,
Pressing the dew on daisy's horn:
I marvel, can you have a thorn?

If you were sweet to lean one's breast
Against its soft and fragrant breast,
Sing like the Bird that Path has blest.

You know not, dear, how dear you be,
All dearest for the secrecy:
Nothing and yet a world to me!

THE STORY-TELLER.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

I was very young when first put in charge of the night express, but I began my career as an engineer so early—being only nineteen when I first ran the Mid-dlesex Mall—that I was an experienced hand when put upon the "6:10 Night Express," though only twenty-seven years old.

Linden was our second stop on the run out—thirty-eight miles—and the town with its dull, crooked, half-paved streets, its quaint old cathedral, and pretty old-lying country-seats, was very dear to me, for here Nellie lived when first I knew her.

I always looked forward pleasantly to our arrival at Linden, for, as our train came shuddering up to the depot, on these long summer evenings, Nellie was often there, awaiting my coming, and, while Joe was watering the engine, I managed to have a few pleasant words with her before we were ready to start again. Then, as the bell-ringer signalled "go ahead," and I stepped upon the engine, she waved me a pleasant good-bye, that seemed to give me heart and strength during the rest of my long ride.

So time passed pleasantly on, until I told Nellie one day the story I had so longed to tell her, and heard the answer, for which my heart had hardly dared to hope.

How light were my labors, with her love to cheer me on! How dear the thousand little evidences of that love, offered in her own sweet, delicate way. We were to be married in the fall, and all "went merry as a marriage-bell," when an accident occurred to me as I was running the "Firefly"—my dear old engine—down to Linden which materially altered our plans.

I had started four minutes late, and was going along a lively speed, when, as we swung around a curve, we saw a man coming down the track, waving a red flag.

Whistling "Down brakes," we were soon at a standstill, and, leaving Joe to take care of the engine, I hurried forward with the conductor, to see the cause of the danger-signal. Coming up with the flagman, we learned that a freight train was off the track, a mile further up the road; and for two whole hours we waited on the main track, while the heavy freight cars were being unloaded and righted. At last "Clear track" was signalled, and I sounded the whistle for "All aboard."

"Put her through pretty lively when you get clear," said Charlie, the conductor. "I've telegraphed ahead, and we'll have right of way from here straight through. Not let her jump, Harry, and we'll make up time before we reach Sadler's."

Twilight was fast coming on us. The switch-lights ahead winked their red eyes, and a pair of white ones, to tell us all was right; the headlight of our engine was lit, throwing a stream of light down the track, and, with one long shriek from the whistle, we started down the road at a rapid pace, with a clear run ahead of us of twenty-one miles to Marketfields Junction, our first station.

Ah, if I could have looked ahead—only as far as Marketfields—and could have seen the broken rail which lay waiting for me at an ugly curve, would I have told Joe so earnestly to "keep up the fire, and see that forty pounds were on the boilers, as we must tear along as fast as 'Firefly' could carry us?"

We were bounding across the country at a terrific pace, leaving behind us a long train of sparks and heavy clouds of smoke, the engine swinging from side to side, and almost leaving the track at every turn of the great driving-wheels. On—on—without slackening speed; on, over the great plains and into the woods beyond; under the trees and out into the clearing again; thundering under the great stone archways, flying past the country stations, where the rustics were huddled together to see the great train pass; on—on, without pause or rest, through the valley and into the mountain-gorge, whose rocks echoed back the shrill whistle I sounded as we swung around the curves.

The night was upon us as we neared Marketfields, and Joe and I were seated at either window, our eyes fixed intently on the track ahead, watching for any obstruction on the shining rails, which were glistening like silver serpents in the brilliancy of our head-light.

Marketfields lights came in sight, and I drew the rope over my head. A long, shrill whistle sounded over the country, announcing our coming. As we swung around the curve, I repeated it.

"Good heavens, Harry! Look! look! look!" And Joe's hand struck me a blow as he sprang to my side in a sort of terror, and, grasping the whistle rope, sounded, repeatedly, "Down brakes!"

I had seen it, too—the figure of a woman upon the track, running toward us, as she wildly waved her shawl in the air, one arm uplifted warningly, her face turned full upon us in an agony of terror, her flowing golden hair lit up in the light of the engine, as we rushed down upon her at a fearful speed.

I reversed the wheels again and again, the whistle hoarsely shrieking out its warning; but too late!—too late! We were upon her as she uttered a wild cry of terror, turned from the track, and stumbled, the engine striking her with a fearful shock, hurling her far into the air, mangled and torn.

Amid the shrieks of the whistle we rushed around the curve, our speed fast slackening, when, with a great bound that shook the engine in every joint, it sprang from the track, plunging into and ripping up the ties, twisting the rails, lunging from side to side, and then pitching into the ditch, with a shock that flung me insensible from my hold.

When I came to, I was lying on the floor of a farm-house, while close around me were a crowd of anxious spectators, from whom escaped a general exclamation of joy as I opened my eyes and looked up at them. What did it all mean?

I raised myself up on one arm, and, passing my hand across my brow, tried to comprehend why I was here, and who were these people about me. All was bewilderment and confusion in my poor brain, and it was some little time before I gathered my scattered thoughts. Then, realization of what I had passed through came back to me, and a cry of horror burst from me as they told me I had killed the woman I had seen upon the track.

I buried my face in my hands, as the vision of that upturned face came before me, so full of agony and dumb pleading. Then I roused myself, but they told me to lie still until the doctor came; then, when I insisted, they said, "beyond a few ugly bruises, they assisted me to rise, when I found myself sore and stiff."

My first thought was for Nellie. I knew how anxious she would be. I knew all she would suffer until she heard I was safe, so I asked for a pen and paper, that I might write her a telegram, telling her I was well, and would be in Linden that night, where I would remain. This was forwarded at once. They told me, then, in a rambling way, each one adding an item, the story of the accident.

A broken rail had thrown us from the track, and the girl, whom we had killed, had evidently discovered it while walking home upon the track, and, hurrying forward, had hoped to warn us, had miscalculated the distance and speed of the engine, and had been caught under the great wheels before she could turn from its path, having nobly sacrificed herself in order to save the great train and its precious load.

So much had been surmised of her intentions, and Joe and I, of course, confirmed the story. She was a lovely girl of seventeen, the only daughter, they said, of a neighboring farmer—John Dixon.

"Poor girl! Dear, noble-hearted girl!" I said, wiping away the tears that filled my eyes and choked my utterance.

I sat silent for a moment, thinking what I could do to show my sympathy for the poor parents in their terrible and bereavement. At last I called a man to my side—one who seemed to be giving orders, and to have the direction of matters, and, steadying my voice, said, quietly,

"Where is she—the poor girl, you know?"

"They have taken her home; they took her home as soon as she was identified, poor dear."

"If you please, I would like to go through, you think they would see me and God knows I did not do it, and He knows that I would give this right arm," I said, bitterly, thrusting it up into the air, "I cannot rest easy; I can never have an easy heart until I have gone to them and heard them say, with their own lips, that they forgive me. You see," I said, sorrowfully, "I didn't do it—of course not—I didn't do it. Heaven knows how hard I tried to stop up short. But—the poor thing is dead. It is all over now; and it was 'Firefly' and I who did it. So, if you please, if you would be good enough to go with me, I would like to go down to them and tell them, in such words as I can, how their sorrows mine, and how completely my heart sympathizes with them to-night."

I was very stiff and sore, and it was with some difficulty that I walked across the room, but he kindly gave me his arm, and I knew I could manage to walk down to the Dixon farm—only a spare mile, he said.

I was putting on my hat in the hall, and adjusting my arm in a sling, preparatory to starting, when the tramp of many feet was heard on the piazza, and the door was flung open. A man stepped into the passageway, and held the door open for those to enter who were carrying the remains of some poor victim upon a bier.

"Who is it?" I asked, softly, addressing him who had held wide the door.

"The girl," he whispered, as he raised his hat.

Ah, poor creature! All I could do for her now was to bow my head reverently, as they bore her past me, while my heart swelled with emotion, and in admiration of her noble conduct. They laid her down gently, and then, taking off their rough caps, waited silently for further orders.

The doorway was filled by those who had followed the bier; the stairway by those who had come out from the rooms above, some with lights in their hands, and all gazing earnestly, almost curious-

ly, upon the form resting so quietly and peacefully in the passageway. All was hushed and still—in the crowded doorway, upon the crowded stairway, in the hallway, where stood the six stout farmers who had borne her in on their shoulders.

"Ah, poor child," I said, while my heart throbbled quickly, "how gladly would I give my life to restore yours, so nobly, so generously given!"

Then, the love for her—the second near and dear to me in death—I leaned over her, and taking one of the dead little hands within my own, kissed it, and replaced it gently under the white sheet from which it had escaped.

There was a bustle in the doorway, as of some one pressing through the crowd, and sounds as of sobbing and weeping.

"Make way for the parents," was heard from the doorway, and the eager crowd fell back respectfully, as a plainer farmer and his wife came forward, lifting the air with their cries. The sheet was turned back from the features of the dead girl, and—

What! Was I mad? Shriek after shriek burst from me as I flung up my arms wildly, and fell prostrate upon the body of my own loved one—Nellie!

What is there for me to add to my sad tale? Need I tell you of the weary months passed in delirium, the coming to, and realization of the horrible reality?

But of Nellie—my own little darling. It seems that she had gone to Market-fields that day, and had intended to return upon my train to Linden. While waiting at the depot, she learned that the train was two hours late, and then decided to walk down the track, and then to the house of a friend. Then, as the time for the coming of the train came around, Nellie started for the depot, accompanied by a young boy, who carried a lantern. While walking up the track, and within a half-mile of the depot, they discovered the broken rail, and Nellie, in haste to reach the depot with the tidings,

"She heard the whistle of the train," said the boy afterward, "far down through the hills, and she just stopped for one minute, while she caught her hand to her heart, and her face turned as white as snow. 'Run, run, run, run,' she cried out, as though her very life was breaking. 'Oh, run! run! run for heaven's sake!' And with one awful cry, such as I never heard before, she turned and fled down the track, toward the coming train, away into the darkness."

When they found her lying at the side of the track—my heart grows sick as I write these last words—they mistook her for a young girl of the neighborhood, who had been seen on the track shortly before. Of the joy of her parents at the discovery of the mistaken identity, and of my desolation, I need not speak. Many years have come and gone, but time does not seem to soften my grief, nor efface from my mind the vividness of my last ride to Market-fields.

A Story about Capt. Morgan.

According to a writer in the Chicago Tribune, the Indian chief Cachaie claims to be a son of William Morgan, who was supposed to have been murdered by the Masons many years ago. The story is at least a good romance and repeated only as such. In 1826, a party of Apaches lying in ambush near El Paso, Texas, captured a man who was trying to escape from quite a large party of them. At first he was destined for a cruel death, but the Indians grew to like him, and gave him his life, conditional on his promise never to leave them. He married the daughter of the chief, and at his death became the chief himself. He left four sons, the eldest of whom is Cachaie, the present Apache chief. This man, says the Apaches, taught their tribe the mysteries of an organization based on Masonic principles, and instituted rites and ceremonies among his Indian warriors. He told them that he was taken prisoner in Batavia, New York, for having divulged the secrets of a great society, and was confined in Fort Niagara, and afterwards driven in a close carriage through Buffalo, to Hennepin, Illinois, and thence taken to the Mississippi river, down which he floated to New Orleans. There he was placed on a vessel and sailed to the mouth of the Rio Grande river, and proceeded up that river on horseback to El Paso, where the Apaches captured him. His companions had intended to give him to some Jesuit priests among the Indians. The writer of this legend appropriately signs himself "Midnight."

The Great Burned District.

A legislative committee of the State of Wisconsin has just now reported upon the condition of the people in the districts where fires last October. Fifteen hundred and eighty families, or 6,907 persons, whose fortunes were destroyed at that time, have been supported mainly by the relief committees of Green Bay and Milwaukee. The aggregate amount of contributions will not be divided equally among the claimants, who will, however, be supplied with provisions till June next, and will receive agricultural implements, material for building, seed, and provender for their horses and cattle. All this having been amply provided for, there will still remain a surplus with which, should the suggestions of the committee be taken, a permanent fund will be established for the relief of the disabled, and the widows and orphans of those who perished in the fires. The report says that the roads through the burnt districts are in a most wretched condition, being so blocked with fallen timber that in order to go one mile wagons have to be drawn two and three miles, and in some places travel is almost impossible. Moreover, so greatly are the people impoverished that no tax can be raised for the payment of teacher's salaries, and it is feared that all the public schools will have to be closed for a year at least.

Figs and Venomous Serpents.

We give below an extract from the *Oriental Sporting Magazine*, in which the writer states that he was on two occasions a witness to pigs being severely bitten by cobras without being in the slightest degree affected.

"The first time I witnessed the act was in Ceylon, in 1856. I was returning one morning from snipe-shooting with a tolerably fair bag of birds, when my attention was arrested by a dozen snail-wild pigs belonging to my friend, most perseveringly engaged in endeavoring to turn over with their snouts the half-rotten stem of a palmyra palm, and curiosity to see if they would succeed in their endeavors—for I had never seen pigs work so unanimously in concert before—caused me to stop and watch them. After two or three failures, they gained their point, turning the tree half round, when a whole family of cobras, large and small, glided from under it. After them the pigs scampered helter-skelter, showing as much activity, although only half-wild, as a Bengal boar would do. A very large cobra, fully five feet in length, was seized by a half-grown sow within twelve feet of me, and whilst she was crunching up the horrible writhing *bona bouche*, which had been seized about the middle of the body, I distinctly saw the reptile bite the sow twice on the snout, without the animal apparently caring at least about it; the pleasure of consuming the luscious tidbit entirely compensated for any annoyance or pain that the pig might have felt at the time. I saw the sow mentioned, some days afterward, not the least affected by the bite of the cobra."

The second instance was on a small island, yokelet Paluhin, situated in the narrow channel of the sea between Singapore and the mainland. I had gone time around, Nellie started for the depot, accompanied by a young boy, who carried a lantern. While walking up the track, and within a half-mile of the depot, they discovered the broken rail, and Nellie, in haste to reach the depot with the tidings,

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Facts and Figures.

One-seventh of Arkansas has been sold for taxes.

A twenty-acre chicken farm has been started near Wyandotte, Kansas.

Glycerine and lime juice is said to be better for the hair than oils or pomade.

A Torre Haute woman administered a sound thrashing to two insolent men the other day.

A Pottsville, Penn., two-year-old enjoys his after-dinner cigar. The wretched little Pottsvillian.

A man in Hartland, Wis., the other day, threw a club at a cow and hit his little boy and killed him.

Audubon County, Iowa, claims to have the loveliest woman in America. Language is inadequate for her case.

A Southern paper tests our credulity with this: A Florida negro ate two bushels of dried apples on a bet, refrained himself at the town pump, and burst.

A cat in Memphis has been trying to acquire a fame like that of Mrs. O'Leary's cow. She overturned a kerosene lamp and succeeded in producing a conflagration which destroyed three houses.

The Great Falls Journal hears of one gentleman in that town who gave up tobacco New Year's day, chewed gum for two weeks, candy for a month, and still kept the work the best, and the devil with a stick of liquorice.

Salt Lake City has now a population of about 30,000, and there are scattered throughout Utah some three hundred small towns, settlements and mining districts, drawing their supplies from that city. It is prophesied by those familiar with the country, that in five years the population of Salt Lake will be 100,000, and that of Utah will contain at least 500,000 people.

The total loss by the Chicago fire is now definitely stated at \$190,000,000, of which \$90,000,000 falls upon insurance companies. Of this amount some \$40,000,000 has already been paid, and the companies now in liquidation may possibly pay \$10,000,000 more, thus leaving a balance loss of \$140,000,000. Of forty million paid by insurance companies, a single agency settled six millions.

West of the Mississippi River the United States still owns 973,382,393 acres, distributed as follows: Missouri, Iowa and Arkansas, 16,000,000; Dakota and Wyoming, 145,295,281; Montana, 86,994,693; Kansas, 43,148,076; Nebraska, 55,229,637; Colorado and Idaho, 317,800,000; New Mexico and Utah, 224,140,000; Nevada and Arizona, 135,000,000; Minnesota, 38,876,170; Indian Territory, 154,000.

The old and pleasing exhibition of a "magician" standing up to be fired at with a real pistol has its perils for the performer unless he makes sure beforehand of the man who loads the pistol. In a Texas town lately one of these wonderful prestidigitators was shot and killed before the audience because the man who loaded the pistol slipped in a genuine bullet instead of one furnished by the performer that could be jammed into powder.

There is near Knoxville, Tenn., a spot which nestles between the mountains and rejoices in the appellation of the "Happy Valley," where we are told only one death has occurred in twelve years. The fact would not be very remarkable if only one person had lived in the Happy Valley during that period, but we are left by the local chronicler to surmise that it is a populous place, in which the people are practically immortal. If it be so it will speedily become more populous.

The orchestra of the Boston musical festival will be composed of 250 first violins, 200 second violins, 150 violas, 100 violoncellos, 100 contra basses, 100 first flutes, 12 second flutes, 12 first clarinets, 12 second clarinets, 10 first oboes, 10 second oboes, 20 bassoons, (1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th), 20 French horns, 24 trumpets, 12 alto trombones, 12 tenor trombones, 8 bass trombones, 6 bass tubas, 6 pair tympani, 10 small drums, 4 bass drums, 12 cymbals, 1 great or drum, 1 great triangle—total, 1,000.

An oysterman can tell the age of himself by a nicely. This is not done, however, by looking them in the mouth, but simply by counting the successive layers or plates overlapping each other, of which an oyster shell is composed. These are technically termed "shoots," and each of them marks a year's growth. Up to the time of the maturity of the oyster these shoots are regular and successive, but after that time they become irregular, and are piled one over the other, so that the shell becomes more and more thickened and balky. Judging from the size and thickness which some shells attain, this mollusk is capable of doing a patriarchal longevity, and an oyster with fifty or even three-score years upon its back may by chance be met with. They are in perfection when from five to seven years old.

The Cleveland Leader mentions the invention in that city of a machine called the Patent Gun Extensometer. This is described as a large sheet-iron cast with cylindrical attachment and steel claws and teeth. The motive power is like that of a clock; the tail is swelled by a bellows in the interior, which also, by a tremolo attachment, causes the patent cast to utter wild cries of defiance. The machine being duly wound up, is placed upon the roof of the house. Roused by its diabolical yells, every cat within half a mile rushes to action, sometimes from 50 to 100 attacking at once. Then the iron teeth and claws begin to work with lightning rapidity, and all the adversaries are torn to shreds. Reinforcements come up, only to meet a like fragmentary destiny, and soon great heaps of hair, toe-nails, and fiddle-strings are gathered upon the roof. This is probably the greatest mechanical invention since Dr. Tushmaker's beautiful machine for extracting teeth, so well described by the late Mr. John Phoenix.

An Illinois farmer proposes to plant 1,100 acres with corn this spring.

False Cotton Packing.

The Houston Telegraph, in an article denouncing the tricks of some Texas cotton growers, says:

The Superintendent of the City (cotton) Mills of this vicinity, a few days ago purchased two lots of cotton for the use of said mills—one of ten and the other of two bales. The samples taken were really beautiful, and a good round price was consequently paid. But when the cotton was opened for use at the mills, it was found that the outside of each bale, as shown us by samples of bales, was a layer of this fine cotton, and the inside under this layer was composed of a most inferior trashy article. The persons who had put up this cotton seemed to have done it with the deliberate purpose to cheat, but the matter will be traced home to them, and the law enforced. We learn also of other similar instances, where and by the shovel full had evidently been thrown into the inside of bales to increase their weight, and still others where water had been poured around the centre of the bale to increase the weight, and dry cotton placed around it to hide it. And in a late number of *Plak's Bulletin*, a cotton buyer published his experience in the following words:

To give you an example of my own experience, I may state that out of 600 bales of cotton bought during the last fortnight 182 bales were rejected for being mixed, packed, repacked, plated or country damaged.

Buyers have in such instances shipped cotton for which reclamation was made upon them, and they had to pay it or suffer suit as well as in reputation, and after paying it, trace it back to the producers and demand indemnity of them. In one instance, I saw a notice, the producer was glad to get off by paying this indemnity. While we rejoice that such instances are rare, it yet is important that our strict law against such offenders should be enforced, and punishment inflicted upon them without mercy.

Faithful Dogs.

It would be hard to find a human friend stick closer than a couple of dogs of the spaniel breed mentioned in the English journal, *London and Water*. During a hot day in August, two school-boys, brothers, went to bathe in a mill-pond near lunch; a brace of spaniels accompanied them. The younger brother took with him an old hat to wear in the water, to keep off the heat of the sun. While the boys were bathing, the spaniels strayed away some little distance. After they had bathed, the boys separated, each going to a different house for the afternoon. The spaniels met the older brother as he was leaving the pool, but noticing that the younger one was not with him, refused to follow him farther more than a short distance, and when they observed that the younger one was not following him, regardless of orders and whistling (though, as a rule, they were not more partial to one brother than another), turned back to the spot where the boys had bathed, and seeing the hat that the younger of the boys had thrown away, they plunged in and brought it out. But still, as if struck that something must be wrong, they kept swimming round and round the place where they had found the hat floating. A farmer living in the neighborhood, who had in the meantime met the younger brother on his way from the pool, passed the spot, and seeing the spaniels, tried hard to persuade them to come away home, knowing to whom they belonged. The dogs, however, could not be seduced from the supposed drowned body of their young master, and the farmer left them. Meantime the younger brother had gone home, and had heard from his brother that the dogs had refused to follow him. He went back to the pool, and there, late in the evening, found the spaniels still watching and searching for him. Of course they came instantly away with him, after a dog's usual boisterous welcome.