

The Journal.
Walter & DeWinger, Proprietors
B. O. DEWINGER, Associate Editor
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Maggie Ryan.
"But just let me stay until morning, ma'am. It is cold, dreary and dark along the road, and, indeed, I have no place to go to but widow Yarrow's and that's a mile away."
"So spoke a sad, worn looking woman, standing on the threshold of a well-to-do farmer's house just as the last rays of sunlight were fast fading away from the evening sky.
The person she spoke to, a large woman in a bright flowered dress and white apron—the mistress of the house turned away pettishly.
"You came at night, Maggie, it seems to me, and you can go at night. You don't suit. I never saw such shuffling ways in my life. And Jane Smith is here and I have only a bed for the servant, and I cannot expect a tidy girl like Jane to sleep with—well, with strangers. I have paid you for your three days, and goodness knows, you have worried me out of my senses since you have been here, and I cannot keep you another night; and the earlier you go, the sooner you'll get there wherever it is."
"Well, that is true, anyway, then, ma'am," replied the woman, "and you are mistress in your own house, but God knows that it is not a dog I'd be driving out at night."
Then she led her little pittance in the corner of a pocket handkerchief and walked out of the gate and up the road, not looking back once. Her heart was heavy as lead, and she was angry at a world that had been a very hard one to her.
"Three years since Pat went away," she said to herself, "and never a word from him, he's dead, no doubt; and it's the last kind word I've heard. I wasn't selfish and good-for-nothing to him, 'Maggie,' he'd say, 'I'd change you for nobody's wife.' Oh, he was the man; and as good to me when I was faded and worn out with hard living and losing the children, as he was to me when I was a party girl, with cheeks like roses, and he was a boy courting me. Ouh, Pat, where did you go at all? You died in a ditch like a dog, maybe; for all these hard-hearted gentelfolk, we all might."
She turned and shook her fist back at the house she had just left, only a bit of the roof visible over the rising ground now.
"My heart was aching for the child and Pat," she said, "but you could have no patience if a pertatie was burnt, or a towel not that smooth. You sent me out with the night falling. Bad luck to ye and to all your like."
Then she plodded on again; but the woman she had left was not as bad as she had fancied her. In her thrift and tidiness she could not understand this untidy, careless being. She knew nothing of the misery at her heart, or the sorrow that made her forget the pots and pans. She was actually afraid of her and anxious to get her out of the house. She had felt it a great mistake to hire a tramp from the road, as it were, and she had paid her, and was conscious of no cruelty.
The daylight had faded; the moon risen long ago became visible—a faint streak of new moon that set a little while—only the stars were left—and Maggie wandering on the road with her bundle under her arm—a bundle of rags and odds and ends tumbled together in an old flannel petticoat—began to lose her knowledge of it. Here and there she saw lights in a window, but they were no promise of hospitality to her. If she got to widow Yarrow's, that personage, who took the laborers to board, would let her judge while she could pay, but where was the widow's cottage—to the right or to the left? She could not tell in the darkness whether she had taken the proper turning. Hard by was a rushing sound, as of water. Danzer there, perhaps. The railroad was somewhere at hand, and though Maggie felt that the world was a poor place, she did not feel ready to meet death yet.
"I'll just drop in the grass somewhere," said the poor woman.
"And God come between me and harm. If I could find a bit of hay now, it would be comfort."
She stretched forward, peering through the darkness, and her foot struck some loose branches that lay upon the ground with a sharp crackling sound.
"What's that?" said a voice very near her, but she did not stop.

"It's an imp of a squirrel," said another voice. "Go in with your work, Jim. The train will be along in fifteen minutes. Up with the rails, Hil! We'll have them this time."
"Hold your tongue, you fool," said the first voice. "You're half drunk; I tell you I thought it was a step."
And now Maggie, who had sunk flat upon the ground, knew all. Those who whispered near her were train wreckers.
"I'll make no noise," said she, "it's none of my business."
But lying in the grass the sharp strokes of steel smote her ears; she could not forget them. And suddenly it came upon her that it was neither more nor less than murder that she was waiting there to see—that in lying quiet while it was being done she was helping to do it.
"God forgive me!" said poor Maggie. "I'll not do it; but what am I to do? How will I stop them? It's my own death; I'll bring about nothing else."
And just then the sound of a steam whistle far away caught her ear. The train was coming.
"Ready for them," said the voice she had heard before. "Come into these bushes."
She heard the tramp away, and arose to her feet and looked about her. She had matches in her pocket, and her dress was a thin calico—it would burn like tinder. In a moment more she had torn it off, and had a match in her hand. As she struck the match she heard a pistol click.
"They see me," she said, and held the match against the old calico, and as it caught it flurished it over her head. She felt a bullet whiz by her shoulder, another struck her, but no more the glare was bright, and the train was close at hand. She rushed toward it, waving her burning dress. Thank God! they saw her. The train slackened its pace—they stopped. Men with lanterns sprang from it, and hurried toward her. The old dress burned to tinder, dropped to the ground, and she sank beside it, the blood flowing from a wound in her arm.
"They've killed me, I believe," she said, faintly, as a man bent over her. "I can't show you the place, but it's beyond there—the rails—they've ripped them up, the villains! Then she fainted from loss of blood.
When she came to herself she was by the roadside, and lights fell over her, and she heard people talking of the hairbreadth escape they had had, and of her bravery.
"You risked death to save us," said one woman. "And you shall be rewarded. My little children were with me."
"And I am going to meet my wife," said a gentleman. "She will not let me forget you if I have so ungrateful a heart. You shall be well cared for now, and when you are well, you shall never know a want."
"Indeed, then," said another voice—one that sounded familiar to her—"indeed I'm not rich, but I'd have been loath to be killed to-night. I'm just on the road to what I've been seeking two years. I found out yesterday where my missus is, and I'm goin' to her—she's breakin' her heart for me. I haven't much but there's a couple o' pounds, if you'll take 'em, good woman, and God's blessing, too, for the sake of Maggie Ryan, that you've saved from bein' a widow."
And a strong hand folded over her weak one, and would have left money in it, but she caught it tight.
"It's Pat Ryan," she cried; "come back to last. Don't you know Maggie, Pat?"
And two great strong arms folded her close, and the poor soul who had tramped the road desolate and forsaken an hour before was happy as angels in heaven.
It might not be "great good luck" to be a flagman's wife, and live in a little cottage on the road side, but Maggie thinks it is so.
"And oh, Pat," she often says, "how little did I think when Satan was in my heart, and I was willing to lie still, and let happen what might to the heartless gentles, what I was doing to myself and to you; and after all, it's kind hearts they had, and gave you the illigent place, and me the shanty, and the cow and all. Good luck to them."
HOW IT WAS TESTED.
Yesterday afternoon a farmer having a barrel of cider on tap in his wagon, was doing a fine retail business near the market at five cents per glass, when a man with a very thin voice and very old clothes softly advanced and said:
"Has the State Inspector of Pomological Juices inspected that cider yet?"
"I—I guess not," replied the farmer, greatly embarrassed in a moment.
"I thought not," continued the thin-voiced man; "Well, sir, you can draw me a full glass."
The farmer drew one, scanning the man with considerable anxiety and when the "inspector" had received it, he held it up, between his eye and the sun and said:

"The precipitation appears most too rapid while these floating particles denote unusual compression. Perhaps a second glass will be clearer."
He swallowed the contents of the first at exactly four gulps, and taking a second glass he critically examined it and said:
"Ah! the precipitation is clearing away. This cider seems to have been made from apples."
"It was, sir, and they were nice apples, too," replied the farmer.
"Let's see how a third glass will look. I am not quite satisfied on the point of compression."
He drained the second and received the third, and as he sipped it he inquired:
"You used a hand cider-press didn't you?"
"Yes, sir."
"Ah! I thought so. Worked with a lever didn't it?"
"Yes, sir."
"Did the mill stand in a draught of air while you were working it?"
"—I—don't know, sir."
"Well, I think it did. Be a little more careful after this. The Inspector of Pomological Juices grades it is barrel 'A no. 2,' but if you take a little more pains you can increase the grade every time in the future. All right, sir; go on with your selling."
The man had been gone ten minutes before any one mustered courage to remark that he was a fraud, but the word fell upon stony ground.
"I know he's all right," persisted the farmer.
"The mind I see him draw his coat tail around to wipe out the corner of his mouth I knew he was a big gun, and I was just slaying in my boots for fear he'd ask me why I didn't punch the seeds out of the apples before grinding! Only five cents a glass now and warranted pure!"

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THE BOY PHILANTHROPIST.
Detroit Free Press.
He was a boy with nineteen cents in his fist. He counted the money at the corner of Woodward Avenue and Congress street, again at the corner of Jefferson Avenue, and once more on Griswold street, and there was no more no rest. He was a boy who wanted to do good with his money. His heart was chucked full of philanthropy, and contained not a grain of selfishness. His first desire was to buy nineteen barrels of flour for nineteen poor and worthy widows, but after figuring a little he found he couldn't do it. Then he got the idea that he might offer a gold medal as a prize to the Woodward Avenue car drivers who should drive his car the fastest to one mile in an hour, but he replied that some would in an hour and thirty minutes, some a second slower or a second faster, and the prize might result in the death of three or four horses.
"I think I'll come right down to jawbreakers at once," he said, as he sat down in a doorway. "I kin buy nineteen jawbreakers and make 'em all happy, including myself. Jim! Jim!"
Jim came down from the corner, and philanthropist said:
"Jim, if you had nineteen jawbreakers what would you do with 'em?"
"Eat 'em up, I'd say, and I'd be dead in forty seconds by the watch!" was the prompt reply.
"Sam! Sam!" called the philanthropist, "a boot-lick across the way."
The shiner came over, and he was asked:
"Would one jawbreaker make you happy?"
"For just about ten seconds," answered Sam.
The philanthropist walked away from them and as he neared a candy store he mused:
"I figure that one jawbreaker will make me happy for half an hour, and that nineteen jawbreakers will last me nineteen days. By giving them away all happiness is gone in ten seconds, and all jawbreakers are gone in forty. Isn't it better for me to eat the hull nineteen? Would this world be any better tomorrow if I sowed eighteen jawbreakers broadcast? Casting bread on the waters is all right, 'cause bread won't sink, but one o' them jawbreakers goes right to the bottom like a chunk o' lead."
He entered the store, shelved out his change, and said:
"Give me the worth o' this in jawbreakers, and please do up the package so it'll look as if I was carrying home an odd coffee!"

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