

A BEDTIME SONG.

Oh, sing a song for bedtime, when wee ones
at my knee
Their little prayers slip over, and kiss good-
night to me.
Then mother takes her darlings and cuddles
them away
In soft, warm beds to slumber and dream
till peep o' day.
Oh, take this kiss to dream of
With all things sweet and fair.
May angels guard thy slumber—
God have thee in His care.
Oh, sing a song for bedtime. The nest upon
the bough
Is rocking in the night-wind, and little birds
now
Are dreaming as they cuddle against their
mother's breast.
Oh, go to sleep as they do, my nestlings, in
thy nest.
Oh, take this kiss to dream of
With all things sweet and fair.
May angels guard thy slumber—
God have thee in His care.
Oh, sing a song for bedtime. I hear far off
and sweet,
Sounds of bells in Sleep-land, where dream-
er's dainty feet
Are marking off the measures of moments as
they go.
Oh, listen, darlings, listen—how sweet it is,
and low.
Oh, take this kiss to dream of
With all things sweet and fair.
May angels guard thy slumber—
God have thee in His care.
Oh, sing a song for bedtime. The wee ones
are asleep.
I bend above their slumber and pray that
God will keep
Their white souls stainless ever, and help me
guide their feet
Into the pleasant pathways where truth and
honor meet.
Take mother's kiss to dream of,
With all things sweet and fair.
May angels guard thy slumber—
God have thee in His care.

THE DEADWOOD STAGE.

The Wild West show have among their properties an old stage, an uncomfortable looking vehicle, yet it was to just such stages that travelers a few years ago were obliged to trust themselves when moving from one point of the far western country to another. It was just such a stage that ran between Denver and Deadwood City, and which Captain Jim Huxtable and his men were in the habit of halting and robbing whenever they felt the need of money. Even the hardy prospectors accustomed to taking big chances in their lives hesitated before undertaking the journey to Deadwood, and for a woman to do such a thing was almost unheard of.

At the time when Captain Jim Huxtable was at the very height of his evil reputation, when scarcely a stage got through the mountains without at least a desperate struggle with the road agents, an old lady presented herself at the office of the Deadwood Stage company, in Denver and desired to engage a seat for the next day. The clerk opened his eyes with astonishment at the old lady's temerity, and ventured to ask if she knew what she was undertaking. Very well the old lady knew, and she had no idea of being persuaded from her purpose. Her son, she said, was out there in Deadwood City. She had not seen him for ten years, and now that she had come all the way from Georgia to take him by surprise, nothing short of death should stop her on the road.

The next day when the stage started for Deadwood the old lady was in her place. There were only three other passengers—two stalwart pioneers with all their worldly goods tied up in their blankets and a gentlemanly-looking man in black who sat directly opposite the old lady. At first the three men looked on their fellow-passenger of the opposite sex with evident doubt. To travel over a rough country full of dangers with a timid woman who might throw herself on their protection at the first symptom of anything unusual was far from an alluring prospect. At the end of the first day's travel, however, all such fears were dispelled by the conduct of the old lady. Fully able to take care of herself, undaunted by the discomforts of stage travel, and willing to take an interest in everything, she soon proved herself a pleasant companion and anything but a burden.

The two prospectors and the lady were on intimate terms of friendship by the middle of the second day. The gentlemanly looking man in black, on the other hand, maintained a stoical reserve. When questioned on any subject he answered but never joined in the conversation, and if he listened to what was said he had no appearance of doing so. Most of his time was passed sunk back in the corner of the stage, with his eyes closed, apparently asleep. When the foot hills were reached and the dangerous part of the journey was about to begin, the conversation naturally turned to the daring deeds of Captain Jim Huxtable. The prospectors told story after story of how the outlaw had first appeared years before in the

northern part of Colorado, here for a time he was lost sight of, and then again had made his appearance on this occasion in the vicinity of Deadwood only more terrible than before, because he had with him a companion as reckless of all danger and as willing to take human life as himself. They told of incidents when these two had halted a stage load of men, and while one of them kept the passengers and guards quiet at the point of his rifle the other had deliberately cut the mail bags, extracted their contents and robbed the terrified passengers of everything valuable they had about them. Gradually other outlaws had gathered round their standard until they were the leaders of as dangerous a band as ever terrorized a country. The prospectors said that Captain Jim Huxtable's partner was only known as Captain Sid; this information was obtained by hearing his companions call him so when a robbery was in progress. The features of both men were unknown, as they invariably wore handkerchiefs over their faces when "holding up" a stage. The man in black paid little attention to these stories, and, save for an impatient movement occasionally when some other anecdote was told he appeared not to notice what was being said. Once or twice he muttered something about the folly of frightening an old woman to death without cause, but these were his only remarks. His solicitude for the old lady was quite unnecessary. No idea of danger seemed to disturb her placidity, and when told of the most blood curdling deeds perpetrated by the road agents, she invariably expressed her feelings by the pious wish that the Lord might forgive such wicked men. On other subjects, however, she was more talkative, and her well-beloved son was a topic she never wearied of. As the stage was crawling up the lofty mountain side she told her fellow travelers about her boy. He had been a little wild in the far-away home in the south she admitted, and when people began to look at him askance he had decided to go out west, where no narrow prejudices would restrict him, and make a fortune for himself. For months he had met indifferent success. His letters came more rarely and told of disappointed hopes. Then they ceased altogether. The lady told how her agony grew to be almost greater than she could bear. Then came a letter which changed everything. Her son had met a friend—the best man, the old lady asserted, that ever lived, and he had lent her boy a helping hand and since then he had been successful and every month he sent his old mother money, until she had been able to save enough to come and take him by surprise. It was to thank this machless friend that the old lady had come west, as well as to see her boy. Then she told of the two men's meeting as it had been related to her in letters from her boy. Her son had been employed near Leadville in a mine. He was discharged, and determined to go prospecting through the mountains by himself. His usual bad luck followed him. His provisions gave out, and then for days he wandered about bruising his shoeless feet against the sharp rocks of the mountains, and only kept alive by the few berries he found in his way; finally he lay down to die—too weak to move further and utterly hopeless of any help reaching him. Gradually his senses left him and he became unconscious. When he came to himself the face of a stranger was leaning over him, a hand was holding a flask to his swollen lips and a friendly voice was telling him to drink. The letters spoke of the stranger as Jim, and it was on this Jim that the strongest feelings of gratitude were lavished by the mother miles away. He not only saved her boy's life but he cared for him when he got well, took him into partnership and enabled him to satisfy his ambitions. The old lady had never even heard the man's last name, but next to her boy she said she loved Jim best of all the world and was anxious to get to Deadwood to tell him so. When this good mother had finished her story she found the eyes of the gentlemanly looking man fixed on her with an almost terrified expression. When he saw, however, that he was observed he restrained himself and sank back into his corner in the same old listless attitude.

That night the stage with its four passengers reached the very heart of the mountains. But a change had apparently come over the travelers. For the first time the old lady and the two prospectors slept peacefully, and the gentlemanly man in black gazed eagerly into the dark night from the window at his side. Suddenly a number of figures sprang into the road, a voice commanding and stern ordered a halt, and a dozen pistols were pointed at

the driver and through the windows of the stage. For a moment the traveler in black seemed surprised, then throwing the door open by which he sat, he sprang into the road, and before a shot could be fired at him his voice rang out above every other sound. "Stop!" he cried, "it's me! It's Captain Jim!" For a moment he stood by the side of the stage surveying the masked men who, at the first sound of his voice, had lowered their weapons. His eyes finally rested on a figure taller than the rest, standing near the horses' heads. In a few peremptory words he ordered the two prospectors who had been his fellow travelers to alight. When they had obeyed, Captain Jim strode to the figure he had singled out, and seizing him by the arm dragged him to the stage door. Then he tore the handkerchief from his struggling companion's face, lifted him bodily into the stage, saying as he did so: "Damn you, Sid, get in there and hug your old mother!"

As Captain Jim led his men and the two prospectors away from the stage, the lady's voice from inside followed them, crying: "My boy! my boy! thank God!"

Heaven Gods in Her Ears.

A physician of my acquaintance was called in recently to see an old lady who resides in her own house in the Third ward, says the Brooklyn Citizen. It was his first call, and he had never seen the lady before. She lay on a couch, neatly attired, with her gray hair in a cluster of small curls at each side of her head.

"Doctor," she said, "I have sent to consult you on a very serious matter. I have for a long time suffered from pains in the head, and have consulted many physicians without receiving any benefit. Yesterday I accidentally swallowed a fishbone, and while coughing it up felt a singular sensation in my left ear. I put up my hand and drew this from my ear."

She extended toward the doctor a small leaden statue of Napoleon, such as used to be sold on the streets years ago in a little glass bottle.

"You drew this from your ear?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, doctor, I did," was the reply, "and I have been much easier ever since."

The doctor examined her ear and found it perfectly natural. He didn't know what to say, but he thought a good deal.

"I want you to do something for me," she continued, "for I am satisfied that there is another heaven god like this in the other ear—for it is a heathen god, I have no doubt."

"How do you suppose it got there?" the doctor asked.

"I think Ezekiel or one of the minor prophets must have put two of these heathen gods in my ears when I was a child. Now, doctor, I want you to prescribe something to bring out the heathen god from the right ear."

"Swallow another fishbone," said the doctor, as he left the room in high indignation.

Using Heavier Rails.

Most railroads in this country when renewing their rails order heavier ones than have previously been used on their tracks. A better road bed and heavier rails are required for increasing traffic, heavier locomotives and greater speed. A short time ago the standard weight of rails was fifty-six pounds per yard, requiring eighty-eight tons per mile of single track. As a sixty-five pound rail takes a little over one hundred tons per mile of single track, although only nine pounds per yard heavier than a fifty-six pound rail, it is easy to see that the tonnage of rails manufactured during the year is steadily increasing to an enormous extent.

These Good Old-Fashioned Folks.

Somehow the people of to-day ain't as they used to be.
Is any man, I'm pretty sure they're not the same to me.
And while there are many just as good as those I used to know
There're scores and scores among them that are only so and so.
We used to always take a man exactly as he said.
But now it's safe to take him just the other way instead.
It does my heart just lots of good to meet one in a while
Some of those good old-fashioned folks so nearly out of style.

I wouldn't say the world in honesty is slipping back,
I wouldn't say that christians hunting grace have lost the track,
I wouldn't say that men to-day are less the friends of truth,
Because they seem to differ from the ones I knew in youth.
Those people please me quite as well as these I meet to-day.
Their hearts and hands were honest and their lives held little guile,
Did those old-fashioned people now, so nearly out of style.

We're wiser than we used to be, we may be wiser, too;
And good old homespun honesty may less our hearts imbue.
These later days we are all bent on getting rich so fast
We haven't time to think of things they thought of in the past.
We're wildy stirring after gold, we rush and push and crowd,
And after while we'll each be wanting pockets after while.
But none of us can e'er outrank within the after while
Those good old-fashioned people now so nearly out of style.

DEATH AT NIAGARA.

SOME SENSATIONAL SUICIDES OF FORMER DAYS RECALLED.

William Claridge and His Wife Leaped the Falls Together.

One of the earliest of the many cases of suicide at Niagara, and one of the most mysterious as well, says a Philadelphia Times correspondent, was that of a handsome lady and gentleman who leaped together over the American Falls, from Prospect Point, in July, 1831. The facts are remembered by many of the old residents of the Falls to-day.

The man was a tall, handsome young fellow, about twenty-five years of age, elegantly dressed, and registered at one of the hotels near the falls as William Claridge. He told nothing of himself to those who met him, except that he came from St. Louis, his home, and expected to meet his wife, a Spanish lady, who had recently landed in New York en route from Cuba.

One night the last passenger to alight from one of the coaches was a beautiful young woman whose complexion plainly betokened Spanish blood.

Though plainly dressed, her face and general appearance gave every evidence of culture and refinement. She no sooner caught sight of the gentleman than she rushed towards him and threw herself into his arms, regardless of the bystanders. Some who were present, noticed that handsome Mr. Claridge returned the beautiful lady's greeting rather coldly, and that his face wore a scowl, while the eyes of the dark Spanish beauty suddenly became dimmed with tears.

What passed between them after they reached the hotel was never known. A servant heard loud and angry words in a man's voice, mingled with feminine sobs and pleadings issuing from their apartment, but as they spoke in Spanish the listener was unable to recognize the purport of their conversation.

A short time afterwards they strolled out of the hotel arm in arm, and Mr. Claridge informed the proprietor that they were going to obtain a view of the falls by moonlight. They never returned.

About half an hour after, a pedestrian on the Canada side saw the figures of a man and woman leap over the falls from Prospect Point, the moon being at the full and rendering all objects plainly visible. The bodies were found two days after near the whirlpool. Nothing further concerning them was ever learned.

In the autumn of 1843 a gentleman of commanding presence, handsomely dressed and with costly diamonds, about forty-five years of age, came to Niagara and registered at the principal hotel. He wrote the name "Daniel Webster" on the register, but all knew that he was not the illustrious statesman of that day.

Two days after his arrival he crossed the river to the Canadian side, walked into the rapids above the Horse Shoe Falls and was instantly swept over the brink of the seething cataract. A few days later his mangled remains were found and an inquest held, which developed the fact that his name was Vandegger, and that he was a resident of Newton Centre, the most beautiful of all the charming suburbs of Boston.

Six years previously he had fallen in love with a very beautiful young lady, who was employed as a cashier in one of the aristocratic restaurants of the Hub. Completely captivated by her charming face and winning way, he had married her, though she was a number of years his junior. She was established as mistress of a palatial home at Newton. Her husband's wealth and social position immediately secured for her an entrance into the most select society of Boston.

Five years passed, when disgrace overtook the young wife. She was arrested on a criminal charge, and a Boston detective, a member of the State Legislature and a clergyman testified that she had been a girl of notoriously bad character before her marriage. The detective testified that he had arrested her for stealing a watch and that she had served ten months in prison for the crime. These disclosures stunned the devoted husband, and without one word he left the courtroom and no one in Boston ever saw him again.

STEAM-REARED COLTS.

Wreck Views of the Great Palo Alto Training Farm—Rearing of Sunol.

"Why do these California bred horses, both trotters and runners, develop such tremendous speed at an

early age, and then retire for the rest of their lives?"

That is a question that has been put to every horseman of note in the country, but not one seems able to answer it. A gentleman, a horse fancier and now and then a buyer at the California sales, being much interested in the phenomenal trotters that come from that region, went down to Palo Alto to see the famous Stanford breeding farm.

Talk about princes and princesses of effete monarchies being reared in velvet and fed from gold spoons; the nearest approach to that in this great republic is this equine principality at Palo Alto. As soon as the babies have forgotten their mothers comes the beginning of their life's work. The leading halter and a soft rubber bit kept in the mouth for half an hour in the day is the A B C. Then comes the kindergarten track to discover if any of them have a natural gait. Half a dozen are put into the sawdust circle at once. A man stands in the middle with a long whip, which he waves furiously, but no little one is ever permitted to feel its sting. All start around the ring, first into a coltish canter, and then some little pupil more promising than others will strike a trot. Soon another will do the same. An apple or a lump of sugar is the reward of merit. Usually before the class has finished all of them will be jogging about on a trot. Then a new batch is taken, and in a few weeks forty or fifty fillies, and as many colts have gone through the kindergarten course. Meantime every little one of either sex is handled and fondled. The colts and fillies are relentlessly parted at weaning time, and never see each other again except at a distance. Co-education of the sexes is frowned upon at Palo Alto. The little ones are very tame, and follow one around like a lot of kittens. If you stop in the paddock they instantly surround you like a lot of chattering school girls, and begin to search your pockets with their velvety noses for a bit of fruit or sugar. Not one is ever scolded or permitted to be frightened in any way, nor is the whip ever used except as a badge of authority.

When the infant aristocracy is bridled-trained and thoroughly tractable, say at 9 or 10 months, and from that to a year old, comes the first introduction to harness. It must be remembered that by this time these youngsters are to the non-critical eye almost full-grown horses. Their legs are strong, their bodies well filled out, their necks plump, their eyes bright and intelligent, and their coats shine like satin. All this is the result of the forcing process. On the Stanford farm the 2-year-old colt looks like the well-matured horse of 5 in Illinois. At 1 1/2 years old begins their hard work on the track. It is then that the most promising are selected for a yearling record.

A building is set apart for the "kindergarten," a great canopy covering a sawdust ring an eighth of a mile long. This is when the little weanlings, six and eight months old, are brought to be taught their first paces.

Trainer Gallagher gave me the history of Sunol, and the life she led there for two years is the life of all of them. When Sunol was six months old she was brought in with twenty other fillies from the pastures in which their mothers roamed. The weaning process is quite easy. The youngsters are put on steamed grain food at once. In the morning a quart of steamed barley mixed with bran. In the evening two quarts of ground barley steamed and moistened with lime water, is about their daily diet. That is pretty high food for a weanling. When I was a boy on the old farm in Pennsylvania it was a pretty lucky colt or filly that ever saw anything but hay or grass until it was two years old. But at Palo Alto the babies are stuffed with grain from the start. I was there in July, and there was no green food to speak of, with the exception of green corn tops, of which the little ones had three diets a week. Even then it was chopped in a steam cutter and mixed with bran.

Two of the seven ladies in waiting of Queen Margaret of Italy are New York girls—the princess Vicovaro, who was Miss Eleanor Lorillard Spencer, and the Princess Brancaccio, who was Miss Hickson Field. The Prince Vicovaro is a Consul, and still owns the stately palace which belonged to Lucrezia Petronia, the step-mother of Beatrice Cenci together with many memorials of the ill-fated beauty.

HELPING HER OUT.—He kissed her. "Well, I never," she exclaimed. "Of course, I should be sorry with you, Mr. Fresh, and it's too pleasant to get altogether mad about, so—"

"I don't like to upset a lady's feelings," he interrupted, apologetically, "so I'll do it again to help you to make up your mind."

YE COLLEGE GRADUATE.

He can give the laws of Solon,
He can draw the flag of Coler,
He can write a Babylonian I O U;
He can make a writ in German,
He can draft a Turkish firman;
But the English common law he never knew

He can write his thoughts in Spanish,
He can make a speech in Danish,
And recite such Sanscrit as would turn your brain;

The Muallakat Arabic
He can scan in feet syllabic;
But he couldn't tell old Shakespeare from Mark Twain.

He can fathom all the mystery
Of old Ethiopic history;
He can name one thousand Norse kings—
more or less;
He can mark the Roman bound'ries,
And describe the Aztec foundries;
But has never seen the "Statutes of U.S."

He can trace the radius vector,
With a geometric sector,
And can give the moon's diameter in feet;
He can analyze the arum,
Classify the Coptic carum
But he cannot tell a cabbage from a beet.

—W. A. Buxton.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Miss Belle (warningly)—Sally, they used to tell me when I was a little girl that if I didn't let coffee alone it would make me foolish. Sally (who owes her one)—Well, why didn't you?—Life.

A Dartmouth graduate has written a work on "The Probable Cause of Glaciation." We didn't suppose that was a matter of dispute. If it wasn't cold weather, what could it be?—Lowell Courier.

Charges of plagiarism still continue. It is now hinted that the successful and hitherto unsuspected farmers crib the stores of their corn magazines from nature's cereals.—Baltimore American.

Charming widow—"And what are you doing nowadays?" He—"Oh, amusing myself; looking out for number one. And you?" Charming widow—"Looking out for number two."—Life.

Miss Minor (after the concert)—"Fraulein Sprawler plays with a great deal of expression, but what do you think of her technique?" Miss Greening—"I didn't notice that she wore one."—America.

New nurse, rocking the crib, sings: "Sleep, little one sleep." Voice from the crib: "Now, Paula, you might as well understand at first that I don't want to hear any of those old things."—Fliegende Blätter.

A Philadelphia base ball player has been given a gold watch for stealing bases, and another Philadelphian has been given two years for stealing seven dollars. Is justice a failure?—Norristown Herald.

A Michigan fruit grower has a peach that measures eleven inches in circumference, but as he doesn't show any disposition to pass it around, it isn't likely to do the Somerville people any good.—Somerville Journal.

Temperance Woman—"My friend, if you don't want whisky to get the best of you, you must get the best of whisky." Promising subject—"I do, mum, when I can; but when a feller's only got a nickel"—Puck.

Masherby—"They tell me, Miss Lacey, that you will dance with nobody. Now, can't I prevail upon you to take the next waltz with me?" Miss Lacey—"Why, certainly, I'm a woman of my word, you know."—Grip.

A Birmingham man has patented an umbrella that is transparent. What he needs to do now is patent a borrower of umbrellas whom the owner can see through before lending. This would save many an umbrella to the unsuspecting lender.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Family physician—Nothing will do your daughter any good unless she controls her appetite for sweets and rich dishes. She must live on the plainest food, and very little of it, for months. Mother—Very well, I'll send her to the boarding school I used to attend.—New York Weekly.

"Why do you doubt my word, Clara, when I tell you that I have eyes for no other woman but yourself? Why cannot you trust me?" "George," replied the damsel, and her voice was serious even to gravity, "George, you know how I abominate all trusts and combines. Leave me."—Boston Transcript.

A PAIR—AVERAGE COST.—Mrs. Cumso—"You've seen these dollar-dinner-bills-of-fare in the household magazines?" Mrs. Fangle—"Yes, I got one up the other day."

"How much did it cost you?"
"Three dollars and a half."

A Scotch millionaire has given his daughter her weight in \$1 notes. She weighs £37,344.