

Miss Maylord's Elopement.

"JIM, you may take her into the house to-night."

The "her" referred to was the Ariel, one of the staunchest and fastest passenger engines that ever jerked a train, and Jim was my "stoker."

"All right, Jack," he answered, as I stepped down from the cab and started toward the town.

It was just dark, of a cold, stormy November day, and if ever there was a happy man it was myself, Jack Everett, seated ten minutes later, in the warm dining-room with plenty of time, and a steaming supper at my disposal.

But this happiness was too great to be lasting. I was but half through my onslaught on my host's *cui sine*, when my stoker, the best fellow in the world, only a little wild at times, came rushing into the room.

"I'll be blowed if I hain't half a mind to let you finish the job," said he. "I'd give half a dollar if I could eat like that." And he stepped back and gazed with admiration at my display of talent for—eating when hungry.

"Come, what's up?" I asked, holding up the half of a biscuit, and preparing to follow up the success with the other half.

"Good heavens, Jack! how often do you eat?" he asked; but without giving me time to reply, he added, "But I've got to stop you now, for old Maylord is down to the station swearing like a marine, because you got the start of him, and got away before he saw you."

Maylord was the Superintendent, and I knew something was wrong somewhere.—I replied:

"Tell him I will be down after supper."

"That won't do, Jack. You've got to catch the express, and she's been gone twenty minutes now. We've got the engine out of the house, and all fired up.—She'll be blowing by the time we get back."

I will not say that I uttered any very angry words, but something stuck very hard in my throat—half a biscuit, I suppose. I seized a pie from the table and tossed it to Jim, who I knew had not been to supper, and then I went for my hat and started.

I found Maylord pacing to and fro in the storm of snow and sleet, and growling like a hungry dog.

"Can you catch the express before she reaches town?" he asked, hurriedly.

"I can try. But why not telegraph?" I asked.

"That's the mischief of it," he snarled. "The wires are down."

"Well, speak lively, for there is no time to fool away," said I, not remarkably good humored at the prospect. Moreover, I had no very particular liking for John Maylord, Esq.

He whipped a letter from his pocket and gave it to me.

"Catch the train, Jack, and give the letter to conductor Adams. Whatever he gives you bring back to me without delay."

Now there was something quite mysterious about this, but so far, I had no right to question, so I turned to Jim and asked if he had taken water.

"Nary a drop, Jack."

"Never mind the water," cried Maylord. "You have enough to run down."

"Mr. Maylord, I am running this engine," I replied, "and can't run it without water. If you can, just take my place."

He turned away with something very much like an oath, and I backed up to the tank house.

Just as I stopped, a veiled lady sprang up lightly into the cab.

"You must let me go with you," she whispered, and then stepped further back into the shadow, so that my fireman might not see her.

I was amazed at her sudden appearance and strange request; but before I could reply, she threw aside her veil, revealing the beautiful face of Nellie Maylord.

"Why, Miss Maylord; you cannot mean it!" I exclaimed—yet, at the same time really hoping she did, for, to tell the truth, Jack Everett was in love with her. Of course nobody knew it but myself, and I had hitherto been content with a smile or a word, and which she often gave me notwithstanding her father's frowns. To have her so near me, and talking with me, soon lifted me up to the top shelf of hopeless bliss.

"I must go, Mr. Everett," she said. "I know it may seem strange to you, but when one is in danger, one must do strange things to escape."

"In danger?"

"Yes, and I rely on you to save me."

As she said this, she lifted her lustrous eyes to mine, and gave me a look that surprised me out of my usual prudence. I replied:

"I will protect you with my life if it need be, for I love you better than my own."

I could not see her face then, for she had turned away, and frightened at what I had done, I hastened to ask her forgiveness.

"Tut, tut!" said she, placing her hand over my mouth. "If that is true you surely will let me go with you, for a fate far worse than death awaits me here. Say, yes."

And what else could I say? All this took place while Jim was at the

back end of the tender taking in water, and when he came forward to the cab Nellie was demurely perched upon my seat. I gave him the hint to keep mum, and pulling open the throttle away we started on our wild night's ride.

How the old Ariel flew over the iron parallels! Accustomed as I was to the noble engine, I sometimes quaked with sudden terror, and shut off the steam. I was then thinking of Nellie, and life never seemed so sweet before. Then as the speed slackened I would give my noble steed the rein again, and true to the touch, she would leap ahead again like a thing of life—past houses, villages and towns, seen ahead for a second, and then far behind us. All the while I stood by Nellie, with one hand upon the throttle, and the other upon the reversing lever, peering ahead on the track illuminated by Ariel's head-light.

I dared not look at Nellie, for our lives depended upon my vigilance. I knew not what moment I might overtake the train; so I stood with her so near me yet so far from me. Sometimes I spoke to her, and she would put her lips to my ear to reply. Again her little hand would clasp my arm as I sped over some rough piece of road that threatened to shake the iron monster to pieces, but a word would reassure her.

At length in turning a curve, I saw the red light on the rear of the express so suddenly that had I not been on my guard there would have been one less passenger coach on the road; and who can tell where Jack Everett would have been? But I was prepared and there was no danger.

My whistle was recognized, for there was not another one like it on the road; and no doubt wondering what had sent the Ariel after them, they stopped for me.

"Well, I'm beat," exclaimed Charley Adams, the conductor. "What's in the wind now, Jack?"

For reply I gave him the letter.

"W-h-e-w! Here, Jack, see what you make of it."

I held the missive up to the light and read:

"CONDUCTOR ADAMS—My daughter, Nellie Maylord, is running away from her home. I have reason to believe she is on your train. Send her back to me on the Ariel, in charge of Everett. Use force if necessary."

JOHN MAYLORD.

I think I gave a longer and more emphatic whistle than Charley.

"There's some mischief at the bottom of this said I."

"Exactly, Jack; and if she were on my train, I would not use force to send her back to the old hunk—nary a bit. I would take her the other way and keep mum."

"Then Charley, I will put her aboard your train and send her along. She is in my cab now."

Charley then wrote on the back of John Maylord's letter:

"Midway between C— and A— }
Nov. 13, 11:30 p. m."

JOHN MAYLORD, Esq.—The Ariel has overtaken me, and I have your communication. Miss Nellie Maylord is not on my train, nor has she been on this trip.

CHAS. ADAMS.

"There, Jack, that does not tell him that she will not be on. Now let us hustle or I shall not make time."

The transfer was quickly made, but not without some regret on my part, and I started back.

John Maylord was waiting for me.

"Where is she?" he asked jumping into the cab.

I feigned ignorance and passed him the letter.

Some prodigious oaths escaped from his lips, but as they were not directed to me I had nothing to say. Then he hurriedly left me.

This was not the last of it, however. I was put through a course of questioning the next day that would have done credit to a criminal lawyer, and if I do not mistake, John Maylord went home none the wiser.

I met Charley Adams, too.

"Jack," said he, "you have won her everlasting gratitude, not to use a stronger term. It was too hard to rub, though.—Old Maylord—he's only her uncle after all—was determined to marry her to old Silver, and as she had not lived quite long enough to be her own mistress—she was one day short—she couldn't do better than to run away. The danger is all over now, and she can choose for herself. Better go up as soon as you can. Here is her address. And Jack, my boy, there are two things that you mustn't forget that she has got a cool hundred thousand, and your humble servant when the wedding comes off."

It is needless to say that I went up even at the risk of losing Ariel, and I had good success up there. While John Maylord was turning the adjacent country upside down in search of Nellie, I very quietly married her.

Perhaps John Maylord was mad when he heard of it, but he passed over Nellie's property without a murmur. But I didn't run the Ariel any more, and Nellie now has the love I once felt for that noble engine, and that other love besides. It is not more than she deserves.

What invitation would be dangerous and disloyal to a soldier?—One asking him to dinner and dessert.

SUNDAY READING.

The Object.

What is the object of Sunday-school teaching? It is to bring the souls of the children to Jesus. Nothing less, Nothing more. There can be nothing more in all the labors of time than that—to bring lost and fallen children to know, discern, accept, and feed upon a Saviour's love. Do you understand? Can you go, and from the experience of your own heart, in the fulness of divine forgiveness, sit down beside a company of little ones and tell them, without pretense, profession, guile, or of the fullness of the glory of a divine Saviour! This is the object; and the minister of Jesus has no other. The power of the ministry does not depend upon its office, or upon the intellect of the men that fill it, but entirely on the simplicity of the truth with which the teacher speaks; and it can be demonstrated in the experience of the whole Christian church that the most useful men are not, after all, the men that rise and shine in the sight of men, but those who, with loving hearts and praying spirits and watchful souls, and with a deep and true enjoyment of the divine favor, go forth to speak the most simply and unceasingly of a Saviour's love. There is no appointed minister of the Gospel that can occupy a higher office than the Sunday-school teacher occupies. As a teacher, you have put into your hands at the very time when most of all you desire to have them, souls that are to live forever, may live with Christ forever.

Down the Hill.

The evening of every man's life is coming on apace. The day of life will soon be spent. The sun, though it may be up in the mid heaven, will pass swiftly down the western sky and disappear. What shall light up man's path when the sun of life has gone down? He must travel on to the next world; but what shall illumine his footsteps after the nightfall of death, amid the darkness of his journey? What question more important, more practical, more solemn for each reader of our journal to ask himself? That is a long journey to travel without a friend. Yet every man must perform it. The time is not far distant when all men will begin the journey.—There is an evening star in the natural world. Its radiance is bright and beautiful, and cheering to the benighted traveler. But life's star is in a good hope of heaven. Its beauty and brilliancy are reflected from the Sun of Righteousness, whose bright rays light up the evening of life, and throw their radiance quite across the darkness of the grave into Immanuel's land. It has illuminated the footsteps of many a traveler into eternity. It is of priceless value. A thousand worlds cannot purchase it; yet it is offered without money and without price to him who will penitently and thankfully receive it. Reader, will you take it?

True Peace of Mind.

True peace of mind does not depend, as some seem to suppose, on the external incidents of riches and poverty, of health and sickness, of friendship and enmities. It has no necessary dependence upon society or seclusion—upon dwelling in cities or in the desert—upon the possessions of temporal power, or a condition of, temporal insignificance and weakness. Let the heart be right—let it be fully united with the will of God, and we shall be entirely contented with those circumstances in which Providence has seen fit to place us, however unpropitious they may be in a worldly point of view. He who gains the victory over himself, gains the victory over all his enemies.—Upham.

What Kind of Remembrance?

Sitting, my friend, by the evening fireside, sitting in your easy chair, at rest, and looking at the warm light on the rosy face of your little boy or girl sitting on the rug before you, do you ever wonder what kind of remembrance those little ones will have of you if God spares them to grow old? Look into the years to come; think of that smooth face lined and roughened, that curly hair gray, that expression, now so bright and happy, grown careworn and sad, and you long in your grave. Of course your son will not have quite forgotten you; he will sometimes think and speak of his father who is gone. What kind of remembrance will he have for you?

How to be Beautiful.

Curls and cosmetics are all in requisition to enhance the beauty of "the human face divine;" but what is the result? Youth's roses only flee the faster—old age will creep on apace; rouge cannot hide its wrinkles, nor can it make any face beautiful. We are decided believers in "Handsome is as handsome does." No face has true beauty in it that does not mirror the deeds of a noble soul. There is not a thought, word, or deed, that does not leave its autograph written on the human countenance. If the soul that looks out from the eyes be true and pure, the face will be beautiful always, for it has found the true beauty of youth.

Dr. Johnson used to say, "He who wants to do a great deal of good at once will never do any."

That Ramrod.

There is perhaps no man who has hunted much but that has at some time left the ramrod of his gun at home, and found it out after getting several miles away from home. There is a story told of General Kellogg of Wisconsin. There was a time when he used a muzzle-loading gun. When he got the new one he loaded a lot of shells, and early one morning he shouldered his gun and walked up above Onalaska. He was going to make a whole day of it and have fun. He put his dog into a field and soon got a covey of chickens. He killed two and marked down the balance of the flock in a piece of meadow, the nicest place in the world for nice shooting. He was excited and perspired like a butcher. After picking up the two chickens he felt in his pocket for his powder-flask, when lo! it was missing. His eyes stuck out so that you could hang your hat on them, and he became more excited, when glancing at the gun, he missed the ramrod. That was too much. He may have sworn. He thought of the thirty chickens in the meadow, and decided in a moment. Hastily calling his dog off, he started for Onalaska, and proceeded to a livery stable, his face red with walking and suppressed emotion. He told the livery man if he would take him to La Crosse and back in an hour and a half he would give him a ten dollar note. The livery man hitched up in a moment and then dust was soon flying on the road to La Crosse. On the way the driver couldn't get half a dozen words out of Kellogg, and made up his mind he must have escaped from some asylum. However, they arrived in a little less than forty minutes, and stopped at Kellogg's house. The general rushed in leaving the door wide open, his hair was filled with dust, and charged into the room where he usually kept his shooting tools. The lady of the house was somewhat alarmed at his actions, and with much interest in his case, she said:

"Why, general, what is the matter? What has happened?"

"Nothing my dear," says the general between his clinched teeth, as he pulled down an old game bag, looking for the lost ramrod. "Nothing only I left the ramrod of my gun at home, and there are forty acres of chickens at Onalaska waiting for me. Please help me find it."

The lady began to laugh. The general looked at her in astonishment. The idea that levity should be indulged in at such a trying moment, was too much for him. He was about to go down in the cellar to see if the rod hadn't fallen that way, when the lady said:

"Why general, with your new breech-loading, one hundred and seventy-five dollar gun, you don't need a ramrod; you loaded the cartridges yesterday."

The general fainted. It just then occurred to him that he had supposed all the time he had his old gun along. The reaction was so great, that he concluded not to return to Onalaska, so he went out, and gave the driver eleven dollars, the extra dollar if he would never mention the circumstance. Those chickens may be waiting for him in that field yet.

A Fight for Liberty.

A prisoner in the penitentiary at Bruchsal, a town in the Grand Duchy of Baden, has recently succeeded in burning down the greater portion of the prison. Carl Schwabe, a notorious desperado, was incarcerated for robbery with violence. He wrenched off a portion of his iron bedstead and broke open his cell door. Shouldering the instrument of escape, he deliberately marched through the corridors unmolested, and made for the jailor's room. He forced the door and entered. He arrayed himself in the jailor's overcoat and hat, exchanged his fragment of bedstead for the official's sword. As he was stalking through the building, on his way to the outer gate, he was discovered. An alarm was given. He made for the chapel, sealed the wall inside, crawled through a window, and climbed to the roof of the building. He ensconced himself behind the parapet, forced out a number of stones, and hurled them down upon his pursuers. Several shots were fired at him without effect. He called out to the officials below, declaring that unless they would give him a chance of escape, he would fire the jail. On their continuing to discharge their revolvers, he deliberately lighted a match, gathered together some dry splinters of wood, and set fire to the roof of the chapel. The flames spread rapidly and the entire building was soon ablaze. The fire brigade was called out, but before the fire was got under, a large tower, the chapel and the prison offices fell a prey to the flames. Schwabe fled to an adjoining building, and the guards for a long time sought in vain for the desperado. At length he was discovered hidden under the floor of a lookout at the summit of a lofty tower. Sword in hand, he fought like a demon. Riddled with shots and slashed with sabre cuts, he still kept his assailants at bay. At last they rushed upon him in a body and pitched him from the tower, a height of six stories, into the prison yard. Marvellous to relate, he was not killed. He fell into a cart-load of rubbish, but in a day or two afterward he died of his wounds.

Nearly all women like soldiers, and some would like a good offer, sir.

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DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR All recovering from any illness will find this the best Tonic they can take.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Is an effective Regulator of the Liver.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Cures Jaundice, or any Liver Complaint.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Makes Delicate Females, who are never feeling Well, Strong and Healthy.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Has restored many Persons who have been unable to work for years.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Should be taken if your Stomach is out of Order.

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DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Possesses Vegetable Ingredients which make it the best Tonic in the market.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Has proved itself in thousands of cases capable of curing all diseases of the **Throat and Lungs.**

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Cures all Chronic Coughs, and Coughs and Colds, more effectually than any other remedy.

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