# Wyoming Democrat.

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## Wyoming Democrat.

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## Poetry.

### A MODERN DRINKING SONG.

Fill high the bowl with Fusil Oil!
  With Tannin let your cups be crowned!
If Strychnine gives relief to Toil,
  Let Strychnine's generous juice abound!
Let Oil of Vitrol cool your brains,
  Or, animated atoms brew—
And fill your arteries, heart and veins,
  With glee—and infusorial glue!

Wine! *That* died out in '58—
  What fool would have it back? And how?
The "cup that will inebriate
  And never cheer," they sell us now.
"The conscious water saw its God
  And blushed." What of it? Don't you feel
That water knows the Druggers rod.
  And blushes now—with Cochineal!

Ah-h! Fragrant fume of Kreosote!
  Bewitching bow! of Prussian Blue!
Who would not soothe his parching throat
  With your mild offspring "Mountain Dew?"
Stronger than aught that racked the frame
  And shook the mighty brain of Burns,
Surely, ye'll set our heads aflame,
  Whene'er his festal day returns!

Bring on the Beer—Fresh Copperas foam!
  With Alum mixed, in powder fine,
How could my foolish fancy roam
  In search of whiter froth than thine?
Thy Indian Berry's Essence spread
  Through amber wavelets, sparkling clear,
Benumbs dull Care—strikes Feeling dead—
  And narcotizes Shame and Fear!

Far down thy bubbling depths, Champagne!
  Drown'd Honor, Love and Beauty lie—
They fought the unequal fight in vain—
  Shall we, too, *merely* drink—and die?
Sweet Acetate of Lead, forbid!
  Fill every drink with prangs—and tell
What tortures could—and always did—
  Anticipate the stings of Hell!

Then drink, *boys*, drink! We never can
  Drink younger! And we never will
Be men—or aught resembling man,
  While poisoners have the power to kill!
Amen! From Frenzy's screech of mirth
  To maudlin Sorrow's drivelling flow,
We'll rave, through scenes unmatched on earth,
  And not to be surpassed below!

### FIRMNESS.

Well, let him go, and let him stay
  I do not mean to die;
I guess he'll find that I can live
  Without him if I try:
He thought to frighten me with frowns,
  So terrible and black—
He'll stay away a thousand years
  Before I ask him back.

He said that I had acted wrong,
  And foolishly beside;
I won't forget him after that—
  I wouldn't if I had died.
If I was wrong, what right had he
  To be so cross with me?
I know I'm not an angel quite—
  I don't pretend to be.

He had another sweetheart once,
  And now when we fall out,
He always says she was not cross,
  And that she didn't pout.
It is enough to vex a saint—
  It's more than I can bear;
I wish that girl of his was—
  Well, I don't care where.

He thinks that she was pretty, too,
  Was beautiful as good;
I wonder if she'd get him back
  Again, now, if she could?
I know she would, and there she is—
  She lives almost in sight;
And now it's after nine o'clock—
  Perhaps, he's there to-night.

I'd almost write to him to come—
  But then I've said I won't;
I do not care so much, but she
  Shan't have him if I don't
Besides, I know that I was wrong,
  And he was in the right;
I guess I'll tell him so—and then—
  I wish he'd come to-night.

AUNT LIZZIE'S COURTSHIP.—Why, you see, when my man came a courtin' me, I hadn't the least thought of what he was after not I. Jobie came to our house one night, after dark, and rapped on the door. I opened it, and sure enough their was Jobie.

Come in, sez I; take a cheer.

No, Lizzie, sez he, I, ve come of an arrant and I always do my arrants fust.

But you had better come in and take a cheer, Mr. W——

No, I can't. The fact is, Lizzie, I've come on this 'ere courtin' bisness. My wife's been dead these three weeks, and everything's been going to rack and ruin right along. Now, Lizzie, ef you're a mind to hev me, and take care of my house, and my children, an my things, tell me, an I'll come in an take a cheer, if not, I'll get some one else tu.

Why, I was skeer'd, and sed—

If you come on this courtin' business, come in, I must think on't a little.

No, I can't till I know. That's my arrant. And I can't sit down till my arrant's done.

I should like to think on't a day or two Now, you needn,t Lizzie.

Well, Jobie, if I must, I must—so here's tu ye then.

So Mr. W—— came in. Then he went after the Squire an he married us right off and I went home with Jobie that very night I tell you what it is, these long courtin's don't amount to nothing at all. Just as well do it in a hurry.

☞ The New York *Evening Post* has for many years had upon its subscription book the name of Pora Bard-Samdetch Phra Phara-mendr-Maha-Monkut. These few letters constituted the name of the late King of Siam.

☞ The report that there had been an earthquake in New Jersey is said to have been a "shocking" lie.

## THE WARNING AT THE BRIDGE.

BY HERO STRONG.

In the year '61 I was Superintendent of the Horwich and Rocky River Railroad.

It was a line which did a good run of business, connecting as it did a great city with a flourishing back country, and we ran a pretty good number of trains over the rails in the course of twenty-four hours.

The daily trains were every hour, but after nine in the evening there was only one train until the steamboat accomodation at half-past three in the morning.

This intervening train was the Belport mail. It was made up at Belport, and ran as far as Clinton, express all the way.

Belport was the large city of which I have spoken, and it was there that my office was located, for the business of the road was all settled and arranged at that end of the line.

Of course I give fictitious names, and the reader need not expect to find Belport on any railway map.

The 12:30 train, or the midnight mail as it was more frequently designated, was run by Earl Rogers, a young man of seven or eight and twenty, who had been employed on the road for several years.

He was the best engine driver on the corporation, and for that reason he had been selected for the train, it being deemed expedient to place men of the best judgement on the train, because there was a better look out required by night.

Earl, taken in all, was one of the finest fellows I ever saw. Frank, handsome, generous to a fault, and very well educated.

He had fallen into the vocation of an engineer more from his love of excitement and danger than anything else perhaps; and if there was ever any particularly perilous business to be done, Earl Rogers was always our man.

For some time he had been desperately in love with Laura Demain, the daughter of a rich old fellow just on the other side of Rocky River, a half-dozen miles beyond Belport. This love was fully returned, for Laura was a noble-hearted girl, and did not care for wealth or ambition when weighed in the balance with love; but old Demain and she were two, and there was no probability of his ever giving his consent.

He had set his heart on her marrying Prince Carleton, a young blood of the vicinity, reputed wealthy, and of an old family.

Demain's opposition naturally made the lovers more determined, and they only waited an increase of Earl's salary to be married in spite of Papa Demain. Earl was a faithful fellow, and I was doing my best with the company to get an advance for him with every probability of success.

Somehow I took a strong interest in Earl's love affairs, I am an old cooger, and love matters are rather out of my line, my *forte* being the calculating of accounts, the regulation of freight rates, and the management of business so as to secure the latest dividends to the stockholders.

Perhaps my interest in Earl's love for Laura might be because I most cordially detested Prince Carleton. He was always "blowing" our road, finding fault with the rate of speed, with the grade, with the carriages, with the ventilation, with everything in short, for nothing suited him.

Then upon one occasion he and I had a few words neither very pleasant nor very choice, and he call me a "d—d old scoundrel," and I had returned the compliment with interest. After that we were worse friends than ever.

One dark rainy night in November, just after the nine o'clock train had got off, and I was sitting in the office trying to balance an account that would not balance, the door opened and Earl Rogers walked in. He had on his waterproof suit, the hood up over his head, and the collar buttoned closely, but I saw that his face was very pale and his eyes gleamed with unnatural fire,

"What in the world has happened Rogers?" said I. "You look as grum as if you were going to your own funeral."

"Mr. Woodbury," said he, earnestly, "Do you believe in presentiments?"

"No," said I. "I certainly do not! They are old women's whims!"

"Perhaps so, I wish I could think so," said he, sadly. "I have been trying hard to,"

"What is it, Earl? Anything gone wrong with Laura?" for I did not know but the little jade had been playing off with him after the manner of women.

"Me. You will laugh at me, Mr. Woodbury, but I must tell somebody, or I shall get out of my wits," said he half laughing, "and before Heaven I tell you it is all truth. Thursday afternoon, I took a handcar and went over to Rocky River Bridge. I do not mind confessing that I went on purpose to get a glimpse of her home—perhaps of herself. I stood at one end of the bridge—looking across at the house—enraptured at sight of a scarlet shawl which I knew was hers flitting in and out through the frost-bitten shrubbery of the garden.

"And while I was looking at her, I heard footsteps, and glancing up, *I saw myself coming from the opposite side of the Bridge!* I was dressed in this suit of waterproof—my face was pale as death, and my wide open eyes were blank and expressionless! Sir, you think I am dazed, but I am telling only the truth! While I stood staring at the vision it disappeared; and weak and trembling I came back to town. By the next day—yesterday, I had reasoned myself ouf of belief in anything of the kind. It was a hallucination, I said, and to prove it so, I would go out there again, and see if it would appear for the second time. I went again yesterday, and sir, the same thing was repeated! It will come once more—and then I shall go to my death!"

"Nonsense!" said I, "Come, Earl, be honest, and confess that you had been taking too much whiskey!"

"I never drink anything, as you know, Mr. Woodbury," returned he, "and this thing was fearfully real. And of one result, I am satisfied. If I run the ma[illegible] train out to-night, I shall be killed, and Heaven knows what will be the fate of the train! I suppose it could be taken off for to-night?"

"Taken off! What in the duce do you mean?" snapped I—"this road runs trains as advertised! Cowardly engineers to the contrary, notwithstanding."

He looked at me sagely, reproachfully—and I could have kicked myself for the way I had spoken to him.

"It was not on my own account, sir," said he—"but it is only a few days before Thanksgiving, and the train will be a full one. If there is an accident it may be a bad one."

"Accident!" said I contemptuously—"Fiddlestick! Come in to-morrow, and let me laugh at you."

He bid me good night gravely, and went out.

Presently the clock struck twelve and I heard the three sharp, successive whistles that told me the train was nearly ready A strange feeling of apprehension seized me. What if anything should happen? Yielding to an impulse which would not be controlled. I threw on my overcoat, turned out the gas, locked the office and hurried over to the depot just in season to catch the rail of the rear car and swing myself on board.

Earl Rogers stood at his post, pale and silent, yet alert and watchful. By the headlight in the locomotive he could see the track for a half mile ahead, and his keen eyes scanned every inch of the way as the train swept on. Past Romiane station—past the Mill Cut, past Hill's Embankment and they plunged into the belt of woods which skirted Rocky River.

Suddenly as they swept around a curve—Earl's cheek whitened and he drew his breath in quick and hard! What he saw just before the train warned him that only death and destruction lay ahead. He could, probably, save himself by leaping off, but that would doom all on board Not a second did he hesitate. The sharp whistle to down brakes sounded—he reversed steam and did everything in his power to stop the train. When he saw that his efforts were in vain, that the obstacle which lay across the track only a few rods in advance could not be avoided, he sprang over the wood-box and unhooked from the carriages. The engine, released from the drag, shot ahead, and the next instant plunged forward into the gulf? There was a crash—a succession of shrill whistles from the escaping steam, and all was still!

Not one of the cars went down—the first one halted on the very brink of the abyss as if the more fearfully to impress upon the minds of the passengers the terrible danger they had escaped.

Before the train came to a stop I had jumped out, and was flying forward—looking for Eearl Rogers. They pointed into the river in answer to my inquiries, and seizing a lantern from the hands of one of the brakesmen, I climbed down the bank and found him.

He lay under the wreck of the locomotive—pale and bloody, with no breath coming from his icy lips.

The two strokers were a little way off—stone dead.

I am an old man, but I did not feel the weight of that poor fellow as I carried him up the bank, and on to the house of Demain—which happened to be the nearest residence.

Of course, old Demain could not refuse him admittance under the circumstances, and in five minutes Laura was with me trying to restore the lifeless man to consciousness. She was all courage and hope; but for her we should have given him up for dead, and I to this day firmly believe that her presence and her care, brought him back from death.

She never flinched while the surgeon amputated his leg at the knee—it was the only way to save him, Dr. Green said, and Laura held the poor head of the patient to her bosom and his hands in hers through the whole operation.

The accident, it was found, had been occasioned by a stick of timber pinned across the track, and the railroad company offered a reward of a thousand dollars for the discovery of the rascally perpetrator.

No matter how we found it out, but, it was ascertained beyond a doubt that Prince Carleton was the guilty party. He confessed it when we had him snug and safe—and said that because he wanted Earl Rogers out of the way, and because he hated his whole concern, (meaning the road corporation,) he had this plan of diabolical revenge.

His father was a miliionaire, and bought up our silence handsomely.—Prince went to California, and I do not know what became of him.

Old Demain proved himself a trump after ail, and gave in gracefully. He is dead now, and Earl and Laura live at the old place, as happy a couple as ever I saw.

As for Earl's warning, you may believe what you like abont it. I have no explanation to offer.

SPEAK LOW.—I know some houses well built and handsomely furnished, where it is not pleasant to be even a visitor. Sharp, angry tones resound through them from morning till night, and is as contagious as the measles, and much more to be dreaded in a household. The children catch it and it lasts for life. A friend had such a neighbor within hearing of her house, and even Poll Parrot has caught the tone, and delights in screaming and scolding, until she had been sent into the country to improve her habits. Children catch cross tones quicker than parrots, and it is a much more expensive habit. Where a mother sets the example you will scarcely hear a pleasant word among the children in their play with each other. Yet the discipline of such a family is weak and irregular. The children expect just so much scolding before they do anything they are bidden while in many a home where the low firm voice of the mother, or a decided look of her eye is law, they never think of disobedience either in or out of her sight.

O, mothers, it is worth a great deal to cultivate that excellent thing in woman, a low sweet voice. If you are ever so much tired by the mischievous or willful frauks of the little ones, speak low. It will be a great help to you, even to try and be cheerful, if you cannot wholly succeed. Anger makes you wretched, and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never did the heart good, but plenty of evil. Read what Solomon says of them, and remember that he wrote with an inspired pen. You cannot have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens any, for they make them ten times heavier. For your own, as your children's sake, learn to speak low. They will remember that one tone when you are under the willows. So, too would they remember a harsh and angry voice.—Which legacy will you leave your children?

HOW TO COOK A BEEFSTEAK.—In traveling through our County, says the *Columbian*, we have found that our people can make incomparable buck-wheat cakes, but that three-fourths of them cannot cook a beefsteak, For the general good we publish the following recipe:

"The frying-pan being wiped very dry, place it upon the stove, and let it become not, very hot. In the meantime mangle the steak—if it chance to be sirloin, so much the better—pepper and salt it, then lay it on the hot, dry pan, which instantly cover as tight as possible. When the raw flesh touches the heated pan, of course it seethes and adheres to it, but in a few seconds it becomes loosened and juicy. Every half minute turn the steak; but be careful to keep it as much as possible under cover. When nearly done lay a small piece of butter upon it, and if you want much gravy add a tablespoonful of strong good coffee. In three minutes from the time the steak first goes into the pan it is ready for the table. This method of cooking makes the most delicious, delicately broiled steak, full of juice, yet retaining the healthy beefy flavor, than any Johnny Bull could require. The same method may be applied to mutton chops, only they require a little longer cooking to prevent them from being rare. An excellent gravy may be made for them by adding a little cream, thickened with a pinch of flour, into which, when off the fire and partly cooled, stir in the yolk of an egg well beaten."

A LONG NAP.—One of our most respectable citizens called into the establishment of a joking druggist, last summer, and, overcome by the sultry weather, sat down in a chair, and was soon enjoying a sound slumber. Observing that the sleeper had on a fine new hat, the druggist gently removed it, substituting in its place an old one with a sadly dilapidated and rusty crown. The drowsy citizen at last awoke, and after a few "h-hums," felt of the hat, which was rather a tight fit. Removing it from his head, and taking a steady gaze at the battered relic, he turned to the druggist and inquired:

"Did I sleep a long time?"

"Yes," replied the joker "a very long time."

"Well," continued the first, "I should judge I had, for when I came into your store this dirty old hat was brand new."

☞ Blind Tom's agent left Toledo without paying the Government tax on his concert, which would have cost $13,30, on his receipts of $665. The Collector has since been on the lookout for Tom, and went to Chicago to collect the $13,30, with the fine of $1,000, permitted by law.

☞ Why would lawyers make good soldiers? Because they know how to charge.

## Wise & Otherwise.

☞ Which is the longest rope in the world? Eu-rope.

☞ "Working for dear life" is defined to be making clothes for a new baby.

☞ Moving for a new trial—courting a second wife.

☞ "Professor of the accumulative art" is the California term for thief.

☞ "Count me out when you talk of working," as the cork said to the ginger pop.

☞ A correspondent says that "the greenest servant he ever saw was one entirely black."

☞ Women ought not to be called extravagant, since they waist round less than men.

☞ A man's wealth and a woman's age can never be known accurately till they die.

☞ When Apollo dipped Pan into the sea what did he come out like? A dripping pan.

☞ A dead millionaire in a Western city had inscribed on his tombstone, "he always paid cash."

☞ An editor in Vermont, says he received a present the other day, which was not a piano, but it could "yell!"

☞ Why is a photograph album like the drainer of a bar counter? Because it is the receptacle of empty mugs.

☞ A country boy having heard of sailors heaving up anchors, wanted to know if it was sea-sickness that made them do it.

☞ Mr. Pewitt says that a married couple should be called three, instead of one; because the woman is won, and the man, too.

☞ If a man waits patiently while a woman is putting on her things to go "shopping," he will make a good husband.

☞ An experienced old gentleman says that all that is necessary for the enjoyment of love or sausage is CONFIDENCE.

☞ A man who was thrown through a window, sash, glass, and all, remarked that he never experienced such piercing panes before."

☞ A popular speaker has got up a lecture on "Getting Ahead." A head is a good thing to get—if there are any brains in it.

☞ A late philosopher says that if anything will make a woman swear, it is looking for her night-cap after the lamp is blown out.

☞ A young man generally gives a lock of hair to his sweetheart before he marries her. After marriage she sometimes helps herself—and doesn't use scissors.

☞ "Our mothers, the only faithful tenders who never misplaced a switch," is a toast said to have been offered at a railroad banquet.

☞ Mrs. Partington thinks the pillars of liberty are stuffed with the feathers of the American Eagle. The old lady is mistaken. Cotton is used at present.

☞ An Arkansas editor has been presented with a new hat, whereupon he says: "A grateful humor commenced caroling through our veins, like a young dog with an old shoe."

☞ A theoretically benevolent man on being asked by a man to loan him a dollar, answered, briskly "with pleasure;" but suddenly added, "Dear me, how unfortunate! I've only one lending dollar, and that is out."

☞ An aged spinster, discanting upon the annoyance of children, the other day, remarked, "I can't bear children." A very motherly old lady, hearing the remark, replied. "If you could perhaps you would love them better."

☞ A young man who recently fell in love with a very beautiful young lady, says "that when he ascertained last evening that she reciprocated his passion, he felt as though he was sitting on the roof of a meeting house and every shingle was a Jew's harp."

☞ Josh Billings has been experimenting with pills for the good of mankind, and says: "Ef yu are looking for a pill az mild az a pet lamb, and az searching az a fine tooth comb, buy Dr. Kingbone's silent perambulators, twenty-seven pills in a box, sold by all respectful druggers. These pills don't phool round, but attend strictly to bizziness and are as good in the dead of night az an alarm clock."