Somewhere the thing we long for Exists on earth's wide bound, Somewhere the sun is shining When Winter nips the ground. Somewhere the flowers are springing, Somewhere the corn is brown, Ard ready unto harvest 'To feed the hungry town.

Somewhere the twilight gathers, And weary men lay by
The burden of the daytime,
And wrapped in slumber lie.
Somewhere the day is b reaking,
The gloom and darkness flee;
Though storms our bark are tossing,
There's somewhere a placid sea.

And thus, I thought, 'tis always,
In this mysterious life.
There's always gladness somewhere
In spite of its pain and strife:
And somewhere the sin and sorrow
Of earth are known no more,
Somewhere our weary spirits
Shall find a peaceful shore.

Somewhere the things that try us Shall all have passed away, And doubt and fear no longer Impede the perfect day. O brother, though the darkness Around thy soul be east, The earth is rolling sunward And light shall come at last. -Alfred Capel Shaw in Elmira Facts.

An Operator's Story.

The life of telegraph operators in the city is very unlike that of their brothers in the country, and the dates of the "commercial" operator differ greatly from those of the railroad man. The latter's work may not be arduous as the other fellow's, but, it is fre-quently attended with much responsibility. And one does not need to go to Mexico or Montana in order to satisfy himself that the railroad operator also has his share of close shaves and hair-raising experiences. A veteran "key-twister," who used to be employed nights on the eastern division of the Boston & Maine railroad in New Hampshire, tells a startling story of his experience with a burglar while having orders from headquarters to stop a through freight. The predicastop a through freight. The predicament in which he placed himself by falling asleep at his post should be a warning to all night operators who have a handin the movement of trains. "Just throw two or three shovelfuls of coal on the fire every hour or so and make yourself comfortable. There won't be much doing tonight, and after No. 2 goes—why scoot home."

after No. 2 goes—why, scoot home."

Those were the last words Ed said to me as he buttoned his collar high around his neck and hurried out of the

Ed was the regular night telegraph operator at the little town at Hampton, Situated on a single-track railroad in New Hampshire. He was not more than twenty-five years old, and the monotony of his work caused him to seek frequent recreation away from the office. If a dance was to come off in the town hall or within the pailes of in the town hall or within ten miles of it, Ed would be there, provided he could find some one to take his place

for that night at the office.

I was only sixteen at that time. A few years before my brother and two other young men, all older than my-self, had built a private telegraph line between their homes in order, as they said, to learn how to "sling light-ning" well enough to work in a busy office. Each became a good operator and in time found employment at his

Although an eager disciple of the art, I was almost too young to have a thorough knowledge of telegraphing when my brother left home; but I knew enough about it to want to know and the day and night operators at Hampton were annoyed by my visits till they decided that I wasn't an entirely hopeless case and could even be trusted occasionally to "sub"

And that is what I had agreed to do Ed on the night mentioned-a cold and blustering night in February.

The task was not altogether an agreeable one. No passenger trains stopped at Hampton after 6.25 o'clock in the evening. After 9 no one even in the evening. After 9 no one ever called at the station to inquire for freight, and by half past 10 all sounds of footsteps on the platform ceased, only a dim light here and there could

only a dim light here and there could be seen, and everything about the place appeared to be dead.

A thick snow storm, which set in during the evening, did not detract at all from the lonesomeness of my quarters. "But every place is lonesome at night," I mused, "and one can always have company to cheer him."

This thought coupled with the reflection that in the morning I was to

flection that in the morning I was to receive \$1.50 for my services, quieted my fears for the time being.

A red, a white, and a blue lantern were always kept burning in the office at night in case they should be needed quickly. I examined each of these lanterns to see if it was properly filled and secured, looked after the fire in the big coal stove, readjusted the re-lays on wires Nos. 2 and 16, and lay back in the big, cushioned armchair with the air of one who had done his

Aside from the clicking of the tele-graph (which was intermittent and made me start when it struck up suddenly after a silence longer than usual) all that could be heard was the groaning and sighing of the wind and the incessant and wearisome hum-m-m-m-m-m of the wires outside the station. The blending of the last two sounds was as doleful as the clang of a bell buoy in a violent storm.

Twelve o'clock came round. That was a little too early for luncheon, but I felt hungry and proceeded to des-

patch the contents of a small basket which I had bought from home.

After that I became somewhat drowsy. None of the trains, so far, had been more than twenty minutes late, and I had reported each of them promptly to headquarters when it passed my station.

The temperature of the office must have been 80 when I turned the lamp have been 80 when I turned the lamp down to a mere glimmer and again settled back in the big chair about 12.45. Through freight No. 252 from the north would be due in quarter of an hour. I hadn't heard it reported up the line, but supposed it would be pretty nearly on time.

The storm appeared to be growing fiercer, and I sat and listened to it.

How long I listened I do not know. A light pounding nearby made me

A light pounding nearby made me

jump up. "What can that be?" I asked my

The pounding grew louder. All the instruments were still and the sound was distinct.

I stood almost breathless beside

the table.

In less than a minute I was convinced where it came from.

In the back part of the office were the ticket windows opening respectively into the men's and women's waiting rooms. A heavy blue shade on each window prevented any one from seeing the interior of the office. These shades were always drawn after the departure of the last passenger

train for the day.
Some one had broken into the women's room and was trying to force open the window to the office, using,

evidently, a chisel and mallet.

The doors of that room were always locked by the day man before going off duty, and I made sure early in the evening that that task had not been neglected. Moreover, as tramps were not allowed in the station, and it was easier to keep them out than to put them out, I had also bolted the doors of the men's room. Ed often did that after 12 o'clock.

The safe, containing books, tickets, and perhaps \$200 or \$300 in cash, was midway between the two windows and

about four feet from each.

For fully five minutes I stood per-

feetly rigid. 'Apparently the thief is uncertain whether there is any one here," I thought. "If he imagined there thought. wasn't, he would certainly smash the window, iron guard and all, in short order. Maybe he expects to find me asleep and as soon as he pries open the window will thrust in a pistol and

order me to hold up my hands."

How was I to defend myself? If I went to the window, it would probably mean prompt surrender or death, and to hesitate much longer did not seem likely to relieve the situation

"If I only had a revolver." Ed owned one, but he always carried it

him. I resolved to start up one of the in-struments in the hope that the loud and sudden ticking might put the in-

truder to flight.

Bending over the table I opened the key on wire No. 16. The machine did not respond. Realizing that the dampness of the storm had interfered

with the current, I tightened the spring of the relay. "SF SF SF Qk 12 Qk 12." The sounder was making those sig-nals with great rapidity. The train despatcher was calling my office, and the abbreviation meant, "Quick. We want you to hold a train.

I answered, and the query came back clear and sharp:

'No. 252?

"Not yet," said I.
"14 for 252."
"O. K." I replied, confidently.

The despatcher's command was hold the through freight for orders.

The noise at the window, which ceased for a minute or two, had now recommenced in earnest. Either the latch or the casement must surely give

ay very soon. In order to stop No. 252 a red lantern would have to be hung outside the station, and no time should be lost in putting it there.

in putting it there.

"Perhaps the burglar has pals guarding the building, and if I open the door I shall be overpowered and the office will be in their hands. That would never do. They must not know that any one is here.

Thus I argued nerveusly to myself.
Then a heavy thought struck me. I

Thus I argued nervously to myself.
Then a happy thought struck me. I
remembered that one of the lantern
brackets wasn't more than two feet
from the front window, which was
close beside me and overlooked the

close beside me and overlooked the platform. By lowering the window at the top I could probably reach it. Taking advantage of every rush and sweep of the wind I managed to raise the shade and open the window with-out making a noise likely to alarm my lawless visitor. Nobody was to be seen on that side of the place and the signal was quickly made fast to the

"In a few minutes the freight will stop opposite the office and the conductor and engineer will bang on the door for their orders. I can tell them my predicament in a jiffy and the rascal won't dare to tackle three of us."

Quite satisfied with this reasoning

I shut the window softly and fixed the shade so that the lantern might not be hidden entirely from my view, lest any one should disturb it.

That done, I returned to the key and took the order from the despatcher. The lamp was too low for me to see plainly, but it seemed unwise to increase the light. As it was, things looked was better. wise to increase the light. As it was, things looked much better for me than they had a short time before, and if all went well there was a good prospect of the county jail having another

At any rate, I took courage.

By the body of the order I learned that the conductor of 252 was Frank Henderson, a strong, courageous, manly fellow, who had seen me with

Ed and had several times slowed up his train to let me off near my home.

"Just wait till Henderson gets hold of you, you villain!" I thought, almost aloud, grating my teeth and shaking my clenched fist in the direction of the ticket window.

Perhaps fifteen minutes had now elapsed since I first discovered the burglar's presence. During that time

burglar's presence. During that time operations at the window had been active in spells lasting two or three minutes, after which things were quiet for a little while, which suggested that my man was trying to devise an easier

means of effecting an entrance.

"What can be keeping the freight so long?" I wondered. "It must be close on to half past 1."
I looked at my watch.

Great heavens! It was ten minutes

I nearly fell out of my chair. The truth flashed to my mind that the pounding had aroused me from sound asleep and that two hours had passed in what seemed to me not more

twenty minutes.
"No. 252 must have gone by over an hour ago and who knows what terrible disaster has resulted from my carelessness!"

Northbound freight No. 253 and southbound freight No. 252 were scheduled in the time table to pass each other ten miles below Hampton. but that night 252 was a little late out of Portsmouth and the despatcher had planned to "cross" them at Seabrook, five miles north of their regular meet-

Such were the instructions in the order I held.

My terror at realizing the destruc tion and loss of life that might already have ensued from my criminal stupid-ity dispelled for a brief time all thought of what was going on twelve feet behind me.
"Not in yet?" inquired the de-

spatcher. "Not in," I replied, fully conscious of my uncertainty, but fearing to

acknowledge it.
Attracted by a strange ray of light, I looked around and saw that the ticket window had been raised, the shade pushed aside, and a dark lantern

was being used to search the office. The extreme western end of the office, where I stood, could not possibly be seen from the waiting room. Hence, the thief would doubtless think the place unoccupied, I expected momentarily to see the iron guard

smashed in.
"No. 252 left SY (the nearest night "No. 202 left SI (the hearest night station north of Hampton, six miles away) at 1.15. For God's sake, don't let it get by you," urgel the des-patcher, excitedly.

It was not necessary to invent a

response. I heard talking outside, and recognized Henderson's voice.

Putting one foot on the table, I

jerked open the window and leaped

In less than twenty seconds thereafter Conductor Henderson, Engineer Cole, Brakeman Kelly, each carrying a lantern, and myself, marched into the women's waiting room. We found part of the glass in the door cut away, and the fastening removed.

Mr. Thief was all prepared to make his exit, but the sudden arrival of four obstinate-looking spectators made him conclude that it was better to surrender.

No. 252 was standing just above the station, and at the engineer's sig-nal his fireman pulled down to where

Get in there,"commanded Henderson to his prisoner, pointing to the caboose. "We'll take care of you."

caboose. "We'll take care of you."

And he obeyed,

I climbed back through the window, repeated the order to headquarters with the proper signatures, received the despatcher's indorsement, and 252 went on. Her delay had been caused by snapping a draw bar on an up grade, and having to chain and rechain the cars together before the train could

Henderson said afterward that the fellow escaped being locked up, but that he did not escape being pitched off into a snowdrift.

Anyhow, I never saw him again, and that was the first, and last time I was the last was the first and last time I was fell sales while on data.

ever fell asleep while on duty.—New York Sun.

Glass Plates That Bend.

It appears that the Chinese have the art of making pliableglass plates.

They are not solid, but plated from spun glass and made gorgeous by brilliant Oriental coloring. The strangest thing about them is that although they are made of glass, one can bend them backward and forward as

if they were putty or pliable clay.

In hearing of these strange plates one is reminded of a story told originally by Pliny in his Natural History, and popular during the middle ages. As narrated in the "Gesta Romano As narrated in the "Gesta Romanorum"—that strange repository of monkish lore—the tale runs thus: "It happened that a certain artificer fabricated a plate which, being exhibited before the emperor (Tiberius), he attempted, but ineffectually, to break it. It bent, however, beneath his efforts, and the artificer, applying a hammer and working upon the glass as upon copper, presently restored it to its level. Tiberius inquired by what arts this was affected and the other replied this was affected, and the other replied that it was ascered the other replied that it was ascered not to be disclosed. Immediately he was ordered to the block, the emperer alleging that if such an art should be practiced gold and silver would be reckoned as nothing?

The "Gesta Romanorum" pretends to be nothing but a collection of amus-ing stories and in it Pliny mingled fact and myths, so that it is hard to separate them. In this particular cese, however, it appears that the old Roman naturalist might have been telling the truth after all.--Chicago

THE REALM OF FASHION. A THE REALM OF PASITION.

The Eton styles are as popular as ever this season, and deservedly so, as they supply a smart finish to any costume, without adding much to



weight or warmth.

weight or warmth. As here represented by May Manton it can be used either as a jacket for outdoor wear or a waist for any ordinary occasion.

Fine brown serge is the material chosen, the revers and vest being of mode-colored poplin, banded with narrow brown related to match that of row brown velvet to match that of wider width used for jacket trimming and belt.

Turban of light brown fancy straw, with loops of mode and brown taffeta ribbon, aigrette and yellow cowslip

The vest can be made adjustable or omitted, if not desired, a shirt waist

ing 34 yards in the medium size. The ing 34 yards in the medium size. The back gore, straight in center, is gathered at the top, and arranged underneath the places of the side gores that meet in center tack, thus giving the fullness necessary. If well over the saddle without the convenience of the intricate saddle gore. Placket openings are finished with triple pointed over laps and closed with buttons and over laps and closed with buttons and buttonholes; the band that finishes the top of front lapping over with hooks into loops on the belt that supports the skirt and closes in centre front.

A Serviceable Basqu

Marine blue granite cloth is used for this serviceable basque, the trimming of wide and narrow braid relieving the severity of the outline. Three hand-somely carved pearl buttons placed on the extension of the right front add much to the decoration. The mode is one that is very generally becoming, and is especially adapted to tailor-made effects. A gore joined to the right front extends it in double-breastright front extends it in double-breast-ed fashion, while the seam in the cen-tre insures a perfectly fitting adjust-ment. With this gore omitted a sin-gle-breasted effect results, and the basque is simply closed in centre front with buttons and button-holes, as shown in small outline sketch. A pershown in small outline sketch. A perfectly fitting adjustment is rendered by double bust darts, underarm and sideback gores, with a centre back seam that ends in a regular coat lap below the waist line. Coat pleats give a becoming fulness at the lower end of the side-back seams. The close-fitting collar may close at the front or at the shoulder, as desired, the nattern proshoulder, as desired, the pattern pro-viding for both styles. The two-seamed sleeves are in latest coat style,

the slight fullness being collected in gathers at the top, and the wrists are finished with trimming to correspond



BLOUSE JACKET AND SIX-GORED BICYCLE SKIRT.

or full vest front showing to advan-

The close-fitting adjustment is performed by single bust darts and under-arm gores, the back being fitted by shoulder and under-arm seams.

The under-faced fronts roll back above the bust to form narrow lapels

that stand out from the standing col-lar with circular pointed upper por-tion that finishes the neck. To make this jacket for a lady of medium size one and a half yards of material fifty-four inches wide will be

Ideal Costume For Wheeling Black cheviot of a heavy weight is the material chosen for the stylish suit shown in the large engraving, a tailor finish of machine stitching and

bone buttons being the only decora bone buttons being the only decora-tion. The blouse jacket is fitted smoothly in the back by under-arm gores and shoulder seams, the fronts that lap in double breasted fashion having slight fullness disposed of in plaits at the waist line. The added basque fits smoothly over the hips, dividing in center front and back. The fronts are underfaced widely and roll back in lapsels above the bust or from back in lapels above the bust or from

back in lapels above the bust or from the waist as desired, meeting the roll-ing collar at the neck by notches. The skirt is one of the most practi-cal and comfortable yet offered to wheelwomen, being shaped with six gores that hang evenly and will not sag. It is of moderate width measur-

with the basque. Serge, cheviot, ladies' and Venetian cloth and all kinds to basques in this style.

All kinds of plain and fancy braids can be used for decoration, or a severe



BASQUE, SINGLE OR DOUBLE BREASTED. finish of machine stitching is quite as

appropriate.

To make this waist for a woman of medium size will require two and one-quarter yards of forty-four-inch ma-terial.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents. anteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak rong, blood pure. 50c, \$1. All druggista

The remains of a Roman military hospital have recently been found near Zurich

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—Mrs. ALLIE DOUG-LASS, Le Roy, Mich., Oct. 20, 1894.

The gold reserve in the United States Treasury now amounts to \$178,281,736.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipution forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Barcelona, the largest city in Spain, has 520,000 inhabitants; Madrid, 507,000.

Hope Returned

Stomach and LiverTroubles Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I suffered from stomach and liver trou-bles and was confined to my house for a long time. I was entirely deaf in one ear. I endured great distress in my stomach and could not eat hearty food. I had given up hope of ever being well. Reading of cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla I decided to give it a trial. Soon after I began taking it I could see it had a good effect. I con-tinued its use until my deafness was cured and my stomach and liver troubles re-lieved." W. T. Norton, Canisteo, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsa-parilla Is America's Greatest Medicine. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills are gentle, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

A Lutheran University. The proposed Lutheran University probably will be built in Chicago, or, at least, very near that city. The purpose of the church is to found an institution on the model of the foremost foreign universities and to endow it with at least \$2,000,000. The fund will be raised according to systematic plans already devised. According to a recent discussion of the project, Chicago was selected as the site of the institution on account of its central location. central location. The strongest Lutheran cities in the country are New York and Philadelphia, neither of which was selected, for fear the Lutheran spirit in the other would be blighted with jealousy. The univer-sity is intended to unite all the Lutherans of the land and, as the Northwest is largely peopled by foreigners who are members of the sect, Chicago was deemed an admirable location for the institution. The honor of originating the idea of a Lutheran university belongs to the Rev. G. A. Bierdemann, of Utica.

How Pekin is Lighted.

Pekin is advancing. So at least one gathers from the Pekin and Tientsin Times, which announces that a couple of gas lamps, and three petroleum lamps now illuminate the capital of the celestial kingdom. This unwonted departure, however, is not due to native contact. tive enterprise. The gas lights are set up in front of the Russian em-bassy, while the three lesser lumin-aries shine for the benefit of the customers of the Russo-Chinese Bank. Throughout the rest of the city wayfarers still have to follow their noses as soon as darkness sets in.

MRS. LUCY GOODWIN

Suffered four years with female troubles. She now writes to Mrs. Pinkham of her complete recovery. Read her letter:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:-I wish you to publish what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Sanative Wash and

have done for for four years with womb trouble. My doctor said I had falling of the womb. also suffered prostration, faint,

with nervous prostration, faint, all-gone feelings, palpita-tion of the heart, bearing-down sensation and painful menstruation. I could not stand but a few minutes at a time. When I commenced taking your med-

icine I could not sit up half a day, but before I had used half a bottle I was up and helped about my work. I have taken three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and

used one package of Sanative Wash, and am cured of all my troubles. I feel like a new woman. I can do all kinds of housework and feel stronger than I ever did in my life. I now weigh 1313 pounds. Before using your medicine I

weighed only 108 pounds.
Surely it is the grandest medicine for weak woman that ever was, and my advice to all who are suffering from any female trouble is to try it at once and be well. Your medicine has proven a blessing to me, and I cannot praise it enough.—Mrs. Lucy Goodwin-Holly, W. Va.



... CURE CONSTIPATION.

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all drug