Weary they turn from the scroll and crown retter and prayer and plow— They that go up to the Merciful Town, For her gates are closing now. It is their right in the baths of Night

Body and soul to steep; We—pity us; ah! pity us! We wakeful; oh! pity us! Ye must go back with Policeman Day— Jack from the City of Sleep!

Over the edge of the purple down, Ere the tender dreams begin;

Ere the tender dreams begin;

Look—we may look—at the Merciful Town,
But we may not enter in.
Outcasts all, from mer guarded wall,
Back to one watch we creep;
We—phy us; ah! pity us!
We that go back with Policeman Day—
Back from the City of Sleep!
—Rudyard Kipling.

HOLDING THE EXPRESS. BY GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH

"I'm going to make out my applica-tion for promotion to the Junction this morning," remarked Ray Stannard, emphatically. "I don't believe the railroad would ever promote one if he di ln't ask for it.'

"Probably not, Ray," answered Arthur, his brother, and senior by two years. "But on the other hand you might lose your position if you seem dissatisfied. I've been promoted twice, and I never once asked for an advance."

'That's the difference between your That's the difference between your store, where the officers are all gentlemen, and the J. T. & W. railroad, where you don't know who is the authority. Those who pay me my wages never come down to see me. They even send an agent down to col-lect the monthly bills. If I could get Ap at the Junction in the main office I night get a chance to work up. But down here at this small station I'm

Mown here at this small station I'm not noticed, and nobody knows whether I do my work well or not."

"Do you believe that?" Arthur asked. "Don't you think they know up at headquarters what agents do their duty thoroughly? I don't know, but I'll bet they have a record of you, and every other employe on the road. "Well, my record is clean," Ray replied. "My reports have all bee i corplied. "My reports have all bee i corplied."

plied. "My reports have all beer correct, and I have never made a mistake

of a serious nature in my office."

"Then I should say such a record will tell in your favor in time. Yes, when I'm an old 'In time?

man. I've been here four years—ever since I left school—and I'm no nearer promotion than at first.' Arthur shook his head. At the fork

in the road they separated, and Arthur's last words to his brother 'Don't do things hasty, Ray. Re-

member, we must support mother, and if you lose your position things will go hard this winter.'

"Oh, they won't drop me," Ray answered, a little proudly. "They know that I'm valuable to them, and they won't get another agent here to do their work so well."

The two brothers worked, about a anile apart—Arthur in a large factory below Jamesport, and Ray in the rail-road station just outside of the village. Four years before Mr. Stannard had

died, leaving his wife and two children practically penniless. Both of them were at school at the time, preparing for college; but with praiseworthy real they gave up their cherished plans without a murmur, and secured em-

ployment to support their mother.

Arthur was doing well in the woolen factory, where he was liked and frusted, and Ray had always per-lormed his duties satisfactorily as agent for the railroad at Jamesport. He was quick at figures and a good was quick at figures and a good

blegraph operator.

But as the months and years passed jis ambition to secure a position in the main office at the Jurction grew apon him, but seemed to be doomed to disappointment. His position was more irritating because his brother had wice in the same time been proported in the factory. noted in the factory.

atisfied this morning, as he left arthur, and trudged on toward the railroad. He entered the small station and proceeded slowly to perform the rection details of the file. routine duties of his office

Then, when the morning express had passed and the way bills had been made out, he sat down before his desk and began t- write out his applitation. "It's the only way I'll ever get ad-

ranced," he muttered to himself, as if so strengthen any wavering of his decision. "I've waited four years for some recognition of my service from the company, and at this rate it will have year and I believe ever one who never come. I believe every one who succeeds in railroading has to push his way forward.

Satisfied with this argument, he proceeded to fame his thoughts, and to put them upon paper. He found, when he came to enumerate his good points, that he had done nothing traordinary—only administered the affairs of his office intelligently, and without any serious mistakes.

Ray had fair gifts as a writer, and the control was well worded. When points, that he had done nothing

Hay had fair gifts as a writer, and his petition was well worded. When finished he read it over to see if it sounded just right. He was right in the midst of it when his telegraph instrument began to click. He listened to its sounds, and read the message:

"Hold the west-bound express at Jamesport until further orders. Track is torn up between Jamesport and the

Ray took a mental note of the mes-

an hour," he said.

Then once more he started to read his petition. After making a few corrections he laid it down on his desk with a satisfied smile.

"There, if that doesn't do the work I'm mistaken," he muttered in an undertone. "I don't think Arthur undertone. "I don't think Arthur could find fault with it." It was only natural that the idea of

It was only natural that the idea of securing promotion should stimulate the boy's imagination, and that he began to plan for the future. Tipped back in his comfortable chair, he thought of the time when he might become superintendent of the division, and probably in time general passenger agent, and even president, of the road. Then, with a big salary and a private car, he would be his own master and support his mother in the style she deserved.

A wave of compassion for other

A wave of compassion for other boys and poor station agents swept over him. He would make an innova-tion in the management of the road. He would visit every station at cer-tain times and personally inspect the record of the agents. Then, where good service warranted it, he would make promotions, and not keep deserving employes in one place for a long

It was pleasant to think of the gratitude the men would feel toward him, and in his dreams he posed as a benefactor to the deserving poor on the road with considerable grace and condescension. It was an added satisfaction to know that he had worked up from the lowest position to the highest, and that he was familiar with all the discouragements and dissap-

pointments of the various employes.

In the midst of his dreams he heard In the midst of his dreams he heard the shriek of an engine, but it seemed more like the echo of a dream than a reality. It took some moments for Ray to bring himself back to practical thoughts.

Suddenly he dropped his feet from their reach on the disk with a bang.

their perch on the d.sk with a bang, and jumped from his chair with the startled exclamation:

"The express is coming!"
It was indeed the whistle of the approaching express that had sounded so far away in his dreams, and now he could hear the roar and rumble of the train as it bore down upon him at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

In an instant the telegraphic order

to hold the express at Jamesport flashed across Ray's mind. That order had not yet been countermanded, and the express was down upon him without any signals to stop her.

The boy turned deathly pale as he sprang to his feet and rushed for the door. Just as he reached the platform of the station the express gave utterance to another shrill whistle and flashed by the small depot like a hurricane. In the strong suction of wind that followed in the wake of the fly-ing train Ray lost his hat, but, un-mindful of that, he stood as if petri-fied by the awful catastrophe which his negligence had caused.

The express was rushing on to its doom, carrying with it probably several hundred people. Ray was helpless to avert the terrible calamity. helpless to avert the terrible calamit.

The track was torn up between the two stations, and it would do no good two stations, and it be Junction. The harm was already done, and no earthly

power could save the train. Ray staggered into the office. Every particle of blood had left his face. He felt weak and helpless. Burying his face into his hands, he gave vent to sobs that shook his frame. Before him was his petition for promotion. The sight of it brought a revulsion of feelings, and he took it up and tore it into shreds.
"If it hadn't been for that I would

have attended to my duty," he mut-

Then the cold perspiration broke out upon his forehead as he again realized the horror of his situation. He was a murderer a hundred times over; in all probability the train was already wrecked, and scores of mangled, bleeding corpses were crying to heaven against the perfidy of the man who had so suddenly launched

them to their destruction.
"Oh, God, help me!" the boy cried, in his utter helplessness.

Under the strain it seemed as if he would lose his mind, and he rose from his seat and paced back and forth in

"I must do something," he said, finally. "I'll face it all and telegraph to the Junction for a wrecking train. I shall not try to excuse myself."

He seated himself at his desk again

and seized the knob of the machine, but before he could call up the operator at the Junction a message for him came ticking over the wires:

"Release the express. Track all E. T. T." clear.

For an instant the boy could not comprehend the full import and mean-ing of this message to him. Then, as it dawned upon him, the revulsion of feeling was too much for his strength. He dropped back into his chair, and for an instant it seeme las if he lost

walked unsteadily toward the door and opened it to take a full breath of fush in. The world pears seemed so fresh air. The world never seemed so beautiful to him as at that moment. beautiful to him as at that moment. Every familiar object of the landscape impressed him as being dear and attractive. He was in love with his native village, and his small, insignificant office appeared in a new light. When he turned around and realized it all he said alond: it all, he said aloud:
"Thank God it is not true; it is not

true. That night Arthur asked Ray if he had forwarded his petition for pro-

motion to headquarters.

"No," the boy replied, "I have thought it all over, and I feel content where I am. I won't make any request for a promotion."

Arthur looked queerly at his brother

*She won't be her inside of half and wondered at the cause of his sud an hour," he said. den change of opinion, but Ray did not divulge his secret until long after. One day there came word from the chief at the Junction requesting Ray to appear for examination for promo-

That night when he was assured of of his new place, he related to Arthur the terrible accident that his neglect

had nearly caused to the express.

"I was so thankful when I found that it was not true," he concluded, "that I had no further desire for promotion. It made me satisfied with motion. It made me satisfied with my position, and warned me that I could do more good in attending to my duty than in worrying for something higher. It was an experience and lesson, Arthur, that I can never forget."

forget."

And the boy shuddered at the mere recollection of his terrible mistake— a mistake which none but himself knew about, but which might have ruined him for life and precipitated two hundred lives into eternity!

THE UNIVERSAL AILMENT.

Some Suggestions as to the Mitigation of the Disease Once Called Outney.

Quinsy, or tonsilitis, is an acute in Quinsy, or tonsintis, is an acute in-flammation of one or both tonsils. The inflammation is commonly very "active," causing great pain and end-ing in the formation of matter. Children, and especially young adults, are most subject to the disease, for it is in them that the tonsils are

for it is in them that the tonsils are for it is in them that the tonsis are most fully developed and most prone to take on inflammation. The glands gradually become smaller in middle life and have more or less completely disappeared in those who have reached

The cause of quinsy is not always evident. A tendency to the disease seems sometimes to run in families, and it has been noted that those who have frequent attacks of tonsilitis in youth often suffer from gout or rheu-matism in later life. The immediate cause seems often to be exposure to cold and wet when the person is fatigued or a little "under the weather. The presence of sewer gas in the house has been accused of exciting attacks of tonsilitis in those unfortunates who have contracted the quinsy

habit.

The first indication of trouble is usually a chill or chilly sensation, such as many people have come to recognize as a sign of having caught cold. This is followed by a little fever, with dryness and "stiffness" in the throat and a little pain on swallowing.

The pain, which rapidly increases,

is continuous, but is greatly aggra-vated by the chewing and swallowing of food. On looking into the throat the swollen and reddened tonsil is readily seen. When both tonsils are the swonen and redeeled tonsh is readily seen. When both tonsils are affected they may often be seen pressing against each other, and seemingly blocking up the throat completely.

Sometimes the trouble may-appar ently, at least—be cut short by early treatment, but usually the inflammation goes on to the formation and dis-

charge of an abcess.

A person with tonsilitis should live on milk and broths. Indeed, there is no temptation to take solid food, not only because of the pain in swallow-

ing, but because the appetite is lost. Gargling with a strong solution of borax or bicarbonate of soda in hot water, to which a little glycerine has been added, is very grateful. Cold compresses applied to the throat at compresses applied to the throat at the beginning of an attack occasion-ally appear to cut it short, but after the formation of pus has clearly be-come inevitable, warm applications or poultices should be used. As soon as matter has formed it should be let out, and the ensuing relief will amply compensate for the momentary pain of the little operation—Youth's Companion.

Dogs for Lazy Wheelmen

The dog in harness as applied to the traction of the cycle is a novelty which will rightly never be tolerated in the British Isles, but the Belgian has advanced the idea of using canine traction for neck and collar work in drawing the hickels up hill and at Street ing the bicycle up hill, and at Stras ing the bleycle up hill, and at Strasburg the strong mastiff may be seen performing the same service for the tricycle. As to the Belgian dog, when he has done his work he receives his reward. He jumps up behind like a smart groom and shares with his master the joys of the descent. Not so ter the joys of the descent. Not so the Strasburg hound; he is always on duty; he is harnessed behind the ma-chine, but his face is toward the guid-ing wheel and he does not jib. He can not go in front, for he would inter-fere with the steering, but the tricy-glist declares he rejoices to pull he clist declares he rejoices to pull behind. There is no doubt the dog does show some sense of gratified pride in working in harness. In Belgium and in Switzerland one may often see the free and unattached dog trying to shove behind the hand cart as a volshove behind the hand cart as a voi-unteer pushing when he may not pull. But in spite of his good will, the fatal result shows itself in the curved back and distorted legs,—Pall Mall Gazetta.

Earnings of Canadian Indiana

There are some astonishing in recent returns presented to the Do-minion parliament showing the amount of Indian earnings for the last year. of Indian earnings for the last year. According to these statistics the Indians of Canada received as proceeds of the fisheries \$450,270.85, and as earned by hunting \$408,318.83. The statement "earned by hunting," as our long-time Quebec correspondent, Mr. J. U. Gregory, tells us, is to be understood as including all furs, wherever sold, to the Hudson's Bay company or others. In these days company or others. In these days, when we are all talking about the obliteration of wild creatures, this annual fur catch of more than \$400,000 for Canada is significant of an enormous native supply, all the more remarkable since the fur industry has been carried on for so many decades—Forest and Stream,

THE REALM OF FASHION. THE REALM OF PASITION.

A Cool and Useful Costume.

No costume is cooler in appearance or more truly useful to the eye than that of pure white, untouched by color. The model shown in the illustration, while well adapted to all



transparent stuffs and to China and India silks, has a peculiar fitness for organdie, dimity and Persian lawn, and is represented in the last-named material, with trimming of fine needlework bands and frills. The foundation for the waist is a fitted lining, which closes at the centre-front. On it are mounted the yoke of puffs and bands, and the full back and fronts. As shown the need is cut on front. On it are mounted the yoke of puffs and bands, and the full back and fronts. As shown, the neck is cut on the first line of perforations, so forming a shallow open square, but the pattern provides for high neck as well. fronts. As shown, the neck is cut on the first line of perforations, so form-ing a shallow open square, but the pattern provides for high neck as well. In either case the waist proper closes In either case the waist proper closes in visibly beneath the centre band of embroidery, and the yoke at the left shoulder seam and arm's eye. The sleeves are arranged in a series of the lightest that could be devised.

souvenir suitable for a bride to give her attendant is a purse made of a bit of the brocade like her wedding gown, mounted with silver-gilt, with her initials in silver-gilt on one side and the owner's on the other. The chain suspended to this purse may be a long one of silver.—Ladies' Home Journal. Journal.

A Fashionable Cape.

A real consist cape.

A novelty in capes is made of violet taffeta silk shirred in cords into two deep puffs, which draw it closely over the shoulders in a prim sort of way, quite unlike the flutes and yards of fuldeep frill of silk which falls below the puffs extends the cape a little below puffs extends the cape a little below the elbows. A round collar and short stole of gnipure fastened across with black velvet bows and buckles are the only trimming.

Woman's Ald Work in India. The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava has issued her report for last year of the United Kingdom branch of the work done by the great fund bearing her own name for the medical aid of women in India. It states that in the twelve months under review no less than 1,327,000 women received atten-tion either in hospitals or their own homes from lady doctors. There as now 103 hospitals and dispensaries. There are

The Bicycle Parasol.

The wheelwoman no longer exposes



puffs, with bands of insertion between each two, and are mounted upon fitted linings, which are two-seamed, but can be omitted, the puffing only being used if preferred. At the neck and wrists are frills of needlework.

To make this waist for a woman in the medium size three and one-half yards of material thirty-six inches wide will be required.

A Novel Cape No wardrobe is wholly complete without a wrap that can be slipped on and off with ease. The novel cape shown in the large illustration by May

The pointed revers are cut separate and attached to the fronts, and are both faced with white mousseline de soie, which was purchased shirred ready for use. At the neck is a stand-ing collar, within which is a double frill of mousseline, which is also

To make this cape for a woman of medium size five and a half yards of material twenty-two inches wide will be required.

The old-time knitted silk purse of our grandmothers has a curious de-scendant in the knitted silk card cases scendant in the knitted silk card cases which some ladies carry nowadays. The silk is sometimes mixed with gold or silver thread, or with bright steel or bronze beads, to form designs. One side is stiffened by cardboard covered with silk and the corners are tipped with silver or gold as are those of leather card-cases. The knitted silk case is said to wear longer and hold more cards than its leather brother.

The fashionable purse is made of a bit of hyaointh purple or emerald green brocade mounted with a silvergilt clasp, and with either a short chain to go over the wrist or a long one to go around the neck. A dainty

An Easy, Comfortable Gown.

An easy, comfortable gown, that can be made as cool or as warm as desired by the selection of suitable materials, is here shown. Green and white linen lawn is the material selected, narrow valenciennes lace and inserting forming the dainy decoraselected, narrow valenciennes lace and insertion forming the dainty decoration. A bow and ends of diagonally striped green, violet and white ribbon is tied between the edges of the turnover collar that completes the neck. The back, in princess style, is fitted with a curving seam, side back and under arm darts, rendering a perfect adjustment over the hips. The semiwithout a wrap that can be slipped on and off with ease. The novel cape shown in the large illustration by May Manton serves every need, while at the same time it is chic in the extreme, representing, as it does, the latest Parisian style. The model is of satinfaced cloth in soft mode, with yoke and bands of applique edged with velvet ribbon, but bengaline and all heavy silks, as well as lace, are equally appropriate.

The foundation is circular, and extends to the edge of the third ruffle. The yoke is faced on and the two upper ruffles are stitched into place as indicated, but the third and last is seamed to the edge. All three are circular in shape, and they, as well as the foundation cape, are lined with silk.

The pointed rayars are out searcet.



WRAPPER WITH OR WITHOUT LINING

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The game of chess is taught in all the Australian public schools. Piso's Cure cured me of a Throat and Lung trouble of three years' standing.—E. CADY. Huntington, Ind., Nov. 12, 1894.

Third-class railway fares in India are less than a farthing a mile.

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

It was the Germans who first opened Asia Minor to the traffic of the world.

Scrofula Swellings

Health Was Very Poor But Hood's Sarsaparilla Has Cured Her. "My daughter had scrofula swellings on

her neck and her health was very poor. she did not obtain lasting benefit from medicines until she began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Three bottles of this medicine entirely cured her and she has never been troubled with scrotula since I have great faith in Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. L. D. Effner, Ruth, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

Speed in Collisions.

Cows used to throw trains off the track, because the engineers, in a panic, blew down brakes and equalized chances. In these latter days, asserts an Eastern writer, a whole herd of cows could not harm a train. herd of cows could not harm a train. If a thousand were to get in the way of a locomotive the engineer would "pull her wide open" and go scooting through. When the captain of the through. When the captain of the Paris sought to reassure his passengers on the last trip from England he said, with much nonchalance: "Under full headway the Paris can cut through fifteen Spanish warships." That was a slight exaggeration, of course, but experience has proved more than once that safety in a collision at sea de-pends on the speed of the moving body. A steamer of 10,000 tons displacement traveling twenty knots an hour goes through an ordinary vessel like a hot knife through butter, escaping without a scratch.—Kansas City (Mo.) Journal.

"I DO MY OWN WORK."

So Says Mrs. Mary Rochiette of Linden, New Jersey, in this Letter to Mrs. Pinkham.

"I was bothered with a flow which would be quite annoying at times, and at others would almost stop.

"I used prescriptions given me by my physician, but the same state of affairs

continued. time I was taken with a flooding, that I was obliged to keep my bed. Finally, " in despair, I

despair, in gave up my doctor, and began taking your medicine, and have certainly been greatly benefited by its use.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-pound has indeed been a friend to me. "I am now able to do my own work, thanks to your wonderful medicine. I was as near death I believe as I could be, so weak that my pulse scarcely beat and my heart had almost given out. I could not have stood it one week more. I am sure. I never thought I would be so grateful to any medicine.

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