

WHAT THE BULLET SANG.

O, joy of creation,
To be!
O, rapture to fly
And be free!
Be the battle lost or won,
Though his smoke shall hide the sun,
I shall find my love—the one
Born for me!

I shall know him where he stands,
All alone,
With the power in his hands
Not o'erthrown.
I shall know him by his face,
By his godlike front and grace,
I shall hold him for a space
All my own!

It is he—O, my love!
So bold!
It is I—all thy love
Foretold!

It is I, O, love what bliss!
Dost thou answer to my kiss?
Ah, sweetheart, what is this?
So cold!

—Bret Harte, in Harper's Weekly, 1861.

THE STALLED TRAIN.

BY HELEN BECKMAN.

The north-bound train on the Philadelphia & Erie was in the midst of the wilderness of hills and forests that is so picturesque and even grand in the summer season.

It was Saturday afternoon, and the fifty emigrants and travelers—men, women and children—expected to get into Erie and make a connection with the Shore road early on the morrow.

It had been shedding snow feathers all day from a sky of leaden gray, that grew more sombre as night approached.

At midnight the train came to a stop. The dozing people started up, rubbed the glass and looked out. The faint light from the windows revealed snow, and only snow, rising up to the black sky.

"Are we at the station?" This question was asked of the conductor by a low, sweet voice, and stopping he saw a beautiful girl. He had noticed her frequently during the day, and resting against her shoulder was an elderly lady, evidently an invalid.

The conductor stroked his brown beard nervously, and bending over, as if he did not wish the passengers to hear, he said:

"There's something of a drift ahead, miss, but we hope to get through."

As he went off with his wire-bound lantern swinging from his arm, the rain began to back and kept backing all it had gone some distance. Then came another stop, then another forward movement. The puffing grew louder, the speed greater, and the engine, like a desperate charger under the spurs of a daring rider, plunged into the drift that filled the long cut.

Again the train was brought to a stand, and still in ceaseless descent the snow came down on all sides.

A tall, muffled man, with a dark mustache and large, bright eyes, rose from the seat behind Mrs. Paulding and her daughter, Julia, and as he passed them Julia asked:

"Would you please, sir, to let us know if there is any danger?"

"Certainly, miss," replied the stranger, and as he spoke lifted his hat and went to the front of the car and out on the platform.

Here he met the conductor and the engineer talking in anxious tones.

"Try it again, Jim," urged the conductor.

"But where's the use? We have no fuel, and the steam is down to 20 pounds and still a-sinking."

"Can't you back out of the cut?" asked Martin Reynolds, the young stranger.

"Back out of the cut, sir?" repeated the engineer as he drew his blue sleeve across his swarthy brow.

"Why, bless you, the cut runs back for six miles, and the snow in parts of it is high as the smokestack by this time."

"How far does the cut extend ahead?" asked Martin Reynolds, who was the coolest of the three.

"About two miles, and after that the road gets worse and worse."

"Are there any farmhouses near here?"

"No, sir; I doubt if there's a human being outside of the train within ten miles of us," replied the conductor.

"It is now midnight," said Martin Reynolds, "and I presume nothing can be done till morning."

"I doubt if we'll be able to do anything in the morning. We must wait till they find us, and heaven only knows when that will be."

Martin Reynolds went back to where Julia Paulding was sitting, supporting her mother, and not wishing to tell them the worst, he said:

"We can't get on till morning, so we might as well make the best of a bad bargain by being as comfortable as possible."

As the car was by no means full, he arranged two seats, and some wraps of his own, which with those of Mrs. Paulding made a comfortable bed, and then he insisted that they should both lie down and sleep.

He was one of those men whose presence begets confidence, and whose voice carries with it an authority that melts resistance and makes obedience a pleasure.

Having made the invalid and her daughter as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, Martin Reynolds went off and did the same for emigrant women and children in the other car. And so it was that by morning even the conductor and engineer—having exhausted their own native resources—obeyed him as if he had a commission to direct.

All the remaining fuel—it was not much—was taken back to the two passenger cars and orders were given to use it economically.

When daylight came a number of men, Martin Reynolds in the advance, succeeded in cutting a track to the top of the embankment. From this point the train was nearly hidden, and before and behind, far as the eye could reach, was one vast snow-level.

Martin Reynolds had learned that there was food enough on the train to last the people for that day; now he saw that many days must elapse before they could be reached, if indeed their whereabouts be learned by those anxious for their safety.

"I wish we only had a telegraph operator and instruments on board, we might send word where we are and how we're fixed," said the conductor.

"While you're wishing," said the engineer, "it costs no more to wish us out of this scrape. Can't you see that the telegraph lines are all down?"

"Come men, help me to dig up one of the wires—all of the wires," said Martin Reynolds, himself setting the example.

"What good will that do?" asked the conductor, working like a beaver, nevertheless.

"I am a telegraph engineer, and understand operating," replied Martin Reynolds.

"But you have no instrument to send or receive a message?"

"Trust me," was the reply.

After much shoveling the wires were found where they had fallen with the poles.

Quick as a flash Martin Reynolds cut one wire, and kneeling down placed an end in each corner of his mouth and against his teeth. He waited for a few seconds; no current passed through, so he cast it away.

Another and another wire was tried with the same result, till only one remained.

So far Martin Reynolds had been very calm, but as he raised the broken ends of the last wire to his lips—the wire on which the fate of so many people depended—his strong hands trembled.

The others watched eagerly. The wires had been in his mouth but a few seconds when they saw his face flush and a glad light come into his handsome eyes.

Holding the wires against his teeth, he read:

"Who calls?"

"Lock Haven; who are you?" was the answer.

"Cleveland; all the wires to the southeast are down but this."

"Have you any news of the P. & E. train that left here Saturday morning?"

"No, and don't expect to have for a week. Good-by."

Quick as thought Martin Reynolds brought both wires together. If the batteries were not shut off he might win.

Rapidly the edges clicked the alarm.

"Who calls?" asked Cleveland.

"The P. & E. train."

"Where are you?"

"In deep cut north of Kane. Women and children in danger. For God's sake send help!"

At this instant the circuit was broken, but the news was flashed of their whereabouts.

Cleveland was two hundred and fifty miles away, but the people there were told that human beings were in danger of perishing, and soon a million brave men would know it.

Martin Reynolds went down and made the people give him all their food. This he divided into rations, and locked up what he did not serve at once.

He took care of the poor invalid, cheering her with the hope of a speedy rescue, and promising Julia to stand by her till he saw her safely landed in Cleveland.

With the two dull train axes he made the men cut fuel and carry it down to the cars, so that when another night came there was no danger of freezing.

Sunday passed; Monday came and passed, and the last scrap of food had been dealt out to the hungry children.

Tuesday came, and the men who were famishing proposed to make their way through the snow mountains to some settlement, but Martin Reynolds prevailed on them to wait.

It was late in the afternoon when a shrill whistle was heard far up the road, but it sounded like music and gave the people heart.

It was near dark when men reached the train laden with supplies. And it was another day before the train got through to Erie.

The people blessed their deliverer, but he replied that he had done nothing that any other man with his knowledge would not have done.

Julia Paulding refused to believe this. The man had come a hero to her, all the more of a hero for his gentleness and modesty.

Martin often blesses the storm that promised such disaster and brought him such a blessing. He thinks the invalid, now restored to health, a model mother-in-law, and he has won the legal right to protect Julia under all circumstances.—New York Ledger.

A Bold Desperado.
Australian papers which have recently arrived in this country contain columns about a stage hold-up sensation which developed into a comedy. The first report had it that a mail coach in New South Wales was held up, and that bushrangers had made a big haul of checks and postal orders. Most of the passengers by the coach lost their jewelry. Mounted police were in hot pursuit and arrested a man named James King. Then it came out that there was only one robber, who relieved the passengers while he had a dummy figure standing by the fence. Moreover, he held up the coach with a toy pistol. The police have found upon him five or six caps of the sort that children use with make-believe firearms.—New York Times.

GIANT PHILIPPINE BEES.

Honey-makers Which It Is Proposed to Introduce Into the United States.

There is one race inhabiting the Philippines which will be a welcome addition to American citizenship and receive every facility and inducement to emigrate to the United States and engage in the skilled labor in which it has no peer. This is the giant East Indian honey bee, whose immense capacity for making honey and wax has interested the department of agriculture in the consideration of an early effort to introduce it into the United States. It is nearly one-half larger than the American native honey bee, and builds a comb, heavy with wax and honey, five or six times as large as those found in American orchards and forests.

In the Philippine Islands their colonies are most numerous in the mountains, as the increasing quest of the natives for their honeycombs had driven them from the unprotected flatlands of the coast to the less thickly inhabited and more heavily wooded mountain regions. The Filipinos find their daily bread a rather easy proposition, but they are very fond of honey on the staff of life. There is also a large demand for wax for use in dyeing.

The big bees build their hives on tall forest trees or on the overhanging ledges of cliffs. When undisturbed branch swarms build near the parent colony, so that in a few years an immense bee settlement often grows up in the forest. The bees build a comb five or six feet long, four feet wide and from seven-eighths to one and one-half inches in thickness. The largest combs of American honey bees are not of more than one-fifth these dimensions. In appearance the giant bee is a snaky, glittering, iridescent black wasp-like figure, with orange bands encircling its body. There have been reports that this bee is most ferocious and on account of its great size extremely dangerous, but Prof. Frank Benton of the department of agriculture, Washington, has seen and handled them in their jungle haunts, and he tells a different story. They are such busy and persevering workers, according to Professor Benton's account, that they have lost dexterity with their stinging apparatus, and though they may alight, full of wrath and with evil intent, upon human hand or neck, they do not handle their offensive weapon with skill, and it takes them twenty or thirty seconds to get their sting in working order. They are quiet as compared with American bees.

Petitions have been coming into the department of agriculture for years asking that the government introduce these giant bees into the United States. No attempt at bringing them here has ever been successful. Professor Benton tried to bring to the United States a swarm of these honey-makers which he captured in the jungle. While he was sick in bed, on his way home, no one else on the vessel would attend to them and they all died.—New York Sun.

Wart Wizard Dying with His Secret.
Uncle John Pate, one of the last of the race of ante-bellum negroes left in this vicinity, is dying. He belonged before the war to the Pate estate, and is now 71 years of age. Uncle Johnnie has always been considered one of the characters of the town. He was a racehorse rider in his younger days, and in a moment of frankness told a white friend that he only "threw" one race in his life, and he was paid to do that. Uncle Johnnie has always been looked upon with awe by the other colored people of the city. This is because he bears a well-established reputation as a "conjuror." It is a matter of local tradition that when Uncle Johnnie does a "wart talk" those unsightly protuberances fade away as the morning dew before the sun.

Uncle Johnnie has always kept his "wart talk" a secret. He says it was transmitted to him by an ancestor, and that it has been in the family since Ham started in to colonize Africa. He will not accept money for his services as a wart conjuror, and says that even an expression of thanks will dispel the charm. He promised to impart the wart secret to some friend before he died and give the formula of "wart talk," so that Cloverport should always have a real, live "conjuror" to conjure away its warts in an hour of necessity, but, as Uncle Johnnie is delirious and nigh unto death, the chances are that his secret will be buried with him, and that he will be the last of the "conjurors."—Breckenridge (Ky.) News.

The Appetite of the Shark.
A considerable part of the food of fishes at the Aquarium is composed of other fishes—herring, cod, and so on cut into thin strips and slices and pieces of one size and shape and another, according to the wants of the fishes to be fed. Only clean and slightly food is put into the tanks, and so in cutting up the food there may be more or less refuse, heads and tails and other parts that must be thrown away. This depends, however, on how many sharks there are in the Aquarium. Just now there are twelve in the big central pool, and there is no refuse thrown away. They are not very big sharks, the biggest of them about four feet, but their appetites are good, and twelve sharks, even if they are not very large, can get away with a good deal of food. They eat all the refuse food and like it.

There are two sharks in one of the Aquarium's large double tanks which get for food nice shiny pieces out of the side of the fish, but it is probable that they would rather be with their twelve brothers in the pool, revelling on the heads and tails.—New York Sun.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THE LATEST DESIGNS FOR WINTER COSTUMES

NEW YORK CITY (Special).—The most radical change this season in all the array of fashionable garments has been made in the contour and general style of capes. The most approved models, like the golf cape shown in the large engraving, are longer than any we have worn for years, and the shawl shapes and other effects are wholly new, and in most instances very odd and striking. One model is formed like an open-fronted circular of three-quarter length, the lower dip of the cape in the back coming well over the length of the dress. To the entire edge of this cape is added a circular flounce, very wide at the back and graduating up to merely two or three inches as it nears the throat. Another somewhat shorter style, but entirely covering the lowest curve of the hips, is very much cut away on the fronts, revealing nearly all of the dressy front of the bodice of the gown made en suite. The entire edge of this cape is cut in deep scallops which are bordered with either silk gimp or a line of narrow fur, and beneath these scalloped edges is set a gathered ruffle, which is likewise graduated in width.

This ruffle is made sometimes of silk the color of the cape, or of material matching the cape. A feature of very many of the capes, coats, over-skirts, redingotes and fancy jackets this season is the curved effect given to the fronts. Some of the models in coats arch directly toward the hips, like a man's very English cutaway. No wardrobe is wholly complete without a wrap that can be slipped

banded with braid, and the garment is designed for general wear with any gown, but all suiting materials, as well as cloth of various sorts, can be treated in a similar manner.



GIRLS' BLOUSE REEFER.

The seamless back and pouched fronts are joined by shoulder and under-arm seams, the basque portion being separate and seamed to the jacket at the waist line. The right front laps well over the left, where the closing is effected by means of buttons and buttonholes, an additional row of buttons being added to give the double-breasted effect. The neck is slightly open at the front, and is finished with



THE MOST POPULAR THING IN GOLF CAPES.

on and off with ease. The novel cape shown in the accompanying small illustration 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 in satin-faced 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 cir-

a deep collar that is square at the back and is finished with rows of braid. The sleeves are two-seamed and fit snugly. The garment is lined throughout with changeable taffeta, blue and green.

To make this blouse for a girl of eight years of age, one and one-half yards of material fifty-four inches wide will be required.

Girls' Literary Bangles.

Girls with taste for literature affect to put great faith in curiously shaped bangles of oxidized silver with favorite quotations from Shakespeare in old English letters. But if one really wants a supply of wisdom beyond the understanding of any man, let her supply herself with a gold bangle with a Buddha set in diamonds; or, better still, with a frog set in jewels. The last two bestow both health and happiness, besides the appearance of Minerva-like knowledge.

A Great Egyptian Queen.

Upon a beautiful obelisk in a temple at Karnak, Egypt, are inscribed the name and cartouche of Queen Hat shepsu, daughter of Thotmes I. (B. C. 1500), the woman who raised Egypt to the pinnacle of its highest greatness and made Thebes as a capita more glorious than Babylon or Nineveh. Her reign lasted twenty-one years, and was memorable for the energy of her administration and the prosperity of her people.

A Pretty Bathrobe.

A bathrobe cannot be said to have exactly what is called style, for it is intended for good, practical service, but there are bathrobes and bathrobes. They can be made almost coquettish, if not stylish. A pretty pink bath robe is double-breasted, and just below the waist line is carried around over the left hip, and fastened with a big fancy button. Another blue one is trimmed with a white, wooly fringe.

Remove Their Hats in Church.

The Rev. Charles F. Goss, pastor of a Presbyterian church in Cincinnati, Ohio, has succeeded in getting some of the women of his congregation to remove their hats and sit with bare heads during the service.

For Dressy Occasions.

All-over lace gowns in cream and ecru over white satin are worn for dressy occasions, and sleeveless coats of Irish guipure are one of the pretty accessories of evening dress.

Damask Silks Revived.

The beautiful damask silks of a generation ago have been revived.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.
Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic, clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Germans weigh nearly ten pounds more than Frochmen.

Lane's Family Medicine.
Move the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

A diamond for cutting glass lasts about three months.

Catarrh Cured

Blood Purified by Hood's Sarsaparilla and Health is Good.

"I was troubled for a long time with catarrh and a bad feeling in my head. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it did me a world of good. My sufferings from catarrh are over and my health is good." Mrs. A. A. Libby, Pownal, Maine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

A Duck's Wonderful Walk.

New Zealand is justly proud of a wonderful duck, whose exploits are told in a letter to the London Spectator by J. M. Ritchie, Esq., of Balvraid, Dunedin.

This duck was of the Paradise variety. It lived at a sheep station twenty-one miles from Timaru, Canterbury, where its owner, a housekeeper, had clipped its wings so that should not fly.

When the housekeeper changed to a new place she took the duck with her in a basket by train to Timaru, by another train for ninety-five miles, and in a coach ten miles to her new home. Soon the duck, which had been liberated from its basket, was missed and mourned for as lost.

Some time after the housekeeper visited her old home, and was astonished to see the duck swimming on its familiar pond. That it slowly and painfully waddled 120 miles was obvious. But how did it find the way through a rough and hilly country?

THE ILLS OF WOMEN

And How Mrs. Pinkham Helps Overcome Them.

Mrs. MARY BOLLINGER, 1101 Marianna St., Chicago, Ill., to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I have been troubled for the past two years with falling of the womb, leucorrhœa, pains over my body, sick headaches, backache, nervousness and weakness. I tried doctors and various remedies without relief. After taking two bottles of your Vegetable Compound, the relief I obtained was truly wonderful. I have now taken several more bottles of your famous medicine, and can say that I am entirely cured."

Mrs. HENRY DORN, No. 806 Findley St., Cincinnati, Ohio, to Mrs. Pinkham:

"For a long time I suffered with chronic inflammation of the womb, pain in abdomen and bearing-down feeling. Was very nervous at times, and so weak I was hardly able to do anything. Was subject to headaches, also troubled with leucorrhœa. After doctoring for many months with different physicians, and getting no relief, I had given up all hope of being well again when I read of the great good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was doing. I decided immediately to give it a trial. The result was simply past belief. After taking four bottles of Vegetable Compound and using three packages of Sanative Wash I can say I feel like a new woman. I deem it my duty to announce the fact to my fellow sufferers that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable remedies have entirely cured me of all my pains and suffering. I have her alone to thank for my recovery, for which I am grateful. May heaven bless her for the good work she is doing for our sex."

HEADACHE

"Both my wife and myself have been using CASCARETS and they are the best medicine we have ever had in the house. Last week my wife was frantic with headache for two days, she tried some of your CASCARETS, and they relieved the pain in her head almost immediately. We both recommend Cascarets."

CHAS. STEEDMAN,
Pittsburg Sate & Deposit Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Grip. 10c, 25c, 50c.

CURE CONSTIPATION.

Solely Ready Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, St. Paul.

NO-TO-BAG Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

Go to your grocer to-day and get a 15c. package of

Grain=0

It takes the place of coffee at 1/4 the cost.

Made from pure grains it is nourishing and healthful.

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