WHAT THE CAR WHEELS SANG

With a scream of the whistle our farewell
said,There are hearts that listen with hope and
fearAnd into the blackness of night we sped
On and ba,
To meet the dawn :
The sted,The signal shrill of the engineer:
That throb and thrill
At that signal shrill,
Does it bring them the rose or the rue to
wear?The sted awn :
The shed,Does it bring them the rose or the rue to
wear?Ghostly white as the shrouded deal ;
On and on
To meet the dawn :
The steel rails ringing—
To kith and kin, O hearts that roam—
In vine-wreathed cot, and marble dome.On and on
To disied meadow and dew-sweet loam ?"
"The hearts that hunger-the hearts that
Output the hear sou hor or or the hung ?"

shed, Ghostly white as the shrouded dead; On and on To meet the dawn; True band at the throttle and hope ahead! The steel rails ringing— The swift wheels singing: "To kith and kin. O hearts that roam— In vine-wreathed cot, and marble dome, Over the world we bear you home!"

Whirled through the dark where the black steed drives Are joys and sorrows of human lives; Laughter and weeping, And children sleeping, On the breasts of glad mothers; and wistful

shrivës ! The steel rails ringing— The mad wheels singing : "To gloam or gladness,O hearts that roam— To darkened dwelling or marble dome Over the world we bear you home !"

Over the world we bear them home !"

 Whirled through the dark whore the black steed drives
 Vore the world we bear them home?"

 And children sleeping On the breasts of glad mothers; and wistful wives;
 Old friends, old lovers, in a rapture wild— Kiss of the mother and clusp of the child; The clank of chains and the grip of gyves!

 The clank of chains and the grip of gyves!
 Were the spirit of Night beguiled The and so

 Where Light the soul of the Darkness Brives :
 The the throttle knew— Bearing the burden of mother and child On and on

With ever that song to the hearts that with ever that song to the hearts that bam roam ''To vine-wreathed cot and marble dome Over the world we bear you home !'' -Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

BY A HAIR'S BREADTH.

An Old Maid's Romance.

Miss Selina sat knitting and hum-ming softly to herself in the tiny porch in front of the house where she dwelt supreme mistress. The golden sunshine darted through the rustling vines and flashed upon the swiftly moving needles, sending dazzling rays in every direction. "Oh, Miss Selina," cried a high, beer voice "do ston knitting for

moving needles, sending dazzling rays in every direction. "Oh, Miss Selina," cried a high, clear voice, "do stop knitting for a minute. I am nearly blinded." Down dropped the work, as Miss Selina hast-ily sprang forward to meet this most welcome visitor. "Come in, dear; come in," she cried. "It's nice and cool here on the porch.

"Come in, dear; come in, " sne cried. "It's nice and cool here on the porch, and I have been baking those nice seed cakes you like so much." "You're an angel," responded the girl, as she kissed the cheek where time hal furrowed a few wrinkles as

year posts for nearly half a century. "But even seed cakes won't console me, for we are going home tomorrow."

spoke the girl gazed over the cliff where the little house stood like a sigwhere the a cing waves were crested with form as they frolicked with the refreshing wind.

Such a perfect blue and gold day as it is. It seems to me it grows hard-er each year to go back to the prim, sedate, old city. What shall I do when there is no more fishing or rowing or bathing or anything?' and the girl leaned back, with a slight cloud on the usually sunshiny face. "Where are you going, Miss Se?" "After the cakes, dear," and Miss

Selina vanished, with a step as light as a girl's.

But even the cakes faile 1 to banish the girl's unwonted mood, and Miss Selina felt at her wit's end. she said at

"See here, dearie," she said at last, "I know it is hard to leave now, when it is all so lovely, but you wouldn't like to stay here all winter." "Wouldn't I, though," put in the girl.

"That is easy to say, but sometimes when I look out of the windows I really wish I lived somewhere else. It really wish I lived somewhere else. It is gray and white and angry, and the clouds hang so heavy over it. Then the surf comes to the shore, as though it wanted to tear it away and drown everybody it hadn't got already." Miss Selina shivered, and the girl impulsive-ly turned toward her friend. "Don't, Miss Se, please. It is aw-fully mean of me to make you think

keeping, and somehow it makes me feel as though I were doing something for the daughters and sisters who are for the daughters and sisters who are watching and waiting everywhere, by putting my lamp where it will show all night. They call it the Selina light, you know. But come, we won't be solemn any longer. Tell me what you are going to do this winter, now that you are a young lady." "I don't know, I am sure. I wanted to go to college, but mamma says she cannot spare her only girl, so I will have to content myself at home. How, I am not sure, unless I become a pro-fessional hairdresser, which is really the only thing for which I seem to have any talent. Oh, Miss Se, won't you please let me do your hair up for

ward for a final inspection. "No one would take you for a day over 30. Now that you know how to do it prop-erly, don't let me see you with it any other way. It's like the poem that remarked, "They made believe to fancy dress by the way they did their hair." Now I have got to go and help pack, but, dear Miss Selina, please leave your hair that way, and if you can't get it straight in the morning I will fix it when I come to say good by." When the lively girl had vanished, the little house grew doubly quiet by

When the lively girl had vanished, the little house grew doubly quiet by contrast, and Miss Selina felt herself strangely louely. It was due to the impending parting with her favorite, she concluded, and strove to console herself by dusting her already immac-valate house and esting her solitory me, for we are going home tomorrow." strangely lonely. It was due to the "For the land's sake, child," ex-claimed her hostess, genuinely grieved; "you don't say so. I thought that you would be here another month, at least. Is anything the matter?" "Oh, nothing in particular; only mamma has a touch of rheumatism und is afraid to have any more east winds. Oh, de r, how can I go and leave all this bound?" and as she snoke the cirl gazed over the cliff o'clock Miss Selina heard a heave foot o'clock Miss Selina heave to cho

It was a great relief when about 8 o'clock Miss Selina heard a heavy footfall upon her neatly swept walk, and knew that the captain had come to call, as was his custom twice a week. The captain was like Miss Selina-one

of the aristocracy of the little seaport, and boarded since his retirement from active life with a widow not far from the little cottage on the cliff. He had sailed with Miss Selina's father on his last ill-fated voyage, and this made a keen bond of sympathy between the lonely man and woman. But this evening some intuition made the captain pause and glance in at the open minder before last the

at the open window befors entering. The little room with its collection of quaint and curious objects, flotsam from a score of foreign trips, was the same, but his eyes were riveted upon Miss Selina, as she leaned expectantly forward waiting for his knock. Some indefinable change had passed over her, but without pausing to analyze the change, the captain shook off his bewilderment and entered the parlor, which was well nigh filled with his

tall, portly form. "Good evening, Miss Selina," he remarked, seating himself in a big rocker, which had by mutual consent been ceded to him. "I was feeling lonesome and came here to find some pleasant company. How very well you look tonight," he finished gallantly. Miss Selina started, then thought of her hair and flushed a most becoming pink.

"Don't, Miss Se, please. It is aw fully mean of me to make you think of these things. I wonder that you don't hate the sea, after all the harm it has done you." "Hate it? No, child; even though "Hate it for some months had larked in his mind. For some occult reason he could not forget how charming she had looked, and thoughts of Miss Se-tion intruded into every turn the conlina intruded into every turn the con-versation took. When he spoke of the sea it sudden-When he spoke of the sea it suddon-ly made him recall how much sorrow it had brought upon her life, and was the direct cause of her loveliness. In discussing the shingling of the minister's roof he remembered that Miss Selina had said that her roof leaked in the last storm, and that she how the source one to remit it as she leaked in the last storm, and that she must hire some one to repair it, as she could hardly do it alone. When the famous seed cakes were brought out the captain thought of the soggy gingerbread at his own table and mentally drew invidious compar-isons. The very neatness of the room made him recall how very careless his landlady was growing, and above all he could not help contrasting the frowsy widow with the trim figure and pink tinged face before him, which time and misfortune had failed to change for the worse, and which had suddenly become doubly attractive. As the captain meditated upon these matters a tiny caraway seed started the poor man choking in a startling manner. manner.

a projecting nail, and in an instart she was firmly caught. Poor Miss Seliua was indeed in s predicament. One hand grasped the big bottle, the other the edge of the shelf, and she could not touch her heels to the floor without fairly tear-ing her hair out by the roots. "Steady, steady," cried the captain, as he recovered from his little misad-venture with the seed and realized his hostess' pl ght. "Just hold on a min-ute till I get there," and he sprang toward the closet with a celerity which surprised himself. "Can't you unloosen my hair?" fal-tered Miss Selina, thankful that the closet was dark enough to hide her

tered Miss Selina, thankful that the closet was dark enough to hide het burning face. "I think you can get it away from the nail without much teanble?" trouble.

trouble." But the captain's clumsy fingers made sad work with the tanglec tresses, until, finally, losing patience, he boldly lifted Miss Selina in his arms and slipped her away from the dangerous projection. It was no fain' rose flush which swept over Miss Selina at that master stroke of policy, but the captain failed to see any need for an apology. In his own heart he thought he should apologize to finnsely for putting her down so soon.

for putting her down so soon. When Miss Selina felt herself once more upon her feet the started for the door with a hasty word that she would be back in a minute, but, to her amazement, the captain stepped in front of her with a masterful air, which somehow had a soothing effect upon the little lady who for many long year had had no taste of masculine protec

"Don't go yet, Selina," he said, and Miss Selina's heart fairly stood still at his words. It was a long time since anyone had called her by her name without the prefix, so strong was the

custom. "I want to say something that J have been thinking of a long time, and never seemed to have a good chance to say it. It isn't right for you to be all alone here. Suppose you had been caught when nobody was around, you'd have likely been hanging in the morning. I know I'm growing old," the captain sighed, and Miss Selina involuntarily shook her head. Speech was beyond her, and head head. Speech was beyond her, and he plucked up his courage again. "But I think I am good for some time, and I come of an old stock. I have some money put away, and, and, well, Selina, it may sound foolish for a gray-haired mon to say hurt I love on and I

It may sound foolish for a gray-haired man to say, but I love you, and I want you to be my wife." Miss Selina, however, failed to see anything either amusing or foolish in this middle-aged romance. She looked up into the face before her, and read in the kindly blue areas a continuction in the kindly blue eyes a confirmation of what the stony lips had told.

There was a second's silence, while like lightning the thought flashed through her mind that never, even in that censorious little town, had a word been spoken against the captain, and the thought of a long succession of lonely evenings like the one just passed, with no hope of the coming of a guest whose advent had been most eagerly anticipated, made her hold out her hand. "Captain," she said, slowly; "cap-

tain, I like you very much." "But not enough to marry me?"

asked the captain, in a tone of such deep disappointment that Miss Selina threw all scruples to the wind. thre

"Oh, yes, quite enough for that," she answered, softly.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The largest stockyards in the world are in Chicago. The combined plants represent an investment of more than \$10,000,000. The yards contain 20 \$10,000,000. The yards contain 20 miles of streets, 20 miles of water troughs, 50 miles of feeding troughs, and 75 miles of water and drainage troughs. The yards are capable of receiving and handling daily 20,000 cattle 20,000 sheep, and 120,000 hogs.

The Sifan Thibetans' form of an The Shan Indetans form of an-cestor worship is one that appeals to our sense of the ludicrous more than it does to our sense of solemnity. Twice a year they dig up the bones of their ancestors and reverently scrub them. These bones are the object of great veneration, and are seized upon by creditors or enemies, leaving the descendants shorn of honor till they be recovered. The larger the bonery the greater the social status of the How fortunate it is for descendant. us that the honor of our lineage cannot be snatched from us, by our cred tors, in the bones of our ancestors.

DR. TALMAGES SERMON. SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE. Subject: The Needle's Havoc-An Appea Subject: The Needle's Havoc-An Appea Construction of the second of

<text>

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

THE GREAT DESTROYER.

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

e Windy One-Dr. Keeley's Death Causes a Renewal of the Discussion Whether Therapeutics or Moral Sua-sion is a Better Preventive.

Weaver, tell me why you roam, With ruby nose and hair half gray; Wherefore did you leave your loom On the very first pay-day?

Stranger, have you got the dough Wherewithal to set 'em up? I'll a tale unfold, if so, Otherwise you'll have to drop.

Beer saloons are seldom far, Here to you I'll tell my tale, While I bravely breast the bar Drinking, on you, beer and ale.

Other bums their tales of woe Teil, but seldom are they true As mine; but ere I let it go I'll take another beer on you.

Beer's the stuff that makes me prate; The fountain of my speech turns on, I let loose secrets in that state, Thanks! I'll take another one,

You ask me why I ramble so; Whether fate or I'm to blame? Talking's thirsty work, you know. Have another? Mine's the same.

Barkeep, fill a big one high. How I love to see it foam! Stranger, now I'm not so dry, That's the stuff that makes me roam, —John Spoilor

<text><section-header><text><text><text><text><text>

The drink habit is a mental and moral disease. Drugs alone will not heal a per-verted moral nature. The influences of Obristianity, moral suasion, healthful and uplitting environment, must be combined with any system of therapeutics that is alculated to realiam the drunkard to a life of sobriety and usefulness. Bichlo-ride of gold will not keep a man out of a saloon if his moral nature is too weak to resist the temptation.-Chicago Times Herald.

The sober Scot. The Sober Scot Society is Scotland's ance. The name, perhaps, is a trifle un-fortunate, but it may be excused in view of the promoters' excellent object. The meet-ling held recently in Edinburgh to give the society a constitution was not largely at-tended, but it was fairly influential. Col-ord Ferguson, of the Sandburst Military College, one of our Ayrshire lairds, has the ration, which seeks to influence moderate that is to be they themselves should hemers are pledged not to drink in the forenora, only to drink at meals, never to hever to offer drink in return for services at atom, which seeks this return for services at aboves and should do some good. The so-pation being the so-never to offer drink in return for services at aboves and should do some good. The so-pation being the so-ta stirs first President Lord balfour, of Burleigh, Sercetary for Scot-and, and among those who have con galagow, Lord Torphichen and Principal william Muir of the Edinburg Uri-The Sober Scot.

have any talent. Oh, Miss Se, won't you please let me do your hair up for you. You have such pretty pink cheeks and nice hair that you will be a beauty when I have finished it." "For laud's sake, child, what put that ridiculous idea into your head? Why, I have done my hair this way for years, and it wouldn't seem natu-ral in any other fashion." "Then it is high time you changed, Miss Se. You want a pompadour in-

Miss Se. You want a pompadour in-stead of drawing it straight back, Come and let me try. I won't touch

the scissors or curling tongs." Miss Selina never could refuse the girl anything, and obediently went in,

Miss Selina, who had the tenderest heart alive, spraug up and hastened to the closet, where she kept her rare-ly used restoratives.

ins Sering and obediently went in, with many inward misgivings as to the result. "Sit down here, mum," cried the she had ever worn it before, and as she shod over worn it before, and as she shod over worn it before, and as she shod out ip-toe and reached for-ward to lift a bottle from a shelf, an unwary movement brought her against

In Prague there exists a goose "bourse," where yearly 3,000,000 geese change hands. Its most active time lasts from the middle of September till the first days of November. During this time immense flocks of During this time immense flocks of geese are driven into the suburbs, especially from the districts lying on the left bank of the Weischer. As the geese are driven in from long dis-tances they are "shod," that is to say, walked repeatedly over patches of tar mixed with fine sand. This forms a hard crust on the feet of the geese, and they are able to cover immense distances without fatigue.

In Hungary they fish in the winter as well as in the summer. The fisher-man cuts holes in the ice, puts up little frames, to which his fish lines are fastened, builds a haystack in the centre to sit upon, and waits for the fish to catch themselves, when a little bell that is fixed on each frame rings. A shellfish of the Mediter: anean has the power of spinning a viscid silk, which, in Sicily, is made into a very handsome fabric. The silk is spun by the shellfish for the purpose of attaching itself to the rocks. This material is gathered at low tide, washed in soap and water, dried, straightened, and carded. In Hungary they fish in the winter

St. Y

Napoleon on Drunkenness. Napoleon Bonaparte appears in the Cen-tury Magazine in anew role—that of a tem-perance advocate. In the second instai-ment of Dr. O'Meara's hitherto unpub-lished 'Taiks With Napoleon' at St. Helena, it is recorded that, having a pain in hi-side, the ex-Emperor asked his physiciar on the laster, in some remarks on the causes ol inflammation of that organ, men-tioned intoxication as one of them. There upon Napoleon remarked: "Then I ought not to have it, as I never was trunk but once in my life; and that was twenty-four years ago, at Nies....I drank three bottes of Burgundy, aud was completely drunk. O, how sick I was the next day! I wonder how a man who once gets drunk can ever think of doing it again Such headache, vomiting, and general sick-ness; I was nearly dead for two days."

Napoleon on Drunkennes

Intemperance in Mexico.

The press continues to denounce the growth of the liquor traffic in Mexico and ascribes to it the increased mortality and

actives to it the increased mortanty and crime. The Methodists there, headed by Bisbor McGabe and the Rev. Dr. Butler, have be gun a campaign against intemperance The local Catholic journals are exhorting their readers to arouse themselves to pre-vent the country from becoming a proy to alcoholism. It is reported that the Gov-ernment will endeavor by means of public action to aid the temperance movement.

Notes of the Crusade.

Notes of the Crusade. The North Staffordebire (England) Chris-tian Endeavor Union has put on foot a scheme for obtaining five thousand new total abstinence piedges in the year. In attempting to enforce Sunday closing on a saloonkeeper at Buena Vista, Col. both the Metnodist and Congregational ministers were knocked down in the fight which ensued.

which ensued. Joel Stratton, a humble shoemaker in Worcester, Mass., was the man who in duced John B. Gough to sign the pledge it 1849. If this plain man had not done his duty, the world would have lost the most eloquent advocate the temperance cause ever had