

A PEACE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

There's a voice across the Nation like a mighty ocean bill,
Dorne up from out the southward, as the seas before the gale;
Its breath is in the streaming flag and in the flowing sail—
As we go sailing on.

'Tis a voice that remembers, ere its summons soothed as now,
When it rang in battle-challenge, and we answered vow with vow,
With roar of gun and hiss of sword and crash of prow and prow—
As we went sailing on.

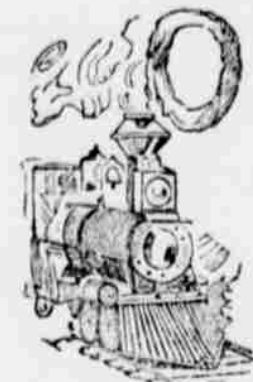
Our hope sank, even as we saw the sun sink faint and far—
The Ship of State went groping through the blinding smoke of war—
Through blackest midnight lurking, all uncheered of moon or star.
Yet sailing, sailing on.

As one who spake the dead awake, with life-blood leaping warm—
Who walked the troubled waters, all unsoothed, immortal form—
We felt our Pilot's presence with His hand upon the storm.
As we went sailing on.

O voice of passion lulled to peace this dawning of to-day—
O voices twain now blend as one, ye sing all fears away,
Since foe and foe are friends, and lo, the Lord is glad as they—
He sends us sailing on.

—James Whitcomb Riley, at Louisville, G. A. R. Encampment.

A Desperate Undertaking.



UT at the railway station the bell sounded for the last time. Engineer Mattern kissed his wife, leaped to his engine, and with a shrill whistle the train slowly began to move. The village it was leaving consisted of a few straggling houses, the homes of the railroad men, and the road itself was used principally for the transportation of cattle and freight, for but few travelers passed through this wild region.

The distance to Delmane, to which place they were bound, was a matter of about twenty-five miles, and Mattern arrived there in three hours, in spite of the darkness and disagreeable weather. In the early evening a strong wind had arisen, and till midnight a perfect hurricane raged. As soon as the train arrived at Delmane the bells gave the signal which told the employes all along the line that they could seek their rest, as there were no night trains running on that road.

Mattern rested for a while and then, after the work had been given to do, which occupied him until about 11 o'clock. Leaving the engine standing with a low fire, as he was to return to the village in six hours, he gave the fireman permission to go to the engine house and get a little sleep. He himself concluded to seek a restaurant that he had noticed, was still lighted up, where, perhaps, he would find congenial company. As he was free the next day, he could sleep then as long as he pleased.

When he came to the station platform he met the trainmaster's assistant, Mr. Roy, who said to him: "You have just arrived in time; I was going to send some one to hunt you up; there is a telegram here for you."

"A telegram for me?" asked Mattern, looking surprised. "Yes; just come into the waiting room."

In a moment Mattern held the despatch in his trembling hands.

"Special! The trainmaster at Delmane will please inform Engineer Mattern that his child is seriously ill with diphtheria. Dr. Loden is absent on a journey, and other help not to be had. Ask Mattern to bring a physician from Delmane with him when he returns early in the morning."

"My child—my poor little Charlie!" groaned the father.

"There is nothing you can do but wait and hope for the best," said Mr. Roy, philosophically. "Lie down and try to sleep for a few hours. I shall have to lock up and leave you. Good-night. I hope everything will turn out all right." And with that he went away.

Out in the darkness stood Mattern; the storm raged, and the rain beat in his face. Half-past eleven! Was his boy living yet? Would medical help be of any avail the next morning? Full well did he know the dangerous character of the illness against which science has not yet found a remedy. Only by quick and prompt attention can danger be averted.

After a few minutes of deep thought he suddenly turned and fairly ran to the house of Dr. Sardo and rang the bell. The doctor appeared at an open window above and asked the name of his caller.

"Engineer Mattern," was the answer. "My child has diphtheria and is in great danger."

Dr. Sardo threw the door-key out of the window, saying:

"Open the door and come up; in the meantime I will dress myself."

Mattern felt around in the darkness for the keyhole, and a few minutes later stood before the doctor, a young man, who was comparatively new in the profession.

"Give me a description of your child's condition, so that I can take the necessary remedies with me; in diphtheria cases one must use all possible despatch. You live here in town?"

"No, doctor," answered Mattern; and with hurried breath he told his story.

"You say the train does not return till the morning?" said the doctor rather impatiently. "Why, then, did you call me at this time of night? What do you expect me to do in the meantime?"

"Come with me, doctor!" cried Mattern, great beads of perspiration starting out on his forehead. "You can save my child if you only will. At the station stands my locomotive under steam; if you will come with me I will take you to my home in an hour's time, and my boy will be saved."

"Are you mad? Now, at the dead of night, when everyone is asleep, without signals or information of any kind at the stations to be passed, you intend to run your locomotive for twenty-five miles! Why, man, at the first intermediate station we should jump the track because the switches would be turned wrong."

"Indeed, doctor, there is no danger, believe me. At all of the stations the switches will be turned for the train that is to leave first in the morning, and as that is mine, you need have no fear about coming with me."

"But the crossings are not closed, and as no one expects a train at this time, we might be the cause of a great deal of harm to passing teams."

"No, no, I know every inch of the ground, and shall exercise the greatest care when we come to the crossings. And besides, who would be out in weather like this?"

"But what you propose doing is against all rules and regulations; you will lose your position, besides being responsible for all that may happen."

"What do I care for that if I could only save my child? You can do this for me if you only will. On my knees I beg of you to come with me! Oh, have pity on me!"

The doctor yielded.

Like some wild spirit of the night the solitary engine sped through the stormy darkness. Mattern had not awakened his fireman for the reason that he did not wish to create any unnecessary excitement in the engine house. When the doctor had taken his place Mattern threw a can of oil on the fire in order to put the engine in quicker motion, and they were soon flying along at a fearful speed, which was only lessened as they passed the first station, which they did without accident, as the switches were tarred in the right direction.

The doctor sat down in a corner and tried to finish his broken nap, and Mattern divided his attention between keeping up the fire and regulating the speed of the engine. Had Dr. Sardo any idea of the danger he was in he would not have thought of going to sleep.

The last station was passed in safety. There were only seven miles more to make, and they would be at their destination.

Mattern bending down to his work suddenly felt the engine give a lurch. A terrible cry followed. Mattern sprang up and looked about him. By the light of the engine he could see that they had just passed a railroad crossing. The next moment they were again flying along in the darkness and storm.

"What was that?" asked the doctor, who had been roused out of his sleep.

"Oh, nothing—very likely a stone or other substance that became fast between the rails," answered Mattern, with choking breath. "In a few minutes we shall be there."

He slackened the speed of the engine, but he did it mechanically, as if in a dream. That fearful cry almost made his heart stand still.

He could well imagine what had happened. Some cart or wagon must have been crossing at the time his engine came tearing along in the darkness like some spirit of evil, and no doubt he was the cause of a terrible calamity; if not, what was the meaning of that sudden jerk, followed by a heartrending cry? There was the station. Mattern could only see dimly through the darkness, but knew the shape of the building too well to be mistaken. He stopped the engine and took the path to his home, followed by the doctor.

Through the window on the second floor he could see a light shining. Very likely it was there his child was lying, wrestling with death; and to save this child he had perhaps killed and wounded—how many others?

He groaned aloud. Slowly he dragged his weary feet up the stairs. His wife opened the door at his knock.

His boy was still living. Mattern saw his ashen face and heard his rattling breath. In his ears sounded again the awful cry that he had heard a short time before. His nerves, that for hours he had kept under control, gave way, now that he had reached his destination, and he fell to the floor insensible.

It was late the next morning when the engineer regained consciousness, although he could not yet collect his thoughts very clearly; a racking headache prevented this. His limbs seemed immovable and heavy as lead. In the room in which he found himself, and which he recognized as his living room, a deathlike stillness reigned. He tried to lift his head, but in vain; he fell back on the pillow with a groan. His wife heard him and came in, but with a face pale with weeping.

"Rath!" he whispered.

"Oh, my dear husband, how thankful I am to see you conscious again!" she cried.

"How is the boy? Is he still alive?"

"Oh, yes, thank God! Had you come an hour later it would have been too late, but the doctor thinks he is past all danger now. He has just been called to look after some people who were hurt at the railroad crossing. A man is said to be killed, and two wo-

men and one child badly injured. Try to sleep a little now, dear husband; that will be your best medicine. I will call you when the doctor returns."

She kissed him and went into the next room where the child was sleeping.

One person dead, three badly hurt, perhaps fatally, and through his fault! He had had no intention of doing this; all he thought of was the saving of his child; but had he a right to undertake such a fearful responsibility when he knew what terrible consequences might follow?

He rose in despair; he could not endure to lie still; the air of the room almost choked him. In his ears still sounded that fearful death-cry. With trembling limbs he made his way into the bedroom. Both wife and child were sleeping. He looked at them silently, and bitter tears streamed down his cheeks. What would become of those he loved so dearly?

Slowly he went down the stairs; he could not meet the eyes of his dear ones, and without a word he opened the door and was out on the street. There he stood for some little time; the fresh air seemed to do him good.

The town clock struck 7—it was early yet. Mechanically he turned his steps toward the engine-house; he wanted to look after his engine, as was his daily custom. He arrived at the shed; his engine was there—no doubt brought there by some of his co-workers. He looked at it sorrowfully, and as of old began to examine it. It struck him that something might have become broken during the ride.

Suddenly he heard a loud laugh. One of the workmen, whose duty it was to take out the ashes and start the fire, had come up behind him and now said, jokingly:

"I suppose you want to see your roaster?"

"Roast?" he asked. "What do you mean?"

The other man laughed more than ever.

"It must have been a pretty good bump. I only wonder that the engine didn't jump the track. The front wheels were full of hair. I cleaned the whole thing and dragged the carcass away. The ash box was full of bones; it was a pity, on account of the beautiful antlers."

So saying, the workman brought out of an old shed where the firewood was kept, a number of the broken pieces of a deer's antlers.

"There, you see, the poor fellow fared badly; he did not expect to be disturbed in his roamings at night time by the appearance of a locomotive. He was just about to pass the crossing, and, frightened by the light at the front of the engine, stood still, and so you ran him down. I such cases a deer sometimes acts more stupidly than a sheep or a calf."

Mattern leaned against one of the wheels of his engine to steady himself. So the cry he had heard had been the cry of a dying stag! But, nevertheless, there had been an accident, where some one was killed and others wounded. Was he awake or only in a feverish dream?

The talkative workman seemed to guess his thoughts, or perhaps felt like giving him news of which he seemed to be in ignorance.

"Engineer Keel was not as lucky as you. This morning in taking out the early train he was unfortunate enough to run against a farmer's cart, although it was not his fault. The man who was driving seemed to be in a hurry, and had taken the responsibility of opening the gates, so as to cross before the coming train, when he was caught by the engine. The accident might have been much worse, but Keel quickly slackened speed when he saw the open gates. If the train had been going at full speed nothing could have saved them; as it is, one woman had a foot broken, another an arm; the farmer and one child were only slightly stunned, and the horse escaped without injury, although they were flung far into a ditch; the wagon, of course, is all broken to pieces. Mr. Mattern—what ails you? Let me go!"

The man had cause to be alarmed, for, like one bereft of his senses, Mattern had suddenly thrown his arms around him and kissed his coal-blackened face, crying and laughing at the same time.

Mattern, on account of going against all instructions, was taken before an examining committee and fined one month's wages, but otherwise was not punished, as it became well known why he had done such a desperate act. As for Dr. Sardo, no blame was attached to him; on the contrary, his humane deed brought him considerable practice.—Tit-Bits.

Possibilities of Ramic Culture.

The plant yielding a very strong white fibre, widely known in commerce as ramie, was introduced into this country many years ago and widely distributed for experimental purposes. It was found to succeed admirably in moist, rich soils all through the Middle and Southern States, but was not quite hardy in the North. The difficulty, however, and cost of extracting the fibre from the stalks has prevented the cultivation of this plant extensively, and the people are waiting for somebody to invent a machine that will overcome the great obstacle of what is termed decortication. From a recent bulletin devoted to the subject, by Director W. C. Stubbs, of the Louisiana Station, we learn that quite a number of new machines for this purpose have been tested. One is reported to have worked 1000 pounds of green stalks in sixty-five minutes, and several others were nearly as efficient, but there is probably something as yet needed, for the report of their trial closes with the remark that "the outlook for obtaining a successful ramie machine is regarded as promising."—New York Sun.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMINE READERS.

A VELVETY FACE.

Always soften water before using. A little borax, a bit as big as a pea, will give your face a velvety feeling, very agreeable.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A LACE SEASON.

There never was a period in fashion's history when lace was so generally and so profusely used for trimming. The varieties of lace are many, some "created" to meet the present demand, and given all kinds of fanciful names, some quite ridiculous. For instance, there is a "sunshade" lace, which to put upon any other article would be heresy in fashion and style.

LITERARY LADIES IN SWEDEN.

In Sweden they encourage literary ladies, instead of making fun of them. Froben Selina Logerla, the Swedish writer, has just received from the King the sum of 600 crowns, and from Prince Eugene 400 crowns, as a royal acknowledgment of her excellent work, and as a means to enable her to take a vacation abroad. Sometimes it pays to be a subject in an effete monarchy.

DISDAINS FASHION PLATES.

Princess Helene of France has the courage of her convictions. Fashion does not exist for her. In place of following the dictates of fashion, the Princess appropriates to her own style of beauty and her own mode of life that which is the most comfortable and the most sensible. There are no Godet skirts or leg of mutton sleeves for her. Instead of that her gowns are rather scant and her sleeves almost straight. Her toilets are none the less becoming and marvelous; though no matter how simple her toilet, the Princess gives it something of her own air of distinction.—New York Press.

NOT FOR THE NEW WOMAN.

A profession that even the new woman may not hope to invade, though it is said to yield a yearly fortune, is in the hands of Miss Gung, a Chinese woman of some fifty years of age. She is the most experienced and best known footbinder in California. As her art is a necessity in all Chinese families where there is any desire for social recognition, her services are in demand from San Diego to Victoria, though she makes her headquarters in San Francisco. It is only the wealthier Chinese who can afford to employ her, for she charges from \$800 to \$1000 to undertake the supervision and responsibility of the whole operation.—New Orleans Picayune.

TRAINING GIRLS FOR FARM WORK.

An educational experiment that has been watched with more than usual interest, is the "girls' school of agriculture, in Minnesota, and now that it is pronounced a demonstrated success, it is to be hoped that other States will, as soon as practical, establish similar schools. Cooking, canning, sewing, dairying, fruit and flower culture, household chemistry and entomology are branches of education taught, and there can be no doubt that a scientific knowledge of how to do these things in the best way, will, by lightening the burdens of the farmer's wife, do much toward making that most natural of all lives more attractive to farmer's daughters.—Womankind.

MORE WOMEN PAINTERS.

The increase of women painters in Europe has recently been attracting a considerable amount of attention. The men painters are in great consternation, as they allege that their practically is the only profession, excepting the stage, which is open to women. In 1875 the number of women who exhibited works at the Salon in the Champs Elysees was 312. This year the number has more than doubled, no fewer than 751 women exhibiting. On reckoning the number of works exhibited, the increased artistic activity of women is even more remarkable. Thus, only since last year, the number of their united contributions to the Salon has more than doubled.—New York Mail and Express.

HOSPITAL FOR BICYCLEERS.

There is an emergency hospital in San Francisco for the benefit of bicycle riders who are reckless or merely unfortunate and come to grief through the thickness of their steel horses. The physician in charge is of a scientific turn of mind and has collected all sorts of interesting statistics, according to the Argonaut.

Ninety per cent. of the men who are injured succeed in saving their faces; almost without exception they bear the marks of their falls upon the palms of the hands, the knees and the legs, below the knees.

Women, on the contrary, possess a fondness for bruising their faces and prefer their noses as a part to be smashed. When they do bear marks of mishap on their hands it is invariably on the backs of their hands rather than the insides.

This is queer, as a woman naturally would think of her face. It shows that the man when falling instinctively throws out his hands to break the force of the blow and draws up the legs under the body so the brunt of the blow comes on the knees. Women, on the contrary, make little or no effort to save themselves.

In roller skating the facts are exactly opposite. Women struggle when they fall and men do not.

A PRETTY GERMAN CUSTOM.

One of the interesting functions of the up-to-date betrothal is the shopping expedition, where the two mothers and father-in-law to be, with their respective son and daughter, go out on an appointed morning and bring home a broom, a carving knife and fork, a salt cellar, a Bible, a brass door knocker, a candle stick and pair of bellows. This is a revival of an old German custom of presenting a young pair with what were considered the emblems of those virtues that go to make up a perfect household. The shopping party is concluded by a luncheon to the united families, and nowadays, instead of spreading forth the wedding gifts for inspection the day of the ceremony, the bride's mother, two days beforehand, issues cards for an informal evening reception, where the presents are exhibited in the drawing room. As every one of these are received thanks should be immediately rendered in the bride's handwriting and at once and recently has been issued the edict that good form commands the bride to address all her own wedding invitations and personally superintend their posting, sealing the envelope flaps with white wax, showing the impress of her initial alone, wreathed with the tiny orange blossoms. This seal is a little souvenir that falls to the share of her mother, just as her white silk wedding stockings are given to her youngest sister, and from her private purse she is expected to send a fee to the cook who bakes her wedding cake.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Railroad Car Church.

As a novelty, the mission church in the form of a railroad car, such as was exhibited at Camden Station during the recent Baptist convention, has been eclipsed.

When the cable and trolley cars replaced the horse cars in Baltimore the plan of selling old cars at low prices was adopted and the cars were put to a variety of uses. They have been made into the cabins of houseboats, perambulating dairy lunch rooms, cow stables and chicken coops, but it has remained for the congregation of the First Colored Baptist Church of Mount Washington to get two old cars and form them into a church.

The congregation in good weather numbers about fourteen. There are nine or ten members, and some of them usually take acquaintances to the services. They have been worshipping in Cornelius Jones's shoe shop in the western end of Mount Washington, but the accommodations were insufficient, and for some time the little band of Baptists were trying to get other quarters. They did not have enough money to build a church, even of the plainest kind.

Finally they heard of the mission car, and the idea struck them as a good one. They knew old street cars were a drug in the market and could be bought for a song, so a committee went to see the officers of the City and Suburban Railway Company to learn what sort of a deal could be made for a car or two. The committee succeeded beyond its expectations, for the company made the congregation a present of two of the oldest-wheel cars which were used on the Lakeland Elevated Railway.

The cars were removed to Stony Run, nearly opposite the shop of Cornelius Jones, who is something of a carpenter and general mechanic, as well as a shoemaker, and who has undertaken to fit them up. At present they are propped up on trestles and soap boxes, and the interiors have been partly taken out. One side of each car will be removed and then the two cars will be put together so as to make one good-sized room. The roof will be joined and additional seats will be put in, together with a pulpit in one end, and the church will be ready for occupancy.—Baltimore Sun.

Fish That Fall Upward.

A book entitled 'The Fauna of the Deep Sea' treats of this phenomenon. The author points out in a very vivid manner an extraordinary danger to which the deep sea fish are liable. At the great depths at which they live the pressure is enormous—about two and a half tons on the square inch at a depth of 1500 fathoms. It sometimes happens that in the excitement of chasing a prospective meal the unwary fish rises too high above his usual sphere of life, when the gases in the swimming bladder expand and he is driven by his increasing buoyancy rapidly to the surface. If he has gone too far when consciousness of his danger grows greater than his eagerness for prey, the muscles of the body may be able to counteract this, but above this limit he will continue to float upward, the swimming bladder getting more and more inflated as the unfortunate creature rises. Death by internal rupture results during this upward fall, and thus it happens that deep sea fish are at times found dead and floating on the surface of the ocean, having tumbled up from the abyss. Many specimens of deep sea fish which have been brought to the surface with the grapples have been dead, their lives having collapsed during their passage upward from their far-off deep, deep home.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Mocking Bird.

According to the New Orleans Times-Democrat, the most remarkable thing about a mocking bird is its way of laying out a range. In the autumn it goes South and establishes itself for the winter on a patch of ground that will yield berries and other food enough to last until the following spring. The tract is determined respecting boundaries with as much accuracy as a mining prospector would use in staking out a claim. Perhaps it may be only fifty yards square, or it may have a length and breadth of as much as one hundred yards. The space depends mainly upon the food supply in sight; but the mocking bird is a great glutton and wants ten times the quantity that would be necessary to keep him alive. Having laid out his range, the owner will defend it with his life, and no other fruit-eating bird is allowed to enter it.

His Speech Cost His \$1 a Minute.

At the yearly meeting of Friends at Wilmington, Ohio, Edward R. Walton, formerly a missionary among the Indians, offered to pay \$5 if the meeting would give him five minutes' time to make a speech. The meeting closed the bargain and Mr. Walton began his dollar-a-minute discourse. At the end of the five minutes paid for the clerk called a halt. As he was in the middle of a story Mr. Walton thought a minute, then gravely and deliberately marched to the clerk's desk and laid down \$2 more and finished his story in the seven minutes paid for.—Chicago Tribune.

The Way to Stop Duelling.

A Mexican court has devised a method of punishing duelling which will perhaps be more effective than the death penalty. The survivor in a fatal duelling in addition to three years' imprisonment and a fine, is sentenced to pay the family of his victim \$4500 a year for eighteen years, to pay all costs of the victim's funeral and the costs of court. In the face of such a penalty as this, most men will conclude that there is not enough honor in duelling to justify the risk.—Minneapolis Tribune.