SOMEWHERE.

Somewhere the wind is blowing, I thought as I toiled along In the burning heat of the noontide, And the fancy made me strong: Yes, somewhere the wind is blowing, Though here where I gasp and sigh Not a breath of air is stirring, Not a cloud in the burning sty.

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

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

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

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

-Alfred Capel Shaw in Elmira Facts

******* An Operator's Story.

The life of telegraph operators in the city is very unlike that of their brothers in the country, and the duties greatly from those of the railroad man. The latter's work may not be arduous as the other fellow's, but, it is fre-quently attended with quently attended with much respon-sibility. And one does not need to go to Mexico or Montana in order to satisfy himself that the railroad operator also has his share of close shaves and hair-raising emeriences. A veteran "key-twister," who used to be em-"key-twister," who used to be em-ployed nights on the eastern division of the Boston & Maine railroad in New Hampshire, tells a startling story of his experience with a burglar while having orders from headquarters to stop a through freight. The predica-ment in which he placed himself by falling asleep at his post should be a warning to all night operators who have a hand in the movement of trains. "Just throw two or three shovel-

fuls of coal on the fire every hour or so and make yourself comfortable. There won't be much doing tonight, and

won't be much doing tonight, and after No. 2 goes-why, scoot home." Those were the last words Ed said to me as he buttoned his collar high around his neck and hurried out of the office.

Ed was the regular night telegraph operator at the little town at Hampton, situated on a single-track railroad in New Hampshire. He was not mor than twenty-five years old, and the monotony of his work caused him to monotony of his work caused him to seek frequent recreation away from the office. If a dance was to come off in the town hall or within ten miles of it, Ed would be there, provided he could find some one to take his place for that night at the office. I was only sixteen at that time. A few years before my brother and two other young men, all older than my-self, had built a private telegraph line between their homes in order, as they

between their homes in order, as they said, to learn how to "sling lightning" well enough to work in a busy office. Each became a good operator and in time found employment at his trade.

* Although an eager disciple of the art, I was almost too young to have a thorough knowledge of telegraphing when my brother left home; but I knew enough about it to want to know Lore, and the day and night operators at Hampton were annoyed by my visits till they decided that I wasn' by my an entirely hopeless case and could even be trusted occasionally to "sub" for them.

And that is what I had agreed to do

and that is what if man agreed to do for Ed on the night mentioned—a cold and blustering night in February. The task was not altogether an agreeable one. No passenger trains stopped at Hampton after 6.25 o'clock in the complete the store of the store o

patch the contents of a small basket | Ed and had several times slowed up which I had bought from home. After that I became somewhat rowsy. None of the trains, so far, drowsy.

had been more than twenty minutes late, and I had reported each of them promptly to headquarters when it passed my station. promptly to headquirters when it passed my station. The temperature of the office must have been 80 when I turned the lamp down to a mere glimmer and again settled back in the big chair about 12.45. Through freight No. 252 from the north would be due in quarter of au hour. I hadn't heard it reported up the line, but supposed it would be pretty nearly on time. The storm appeared to be growing fiercer, and I sat and listened to it. How long I listened I do not know. A light pounding nearby made me jump up.

jump up.

"What can that be?" I asked my self.

The pounding grew louder. All the instruments were still and the sound was distinct. I stood almost breathless beside

the table. In less than a minute I was

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

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

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

The safe, containing books, tickets. and perhaps \$200 or \$300 in cash, was midway between the two windows and about four feet from each. For fully five minutes I stood per-

fectly rigid. Apparently the thief is uncertain

"Apparently the their is uncertain whether there is any one here," I thought. "If he imagined there wasn't, he would certainly smash the window, iron guard and all, in short order. Maybe he expects to find me asleep and as soon as he pries open the window will thrust in a pistol and order me to hold up my hands." How was I to defend myself? If I

went to the window, it would probably mean prompt surrender or death, and to hesitate much longer did not seem likely to relieve the situation

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

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

Bending over the table I opened the key on wire No. 16. The machine did not respond. Realizing that the dampness of the storm had interfered with the current, I tightened the spring of the relay. "SF SF SF Qk 12 Qk 12."

The sounder was making those sig-als with great rapidity. The train als with great rapidity. The train despatcher was calling my office, and the abbreviation meant, "Quick. We want you to hold a train. I answered, and the query came

back clear and sharp: 'No. 252?'

"No. 252?" "Not yet," said I. "14 for 252." "O. K." I replied, confidently, The despatcher's command was to hold the through freight for orders.

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

In order to stop No. 252 a red lantern would have to be hung outside the station, and no time should be lost

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

his train to let me off near my home. "Just wait till Henderson gets hold of you, you villain!" I thought, almost

aloud, grating my teeth and shaking my clenched fist in the direction of the ticket window. Perhaps fifteen minutes had now

elapsed since I first discovered the burglar's presence. During that time operations at the window had been active in spells lasting two or three minutes, after which things were quiet for a little while, which suggested that my man was trying to devise an easier means of effecting an entrance. "What can be keeping the freight so long?" I wondered. "It must

be close on to half past 1."

I looked at my watch. Great heavens! It was ten minutes to 3!

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

in what seemed to me not more than twenty minutes. "No. 252 must have gone by over an hour ago and who knows what terrible disaster has resulted from my carelessness!'

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

Such were the instructions in the order I held

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

spatcher.

"Not in," I replied, fully conscious my uncertainty, but fearing to acknowledge it.

Attracted by a strange ray of light, I looked around and saw that the ticket window had been raised, the shade pushed aside, and a dark lantern was being used to search the office.

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

"No. 252 left SY (the nearest night No. 202 lett S1 (the hearest night station north of Hampton, six miles away) at 1.15. For God's sake, don't let it get by you," urged the des-patcher, excitedly.

It was not necessary to invent a response. I heard talking outside, and recognized Henderson's voice.

Putting one foot on the table, I jerked open the window and leaped out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Anyhow, I never saw him again, and that was the first and last time I ever fell asleep while on duty.-New York Sun.



New Neckwear A plain black gown that is worn with the prim linen collars and cuffs for morning can be made to look like festive attire for evening by adding a becoming chiffon stock, finished with a jabot of lace. The long lace scarfs of white or black are very popular. They are put about the neck twice and tied almost at the side. A natural flower pinned in the lace is an added charm.

Fancy Parasols.

The fancy parasols are dreams of gauzy frills and shirrings of chiffon, but there is every sort and kind between plain silk and this extravagant confection of lace and elaborate finish. Parasols are tucked, ruffled and trimmed with narrow frills of satin ribbon to match the gowns. Cross-striped silks, plaids and checks are ilso in evidence in this department, together with every color which fash-ion favors. Short and thick handles vie with the longer ones for favor, and the pagoda top is here again.-York Sun.

Classes in Home Upholstery.

It is reported that in some of the industrial schools classes in home up-holstery are formed, where young women may learn the rudiments of this useful art, and then go out by the day to carry on the work.

There is so much individuality now adays in furnishing that many women are more than delighted to have it executed under their own supervision. So many harmonious draperies and furniture coverings can be picked up up now at low price that, with a dexter ous pair of hands to aid, cushic corners, divans, cabinets and the like can be readily and inexpensively made.

Stylish Belts.

Leather belts have steadily decreased in favor for several seasons and this year they are not worn at all. The belt adjusts itself to the new buckle, which is a most gorgeous af-fair, and calls for a ribbon or velvet, usually of black. The buckle comes in two, sometimes four, pieces. The front piece is the ordinary clasp, only much narrower and longer than even before. The back piece is a fac-simile of the front, except it has an attach-ment for holding up the skirt. The one is entirely unnecessary, but is there anyway. The buckles are often of steal still. there anyway. The buckles are ofte of steel with mock turquoises inset.

Antofagasta's Remarkable W

A society has been formed at Anto fagasta "to raise woman to the posi-tion she deserves and which God gave her at the creation." The rules in clude: "All conversation or discus-sion in the society's hall on politics, religion or lineage is strictly pro-hibited, and the title of equality, which is the motto of our society, s enforced in every way." Members "shall be scrupulously clean when they attend the meetings, wearing dresses of elegant simplicity, of small cost, and suitable to the age of wearer; but this is no obstacle to the beauty of fit which will augument the beauty of the younger members. Valparaiso Chilean Times.

The Queen Regent of Spain The Queen Regent Maria Christina is considered the most influential per-

sonage in Spain during the pre-uncertain condition of that coun fortunes. Her subjects say that to her conser-Glass Plates That Bend. It appears that the Chinese have It appears that the Chinese nave the art of making pliable glass plates. The change of ministry that caused They are not solid, but plated from spun glass and made gorgeous by brilliant Oriental coloring. The strangest thing about them is that al-ond wife, the Archduchess Elizabeth, though they are made of glass, one can bend them backward and forward as duchess. In her youth she was gitt though they are made and forward as bend them backward and forward as if they were putty or pliable clay. In hearing of these strange plates one is reminded of a story told origi-nally by Pliny in his Natural History, and popular during the middle ages. As narrated in the "Gesta Bomano-um"—that strange repository of thus: monkish fore—the tale runs thus: "It happened that a certain artificer fabricated a plate which, being or: hibited before the emperor (Tiberius), monarchy for her boy

man. There is a system in nearly all the government Indian schools by which those pupils who are both in-dustrious and frugal may earn money in the sewing room, on the farm, or in some one of the school's other industrial departments. Of course this must be outside of their regular work. This young girl, after taking a regular course as a scholar, was judged capa-ble of filling a salaried position. In In

the course of a short time she filled, not one, but several, and worked in he sewing room besides. Out of her savings she bought a wagon, harness, team, organ, bedroom set and a sewing machine, all in view of her prospective marriage to a young Indian to whom she was engaged, and when they were narried she took enough savings with her to build a neat home. All this was accomplished in three years' time.-Omaha Bee.

Life of Women in Venezuela.

Editor—Why didn't you send the carrier-pigeon from the Klondike with news, as agreed? Reporter—Couldn't. Got hungry and ate the bird. Miss Stevens, whose travels in Venzuela have given her an insight into the life of the people there, told some interesting anecdotes of the country in her talk before the professional

Woman's Lengue recently. "The climate of that region is not, as one would suppose," she said, "eaverely tropical. The summers are ot, indeed, as severe as those in this latitude, but the summer lasts the whole year, and for that reason is, perhaps, more enervating. To the warm climate may be traced the habit practised by the women of excessive powdering of their faces, which is one of the first things a foreigner es. Every one knows how cool-refreshing a sweet-smelling face notices. ingly refreshing a sweet-smelling face powder is on a hot day. Another singular custom is the Venezuelan's love for new shoes. She buys the finest she can afford, and will dance them

out in a night. She must also have a new pair to wear each time that she attends mass, and, however expensive these are, she will not appear on the street in them a second time. Upon returning home she will, break down Upon the heel and shuffle about the house

in them as house slippers. "Everybody dances, with or without music, but a sort of rhythm or time is is produced sometimes by shaking peas in a gourd or by the clapping of hands. Even the men in the cafes sometimes get up a dance among themselves and manage with this certainly improve kind of music. The mode of dancing is not like ours. For instance the partners merely take each other by both hands, or by the elbows, although the senoritas sometimes are persuaded to dance with Americans after the American fashion.

after the American fashion. "Besides the beauty of the climate, the charm of living is increased by an absence of all pests. There are no flies, no mosquitoes, no rats or verdiseases. But there is a form of ill-of genius replied. diseases. But there is a form of fil-oness which attacks infants, and from which about only ten per cent, of the children recover. It is a kind of in-digestion caused by the kind of bread they eat. "It is a land without clubs, where hind are are unknown but it is a

digestion cause. they eat. "It is a land without clubs, where bicycles are unknown, but it is a peaceful and picturesque country, well worth knowing better than it is now known."—New York Tribune. Fashion Notes. Gauze ribbobs showing tiny stripes of sturn in every possible shade will be the extreme pancity of the rabbit's the extreme pancity of the rabbit's tail?" asked the typewriter boarder, who has been taking folk-lore lectures. "Before we proceed," said the Cheer-ful Idiot, "is this a tale of hare, a tail of hare, a tale of hair or a tail of hair?" Harold has a pair of twin antites

Porcetan blue and wher blue will who look and dress so catch Miss be favorite shades in spring fabrics. In cotton and silk goods these beauti-ful blues will be seen. In cotton and silk goods these beauti-ful blues will be seen. Grenadine effects in wash goods

who look and dress so exactly alike that it is difficult to tell which is Miss

Sleep, baby, sleep: Mother's arms enfold thee, Sleep, my little one; sleep, cious one— Sleep, baby, sleep. Peace be unto thee, gift divine; Sweet and innocent baby mine. Never a royal diadem Held so pure a priceless gem. All the world is as naught to me— Mother's baby—compared to thee. Sweetest blessing from paradise— Rest, my little one; close your eyes. —Dave Florence.

LULLABY.

Peace be unto thee—hush, my child— Heaven's little one undefiled; Nestle close to your mother's breast, Sail away to the land of rest; Sweetest blessing from paradise— Rest, my little one; close your eyes; Angels ever their vigils keep— Sleep, my precious, my baby, sleep. Sleep, baby, sleep; Mother dear will hold thee; Sleep, baby, sleep;

HUMOROUS.

"Why, I thought she was an old aid!" "Next thing to it. She's naid!' been married only once.'

A man these days should cover his legs with barbed wire, and even then he isn't safe from having them pulled. "What is an investment, grandpa?" 'Well, it is giving a man a \$5 and then selling him a \$2000 bill of

Hojack-Who was the best man at

He-Do you believe that germs can

be transmitted by kissing? She-I don't know; but I'm very fond of sci-

"He told me he could live on bread and cheese and kisses." "What then?"

'I found out that he expected papa to

Coal Operator (despondently) — I yish a way could be found to relieve

the glut in the coal market. Consumer

(confidentially)-Tell the dealers to

Briton-Do you know that it is a matter of history that Wellington never saw Napoleon? Yankee-Is that so? I always understood that he car him and with history of the source of the sourc

saw him and went him several better.

Mabel—So you have broken the en-gagement. Have you returned his ring? Amy—Why, no! Of course I have changed my opinion of George, but I admire the ring just as much as

"I envy the Badgleys more than any married people I know." "For what special reason?" "Well, he is

over sixty and she is over fifty; but

she calls him 'boy' and he calls her

agnostic? Papa—Your mamma is an agnostic, my dear. When I come home at night and tell her what I

have been doing, she doesn't exactly

Abduet—I don't understand you as all. You are constantly praising Miss Whirly now, and you used to insist that you couldn't bear her. Daughter —But I didn't know, then, mamma, that she was jealous of me. It's just too sweet of her.

"Well," said the young man with

Mother-I don't understand you at

disbelieve-she just doesn't know.

Little Edward-Papa, what is an

furnish the bread and cheese.

the wedding of Mr. Meeker and the Widow Swayback? Tomdik - The

goods."

Widow Swayback.

entific experiments.

give better weight.

ever.

'girl.

in the evening. After 9 no one even called at the station to inquire for freight, and by half past 10 all sounds of footsteps on the platform ceased, only a dim light here and there could seen, and everything about the ce appeared to be dead. place

A thick snow storm, which set in during the evening, did not detract at all from the lonesomeness of my quar-ters. "But every place is lonesome at night." I more all the "and one can alat night." I mused. ways have company to cheer him." This thought coupled with the re-

This thought coupled with the re-flection that in the morning I was to receive \$1.50 for my services, quieted my fears for the time being. A red, a white, and a blue lantern

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

Aside from the clicking of the telegraph (which was intermittent and made me start when it struck up sud denly after a silence longer than usual) all that could be heard was the groan-ing and sighing of the wind and the incessant and wearisome ham-m-mm-m-m of the wires outside the sto tion. The blending of the last two sounds was as doleful as the clang of

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

Thus I argued nervously to myself Then a happy thought struck me. I remembered that one of the lantern brackets wasn't more than two feet from the front window, which was close beside me and overlooked the platform. By lowering the window at the top I could probably reach it. Taking advantage of every rush and sweep of the wind I managed to raise the shade and open the window with-out making a noise likely to alarm my lawless visitor. Nobody was to be seen on that side of the place and the signal was quickly made fast to the bracke⁺.

"In a few minutes the freight will stop opposite the office and the con-ductor and engineer will bang on the door for their orders. I can tell them my predicament in a jiffy and the ras Any predicament in a july and the ras-cal won't dare to tackle three of us." Quite satisfied with this reasoning I shut the window softly and fixed the shade so that the lantern might not be bidden entired for be hidden entirely from my view, lest any one should disturb it.

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

At any rate, I took courage

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

he attempted, but ineffectually, to efforts, and the it. It break beneath his beneath his efforts, and the artificer, applying a hammer and working upon the glass as upon copper, presently restored it to its level. Tiberius inquired by what arts this was affected, and the other replied that it was a secret not to be disclosed. Immediately he was ordered to the block, the emperer alleging that if Seger, had already gained their con-such an art should be practiced gold and silver would be reckoned as noth-when they were asked to put their ing

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

An Indian Girl.

An Indian Girl. In 1892 the "Seger" school was built in Oklahoma territory, among a colony of Cheyennes and Arapahoes, considered among the wildest, most backward and non-progressive of all Indians. Fortunately the superin-tendent of the new school, Mrs. John that

children in school they said they would as soon as they were weaned. And they carried this out literally. One of the girl pupils, who entered the school when it was opened, has had quite a remarkable record. Having

quite a remarkable record. Having no previous education, and leaving her really savage home for the first time, she has demonstrated what edu-cation is doing and will do for the red is welled study

will be a novelty in summer materials. apart." white grenadine is a lovely fabric, replied Harold, "for Auntie Mary and will make exquisite gowns for a delicate, dainty looking woman. Auntie Martha."

Drap de Paris is the name of a beautiful new fabric for gowns. It is French cloth, and is something like American Paquin serge, with a much finer weave. It comes in all the lead-ing shades, and, being a one-toned goods, makes up into an especially elegant costume.

Judging from appearances, white will play a distinguished part in the fashion this coming season. White pique will be popular for walking, cy-cling and other tailor made costumes, while white muslin, including India muslin proper, batiste, grasslawn and Swiss, will be much in demand morning and negligee dresses, demand for also for blouses, fichus, scarfs and ties.

Among new cloth gowns being made up by the tailors are those in gray-green or Roman blue shades, with a close braidwork over the front of the skirt made to simulate an over skirt. The open jacket is likewise densely braided, and, as a rule, there is an odd vest beneath, either in pale blue, cherry rel or violet—this of silk laid in tucks down the front with

how you can tell your two aunties rt." "Oh, that's easy enough,"

seen: Blue and white, burnt orange and white, cardinal and white, and white, and white, burnt orange cerise, Nile green and liac and white, The price will be less than \$1 a yard. Drap de Paris is the name of sufferings and fright. This fact did not appear in the detailed account of the thrilling slide printed at the time,

but such appears to be the fact. The Trinidad (Col.) Republican is to hand, with the following reference to the hero of that wonderful adven-

ture: "Joe Bradley, the unfortunate propector, who rode an avalanche down Pike's Peak on December 20, was arrested at Florence as an estic, and returned to the Pueblo asy-The exposure undergone by lum. Bradley, who was unconscious for sev-eral hours, and whose members were badly frozen, caused his mind to give way, and he was admitted to the in-sane asylum soon after his terrible axperience on the Peak."

Too Heavy

"My wife cast some bread on the waters once," remarked the young man reluctantly. "Did it ever return?" asked the

other.

"No," was the reply; "it sank."-Erooklyn Life.