

## A BABY IN THE SNOW.

A STRANGE CHRISTMAS EXPERIENCE OF A TRACKWALKER.

A Railroad Man's Story of a Cold, Stormy Night Over Twenty Years Ago, When the Snow Was Piled in Banks Along the Railroad Track—A Christmas Gift.

"Every time I think of Christmas I think of the year 1872," said an old track-walker. "That's more than twenty years ago isn't it? Twenty years is a good long stretch. Lots can happen to a man in twenty years. He could get rich and spend it all and get rich again in that space of time and still have lots of time to spare. But I haven't. I've just staid poor right along."

But as I was saying, speaking of Christmas always reminds me of 1872. I was trackwalking then for the Vandavia line on a section between Terre Haute and Farrington, in the state of Indiana. That Christmas night was a corker. I'll tell you. I heard at noon from the section boss that the thermometer was 10 degrees below zero, and as night came on it seemed to get colder and colder. It had snowed the day before—one of the deepest in that year—and the engines had had a pretty tough time of it plowing their way through in the morning.

After they got by my section the snow was banked up seven or eight feet deep in some places by the side of the track. It was so cold that I wrapped coffee sacks around my feet before starting out, just to keep them from a frost bite. You bet I hated to start out, but I did muster up the courage after awhile. It was about 9 o'clock when I started to go back to Farrington, and the wind was in my face. It's a darn poor Christmas for me. I thought to myself as the wind caught me a belt in the side of the head. "Here I'm fated to wear this cold track until midnight without even a kind word from anybody to say 'Merry Christmas to you.' It's pretty tough. I guess track walking in just about the worst trade a man who loves company can adopt."

As I was stamping along thinking like this away off ahead of me I saw a snarl. It's the St. Louis express, I said to myself, and she'll be rumbling over me at about sixty miles an hour. You had better get out in the snow, old man, unless you like being ground into little bits. Boo! but that snow was deep. Way up over my waist. But when I got down off the track and snugly tucked away in the drift I was a heap warmer, because the wind couldn't reach me. And the old train came right ahead with a buzz and a roar, and her old yellow headlight getting brighter and bigger every second. It was a train of six or seven passenger coaches. All were lit up as bright as kerosene oil could make 'em. One, two, three, four of the cars whizzed past me. But the fifth seemed to stop. It didn't, of course, but the sight I saw seemed to nail it to my eye!

"A man and a woman. They stood at the rear window. It was open. I saw the man with his arms put out, supplicating like. The woman had a bundle in her arms. Then she didn't have it. The man gave a cry of horror that rang out high above the clamor of the wheels and the rattle of the rails and the creaking of the coaches. Something shot down just past my head and landed in the snowdrift beside me. I shut my eyes, but still saw the woman with the bundle and the man with outstretched, pleading arms. When I opened my eyes again the train was a quarter of a mile away, with her rear green light sinking swiftly into a dot and then disappearing. The wind cut me sharp on the cheek, and five miles off I heard the church chime in Farrington tolling the quarter hour. That sight was a dream, old man. I said to myself as I pulled my legs out of the drift. "But the bundle. I exclaimed. Involuntarily I looked down in the drift and saw another hole in the snow, not the one I came out of, but a smaller one."

"Maybe you've guessed the thing by this time and maybe you haven't. Well, sir that bundle was just as cute a 20-pound kid as I want to look upon. Hur! Well, I guess not a little bit. When I found him he was laughing contentedly as you please and chewing a chunk of snow for a sugar cake."

"Who did he belong to?"

"You tell, I can't. I never knew and never expect to know. He had good clothes on and the odd little collar of lace he wore was marked with a pretty silk 'T'. He was fat as a Christmas turkey and the biggest eater you ever saw."

"Why didn't you find his parents?"

"Didn't I try my darndest? Didn't I spend half my wages for the next month advertising in the newspapers? But no answer did I get to any of them. It seems to me that the man ought to have come and got the child, for he evidently didn't want to see it fired out like that. His outstretched, supplicating arms showed that. But perhaps he only wanted to prevent its being killed. Who knows? Perhaps he was glad to get rid of it, and when he saw that somebody had it all right he was glad enough to leave it to its chance fate."

"What became of the child?"

"Named it Tom after myself. Tom McCormack is a pretty good, solid sort of a name, you know. My family may not be very stylish, but none of them have been hanged anyway. And, you see, the kid's collar had a T on it. I almost had to name him Tom."

"Where is he now?"

"Trackwalking on the Vandavia, not more than twenty-five miles from the very spot where his little baby head plumped into that snowbank Christmas night, 1872."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## The Excitement in France.

To understand the extreme excitement which the Panama inquiry produces in France we must recollect that it involves the whole question of the fitness of the sovereign power to exercise its functions.

The dispute among Frenchmen—the radical dispute which underlies all others—is whether universal suffrage, uncontrolled and unguided either by a monarch, a Czar or a class, is competent to create for itself a sovereign power. That it has created one in the assembly is not questioned. That body can, in practice, dismiss the president—did do it in M. Grevy's case; can compel any minister or cabinet to resign; can nominate their successors and can pass any law whatever that it thinks is desirable for France. Its action is not arrested by any veto, and it is not liable to penal dissolution without the consent of that half of itself which is called the senate, a consent which it might be very difficult to extort. Indeed, the chamber itself must often be consulted, for it must pass the budget before a dissolution can be safe, and the budget is often delayed to the very expiration of the legal term.

The assembly is in fact sovereign, and if the assembly—that is, the senators and deputies taken together—are proved to have been bribable, or to have tolerated bribery, the deduction is painfully obvious. Universal suffrage has failed to elect an honest sovereign power.—London Saturday Review.

## Interesting Missouri Suits.

Kansas city men who did not vote in 1890 and the late election are to be sued by the city to test a peculiar law. The charter provides that voters who do not vote at the general city election every two years shall be charged with a poll tax of \$250 each. The registration books of the city show that there were several thousand voters who did not exercise their right of franchise last spring. At \$250 each these men owe the city a large amount, and as that sum or any part of it would come very handy just now the city council has taken the first step toward collecting it. The money so collected goes into the sanitary fund, but it benefits the city departments, as money that would otherwise be taken from the revenue fund for other purposes is appropriated for sanitary purposes.

Half of the best known business men and manufacturers, professional men and capitalists, those who have large property interests, will find their names on the list of delinquents. The men who are mostly directly interested in a financial way in the government of the city are the men who seem to take no part in politics and neglect to vote.—Cor. Chicago News-Record.

## Labouche's Share in a Journal.

Since there is no longer any concealment necessary with regard to the severance of Mr. Labouche's connection with The Daily News I may mention that the price paid for his share in the newspaper was \$100,000. When he first became connected with the proprietorship of the paper, more than five and twenty years ago, he paid the representatives of the outgoing or deceased shareholder \$11,000 for the holding of which he has now received a sum more than sufficient to start a morning newspaper of his own. Nothing is yet known as to his intentions, but it is regarded as by no means impossible that, in conjunction with Sir Charles Dilke, who has long wished to own or have an interest in a daily paper, some plan may be adopted by which the advanced or disaffected radicals, as distinguished from the ministerialists, will have an organ of their own.—Leeds Mercury.

## Nerves and Nerve.

After a seven years' courtship George Bailey, a well to do farmer, and Esther Bailey, his cousin, have made two attempts to get married in Norwich, Pa., within two weeks, and the wedding is off. The ceremony was to have been performed Wednesday of last week, and a large number of guests were present. Suddenly the prospective bride disappeared and was found locked in her room. To her parents' appeals to come out she only replied, "I'm too nervous! I'm too nervous! It'll have to be put off!"

Nothing would do but a postponement to Monday. Monday came and the bride was over her nervousness and ready with the guests. But now the bridegroom did not come. Instead he sent this message: "I'm not nervous. On the contrary, I've got nerve enough to postpone this wedding indefinitely." And it was postponed.—Philadelphia Record.

## Theft Revealed by a Dream.

Mrs. Cornelia M. Thomas, of St. Paul, is under arrest charged with having stolen \$1,000 from her sister, Mrs. Mary D. Phillips, of Seattle, Wash. The circumstances preceding the arrest are peculiar. Mrs. Phillips was in St. Paul recently. She returned to Seattle and while en route dreamed that Cornelia Thomas had abstracted \$1,000 of \$2,400 which she had in the lining of her dress. A search revealed the amount \$1,000 short. Mrs. Phillips returned at once to St. Paul. Mrs. Thomas was searched and part of the stolen money found on her. The stolen bills were sewed into a belt worn next to her skin by Mrs. Thomas.—Minneapolis Journal.

## Watch for Commander Leary.

Governor Brown sent a request to Commander Leary to be in Annapolis, Jan. 9, and receive from the governor the watch that was voted to Commander Leary by the Maryland legislature for his conduct at Samoa. The watch is a handsome gold chronometer. With the chain attached it cost \$600. Commander Leary is now stationed at Portsmouth, Va.—Baltimore Sun.

A farmer at Millersburg, Ind., experienced Neal Dow's peculiarly contrary luck last week. He was boring for water and struck a 4-foot vein of good coal at a depth of only seventy-five feet.

It is hoped that the Massachusetts experiment at hatching bicapalous trout will produce a fish that will be just twice as apt to bite as the ordinary trout.

## Last of the Seine Swimming Baths.

The great floating baths which from their large number form so conspicuous a feature of the Seine in Paris will before very long cease to exist. Under an order of the prefect, dated some years ago, they are gradually disappearing. No new ones are allowed to be built, and the old ones must not have any substantial repairs done to them, but must be broken up when no longer, if the term may be permitted, seaworthy.

The largest of all is called "La Samaritaine," and as this does not seriously impede river traffic, and it is owned by a number of small shareholders, whose interest in it is being gradually extinguished, the new rule about repairs is less rigidly enforced than in some other cases. La Samaritaine is, moreover, considered as in some sort a public establishment, inasmuch as it grants tickets at greatly reduced rates to children in public schools and to the poor of Paris.—London News.

## A "Close" Minister.

The Rev. Mr. Jones, of Blevbury, with a nest egg of £200 and a stipend amounting to £50 per annum, left at death the sum of £10,000. He had been rector of his parish for forty years, and during all that time only one person had been known to sit at his festal table. No fire was ever lighted in his house, nor was a servant kept. In winter he would visit his parishioners to keep himself from starving of cold rather than light a fire at the rectory.—Casell's Journal.

## Woman as an Animal.

Professor (to boy in natural history class)—Are animals known to possess the sentiment of affection?

Boy—They are, sir.

Professor—What animal has the greatest natural fondness for man?

Boy—Woman.—Exchange.

## Excess of Conscience.

Professor Palmer, of Harvard, discussing the teaching of morals in the public schools, says that excess of conscience has desolated New England like a scourge. Conscientiousness becomes a moral disease and takes the place in the spiritual life of nervous prostration in the physical life. People who are always fingering their motives, and unwholesomely preoccupied with directing their acts, lose spontaneity, sense of proportion. But what is more important to human society is their tendency to become bores, whose virtues are worse than their vices. A better rule of conduct is that of a person who says, "I've made reasonably sure that my instincts are all right, so I let my acts take care of themselves."—New York Evening Sun.

## A Shrewd Business Man.

First Manager—Some prima donnae want the earth.

Second Manager—That is so. I once engaged one who demanded all the receipts of the house, but still I made money.

"How did you make out to do that?"

"I married her when the season was over."—Texas Siftings.

## For Bronchitis

"I never realized the good of a medicine so much as I have in the last few months, during which time I have suffered intensely from pneumonia, followed by bronchitis. After trying various remedies without benefit, I began the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and the effect has been marvelous, a single dose relieving me of coughing, and securing a good night's rest."—T. A. Higginbotham, Gen. Store, Long Mountain, Va.

## La Grippe

"Last Spring I was taken down with la grippe. At times I was completely prostrated, and so difficult was my breathing that my breath seemed as if confined in an iron cage. I procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and no sooner had I begun taking it than relief followed. I could not believe that the effect would be so rapid."—W. H. Williams, Cook City, S. Dak.

## Lung Trouble

"For more than twenty-five years, I was a sufferer from lung trouble, attended with coughing, severe at times as to cause hemorrhage, the paroxysms frequently lasting three or four hours. I was induced to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and after taking four bottles, was thoroughly cured. I can confidently recommend this medicine."—Franz Hofmann, Clay Centre, Kans.

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Perhaps your size is among this lot; come and see. These goods must go at once.

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We have some odds and ends in men's, women's, boys' and girls' shoes which we have reduced to \$1.00.

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Here it is! There is not an article in this paper that is more worthy of consideration than this one: What the people want is

**TRUTH AND A SQUARE DEAL!**

And they know where to get it. Here is another slice of news that will create another

**BIG SENSATION**

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Every person that studies the interest of themselves, their wives and families will take, or rather should take, advantage of this article, because it will be conceded by every fair-minded person to be nothing more than a straightforward effort to keep up our well earned reputation

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