

To Him Who Seeks.
Hope is the message of the Easter time;
And the glad Earth,
While yet the snow lies white upon the hill,
And while the ice King yields his scepter
still,
Heralds star, with faint and tuneful chime,
The summer's birth.
Only the ears strained to melody
Can catch the strain:
Only for watchful eyes the first flowers blow
Beneath dead leaves and coverlet of snow;
And first to him who seeks her longingly,
Spring comes again.
Through all the voices of the waking year,
The father speaks:
To heavy hearts, bowed with their weight of
grief,
He sends his promise in the budding leaf,
And first the messengers of hope appear
To him who seeks.
—[C. E. Bancroft, in Youth's Companion.]

THE PHANTOM TRAIN.

BY ARCHIE H. EGGLESON.

It was the summer of 1888, known as the wet season. It rained continually from the 1st of April till July, and on every third or fourth day the drizzle changed to a heavy shower. Roads were impassable, and even railway traffic came to a standstill.

I was employed by the Great Western road and stationed at Westgate, a beautiful town, not very large, but the centre of a piece of magnificent scenery. To the north a majestic grove of oaks towered up from the banks of the Big Stowe River which flowed sullenly along on its south-westerly course, leaving the little city a short distance to the east. A blacksmith shop, two or three stores, a restaurant and hotel, a church and a schoolhouse, which was lighted up by the pleasant face of the postmaster's only daughter Stella, made up the public buildings of the place, with the addition of the depot and grain warehouse, where but little business was transacted during the flood.

About a mile northward the railway bridge spanned the Big Stowe, and I had been requested by the bridge foreman to make a trip out to the structure every day just before dark to see that the approaches were safe, as in every severe storm the river, already swollen to full banks, would lap the end of the long bridge and whirl fiercely around the piers.

I slept in my office, as duty compelled me to remain there quite late at night, and it was but little trouble to change my lounge into a bed. I had also a corner occupied by a pony instrument on which at odd moments through the day I instructed a young student in the art of telegraphy, feeling thankful for something to help me to pass away time in such dull weather.

One sultry evening, after a few hours of clear sky, I placed my railway-tricycle on the track preparatory to making my evening trip to the bridge. Heavy banks of clouds could be seen in the west, and there was an ominous stillness in the air that made anxious to make a speedy trip.

It was a toilsome journey, and the perspiration gathered on my forehead and my breath became short before I finished it; but, although I found the water higher than it had been, it was not more dangerous to the bridge.

Upon my return I took care to have my switch-lights trimmed and placed out earlier than usual and hastily partook of supper, for already the low muttering of distant thunder foretold a heavy storm and a bad night. When it broke at last I was alone in my office, and the cracking of the telegraph instruments, as the lightning played around them, resembled the firing of a small pistol. The rain fell in torrents and the wind blew as if would demolish everything before it.

I sat listening to the efforts of the despatcher to make his train orders plain, and when his continued repetitions made me nervous, fell back on my guitar for consolation. After playing every mournful melody I could think of, I spread out my bed and dropped on it, to rest, if not to sleep. For some time I heard the rain beating against the window and the wind rushing under the cornice of the depot and creeping along the rafters with sobs like those of a child; then I dozed off to sleep, and nothing troubled me.

I awoke suddenly to find myself sitting up in bed, and to hear the pony instrument working clearly, as if handled by masterly fingers. I was spellbound, for the apparatus was connected with the main line, and there was no one in the room; but it clicked distinctly, and my blood curdled as I recognized the call that is used on the wires only for those messages that are always sent to an operator's ear—the "death signal." Who was sending it?

Iamps higher, seized my fountain-pen and made ready to copy. The message ran as follows:
"From Austin to C. W. G., Oelwein, Number Four Night Limited went down at Big Stowe Bridge. Fifth and sixth trestle washed out. Seventy-five killed."
—[K. C.]

I read and reread this till my own writing looked strange to me as it lay on the desk, and then glanced at the clock. It was a quarter to one. Number Four was due at Westgate at half-past two. So the message was sent an hour and a quarter before the train would reach the place of the wreck!

At that minute the piercing whistle of a locomotive broke upon the night air. I glanced at the window and saw the red light of an approaching train some fifty yards away. Throwing on my coat and picking up my lantern, I made my way to the platform, saying aloud:

"The bridge was all right last night. It is surely all right now."

I stood a long time waiting for the train to pass by. Number—limited stopped at Westgate, but it came no near and it made no sound. Then I saw that it was going at full speed through a country with which I was not familiar. The faithful engineer stood in his cab, with his hand on the throttle, guiding through the darkness the human freight that was trusted to him for safe delivery; and the fireman, in the shadow, looked out with a pallid face. They crossed streams and halted at stations; the bell rang and the whistle echoed, but there was no rumble of wheels.

By and by I began to recognize the stations as they came to them. There was the New Hampton depot, with the passengers crowding about the steps, and friends meeting and parting at the door of the car. The conductor walked out with his train-orders in his hand. The mail-pouches were exchanged, and the phantom train went on again.

Next came Fredericksburg, then Sumner, and then—O terrible fate!—I could hear the humming roar and the panting of the engine; I could see the turbulent waters of the Big Stowe lashing the approaches of the long bridge. The train was slowing up to cross it. I held my breath. It was in the center of the great structure. The engineer was calling for brakes. I could hear the escaping steam; and the next instant it had plunged headlong into the black, seething mass of water beneath!

I dropped on my knees and gave, not a scream, but the wildest yell that ever came from mortal lips. A moment later, I was fully awake, lying on the office floor, where I had fallen during my nightmare.

Some time elapsed before I could determine that it was all a dream. I turned up my lamps, examined the little instrument that had clicked off the warning message, looked for a copy of it on my desk, and at last realized that, as I had ample time, I would go out to Stowe and examine the bridge before Number Four was due. If everything was right, no one on the trip need ever know of my dream.

It was but the work of a moment to get out my tricycle and light up the beam-lamp, and I was soon whirling away toward the river. The storm had passed, leaving a bank of copper-colored clouds in the east and the moon shining dimly in the far west.

As I drew nearer the hoarse voice of the Big Stowe became a roar, and I found the track covered with water. The tricycle had to be abandoned, and I continued my way on foot through still deeper waters till I reached the bridge. I passed easily over the first four trestles, and was angry to find that I had such faith in the mysterious message that I was expecting danger in the fifth and sixth. When I stopped and swung my lantern out ahead of me, its gleam, aided by the moonlight, showed me thirty-two feet of rail vibrating to and fro over a yawning chasm, where the mad waters laughed and leaped and shrieked as if a demon controlled them. The fifth and sixth trestles were washed away, and I knew by a warning scream of the locomotive that Number Four had just left Sumner.

There was no help for it; I must cross that gap on the rail and flag the train that was coming through the darkness to death and destruction. I crouched down and began my passage for life, taking my lantern between my teeth, that I might have the use of both hands. The least dizziness or weakness, the slightest loss of balance, would plunge me into the waves below, and the train would be lost.

I crawled carefully along; now I was moving successfully, now I was trembling—now the swaying of the rail was turning my head! I was two-thirds of the way across when I

heard the train coming; a few steps more, and the headlight of old Number Four came swiftly around a curve and bore down the long grade.

I was like a madman; in my excitement my teeth shut themselves tightly on the wire handle of my lantern and I crept like a beast of prey to the firm footing that lay before me, where I stopped long enough to take my light in my hand and wave the danger signal. As I ran lightly up the track I waved it in a dozen shapes and shouted at the top of my voice, though I knew no one would hear me. The terrible strain on my nerves gave way when I climbed up on the engine and tried to explain matters to the engineer, who had halted three hundred feet from the bridge. I got through with an incoherent sentence in which "message" and "phantom train" repeated themselves, and then I believe I cried—
"At least the boys say I did; but they never called it babyish; and the whole crew called it a wonderful coincidence."
—[New York Ledger.]

Attacked By an Elephant.

When irritated by a wound the elephant of Indo-China, says an explorer in the New York Sun, becomes very dangerous, especially to white men. While the elephant of India takes to flight at the first shot, if its wound is not mortal, the Indo-Chinese animal at once attacks the hunter. I had an adventure of this sort:

I wanted to show the Cambodians what a European hunter can do, and I therefore requested the mandarin to allow me to try a shot at the wild herd, which meantime had retired into the forest. Only after my repeated assurances that I should not hold him responsible for the consequences, the mandarin gave his consent. I took my rifle and some ammunition, got ready for firing, and ordered my Cambodian servant to follow me at a distance with my reserve double-barrelled rifle. Entering the forest, I saw three elephants standing in front of me. I looked round for my servant, but he was nowhere to be seen. A full-grown female elephant, followed by a young one, rushed toward me with uplifted trunk and fierce trumpeting. I had no time to spare to take good aim, and so I fired into the open mouth of the beast. The tremendous recoil of my gun threw me to the ground, and at the same moment I heard my servant fire twice.

I quickly raised myself, but was unable on account of the smoke of my gun to see the elephant. Then I suddenly felt something graze my face, and I was hurled a distance of several yards, and lost consciousness. When I recovered the Cambodians stood around me. They had thought that I was dead. My clothes were sprinkled with blood, and a pain in my upper jaw convinced me that there was something wrong. I found that several teeth had been knocked out. The elephant had knocked them out with her trunk, and had disappeared. Three balls had not killed her. A deadly wound can only be given when the ball enters through the temple or the eye.

As the elephant has keen scent and hearing, a European needs long experience before he can hunt the animal successfully. The native, who creeps noiselessly in his Annamite costume, has, in spite of his inferior weapons, a better chance of success than a European with his creaking boots and breech-loader. The Benongs kill elephants with poisoned arrows, which, although they cannot penetrate the thick skin, may inflict a deadly wound in softer parts, such as the trunk. In such places the poisonous substance, prepared from extracts of herbs, acts so violently that the animal often dies within ten minutes.

Eating Out of Troughs.
All the men employed on the Maniace estate in Sicily, sleep on the property on week nights and tramp back to town for Sunday. Their food is provided for them during the week. In the morning they have a large chunk of brown bread baked on the spot, a herring or a sardine, and as much wine as one can drink in one draught. In the evening they feed like animals. There are wooden troughs on tresses in the open air, arranged around three sides of a square and filled with a sort of "pasta." The men stand around these troughs (they are like English pig troughs) and feed with their fingers. It is in vain that their master has tried to induce them to eat out of plates with spoons. They broke the plates and threw the spoons away. Presumably their idea is that sometimes there are lumps in the food, which, feeling with their fingers, they are able to seize upon, so securing a large share.
—[National Review.]

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

THE TALL GIRL.

The tall girl is to have another season. Let the midget look up, dress her hair on top of her head and stab it with a sword handle ornament; high heels, striped dresses and up and down lines of trimming will help, too. But put on a belt or trim the hem of the dress with a darker band, and she will lose just that much of her apparent attitude.
—[New York Journal.]

WORK OF JAPANESE WOMEN.

The Japanese World's Fair Commissioners have presented to the board of lady managers statistics compiled at the request of Mrs. Palmer of the work of Japanese women. It is a voluminous document of many pages, written in the Japanese language, and gives interesting facts and figures of what the women of Japan have done and are doing along industrial, educational, charitable and philanthropic lines. The compilation of statistics will be furnished in translation for the encyclopedia being prepared by the board of lady managers. The original manuscript, in a handsome portfolio, will be shown as an exhibit in the woman's building.
—[Chicago Herald.]

SHE PAPERED HER FLOORS.

A woman to whom the ordinary dust collecting, moth breeding carpet was an abomination, and who could not afford to have all her rooms refloored in hard woods, adopted this expedient for some of the seldom used ones: She selected at a paperhanger's a heavy wall paper, dark in color and conventional in design. She laid the floor first with brown paper. Then she put down the wall paper by first coating it with paste and smoothing it down. When the floor was all papered she sized and varnished it with dark glue and common varnish, which deepened the color. When it was dry she scattered a few rugs about and her paper carpets have lasted for years.
—[Baltimore Herald.]

LIFE OF A VERY RICH WOMAN.

A lady whose name is very seldom mentioned in connection with any social events is Mrs. John J. Rockefeller, wife of the Standard Oil King. She is a modest, quiet, unassuming woman, devoted to her home and family. Her home is directly opposite St. Luke's Hospital, and the inmates of that place know her better, perhaps, than the habitues of Fifth avenue. Two or three times a week she visits the hospital, carries flowers and delicacies, and in other ways tries to bring sunshine into the lives of the poor unfortunates. Mrs. Rockefeller is her own housekeeper and keeps a set of books in which every cent expended is accounted for. Her three daughters were educated at Vassar College, and the eldest one spent her allowance in defraying the expenses of a girl from the country who was working her way through school. The Rockefellers are members of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church and very regular in their attendance. At home there are always family prayers, morning and night.
—[Brooklyn Citizen.]

LEATHER GARMENTS.

I came across at Ellensburg, says a London Queen writer, some most charming and useful of novelties. They took the form of leather jackets for ladies' wear while shooting and for country wear.

They are called Danish coats, and appear to be made of glove kid, being very bright, resembling satin. They are to be had in brown, black, green, blue and gray, and have skirts to match. They are light, perfectly impervious to weather, and the coats display some pretty stitching.

The leather jackets are found to be exceedingly useful for riding, in place of covert jackets, as they will stand any amount of wet. They are made with short basques and are quilted inside.

BLIND TYPEWRITERS.

There is to be one unique exhibit at the World's Fair in Chicago. The committee having the matter in charge have given space to twelve young women from the blind asylum of Jacksonville, Ill.

These twelve, some of whom have not seen a ray of light for years, while others were born blind, will show their proficiency as typewriters, which is said to be something wonderful. Their fingers deftly fly over the keys and they produce as good work as the more favored ones who enjoy the full use of their eyes.

Modern civilization has worked a great many miracles, so many that the present may be called the age of necromancy, but we doubt if it can show us a picture more pathetic or

more triumphant than that of twelve blind girls hard at work on twelve typewriting machines.
—[New York Herald.]

GREEN IS EVERYWHERE.

It is remarkable to note the spread of the fashion for introducing green into everything. There is no possibility of doubt that it is to be the color of the season. The milliners are all talking of green wreaths, of grasses, ferns, ivy leaves and mosses as spring trimmings. Two pretty bonnets in the recent display were as green as green could be. One had a sparkling crown of green iridescent jet, and merely a suggestion of a brim formed of myrtle green velvet; donkey-car bows of the same velvet stood up directly in front, clasped together at their base by a large rhinestone buckle; a curious fringe of green iridescent jets passed under the chin, three much wider than at the back, where it was fastened to the bonnet under small rhinestone pins.

The other bonnet was of olive straw, braided with gilt tinsel. Directly in front was a choux of green velvet ribbon, completely encircled by grasses radiating from the choux as a centre, and as directly in the back, at the point of the notch made for the hair, was a cluster of green tips from which green velvet ribbons passed under the chin.

Shop windows of all kinds are filled with articles in green. The decorators' windows hang full of green wall papers and tapestries; the bric-a-brac shops make a display of green and gold glass vases and jugs; china houses display full sets of green and gold dinner service, and the salesmen tell you that the day of serving each course on ware of different manufacture and design is quite done. All the new summer silks for gowns or petticoats are striped with green; all the novelties in furniture covering are in green and gold tinsel. The woman, who all these years has kept from moth and rust her green brocade curtains and the big heavy gilt cornice would better get them out at once. All the debutantes have varied the monotony of their white frocks by trimmings of green satin ribbons. All the fashionable lunches and dinners are green and gold dinners, green and white lunches, or all green, as the hostess fancies.
—[Chicago Herald.]

FASHION NOTES.

Brilliant red, with black trimming, is popular.

Lions bengalines are fashionable for evening gowns.

Striped, corded and ribbed materials for dresses are very fashionable.

The fancy for buttons with odd devices is revived for handsome gowns.

The bell skirt, with a drapery in front, is very becoming to stout women.

The triple skirt is just now the newest invention, or rather resurrection, of fashion.

The popularity of capes, single, double and triple, will increase rather than diminish.

The seams of evening gowns are ornamented with narrow, flat, gathered ruffles of crepe or chiffon.

Many redingote skirts are noted among the Directorate styles, but the bodices are very different from the true Directorate.

Dress Designers are making strong attempts to the Empire styles of dress into still more general vogue during this and the summer season.

One of the new wool materials brought out is in a Persian pattern, in the ground deep brilliant yellow. It is to be used for entire bodices or for waistcoats.

One of those quaint poke bonnets is of emerald green velvet, the brim faced with satin of the same shade, and the edge bound with a narrow band of beaver.

For house wear, when a black slipper of patent leather or of black suede kid is worn, the instep of the black silk stocking is often embroidered with tiny roses or fleurettes de l'Empire in dainty colors.

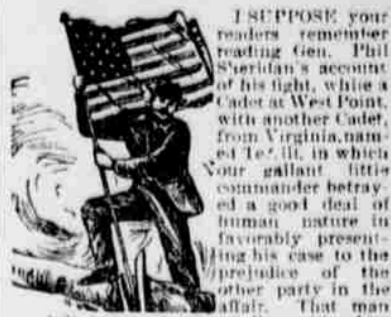
The skirts to the coats must be very long and very full, and the seams must all lap. Slender figures have the tucks run round and round, Bayadere fashion, but women with large hips have to be more guarded and run the tucks up and down.

Round waists appear upon nearly every other model sent from Paris. These are either belted in closely or they curve with the taper of the waist to a sharp point. The fronts open upon a plastron or vest with extravagantly wide velvet revers beyond, some of which seem to spread into the folds and lose themselves in the elaborate puffings on the sleeves.

SOLDIERS' COLUMN.

GEN. WM. R. FERRILL.

A Comrade Tells How He Was Made Steadfast for the Union.



I SUPPOSE your readers remember reading Gen. Phil Sheridan's account of his fight, while a cadet at West Point, with another cadet, from Virginia, named Terrell, in which your gallant little commander betrayed a noble and of human nature in favorably presenting his case to the prejudice of the other party in the affair. That man

was killed in the battle of Perryville while gallantly fighting for the Union, and I am induced to relate a little incident that occurred to me that will place him in a better light than the article of Gen. Sheridan was calculated to do.

After the battle of Carter's Woods, (June 15, 1863,) while attempting with the rest of Gen. Milroy's army to escape, I fell into the hands of the 2d Md. (rebel) regiment, and counter-marched to Winchester, and was ordered into the presence of the Provost Marshal, who happened to be my own brother and the Major of the 2d Md. Upon seeing me brought into his office he became very much affected, and said "Charley, what in the devil are you doing here?" I was answered by asking the name of his regiment and he could not suppress a smile at the stand I took. After inquiring about home and dear ones, he remarked that he did not know what to do with me. I immediately relieved his embarrassment by telling him I desired only to be treated as a prisoner of war and shown no favors.

"Well, I have asked to be relieved here, and will join my regiment to-morrow," he said, "and will be succeeded by Col. Terrill of the 23d Va., who also is a brother in the Union army who was killed at Perryville, Ky. I feel satisfied that he will treat you kindly, but be careful not to allude to his brother, as it may cause him pain. You will find him very much of a gentleman."

That night I lay broad and slept together on the cot in the empty storeroom in which he had his office, talking of our boyhood days and home. Next morning Col. Terrill made his appearance, and after the transfer of authority my brother introduced me to him, and together we conversed about the fight, and my meeting my brother, and a sad expression of face seemed to indicate a struggle in his mind. Suddenly he inquired if my brother had informed me that he also had a brother in the Union army, and I told him that he had.

"Yes, it was so, and I will tell you all about it," he said. "My father procured an appointment for my brother as a Cadet at West Point, and I remember when it arrived he called for me together and presented it to him with a copy of the Constitution and the New Testament, and exacted a pledge before us all that he would never prove false to either. Well, the war came, and father had forgotten all about the circumstance, and when General Lee resigned his commission, father wrote to brother and urged him to resign and come home and enter the Confederate service; but my brother reminded him of the pledge he had made and declared his determination to stand by the cause of the Union. Of course we felt very sorry, but did not blame brother, for he was a conscientious man. We have never heard any of the particulars of his death, and only know that it occurred at Perryville, Ky., and it would be a great satisfaction to me to hear of the particulars of the particulars concerning our brother's death."

"I informed him I would make inquiry, and if I learned anything of interest concerning the matter, would endeavor to acquaint him of it."

A few days after I was sent on to Richmond with a large body of prisoners, and while in Libby Prison met a surgeon named Wood, from the Western army, who told me he had attended Gen. Terrill after he had been wounded, and at my request he wrote out a full account of it and about a week or ten days before the battle of Cold Harbor I mailed it to him from Richmond, but I never received any reply, and after that battle I saw in the Richmond papers that Col. Terrill of the 13th Va. had been killed at the head of his regiment in that battle.

This account will go to show the lofty principle that actuated many other men born in the south to take side with the Union and in defense of the Government when compelled to sacrifice the ties of blood and kindred associations, hard to appreciate by those who were not so situated.

This account is given to correct a feeling of which our own gallant Sheridan and others could not rid themselves. A Southern Statesman says, in "National Tribune":

ANOTHER INSTANCE.
A Maryland Regiment's Flag Spent Several Months in Captivity.

In a recent issue of your paper Comrade Miles Gartner, of the 48th Ohio, gives a very interesting history of the preservation of the regimental flag of that regiment through their imprisonment, and partly spoils it by saying that the only regimental flag that went through a rebel prison during the war of the rebellion and escaped the clutches of the Confederates. I myself know of no other. The 6th or 9th Md. (it was from Baltimore at any rate) was captured at Sharpsburg, Md., about Oct. 13, 1862, with some others, by Imboden's Brigade. Gen. Swearer, the Colonel-Sergeant of the 6th (or 9th) Md., took the flag from the pole, undressed himself, and wrapped it around him and then put his clothes on over it, and spent five months or more in that bleak hole. Belle Isle, without taking it from his body and brought it triumphantly through to Camp Parole, at Annapolis, Md. Dirty and stained it naturally was to be sure, but the same glorious old flag still. Hundreds of people came down from Baltimore to see it.

I was on Belle Isle with him. I was captured the day before he was, on a scout to Berryville, Va., and by Imboden's men, and I knew nothing about his having the flag until he came to Camp Parole and I doubt if any others did, except, perhaps, some of his regiment who were captured with him. (Glorious old Ben Swearer.) He is alive I should like to hear from him and to hear that he is living in better quarters than the drygoods box which he occupied in the trench on Belle Isle.—JEROME BELL, in "National Tribune."

Pittsburg Times For Ohio.
The Taylor law, adopting central standard time as legal time in Ohio, went into effect April 1. State Supervisor of Elections S. M. Taylor issued a proclamation that all polls will be opened and closed at the election on April 3 according to the new order of time.

A Village Destroyed by Fire.
Nearly the whole of the business portion of Bardolph, Ill., was destroyed by fire. The total loss will reach \$30,000. The fire started in a hardware store from a defective flue.