

RECOMPENSE.

I cast a pebble in the sea,
Thinking that never more
As long as life is a mystery
'Twould come back to the shore,
'Twas thus she threw my heart away.
It sank into the sea,
But time is good, and yesterday
'Twas given back to me.
—Tom Masson, in New York Sun.

Polly Ward—"Flagman."

BY ALBERT M. STRONG.



OLLY WARD had a grievance. Tears of angry disappointment stood in her eyes as she sat under the low spreading branches of the old elm tree in the front yard of her pretty little home, and all this had been caused by the big, broad-shouldered young fellow who was now making his way across the open prairie to the "Q" round house, dinner basket in hand and with the usual roll of overclothes under his arm.

The Brotherhood of Railroad Firemen were to give the first dance of the season that night, and Joe Quinn, the bright young engineer, with whom Polly had been keeping company for over a year, had promised to take her, and now, just as the evening shades were falling, and it was nearly time to don the pretty dress made with such loving care for the event, he had come to the house and told her that it would be impossible for him to keep his engagement. He had been called to go out on No. 5, the "Limited," and could not get off. It was enough to vex a saint, thought Polly.

John Ward, Polly's father, had been in the employ of the "Q" company for many years and had risen from a position as a laborer to that of foreman of the round house. On the night of which we write he had been home to his supper and had been obliged to return to the shops again to complete some repairs to a locomotive that could not wait. Polly was alone, and, with nothing else to do, sat under the big tree and grieved over her lover's defection.

Across the level prairie she could dimly see in the growing dusk the outlines of the monster shops and engine house. On the turntable track, down near the water tank, she saw the bright rays of an electric headlight that she well knew was on the big "ten-wheeler" that her lover was to run that night. She could see the flaring "torches" of Quinn and his fireman as they worked around the ponderous machine, getting her ready for the mad rush of the fast limited express.

The mellow tones of the engine bell, softened by the intervening distance, floated across the plain, rousing Polly from her reverie, and telling her that her lover had started for the passenger station in the city, two miles away. She watched the headlight until it disappeared around the curves, and was about to start for the house, when her attention was attracted by voices on the other side of the tight board fence that inclosed one side of the lot scarcely ten feet from where she sat.

"Tell you it's a dead sure go if we only hustle. That's Quinn backing down now on the 57. He'll run the life of 'em out of here, and a couple of good oak ties stuck in that trestle will do the job slick enough. Nobody will be watching very close, and we can sneak the safe into the woods easy enough."

"Bill," said a second voice, "I don't just fancy killing such a lot of people as that'll do. Can't we flag 'em at the trestle 'n go through the car same as the other gangs do? There's six of us, 'n we ought to bluff that express man easy enough."

"No use to talk about it now, Hank," responded the first speaker. "The boys have got the thing all fixed 'n we can't change it now. Come on, we'll have to run if we get to Rock Creek before Quinn does."

As they finished their low-toned, hurried talk two men came from behind the fence and started on a run down the road toward the railroad track.

Polly was a bright, quick-witted girl and generally very self-reliant, but now she stood in the black shadows of the big tree, completely paralyzed by the atrocity of the awful plan these men had revealed.

They were going to wreck No. 5 to rob the express safe.

How could she give the alarm in time to avert this terrible sacrifice of human life? It was over half a mile from her house across the prairie to the shops, and from them it was nearly as far to the main track, to reach which one would have to cross the intricate tracks of the great switching yards, which at this time in the year were crowded with grain cars. Could she get to the shops, find some one trustworthy, tell her story to them, and still leave time enough for her messenger to reach the main track to stop the train?

While these questions were flashing through her brain the little clock in the hall chimed the half hour. It was half-past 8 and the train left the city at 9. She had only thirty minutes left. Suddenly she started toward the house on a run, crying.

"I can do it! I know I can." On Joe's last trip in she had given a little lawn party, and Quinn, with the characteristic love of a railroad man for light and color, had brought over from the shops a lot of railroad lanterns, white, blue, red and green, to hang in the trees, and now they were stacked in the hall awaiting their return to the store room. In a second Polly was beside the pile, holding first

one, then another between her eyes and the great arc light at the shops. She soon found what she wanted, a red one, and with it clasped in her arms ran to the kitchen for matches with which to light it.

Match after match was struck, only to go out, but at last success crowned her efforts and the light burned bright and clear; in another moment she was speeding down the road toward the track, bareheaded, thinking only of Joe and the awful fate that awaited him if she were not in time.

Leaving the city of — the C. B. and Q. road runs south nearly two miles in almost a straight line, then makes a long curve to the left and straightens out to the east. In the inner radius of this curve the company located the shops and switching yards, and a little farther back, and east of the shops, had laid out a little town for its employes. On the street nearest the shops was the home of the Wards, and this street crossed the railroad nearly a mile from their house, and considerably more than that from the yards.

Polly was thoroughly familiar with all the surrounding country, for, in the summer just passed, on the pleasant Sunday afternoons, the big engineer would take the little maid for a long walk, and, lover like, would choose the least frequented paths. One of their favorite rambles had been down the shady street to the railroad and occasionally down the railroad track through "Quinlan's Cut" to Rock Creek. She knew the place well. It was at the foot of a short but very heavy grade, and, as the road left the deep rock cut, named after the contractor who had blasted it through, it ran over a high embankment and around a curve to Rock Creek, which it crossed on a trestle thirty feet above the stony bed of the little stream. The trees in the bottom obscured the view of the bridge even in daylight, and at night no headlight would show on it until it would be too late to stop.

It was the intersection of the street and the railroad at the top of the grade that Polly was straining every nerve to reach before the threatened train should arrive.

Down in the city Engineer Quinn had looked over the train register and bulletin boards in the train dispatcher's office, and was back where his engine was standing, just outside the passenger shed. Torch in hand he was taking one last look at the massive machinery before starting on this his first passenger run. The train was reported ten minutes late, and he had in his pocket an order from the superintendent to make up that lost time over his division.

"Did you fill these rod cups, Tim?" he called to his fireman, who was busy in the cab of the engine.

"Oi did, sor." "Say, Joe did ya cut out th' driver brake?" asked Murphy.

"I had to. Some one got to monkeying with the pipe and broke the connection. Maybe we won't need it; if we do she's got a mighty good lever and a hundred and sixty pounds of steam, and that'll answer, I guess."

"Hello! Here she comes," called Joe, as the bright headlight of an approaching train shot into the farther end of the big passenger station.

The engine was soon coupled to the cars and in a few minutes the huge machine was drawing its long, heavily laden train out of the depot. Joe at the throttle, vigilant and cautious, carefully watching the little varicolored lights on the semaphores, and running slowly until the crowded confines of the city should be passed. All the worry and vexation of the long wait at the station for the delayed train had vanished, and now, with the cool night air blowing in his face, the engineer was filled with the exhilaration that is known only by those hardy fellows who drive the iron horse; that knowledge of mastery over the powerful machine that seems almost human in its work; that obeys almost the slightest touch. Soon the city is left behind and as he nears the long curve at the outer yards and sees the last semaphore signals at "safety" he gives the throttle lever a light pull. Under the increased pressure the iron giant leaps forward like a thing of life.

Meantime how fared it with the little woman we left flying down the street? Polly reached the road crossing out of breadth and trembling like a leaf. She stopped in the middle of the track and listened. The train had not passed; of this she was sure; she would have seen it from the road if it had.

and while watching his face as he told of a particularly exciting event in his own life, her loving eyes had discovered a little scar, only a faint line now, on his forehead.

"What did that, Joe?" she asked, as she pushed back the curly hair that she might see it plainly.

"Oh, a brakeman out on the Central Branch. Hit me with a lantern." "Why, Joe? Were you fighting?" "Fighting? Not much. Why, my dear, that man saved my life when he did that."

"Tell me about it, please, Joe," pleaded his pretty listener.

"It happened when I was running that little passenger engine on the branch, four years ago. I had been out all day on a 'special,' two officers' cars full of big officials on a tour of inspection. When we got to the end of the road, they decided that they must go back to E—that night. It had commenced to rain and it was as dark as the—"

"Joe?" "Well, so dark you couldn't see anything. I had broken my headlight chimney and couldn't get an extra one there, so I put a white lantern in the headlight reflector, and it gave just enough light to show any one on the track that we were coming, and that was about all.

"We got orders about 9 o'clock and pulled out with, as we supposed, a clear track. I had made about seventy of the ninety-five miles we had to go, and was sailing them along about forty-five or fifty miles an hour, when something came through the front window of my cab, hit me square in face and dropped into my lap. I picked it up and knew what it was the minute I touched it; a lantern, and a red one at that.

"I set my brake, pulled the sand lever open and reversed her. She skated along a little way and then stopped with a sudden jar. When I got down on the ground I found she had poked her nose under a freight caboose. If it hadn't been for that 'brakie' and his red light, I'd a split that train wide open, and you'd probably had some other fellow in tow now.

"You see, it was this way. The freight had been running ahead of us and had broke down. The conductor had sent his flag out all right, but the brakeman, running back over the wet and slippery ties, had stumbled and fell, putting out both his lanterns. He had matches, but he was wet through, and of course the matches were ruined. He had started to go back to the caboose to light his lamps when he heard me whistle for a road crossing a little piece back. Then he ran towards me, got as far as he could, and, just as I passed him, fired his lantern through the window.

"Pretty good scheme that. Wasn't it?"

This was the story that photographed itself on Polly's brain as she stood in the track of the black monster that was so rapidly nearing her. Perfectly cool now, she stepped to the side of the track, and, with uplifted arm, braced herself to take, as she thought, the only chance to save her lover from an awful death.

On the engine Joe, as soon as he got out on the straight track, could see something on the crossing. A few seconds brought him near enough to see who it was, and knowing full well it could be no trifling matter that had brought his little sweetheart there at that time of night, and alone, he shut off steam and applied the air brake. Then, as he got down on the spot, prepared to get off as soon as the speed of the train slackened sufficiently, he said to his fireman:

"Stop her, Tim, and back up for me." Murphy had hardly straightened up on the footboard when there came a crash of broken glass, a blow on the shoulder from some heavy object, and a shattered red lantern lay on the "deck" at his feet.

"Howly Moses! F'what's that? Me shoulder's broke intirely." A glance at the bent frame and broken glass lying in the bright light of the open firebox door told him, and the reverse lever of the powerful locomotive went back with a jump, a stream of sand was pouring down on the rails beneath the big driving wheels, and the little Irishman at the throttle was giving the ten-wheeler the full benefit of the 160 pounds of steam she carried.

Hearing the crash as the lantern went through the window, Quinn took desperate chances, and as the engine cleared the crossing, jumped to the ground. The speed of the train was so great that he was unable to keep his feet, and he rolled into the ditch beside the track. He was on his feet again in an instant and, running back to the crossing, found Polly's slender form lying in the road; for the first time in her vigorous young life she had fainted.

When she opened her eyes her head was on Joe's broad breast and the blue and gold conductor, lantern in hand, was eyeing her severely, while a small but rapidly growing crowd of passengers stood around and wondered what had happened.

Her story was soon told and as she was on her way back home under the protection of the baggage-master, Quinn went thundering down the hill with the light engine, her cab and tender crowded with an armed posse recruited from among the passengers, and led by that muscular little Irishman, Murphy, who sported a murderous-looking Winchester borrowed from the express messenger. The engineer knew where to stop now, and as they slipped up to the end of the trestle they saw a skulking figure make for the woods. Murphy sent a shot or two after it, but when the party searched the woods in the bottom there was no sign of any of the rob-

bers to be found. In the timbers of the bridge between the rails they found four big oak ties so placed that they would surely have thrown the train to the rocks below.

What became of Polly, do you ask? A short time ago I received a copy of a paper published in — that contained among the marriage notices that of Mr. Joseph Quinn and Miss Polly Ward, and in another column I found an extended notice of the event that gave a list of the presents and the donors thereof. Among them were a check from an English earl for one hundred guineas, a fine piano from a San Francisco gentleman, a beautiful set of solid silver from the Adams Express Co., and from the C. B. & Q. Railway Co. a deed for a handsome house and lot in the city. Many others sent beautiful and useful presents, and I am creditably informed that the two gifts, almost holy in the eyes of Mrs. Polly, are an elegant little watch from the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, inscribed, "To Polly Quinn, from the B. of L. E. 'A memory of Rock Creek,'" and a watch charm in the shape of a shield, made of solid gold. On one side was traced, "Polly Ward—Flagman;" on the other was the crossed red and green flags, the insignia of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, who had elected the young lady an honorary member of the largest organization of railroad men on earth.—Washington Star.

Curious Properties of the Ruby. The chief scientific interest of the ruby corundum flows from the extraordinary peculiarities of structure that it presents, as well as from the mysterious qualities that determine its striking color. It is found in crystals of a great variety of shape, but all having a tendency to the peculiar habit of growth known to crystallographers as "twinning."

By testing crystals of corundum with polarized light, its structure is found to be wonderfully complex, and under the microscope its exterior face is covered with a strange network of sculpture, indicative of molecular changes. But probably the most interesting thing about the corundum crystal is the fact that it is nearly always found to have inclosed and surrounded some foreign body or other, which lies imprisoned in its midst. Strangest still is the fact that these "inclosed" foreign bodies lie generally disposed of in planes meeting each other at an angle of sixty degrees, the result being to produce the phenomenon of "asterism," which is the term given to the white star of light which is observable on certain jewels cut with a rounded surface. Very frequently the imprisoned body is a minute bubble of gas or drop of liquid, containing sometimes little crystals of its own. The microscopic cavities containing these things are often very numerous. For a long time the nature of the gas and fluid contained in the cavities remained a mystery. The English philosopher, Brewster, was induced to investigate the subject by hearing that a ruby which an Edinburgh jeweler had placed in his mouth had exploded while in that position with unpleasant results. Other investigators followed, and it has now been made certain that the fluid is no other than liquid carbonic acid gas, reduced to that condition, by being under great pressure.—Jewelers' Circular.

Circus Horses Costly and Hard Worked. "A good circus horse is a most expensive purchase," said a trainer to a writer for Harrison's Magazine, "as you may judge when I tell you that I frequently pay as much as \$1500 for a single animal before it has been trained. I have one black horse now in my possession which I would not part with for \$2000, although it is only employed in the ring. Last year when I was exhibiting near New York City a New York millionaire and his family visited my exhibition and were so much impressed with the beauty and grace of this noble animal that he offered me \$1800 for her, but I declined the offer. An ordinary thoroughbred Kentucky horse bought for \$1500 is worth to me when thoroughly trained for the circus ring anywhere from \$2500 to \$3000. American thoroughbred horses, although they are more difficult to train by reason of their fine organizations and excitability, are far and away the best animals for performing purposes. They stand work and are fit to be put in harness soon after going through their tricks. I am the owner of 300 horses, and I guarantee that every one of them is sound and perfect. Remember, a horse for my purpose has to be sagacious, and I reject an endless number before fixing on a clever one. Horses differ entirely as regards intellect. As an instance, I may tell you that two and one-half years is occupied in training some horses, while two or three months may suffice for the thorough tuition of other. I took nine months, by the way, to teach a horse to catch a ball in his mouth, but by far the hardest task is to induce a big horse to jump over a pony. I expect to give this act during the season."

Hamburg Written About Hypnotism. "There has been a great deal of stuff and nonsense written about hypnotism, as if it were something very abstruse," said an Arch street physician. "In fact, it is an everyday phase of mental abstraction. Anyone may hypnotize himself in a few minutes by closing his eyes, directing them inward and downward, and then, imagining his breath to be vapor, watching its inhalation and expulsion from the nostrils. Babies invariably look cross-eyed before going to sleep, in this way producing what hypnotists call 'transfixion.' Fishermen often hypnotize themselves watching a cork on a surface of shining water. An hour passes as if it were a few minutes."—Philadelphia Record.

Demure and Coquettish Summer Coiffure.



A YOUTHFUL COIFFURE.

A summer coiffure that is both demure and coquettish at the same time calls for three deep waves on both sides of the head, beginning on the temples. The ears are covered by the puffs, and the hair in the back, which also is waved, is brought to a point just a little distance below the crown of the head, where it is made into two loops, and is tied with a bright ribbon that is arranged in a

defiant group of two loops and two notched ends. This is a very youthful frame for any face, and is the favorite coiffure of Miss Scott, the niece of Vice-President Stevenson. The ribbon in her hair is usually white, as that is her favorite color for evening gowns. The hair can be parted in front and trained to curve slightly before being made into the deep waves.—New York Journal.

A Cycle That Drives Itself.

The latest conception of the inventive geniuses who cater to the requirements of the wheel world is the motor cycle. The novelty is intended to take the place of buggies and carriages, and is designed to be of service at all seasons of the year, and in every kind of going.

The tires are fully four inches in diameter, and vibration is reduced to a minimum. The motive power is produced by coal oil, and as soon as the rider takes his seat securely the machine does the rest. A gallon of oil will drive the single seat motor 200 miles, while twice the quantity will send the new four-wheeled contrivance a similar distance with three passengers aboard.

The four-wheeler seems destined to a long lease of popularity. It practically consists of two ladies' bicycles connected by a carriage seat in which three passengers can seat themselves comfortably. The speed can be con-

trolled at the operator's will, but just how fast a "scorcher" may send it along will not be known with any degree of accuracy until the practical speed trial is held on some date in the near future.

The designer has long been before the public with his air ship theories, and now that he has got down to terra firma the chances are that his ideas will be found of practical utility. Experts who have examined the two types of cycles shown in the accompanying cuts think they are destined to play a prominent part among the season's inventions. Should a title of the inventor's hopes be realized, the public must be prepared to see citizens gliding along with far less waste of energy than is required to climb an elevator stairs or sprint from the sidewalk to catch a surface car. With a motor cycle, a gallon of coal oil, and



FOR ONE TO RIDE ON.

She who aspires to be fashionable must have as many slippers in her summer wardrobe as she has evening gowns. Satin slippers to match the gown are always in favor, but at present the black slipper rules the hour. A new black satin slipper is adorned with a rosette of black gauze which glistens with gilt spangles. A patent-



JENNIE CREEK.

amous person in all the country round.—New York Recorder.

The Summer Slipper.

leather novelty has an odd-shaped strap over the instep which fastens with small rhinestone buttons. The slipper is ornamented by a black moire bow caught with a round rhinestone buckle. No fashionable slipper is without a buckle. The buckles vary from inexpensive silver clasps to costly affairs set in jewels. Rhinestones, which are in reach of the average woman's purse, always make an effective buckle.—New York World.



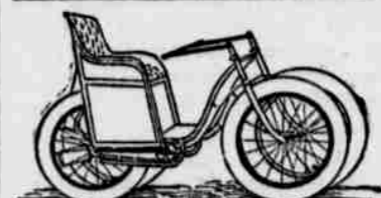
Nestor of the Senate.

Senator Sherman, of Ohio, recently completed a term of service in the United States Senate equal to that of Senator Benton's, whose service of twenty-nine years, two months and twenty-seven days had until now exceeded that of any United States Senator. Mr. Sherman entered the Senate March 23, 1861. He served continuously until March 8, 1877, when he entered Mr. Hayes's Cabinet, and re-entered the Senate March 4,



JOHN SHERMAN.

1881. He has served continuously since, and his present term will not expire until 1899.



A BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO.

a box of matches, the veriest cripple will be able to hold his own with the most muscular prodigy bestriding a wheel.—New York Sun.

An American Girl's Badge of Bravery.

Miss Jennie Creek, who is the youngest person probably who was ever decorated by the French Order of the Legion of Honor, is a half orphan, and lives with the family of Samuel Personett, near Millgrove, Blackford County, Ind. She is one of five poor children, whose father is a woodsman, near Gillman, Ind. She is only ten years old.

On September 10, 1893, when she ran down the track waving her little apron to stop a Pennsylvania train loaded with people returning from the World's Fair, that was rushing toward a burning bridge, she was barefoot and half-clad. Her foster parents were laboring in a field, and also barefoot. With disheveled hair and frightened as a hare, the passengers caught little Jennie and carried her through the car. The women petted her and the men gave her money.

After the story reached the railroad officials they sent her a pass for herself and foster parents to the World's Fair, enabling her to see a show that was only dimly outlined in her childish dreams. The medal came to be