SOMEWHERE.

Somewhere the wind is blowing. I thought as I tolled 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 sky.

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

newhere the twilight gathers, And weary men lay by The burden of the daytime, And wrapped in slumber lie. Bomewhere 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 Of earth are known no more, Somewhere our weary spirits Bhall flad a peaceful shore.

Somewhere the things that try us Bhall all have passed away. And doubt and fear no longer Impede the perfect day. O brother, though the darkness Around thy soul be cast. The earth is rolling sonward 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 of the "commercial" operator differ greatly from those of the railroad man. of the "commercial" The latter's work may not be arduous as the other fellow's, but, it is fre-quently attended with much responsibility. And one does not need to go to Mexico or Montana in order to satisly himself that the railroad operator also has his share of close shaves and hair-raising experiences. A veteran "key-twister," who used to be employed nights on the eastern division of the Boston & Maine railroad in New Hampshire, tells a startling story of is experience with a burglar while having orders from headquarters to t in which he placed himself by alling 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 shovelfals of coal on the fire every hour or so and make yourself comfortable. There 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

Ed was the regular night telegraph operator at the little town at Hampton, ituated on a single-track railroad in Hampshire. He was not more twonty-five years old, and the y of his work caused him to

ent recreation away from If a dance was to come off

wn hall or within ten miles of ould be there, provided he ad some one to take his place night at the office. only sixteen at that time. A

ars before my brother and two oung men, all older than myhad built a private telegraph line en their homes in order, as they b learn how to "sling lightall enough to work in a busy ning" well enough to work in a busy office. Each became a good operator and in time found employment at his

patch the contents of a small basket which I had bought from home.

After that I became somewhat drowsy. None of the trains, so far, had been more than twenty minutes late, and I had reported each of them promptly to headquarters 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 an 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

flercer, and I sat and listened to it. How long I listened I do not know.

A light pounding nearby made me jump up.

"What can that be?" I asked mysolf.

The pounding grew louder. A11 the instruments were still and sound was distinct. the 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

the 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 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 perfeetly rigid.

"Apparently the thief is uncertain whether there is any one here," I thought. "If he imagined there 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 in-

truder 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-

nals 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?"

"Not yet," said I. "14 for 252."

Ed and had several times slowed up his train to let me off near my home. "Just wait till Henderson gets hold of you, you villain!" I thought, almost alond, grating my teeth and shaking my clenched fist in the direction of the ticket window.

Perhaps fifteen minutes had n elapsed since I first discovered the burglat'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 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 L."

I looked at my watch. Great heavens! It was ten minutes to 31

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 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, ive 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 stupidity dispelled for a brief time all thought of what was going on twelve feet behind me.

"Not in yet?" inquired the despatcher.

"Not in," I replied, fully conscious of 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 station north of Hampton, six miles away) at 1.15. For God's sake, don't let it get by you," urged the despatcher, 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 ont:

In less than twenty seconds thereafter 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 Hender-

son to his prisoner, pointing to the caboose. "We'll take care of you." And he obeyed,



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 be tween plain silk and this extravagan 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 also 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 .- New York Sun.

Classes in Home Upholstery.

It is reported that in some of the industrial schools classes in home upholstery are formed, where young women may leaven 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 now at low price that, with a dexter-ous pair of hands to aid, cushions, cosy corners, divans, cabinets and the like can be readily and inexpensively made.

Stylish Belts.

Leather belts have steadily de creased 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 affair, 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 ever before. The back piece is a fac-simile of the front, except it has an attachment for holding up the skirt. The side pieces are like the old slides. One is entirely unnecessary, but is there anyway. The buckles are often of steel with mock turquoises inset.

Antofagasta's Remarkable Women.

A society has been formed at Antofagasta "to raise woman to the position she deserves and which God gave her at the creation." The rules include: "All conversation or discussion in the society's hall on polities, religion or lineage is strictly prohibited, and the title of equality, which aboose. "We'll take care of you." is the motto of our society, shall be enforced in every way." Members I climbed back through the window. "shall be scrupulously clean when

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 capable of filling a salaried position. In the course of a short time she filled, not one, but several, and worked in the sewing room besides. Out of h-1 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 married 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.

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 League recently. "The climate of that region is not, as one would suppose," she said, "severely tropical. The summers are not, 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 notices. Every one knows how coolingly refreshing a sweet-smelling face powder is on a hot day. Another sin-gular 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 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 cer-tainly impromtu kind of music. The 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 persnaded to dance with Americans

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 vermin; nor are there any skin or throat diseases. But there is a form of illness which attacks infants, and from which about only ten per cent, of the children recover. It is a kind of indigestion caused by the kind of bread they cat. '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.

LULLABY.

s be unto thee hush, my child-en's little one undeflied; Neaven's little one undefiled; Neatle close to your mother's breast, Ball away to the land of rest; Sweetcat blessing from paradise— Rest, my little one; close your cy691 Angels ever their vigils keep— Sleep, my precious, my baby, sleep. Sleep, baby, sleep; Mother dear will hold thee; Sleep, baby, sleep; Mother's arms enfold thee, Sleep, my tittle one; sleep, m clous one—

clous one-Bleep, baby, sleep.

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

HUMOROUS.

"Why, I thought she was an old maid!" "Next thing to it. She's 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 dinner and then selling him a \$2000 bill of goods,"

Hojack-Who was the best man at the wedding of Mr. Meeker and the Widow Swayback? Tomdik - The Widow Swayback.

He-Do you believe that germs can be transmitted by kissing? She-I don't know; but I'm very fond of scientific experiments.

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.

"He told me he could live on bread and cheese and kisses." "What then?" "I found out that he expected papa to furnish the bread and cheese."

Coal Operator (despondently) $-\mathbf{I}$ wish a way could be found to relieve the glut in the coal market. Consumer (confidentially)-Tell the dealers to give better weight.

Briton-Do you know that it is a matter of history that Wellington never saw Nupoleon? Yankee-Is that so? I always understood that be saw him and went him several better. Mabel-So you have broken the engagement. 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 ever.

"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 'girl.'

Little Edward-Papa, what is an 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 disbelieve-she just doesn't know.

Mother-I don't understand you at 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 ber.

"Well," said the young man with the long hair, after the editor had handed him back his spring poem, "what would you be willing to give me for it?" "Oh, about ten years, if I could have my way,"the discourager of genius replied.

Miss Redding-I declare! lieve it is a fact that Reggy Dusnap sent his man to propose to Miss Rosebud for him. Pruvn - No: that's only gossip. I know the facts. He merely sent him afterward to ask the old man's consent.

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 new/enough about it to want to know ore, and the day and night operators at Hampton were annoyed by my visits till they decided that I wasn't an entirely hopeless case and could even be trusted occasionally to "sub" for them.

And that is what I had agreed to do r 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 evening. After 9 no one ever called at the station to inquire for eight, and by half past 10 all sounds of footsteps on the platform ceased, only a dim light here and there could be seen, and everything about the place appeared to be dead. A thick snow storm, which set in during the evening, did not detract at

ill from the lonesomeness of my quarwrs. "But every place is lonesome Ways have company to cheer him." This thought coupled with the re-

n that in the morning I was receive \$1.50 for my services, quieted my fears for the time being. A red, a white, and a blue lantern

always kept burning in the office ht in case they should be needed tickly. I examined each of these ity. I examined each of these erns to see if it was properly filled secured, looked after the fire in big coal stove, readjusted the re-on wires Nos. 2 and 16, and lay in the big, cushioned armchair the air of one who had done his fall duty.

m the clicking of the tele h (which was intermittent and me start when it struck up sud-ar a silence onger than usual) ould be heard was the gronn-tighing of the wind and the and wearisome hum-m-m-the wires ontaids the sta-he blanding of the last two can as doleful as the clang of or in a closeful as the clang of or as doleton storm. or in a violent storm. That a o'slock came round. That is has carly for invalueou, but

"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 way very soon. In order to stop No. 252 a red lan-

tern would have to be hung outside the station, and no time should be lost

in putting it there. "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.

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 without 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 bracket.

"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-

cal won't dare to tackle three of r.s." Quite satisfied with this reasoning I shut the window softly and fixed the shade so that the lantern might not be hidden entirely from my view, lest any one should disturb it. That doue, 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 wont well there was a good pros-pect of the county jail having another

At any rate, I took courage. By the body of the order I learned hat the conductor of 209 was Frank inderson, a strong, courageous, univ follow, who had near me with

repeated the order to headquarters they attend the meetings, wearing 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 proceed.

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.

Glass Plates That Bend.

It appears that the Chinese have the art of making pliable glass plates. They are not solid, but plated from spun glass and made gorgeous by brilliant Oriental coloring. strangest thing about them is that although they are made of glass, one can 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 originally by Pliny in his Natural History, and popular during the middle ages. As narrated in the "Gesta Romano-rum"_that strange repository of moukish lore_the tale runs thus: "It happened that a certain artificer fabricated a plate which, being exhibited before the emperor (Tiberius), he attempted, but ineffectually, to break it. It bent, however, 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 such an art should be practiced gold and silver would be reckoned as nothing."

The "Gesta Romanorum" pretends The "Genta Romanorum" protends to be nothing but a collection of amus-ing storigs and in it Pliny mingled fact and myths, so that it is hard to separate them. In this particular cess, however, it appears that the old Roman naturalist might have been telling the truth after al.—Chicago

dresses of elegant simplicity, of small cost, and suitable to the age of the 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 personage in Spain during the present uncertain condition of that country's fortunes.

Her subjects say that to her conserratism, tact and sagacity are due, in a large measure, the maintenance peace between Spain and the United States. She assisted in facilitating the change of ministry that caused Sagasta to recall Weyler from Cuba.

The regent is a daughter of the Archduke Karl Ferdinand and his second wife, the Archduchess Elizabeth, and is by birth an Austrian grand duchess. In her youth she was gifte l with great beauty and amiability, and in later life showed that she possessed the keen intelligence and judgment of

her house, the Hapsburg Lorraine. Her son, Allouis XIII, was born shortly after his father's death, in 1886, and during his minority she has possessed all the power of a queen, and the education of the young king has been her chief care. Her great ambition is said to be to preserve the monarchy for her boy.

An Indian Girl.

In 1892 the "Segar" school was built in Ok'ahoma territory, among a colony of Cheyennes aud Arapahoes, considered among the wildest, mos considered among the widest, most backward and non-progressive of all Indians. Fortunately the superin-tendent of the new school, Mrs. John Seger, had already gained their con-fidence in another capacity, so that when they were asked to put their children in school they said they would as score as they were wanted would as soon as they were weaned. And they carried this out literally. One of the girl pupils, who entered One of the girl pupils, who entered the school when it was opened, has had 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

Fashion Notes.

Gauze ribbons showing tiny stripes of satin in every possible shade will be in great demand for summer millinerv.

Porcelain blue and water blue will be favorite shades in spring fabrics. In cotton and silk goods these beautiful blues will be seen.

Grenadino effects in wash goods vill be a novelty in summer materials. White grenadine is a lovely fabric, and will make exquisite gowns for a delicate, dainty looking woman-

Changeable taffetas will be leaders in stylish fabrics for another season. The following striking effects will be seen: Blue and white, burnt orange and white, cardinal and white, and cerise, Nile green and lilac and white, The price will be less than \$1 a yard.

Drap de Paris is the name of 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 leading 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, cycling and other tailor made costumes while white muslin, including India

muslin proper, batiste, grass lawn and Swiss, will be much in demand for morning and negligee dresses, and also for blonses, 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 haid in tucks down the front with isweisd studs

"Did you ever hear the story about 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 aunties who look and dress so exactly alike that it is difficult to tell which is Miss Mary and which Miss Martha. One day a lady said to Harold: "I don't day a lady said to Harold: see how you can tell your two aunties apart." "Oh, that's easy enough," replied Harold, "for Auntie Mary looks a good deal more alike than Auntie Martha."

Insame After Stilling Down Pike's Peak. Joe Bradley, the Rocky mountain trapper, whose terrible slide on the surface of an avalanche down Pike's Peak last December was one of the most appaling adventures that ever befell a numan being, lost his reason through the combined effects of his 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-

"Joe Bradley, the unfortunate pros-Pike's Peak on December 20, was arrested at Florence as an escaped luna-tic, and returned to the Pueblo asy-The exposure undergone by inm. 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-tane asylum soon after his terrible experience on the Peak."

Too Heavy.

"My wife cast some bread on the waters once," remarked the young man reluctantly.

"Did it over return?" anked the

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