

SOMEWHERE.

Somewhere the wind is blowing, I thought as I looked along...

Somewhere the thing we long for exists on earth's wide bound...

Somewhere the twilight gathers, and weary men lay by...

And thus, I thought, 'tis always, in this mysterious life...

Somewhere the things that try us shall all have passed away...

—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...

Ed was the regular night telegraph operator at the little town at Hampton...

Although an eager disciple of the art, I was almost too young to have a thorough knowledge of telegraphing...

And that is what I had agreed to do for Ed on the night mentioned—a cold and blustering night in February.

The task was not altogether an agreeable one. No passenger trains stopped at Hampton after 6.25 o'clock in the evening.

A thick snow storm, which set in during the evening, did not detract at all from the lonesomeness of my quarters.

Aside from the clicking of the telegraph (which was intermittent and made me start when it struck up suddenly after a silence longer than usual)

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.

The storm appeared to be growing fiercer, and I sat and listened to it.

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

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.

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 always locked by the day man before going off duty, and I made sure early in the evening that that task had not been neglected.

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 perfectly rigid. "Apparently the thief is uncertain whether there is any one here," I thought.

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.

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

Bending over the table I opened the key on wire No. 16. The machine did not respond.

The sounder was making those signals with great rapidity. The train dispatcher 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."

"O. K.," I replied, confidently. The dispatcher'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.

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.

Then 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.

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.

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 done, I returned to the key and took the order from the dispatcher. The lamp was too low for me to see plainly, but it seemed unwise to increase the light.

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

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 aloud, grating my teeth and shaking my clenched fist in the direction of the ticket window.

Perhaps fifteen minutes had now elapsed since I first discovered the burglar's presence. During that time operations at the window had been active in spells lasting two or three minutes, after which things were quiet for a little while, which suggested that my man was trying to devise an easier means of effecting an entrance.

"What can be keeping the freight so long?" I wondered. "It must be close on to half past 1."

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

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

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 dispatcher. "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 dispatcher, excitedly.

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

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

In less than twenty seconds 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 signal his fireman pulled down to where we stood.

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

I climbed back through the window, repeated the order to headquarters with the proper signatures, received the dispatcher'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.

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



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.

Fancy Parasols. The fancy parasols are dreams of gauzy frills and shirrings of chiffon, but there is every sort and kind between plain silk and this extravagant confection of lace and elaborate finish.

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

Stylish Belts. Leather belts have steadily decreased in favor for several seasons, and this year they are not worn at all. The belt adjusts itself to the new buckle, which is a most gorgeous affair, and calls for a ribbon or velvet, usually of black.

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 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.

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

An Indian Girl. In 1892 the "Segar" school was built in Oklahoma territory, among a colony of Cheyennes and Arapahoes, considered among the wildest, most backward and non-progressive of all Indians.

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 overskirt.

Peace be unto thee, gift divine; Sweet and innocent baby mine. Never a royal diadem Hold so pure a priceless gem.

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

Life of Women in Venezuela. Miss Stevens, whose travels in Venezuela 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.

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.

Miss Redding—I declare! I believe it is a fact that Reggy Dunsap sent his man to propose to Miss Rosebud for him. Fruyn—No; that's only gossip. I know the facts. He merely sent him afterward to ask the old man's consent.

Joe Bradley, the unfortunate prospector, who rode an avalanche down Pike's Peak on December 20, was arrested at Florence as an escaped lunatic, and returned to the Pueblo asylum. The exposure undergone by Bradley, who was unconscious for several hours, and whose members were badly frozen, caused his mind to give way, and he was admitted to the insane asylum soon after his terrible experience on the Peak.

My wife cast some bread on the waters once," remarked the young man reluctantly. "Did it ever return?" asked the other. "No," was the reply; "it sank."—Brooklyn Life.

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