

THE GOOD WE ALL MAY DO.

Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are going by...

OLD EIGHTY-SIX.



OPRESSED with a heavy sense of wear, John Saggart stood in a dark corner of the terminus...

Saggart, as he stood there, thought of the seven years he had put in on the footboard of old 86, and of the many tricks she had played him during that period.

The cry of "All aboard!" rang out and was echoed down from the high arched roof of the great terminus...

John Saggart climbed into the smoking carriage at the front part of the train. He found a place in one of the forward seats and he sank down into it with a vague feeling of uneasiness...

He was aroused from his reverie by a touch on his shoulder and a curt request, "Tickets, please."

"I know it," said the engineer, "but they gave it to me to take me home, and I may as well use it as not. I don't want to get you into trouble."

in many a tight place together, but we won't be any more. It's tough, as you say. I've been fifteen years with the company and seven on old 86, and at first it comes mighty hard. But I suppose I'll get used to it."

"Look here, John," said the conductor, lowering his voice to a confidential tone, "the President of the road is with us to-night. His private car is the last but one on the train. How would it do to speak to him? If you're afraid to tackle him I'll put in a word for you in a minute and tell him your side of the story."

John Saggart shook his head. "It wouldn't do," he said. "He wouldn't override what one of his subordinates had done, unless there was serious injustice in the case. It's the new manager, you know. There's always trouble with a new manager. He sweeps clean. And I suppose he thinks by bouncing one of the oldest engineers on the road he'll scare the rest."

"Well, I don't think much of him, between ourselves," said the conductor. "What do you think he has done to-night? He's put them man on 86—a man from one of the branch lines, who doesn't know the road. I doubt if he's ever been over the main line before. Now it's an anxious time for me, with all the holiday traffic moving, with the thermometer at zero, and the rails like glass, and I like to have a man in front that I can depend on."

"It's bad enough not to know the road," said John, gloomily, "but it's worse not to know old 86. She's a brute if she takes a notion."

"I don't suppose there's another engine that could draw this train and keep her time."

"No. She'll do her work all right if you'll humor her," admitted Saggart, who could not conceal his love for the engine, even while he blamed her.

"Well," said the conductor, rising and picking up his lantern, "the man in front may be all right, but I would feel safer if you were further ahead on this train than the smoker. I'm sorry I can't offer you a berth to-night, John, but we're full clear through to the rear lights. There isn't even a vacant upper on the train."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," said Saggart. "I couldn't sleep anyhow. I'd rather sit here and look out of the window."

"Well, so long," said the conductor. "I'll drop in and see you as the night passes on."

Saggart lit his pipe and gazed out into the darkness. He knew every inch of the road—all the up-grades and the down-grades and the levels. He knew it even better in the darkest night than in the clearest day. Occasionally the black bulk of a barn or a clump of trees showed for one moment against the less black sky, and Saggart would shut off himself: "Now he should shut off an inch of steam!" or, "Now he should throw her wide open."

The train made few stops, but he saw that they were losing time—86 was sulking, very likely. The thought of the engine turned his mind to his own fate. No man was of very much use in the world, after all, for the moment he steps down another is ready to stand in his place. The wise men in the city who had listened to his defense knew so well that an engine was merely a combination of iron, steel and brass, and that a given number of pounds of steam would get it over a given number of miles in a given number of hours, had smiled incredulously when he told them that an engine had her tantrums, and that sometimes she had to be coiled up like any other female, and that even when a man did his best there were occasions when nothing he could do would mollify her, and then there was sure to be trouble, although John had added, in his desire to be fair, that she was always sorry for it afterward, which remark, to his confusion, had turned the smile into a laugh.

He wondered what 86 thought of the new man. Not much, evidently, for she was losing time which she had no business to do on that section of the road. Still, it might be the fault of the new man not knowing when to push her for all she was worth and when to ease up. All these things go to the making up of time. Still, it was more than likely that old 86, like Gilpin's horse, was wondering more and more what thing upon her back had got. "He'll have trouble," muttered John to himself, "when she finds out."

The conductor came in again and sat down beside the engineer. He said nothing, but sat there sorting out his tickets, while Saggart gazed out of the window. Suddenly the engineer sprang to his feet with his eyes wide open. The train was swaying from side to side, and going at great speed.

"Old 86," he said, "is evidently going to make up for lost time."

"She should be slowing down on crossing the G. and M. line," answered the engineer. "Good heavens!" he cried a moment after. "We've gone across the G. and M. track on the keen jump."

Saggart quickly made his way through the baggage car, climbed on the express car and jumped on the coal of the tender. He cast his eye up the track and saw glimmering in the distance, like a faint, wavering star, the headlight of No. 6. Looking down in the cab he took in the situation at a glance. The engineer, with fear in his face and beads of perspiration on his brow, was throwing his whole weight on the lever, the fireman helping him. John leaped down to the floor of the cab.

"Stand aside," he shouted, and there was such a ring of confident command in his voice that both men instantly obeyed.

Saggart grasped the lever, and instead of trying to shut off the steam, flung it wide open. No. 86 gave a quiver and a jump forward.

"You old fiend," muttered John between his clenched teeth. Then he pushed the lever home, and it slid into place as if there never had been any impediment. The steam washed off, but the lights of Pointsville flashed past them, with the empty side track on the left, and they were now flying along the single line of rails, with the headlight of No. 6, growing brighter and brighter in front of them.

"Reverse her! Reverse her!" cried the other engineer, with a tremor of fear in his voice.

"Reverse nothing," said Saggart. "She'll slide ten miles if you do. Jump if you are afraid."

The man from the branch line jumped promptly.

"Save yourself," said Saggart to the fireman. "There's bound to be a smash."

"I'll stick by you, Mr. Saggart," said the fireman, who knew him. But his hand trembled.

The airbrake was grinding the long train and sending a shiver of fear through every timber, but the rails were slippery with the frost and the train was still going very fast. At the right moment John reversed the engine, and the sparks flew from her great drivers like a Catherine wheel.

"Brace yourself," cried Saggart. "No. 6 is backing up, thank God!"

Next instant the crash came. Two headlights and two cowcatchers went to flinders, and the two trains stood there with horns locked, but with no great damage done except a shaking up for a lot of a panic stricken passengers.

The burly engineer of No. 6 jumped down and came forward, his mouth full of oaths.

"What do you mean, running on our time like this? Hello, is that you, Saggart? I thought there was a new man on to-night. I didn't expect this from you."

"It's all right, Billy. It wasn't the new man's fault. He's back in the ditch with a broken leg. I should say, from the way he jumped. Old 86 is to blame. She got on the rampage—took advantage of the greenhorn."

The conductor came running up.

"How is it?" he cried.

"It's all right. No. 86 got her nose broke, and served her right, that's all. Tell the passengers there's no danger and get 'em on board. We're going to back up to Pointsville. Better send the brakeman to pick up the other engineer. The ground's hard to-night, and he may be hurt."

OVER THE SNOW.

Sweet Milicent put on her furs, Nor cares how hard the north wind blows— So many hearts would capture hers, She has no lack of anxious beaux.

Now jingle, jingle go the bells, Past burdened hopes, past wood and shore— With joyous hope her bosom swells, And all the world is fair before.

One summer day she chanced to meet Her escort, near the ocean's tide— But now he comes with couriers fleet And asks her to a winter's ride.

Jingle, jingle go the bells, As off the happy couple start— But only Cupid's record tells The union there of hands and hearts.

So, let the north winds roughly blow, Nothing shall cool their deep desire— For love can melt the cold and snow, And needs no outward flame or fire!

Jingle, jingle go the bells, Until the merry trip is done; The frosty road no secret tells, Oftwofond hearts that beat as one.

JOEL BENTON.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Advertising is the root of all money. A game leg—The quarter of venison. One man in a thousand—The Colonel.

A resolution is easier to pass than to keep. An "invention of the enemy" is never patented.—Statesman.

Selfishness often shows a very bad social taste.—Cleveland Plain Dealer. "Figg is always setting a trap for his wife." "Jealousy, is it?" "Nope! mine."—Inter-Ocean.

"History repeats itself," but that is because it is getting old and voluminously garrulous.—Puck. Love shows itself by deeds; but it is often confoundedly hard to get a wife to sign one with you.—Puck.

Men are either good because they have not been found out, or because they are not married.—Athenian Globe. "Dr. White is a specialist, is he not? What is his speciality?" "He has two—consultations and fees."—Vogue.

A man has been known to stand in a corner all day, wondering at the world's idleness.—Cleveland Plain Dealer. The Diner—"Waiter, why didn't you keep your thumb out of the soup?" The Waiter—"Oh, it isn't hot."—Detroit Free Press.

Microbes in the kiss, you say? Right you are, my boy. Little germs of purest bliss, Bacilli of joy! —Harper's Bazar.

One of the lessons of life which many people never learn is that it is not necessary to make an ass of oneself merely because one has a magnificent opportunity.

"Looking for work, are you?" asked the good lady. "Oh, not that bad, mum!" answered Mr. Everett Wrest. "Just merely waitin' for it." —Cincinnati Tribune.

Hairdresser—"Madam, what color do you wish your hair dyed?" Miss Oldgirl—"Oh! I am not particular; any color so you 'keep it dark.'" —Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

Tommy—"Paw, what is the difference between a vest and a waistcoat?" Mr. Figg—"The vest is the most likely to have a big roll of bills in its pocket."—Indianapolis Journal.

Deafness Cannot be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

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when these conditions are caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them. One of the most important things for everybody to learn is that constipation causes more than half the sickness in the world, especially of women; and it can all be prevented. Go by the book, free at your druggist's, or write B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal Street, New York. Pills, 10c, and 25c, a box.

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"Two years ago my little daughter Elsie was afflicted with ulcerated sore eyes. I tried one of the best doctors in the city for about a year but her eyes seemed to grow worse. I had her treated by an oculist but his treatment did not benefit them. I then commenced to give her the little Hood's Sarsaparilla and after the first bottle I could see that there was great improvement. Elsie is now nine years old. Besides benefiting the special trouble mentioned, Hood's Sarsaparilla has made her a strong and sprightly child. I will always speak highly of Hood's Sarsaparilla." J. H. CASSEY, 215 North Fifth Street, Junior Fourth Ward School Building, Arkansas City, Kan.

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THE VITAL DIFFERENCE However, is this: The physician's advice is worth a couple of dollars, and you pay the drug dealer half a dollar more for his prescription, while the Ripans cost only 50 cents.

Perpetual Ice in Virginia. It was not long ago reported that a natural icehouse on a grand scale had been discovered under singular circumstances on the north side of Stone Mountain, six miles from the mouth of Stony Creek, in Scott County, Virginia. As the story goes, it appears that one of the old settlers first discovered it about 1880, but owing to the fact that the land on which it was situated could not be bought he refused to tell its whereabouts and would only take ice from it in case of sickness. He died without revealing the secret to even his own family, and but for a party of stone diggers entering the region it might have remained a secret for generations, as it is situated in an unfrequented part of the mountain. The ice was only protected from the rays of the sun by a thick growth of moss, resembling that seen dangling from the oaks of Louisiana and Texas. Its formation was after the fashion of a coal vein, being a few inches thick in some places, while several feet in others. The formation indicates that it had been spread over the surface in a liquid state and then congealed. By what process it freezes or was frozen is a matter of conjecture. Some think that it had been protected since by a dense growth of moss which covers it, while the more plausible theory is that beneath the bed is situated a great natural laboratory whose function is a formation of ether, and the process of freezing goes steadily on through the heat as well as the cold. The bed covers one acre.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Told by the Birds. According to an old superstition, the girl who dreams she hears a cuckoo cry is in danger of losing her lover, if she has not already lost him. If a man dreams of this herald of summer his love difficulties will be numerous. Should he marry he will become a widower. In England it is said that if you steal a robin's eggs your legs will be broken—a proverb doubtless evolved for the edification of mischievous boys. In some parts of Scotland the song of the robin is held to augur no good to the sick person who hears it, and to those superstitiously inclined, much anxiety is sometimes caused when his notes are heard near a house where any one happens to be ill. There is a saying that happy is the person on whom a wren alights; he or she will for a long time be lucky in everything. It is also a great stroke of good luck if he or she sees a wren drop a feather, and secures it. "Ter quaterque beati" are such people, since they will be happy until they enter a church, or as some say till they wrong or deceive any one. When robins are seen near houses, and when sparrows chirp a great deal, then be prepared for wet weather. So says a piece of ancient proverbial philosophy, which experience has shown is not very far wrong. To dream that you see sparrows jumping about your doorstep is a sign of good fortune attending upon any project that you may set your mind upon accomplishing.

If misery loves company, we will all at least have one thing we love in hell.

Lavish Hospitality.

"Be sure you let me know if you ever come to —," said a pretty little West-river woman who had received a good deal of attention in New York for her various acquaintances when she bid them adieu. So when Mrs. Z. decided to go to California for the winter, and concluded to take — en route, she enlarged considerably to her party akin her friendship with Mrs. S. "I am sure Mollie will do everything in her power to make it pleasant for us," she said again and again. "It's so nice to have some one you know well when you go to a strange place." So immediately on her arrival she sent a note to her friend, who arrived promptly next morning and gave her a most effusive greeting. "Shall you be here long?" she inquired. "Over Sunday? How delightful. How many are there in your party? Four? O, that is just a pleasant number, isn't it? I want you all to come," and, as Mrs. Z. listened expectantly for an invitation to a dinner or some sort of festivity, she continued, "to our pew at St. G.'s Sunday morning. It is very large, and there is plenty of room for you all." Poor Mrs. Z. has not yet heard the last of the great advantage of knowing her friend, Mollie S.—Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

The Wrong War. There is a way of looking at a thing that is curious and wrong. The old adage, "proof of the pudding is in eating it," is sound sense. And another "never condemn before trial." In the treatment of anything, treat it in good faith, so when infirmities beset us, beset them with good will and force. Thousands have in this way overcome the worst forms of rheumatism by using St. Jacobs Oil. Never shrink from what is known to be by thousands a positive cure for this dread complaint, and that is the thing to remove the trouble and solve the doubt.

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Dr. Filmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and consultation free. Laboratory Birmingham, N. Y.

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A Swedish Mr., man has finished a robe made entirely of cats' skins.

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