

BEHIND THE MASK.

Behind the mask—the smiling face
Is often full of woe,
And sorrow treads a restless pace,
Where wealth and beauty go.

Behind the mask—who knows the care
That grim and silent rests,
And all the burden each may bear
Within the secret breast?

Behind the mask—who knows the tears
That from the heart arise,
And in the weary flight of years
How many pass with sighs?

Behind the mask—who knows the strain
That each life may endure,
And all the grief and countless pain
That health can never cure?

Behind the mask—we never know
How many troubles hide,
And with the world and fashion's show
Some spectre walks beside.

Behind the mask—some future day,
When all shall be made plain,
Our burdens then will pass away,
And count for each his gain.
—Good Housekeeping.

A SOLITARY PASSENGER.

The 10:50 train from White Peak was late that snowy February night. It never was what one would call a painfully prompt train; but to-night it was fully 50 minutes behind its usual time, and the telegraph operator had nearly fallen asleep behind the pane of ground glass over which the word "Tickets" was inscribed in a half circle, and toward which a most inartistically foreshortened hand was depicted as extending a gilt finger for the enlightenment of the general public.

Not that the Big Pine telegraph was ordinarily open at so late an hour as this. Seven o'clock was the usual period of closing. Nor had Eunice Barlow any official right to the tall wooden stool behind the semi-circular lettered legend referring to "Tickets." In a manner she had had greatness thrust upon her. Old Mr. Pettyclove, who represented the majesty of the railway company in the particular spot, had gone home in the early dusk with a raging facial neuralgia, and in common humanity Eunice could not have refused temporarily to assume his position with its duties.

"It will be only another hour of work," she told herself, cheerfully, as she put an additional log of frost-fringed wood into the little air-tight stove. "When the 10:50 had passed I can shut up the place and go home. There are only two night freights, and the conductors on both of them have keys to the freight house."

Suddenly the silence was broken by the tiniest sound, like the throbbing of some small silver heart. Eunice jumped up, instinctively, obedient to the call of her autocrat, the telegraph. "A message!" she thought. "And at this time of the night. Well, wonders will never cease."

A message it was; to Peter Pettyclove, station agent at Big Pine station.

Defalcation in Home bank. Detain passenger on train No. 21. Small, dark, wearing fur-trimmed coat. Keep in custody until further notice.

H. V. CARTER,
Chief of Police at White Peak.

Almost before she had deciphered these words, Eunice Barlow telegraphed back, "All right," and once more the small silver heart left off its tumultuous throbbings. And not until then did the telegraph operator realize what a very peculiar position, and officially authorized, it right of her substitution, to arrest a bank defaulter on the spot!

Even while she pondered on this unexpected state of things there was a curious thrill and tremble of the floor beams under her feet; a shrill steam whistle rising above the sustained roar of the tempest. The 10:50, officially known as No. 21, was swinging around the curve.

In an instant Eunice Barlow was out in the deep snow of the rude board platform with the lighted lantern in her hand. The conductor of the train was not at all surprised to see her there. He knew that Peter Pettyclove was old and feeble, and a spirited young female telegraph operator is rather at her full value in the Big Pine section. She tried to signal to him that she wanted to speak to him, but the blinding snow drove its shroud-like sheets between them. He smiled and nodded to her in that aggravating way that men have when they are particularly obtuse, shouted some incomprehensible comment on the weather, helped to loosen the brakes, and was an eight of a mile up the track before Eunice's lantern-light fell on a single black figure, its hat pulled over its eyes, its form closely buttoned up in a fur-trimmed overcoat.

"Is this the station?" said a low, well-modulated voice, which gave Miss Barlow the idea that the unhappy gentleman of justice was the gentleman born and bred. "Where are the porters? Upon my word" (looking around after a bewildered fashion), "I'm afraid they've forgotten to put off my luggage. Isn't there a fire somewhere hereabouts?"

Eunice Barlow looked solemnly at him as she opened the door into the bright, cheerfully lighted little station. Yes, the telegraphed description had been correct. He was small and dark, and, poor fellow, he looked as if he was half frozen to death. But now arose the perplexing question, how was she to "detain him?"

"You are mistaken, sir," she said, in answer to his questions. "There are no porters here. There is no hotel nearer than the Pine Barrens,

four miles away. The agent is detained at home by sickness, and I am the telegraph operator, on duty in his absence."

"Can you tell me," pleaded the solitary passenger, "where I can get a night's lodging and something to eat? It is six hours since we left the supper station, and I am just recovering from a siege of malarial fever. Surely there must be some one around here who could act as my guide?"

"There is no one here but me," said Miss Barlow, locking the cash drawer and preparing to extinguish the one reflector lamp that glowed above the new arrival's head. But if you choose to go home with me I dare say my mother will give you some supper and a bed. Our house is the nearest to this place. And tomorrow—with a somewhat significant pause—"you can begin a new career."

"I am awfully obliged to you," said the gentleman, jumping up with alacrity. "But how many carriers per week do these westerners count upon? I've no objection, for my part, to the old one continued."

Miss Barlow's face remained inexorably grave. She considered it no part of her duty to countenance flippancy like this. She locked the station and hung the key on its hooked nail close within the latticed casement outside, where winds could not huff it away nor storms disturb it, before she said, quietly, "This way, please. The lantern will light you sufficiently if you are a little careful; otherwise you will find the way rather steep and narrow down the hill. You are perhaps unaware that a telegram describing your personal appearance has just come in from the White Peak office?"

"A telegram? By Jove, the whole thing is out, then?"

"Yes," responded the telegraph operator, "the whole thing is out. Your conjecture is quite correct."

"Does—I beg your pardon, but this is a matter of importance to me—does any one know it besides your self?"

"No."

"I may depend on you?" with imploring emphasis.

"Yes, you may depend on me."

"Thanks, awfully!" declared the stranger, with fervor. "You see, it makes it very unpleasant to have those things talked about."

"So I should imagine."

A brief silence ensued. Eunice was wondering how her strange companion could speak so coolly of "these things."

"Was he utterly dead to all shame?" she thought. The strange companion, in the meantime, was secretly marveling at the ease and lightness with which this extraordinary girl stepped out through the snowdrift.

"A perfect Amazon," he said to himself, "and a pretty one, too. Why doesn't she keep talking? I like the timbre of her voice, it's a regular contralto."

"It seems to me," observed the young man, after another interval of silence, during which the crunching of their feet in the snow and the persistent howling of the wind was all that broke the spell "that they put a great deal of responsibility on young women in this part of the world."

"A good deal of it is forced upon them, and a good deal they assume themselves," said Eunice Barlow, composedly. "I am willing to admit that I have taken a heavy responsibility on myself to-night. Understand," added Miss Barlow, "that if I take you home to-night and shelter you, I must have your promises—"

"The new career question again! I'm blessed if I know what all this means," gasped the solitary passenger.

"Equivocation is entirely useless," said Eunice, severely. "You know perfectly well what I mean. I have given you a chance for freedom; for what is still better, fame and character. See to it that this chance does not pass unimproved."

"Mad!" muttered the stranger to himself; "very mad! Entirely a hopeless case. I should say. I wonder if there really was a telegram, or if that is merely part of her brain disorder? I wonder if I'd better keep on with her, nobody knows whether, or cut and run for it, snow storm and all?"

"You have basely absconded with your employers' money," said Eunice, with the freezing sternness of idealized justice. "In other words, you are a bank defaulter."

"Oh, come, now; won't you give a fellow a chance?" uttered her companion. "As the school books say, 'Strike, but hear.' I've nobody's money but my own, and none too much of that. I don't know anything about your banks nor their defalcators. I've been only two weeks in your country and I think it is the snowiest climate going. My name is Ernest Tinsall, and I was to have been met at the station by Col. Copley of the 400th cavalry."

Eunice Barlow gave a little shriek of amazement. "Sir Ernest Tinsall!" she cried. "The Englishman who was coming out here to hunt buffalo and follow up the line of the Pine river? But you have alighted at the wrong station; you should have stopped at the Pine Barracks, seven miles from here."

"I heard the conductor bawl out something about pine of one sort or another," said the young Briton. "I was dead asleep, and did not stop to discriminate, and I scrambled off. So I've made a mistake, have I? But all the same, it's awfully good of you to offer to conduct me to a place of christian shelter."

"And I have made a mistake, too," said Eunice with a gasp. "Just before your train came in there was a message—to Big Pine station—a message to detain a bank robber who was said to be on the

train. I was all alone, but I could have locked him into the ticket office perfectly safe. We western girls are prepared for any emergency" (with some pride). "But I was sorry for you, you looked so young and innocent; and I determined to give you one more chance."

"For a new career," interrupted the stranger, with a gasp of laughter. "The key to the puzzle! I see it all now. 'Don't you know I was beginning so think you must be a lunatic.' And how disagreeably near I came to being locked up, after all! and the bank fellow, whoever he is, seems to have got off scott free. Really, now, if ever a man had a genuine guardian angel, you are the one," he added, as Eunice led the way into a pretty little sitting room, all aglow with red carpet and curtains, where a fire of logs burned on the open hearth and a cozy meal was spread on the table.

Sir Ernest Tinsall slept in the spare chamber that night, was called by starlight, and breakfast at 6 o'clock the next morning with the telegraph operator and her mother, and afterwards accompanied her to the Big Pine station, plunging through white masses of snow drifts and sliding, schoolboy fashion, across the mirror-like surface of frozen brooks. Mr. Pettyclove was there with his face tied up in a spotted silk handkerchief. There were also several telegrams awaiting the hand of the operator. One was from the chief police at White Peak, stating—rather late, perhaps—that the bank defaulter had at the 11th hour, and on the very step, so to speak, of the train, surrendered himself to the local authorities. There was another from Col. Copley, of the 400th cavalry, inquiring if anything had been heard at Big Pine station of the missing English baronet, who was overdue at the barracks.

"Only think," said Miss Barlow, with a little shiver, "if I had locked you up in the ticket office what would Col. Copley have said?"

"That, under the circumstances, you had done no more than your country expected of you," returned Sir Ernest. "But, I say, all this thing was awfully plucky of you, Miss Barlow. I don't know of an English girl that would have had the courage to go through with it."

Eunice smiled a little. "Here is your train, Sir Ernest," she said.

"But I haven't thanked you balm enough." He stood holding both her hands, his fresh English face all eagerness. "It is quite unnecessary to say any more," observed Miss Barlow, quietly. "There is the telegraph. I am wanted at my post of duty now. Good-bye, Sir Ernest. I wish you a very pleasant journey."

Sir Ernest Tinsall went on his way into the blue, glittering cold of that peerless winter morning, with the pine trees looking like Druids clad in emerald robes, and the plains all sheeted in level pearls, and Eunice Barlow never saw him more. No, he did not come back to woo and wed her, as the hero of an orthodox love tale should have done. He could not, being already engaged to another young woman in England. But he sent a superb hamper of game to Miss Barlow, in care of the telegraph operator at Big Pine station; and at many an English dinner table afterward he told the story of his midnight adventure in the wild west.

"The prettiest girl you ever saw, by Jove!" reiterated, in that earnest way of his, "and the pluckiest! Joan of Arc was nothing to her. I dreamed of her for a week afterwards, with her swinging lantern and those great gray eyes of hers, and the pretty little speeches about 'turning over a new leaf' that she made to me. Yes, I did; and I'm not ashamed to own it, even before Lady Tinsall here. Eh, Kate?"

And the English bride laughed humoredly, and observed that "to hear Sir Ernest talk, the American girls must be full-fledged heroines."

"She was; I can vouch for that," said Sir Ernest.—Harper's Bazar.

Spookes and The Picket.

For the past six weeks public interest has been centered on an old house, two miles south of Mount Calm, Texas, which is said to be haunted. About a week ago, it appears from a dispatch in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, a crowd of people went at night to see his ghostship and met with quite a laughable adventure. One young man named Bud D., who professed no belief in spookes, went ahead of the crowd, and, after climbing up on the top of the house, sat down, expecting the advancing crowd to take him for the ghost. He did not have long to wait. The crowd came up and their words sent a thrill of terror through their bogus ghost, for a voice was heard saying:

"Why, there's two of 'em: to-night."

Bud looked around, and, sure enough, there sat by his side a simon-pure ghost. It was dressed in long, flowing robes, not unlike a shroud for the dead, and its eyes gleamed like two coals of fire. To say that the ghost personator was scared would be expressing it mildly, for with a yell that would have been sufficient to wake the dead Bud sprang off the house, and, as he afterward expressed it, "hit the ground a-running." The crowd, thoroughly alarmed at the "ghost's" action, made tracks for Mount Calm, while the "ghost" begged his friends to wait for him, but the faster he ran the harder the crowd ran, and was at least 200 yards ahead when it reached Mount Calm. There were twenty-two people in the crowd.

Terre Haute Express: First Tramp—Bill what would you do if you had a thousand dollars?

Second Tramp—I'd give you de cold shake.

A Terrible Audience.

Having had a long rest from acting, I returned to Melbourne to play a short engagement with my former partner at the Haymarket, and then sailed for Van Dieman's Land, now called Tasmania. This lovely island had formerly been a convict station, where life sentenced prisoners from England had been sent. There was at the time I speak of, and is now, a most refined society in Tasmania, though among the lower classes there was a strong flavor of the convict element. I acted "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" for the first time in Hobart Town, and there was much excitement in the city when the play was announced. At least one hundred ticket-of-leave men were in the pit on the first night of its production. Before the curtain rose, I looked through it at this terrible audience; the faces in the pit were a study. Men with low foreheads and small, peering, ferret-looking eyes, some with flat noses, and square, cruel jaws, and sinister expressions, leaning low, and cunning—all wearing a sullen, dogged look, as though they would tear the benches from the pit and gut the theater of its scenery if one of their kind was held up to public scorn upon the stage. This shows the power of the drama. An author might write an article abusing them, or an artist paint a picture showing up the hideous deformity of their features—all this they could bear and even laugh at; but put one of their ilk upon the stage in human form, surrounded by the sympathetic story of a play, and they would no more submit to an ill-usage of him than they would to a personal attack upon themselves.

The first act of the play progressed with but little excitement. These men seemed to enjoy the humorous and pathetic side of the story with great relish; but when I came upon the stage in the second act, revealing the emaciated features of a returned convict, with sunken eyes and a closely shaved head, there was a painful stillness in the house. The whole pit seemed to lean forward and strain their eager eyes upon the scene; and as Bob Brerly revealed to his sweetheart the "secrets of the prison house," there were little murmurs of recognition and shakings of the head, as though they fully recognized the local allusions that they so well remembered; deep-drawn sighs for the sufferings that Bob had gone through, and little smothered laughs at some of the old, well-remembered inconveniences of prison life; but then, Bob was a hero, and their sympathies were caught by the nobleness of his character and his innocence of crime, as though such one of these villains recognized how persecuted he and Bob had been.

As the play progressed, their enthusiasm increased. Whenever Bob was hounded by a detective, or ill treated by the old Jew, they would howl their indignation at the actors; and when he came out unscathed at the end of the play a monument of perfect innocence, they cheered to the very echo. This performance rendered me extremely popular with some of the old "lugs" of Hobart Town; and I was often accosted on the street by these worthies and told some touching tale of their early persecutions. In fact they quite looked on me as an old "pal." These courtesies were very flattering, but the inconvenience that I was caused by being poked in the ribs and winked at now and then, as much as to say, "All right, old boy, we know, you've been there," rendered my favoritism among these fellows rather irksome.

—Joseph Jefferson, in The Century.

Couldn't Blow It Out.

One of the young men from Columbia, Mo., here attending the intercollegiate oratorical contest, remained over in the city last night, says the Kansas City Times. He stopped at the Centropolis Hotel, retiring about 10. At midnight the hall-man noted a peculiar odor, as if from burning cloth. Together with the night clerk and a police officer he made an examination, and finally located it in the room of the young collegian. After five minutes of hammering on the young fellow's door he was brought to his feet. He made his appearance to the searchers in a half-dazed sort of a way, wanted to know what was the matter.

As soon as the night clerk entered the room he saw the cause of the trouble. The young man had wrapped a thin towel around the incandescent electric light globe, and it had become scorched.

"What on earth," exclaimed the night clerk, "do you mean by this?"

"The light hurt my eyes and I wanted to hide it," explained the young fellow.

"Why didn't you put it out then?"

"Well," he said, in an apologetic fashion, "I blew and on the thing till I thought I'd go to pieces, and then I gave it up."

Forgot His Sweethearts' Name.

Rather a singular thing occurred at the county clerk's office a day or so ago. A young fellow came in and got a license to marry a young damsel and departed after going through the necessary preliminaries. He had been gone about an hour or so when he returned in great haste and confusion and said he had made a mistake in the name and was thinking of another girl at the time he got the license. His first names were the same, but their last names were unlike as they could be. The name was corrected and the absent minded swain departed.—Des Moines Leader.

A Grateful Legislator.

From the New York Star.

It is related of one of the most rugged of the rural Empire State senators that he was in New York City on Saturday with his wife, shopping. He did not like the business, and he stood outside on the sidewalk while his spouse leisurely turned over all sorts of wares in one of the biggest dry-goods stores. As usual she lingered, and he grew more and more impatient and angry. He walked up and down in front of the store, and began to swear to himself. Presently a stalwart policeman laid his hand on his shoulder. "See here, my man," said the officer, "you'd better move on. 'I've got my eye on you.'"

"What for?" asked the Senator.

"Don't bundle any questions," said the officer. "You are a suspicious character; that's enough."

"I?" cried the senator, in amazement. "Why, I am senator—of—County, and here are my credentials," and he pulled out a bunch of letters and passes with his name on them. "And my wife is in there shopping, and I am waiting for her."

The officer saw at once that he was wrong, and was further convinced when the senator's wife came out and addressed him by name.

"I see that I was mistaken," said the officer, in apology, "and I hope you will excuse me. I did not know you, or of course I would not have applied such an epithet to you."

"You think I am not a suspicious character?"

"Certainly not."

"I'm glad of it," said the senator, with a burst of gratitude. "That's the first tribute to my honesty that I've got since I entered the Legislature, six years ago."

The Doctor and the Beauty.

A fashionable doctor having a house on Fifth avenue, New York, prides himself, says a Boston Herald correspondent, upon the favor with which he is regarded by women. In this respect he is decidedly unadmirable, but his skill as a physician enables him to rank high in his profession despite his conceit. The other day he received a summons to call on a young woman famed for her beauty. She was a new patient for him, and, as he arranged his cravat with extra precision before entering his carriage, he fancied himself on the brink of an unusual conquest. Reaching the house, he was shown into the reception room, where, a moment later, he was joined by the beautiful girl whom he had been called to attend.

"Ah!" exclaimed he, rising to greet her, "you are not, then, ill enough to be in bed?"

"Oh! I am not ill at all," cried the girl.

"Some other member of the family?" asked the doctor, rather disappointed.

"Well," said the young girl, "we call him little of the family. You see, it is my little fox terrier, 'Dixie.' He has a bone in his throat, and I thought you might be able to remove it."

With freezing dignity the doctor got out of the house as quickly as he could.

"He had expressed a desire to meet me," said the beauty, speaking of the matter afterward to a friend, "and he did so in a very insulting way. I was told of it, and I decided to give him an opportunity to form my acquaintance."

How the Typewriter was Invented.

In connection with a friend, Samuel W. Soule, a printer and inventor, C. L. Sholes was engaged in Milwaukee during the winter of 1866 and 1867 in developing a machine for printing the numbers of pages on the leaves of blank books, after the books were bound, and for printing the serial numbers on bank notes. Carlos Glidden, a friend of Sholes with an inventive fancy, took great interest in the paging machine and asked why a similar contrivance could not be made that would write letters and words instead of figures and numbers. The three men worked together upon this idea, but Sholes evolved the main part of the machine. He suggested pivoted types set in a circle. The principal contribution of Mr. Glidden was his suggestion that such a machine ought to be made. In September, 1867, a machine was finished and letters written with it. The invention was far from being a perfect writing machine, but one of the letters, sent to James Dinsmore, of Mendville, Pa., so interested him that he offered to pay all the expenses up to date for a one-fourth interest. His offer was accepted. Soule and Glidden subsequently dropped out, leaving Sholes and Dinsmore sole proprietors.—Kansas City Star.

Economy of Heat and Fuel.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

Recognizing the fact that scarcely more than 15 per cent. of the theoretical power of coal used under ordinary boilers is recovered in the steam engine, and that quite 85 goes to waste in the shape of smoke and gas escaping heat, a big manufacturing firm are training their fireman to use fuel in the most advantageous way, spreading a thin layer when it is needed, and avoiding choking and smothering, by which fires are cooled rather than intensified, and fuel grievously wasted. The firm have arranged to reward the man who saves the most fuel, and supply the place of those who shovel recklessly.

Hare, the Highwayman.

Hare was the Dick Turpin of his day and an associate of Murrell and Mason, the Mississippi bandits. The principal interest attached to his career was his connection with the alleged plot to kidnap President Madison and deliver him over to Admiral Cockburn, the commander of the British fleet. When in August, 1814, the British, under Gen. Ross, entered Washington and burned the capitol and most of the public buildings, it was evident that they must have been guided by men who knew the country well.

Hare was a soldier in the American army, and had been released from jail to enlist in the service. In the same company was an Irishman named Farren, who was a British deserter. He sounded Hare as to the possibility of seizing the President and taking him down the Potomac to the English fleet.

Two other men were to be secured and the project carried out. Farren wanted money, and to get it undertook to rob a man on the road near Washington, but his intended victim was a powerful, resolute fellow, and shot Farren, who died the following day. He had always claimed to Hare that he had been offered a thousand pounds for securing the president, and that Gen. Ross was in the scheme.

Hearing of Farren's mishap, Hare got apprehensive that the Irishman had betrayed him, so he stole his captain's horse and escaped to Baltimore. After a reckless career in company with his young brother Louis and a well known criminal named Alexander, he stopped the mail at Havre de Grace and got \$13,700 in specie and notes. The entire party were captured in Hunt's clothing store in Baltimore the next day. Alexander and Hare were hanged, and the brother was given a ten year sentence.—Philadelphia Times.

Guarded by Their Subjects.

One often sees on the streets of Athens a pleasant looking couple walking arm in arm. They are not past middle age, and have the air of people whose debts are paid, whose consciences are clear and whose digestions are always good. They are dressed in ordinary citizen's garb. Inside the collar of his coat is the trade mark of a famous London tailor, and the bill for her quiet but stylish walking gown bears the imprint of a Paris dressmaker.

They always seem to be sights being, gazing into shop windows, looking into new buildings, observing the throngs of passers by, or when all else fails, admiring the blue skies and bright sunshine of the City of the Violet Crown. No regalia glitters on their bosoms, no liveried guard attend them. They make their way through the crowd, jostling and being jostled with unflinching good humor. Sometimes they may be seen standing on the curb or on some house top, waiting to see a procession pass by or watching an illumination or other public pageant.

Again, the gentleman may be seen riding on horseback alone or attended by a comrade, but in civilian dress; or the lady may be seen on the promenade, escorting or being escorted by a huge Danish dog. But one notices that a great many people and all the officers and soldiers salute them with precise courtesy, and from this circumstance the conclusion is at last reached that they must be people of considerable importance. They are, in fact, the king and queen of Greece.—Chicago Herald.

Not a Biped.

The burning of the Whittier school building, at Fortress Monroe, a short time since, recalls to mind an amusing incident which occurred there about the close of the war, says the New York Tribune. At that time there was a mania among colored people for education, and the school was made up of all sexes and ages. At the end of a year an exhibition was given to show what progress had been made, to which a number of prominent people were invited. The teacher said that if any person in the audience wished to ask the students any questions they could do so. A strapping big fellow who wore only a shirt, trousers, and a pair of government shoes, was called on to read. He got along very well until he reached the word "biped." Here a gentleman in the audience interrupted, with the following dialogue occurred:

"My man, what is the meaning of the word 'biped'?"

"A biped is a beast."

"Why is a beast a biped?"

"Because it has four feet."

"Are you a biped?"

"No, sir."

"Why?"

"Because I hasn't got four feet."

"What are you then?"

"Ise a cuped."

The shout of laughter which greeted this almost broke up the exhibition.

An Irreverent Subject.

That was a queer experience which Queen Victoria underwent recently as she was being driven from the railway station to Windsor castle. An elderly female broke through the police cordon and rushed after the royal carriage shrieking out that she "must speak to the old woman."

The unfortunate stranger was arrested and locked up on a charge of intoxication, but her majesty's nerves received a shock from which they did not recover for at least twenty-four hours.