

A CONDUCTOR'S STORY

MONEY COULDN'T STOP THE TRAIN BUT IT WAS STOPPED.

There's a Great Somewhere at the Foot of the Long Range of White-Capped Mountains Over Which the Trotter of the Great Northern Cross.

I never read or hear of the mountains that I do not recall a story told by a conductor of a train on the Great Northern road. We were going to Butte. The train had just crossed the river at Great Falls. From that point the road begins its eastern ascent of the range whose tops are whitened with the snow all the year round.

A wide plain spreads out between the line of the road and the range. As the train was getting "a fresh hold on the rails," as one of the party expressed it, the conductor stood on the rear platform of the coach and looked steadfastly at one spot until it was lost.

"Got a claim anywhere around there?" asked a traveler who had noticed the conductor's longing look. "A kinder of a claim," he replied. "but not the kind you're thinkin' of."

How he came to tell us makes no difference now. Here is what he told: "Bout a year ago, I think it was, a young man was put on my train by the conductor who had brought him to where I take it. He had been east. His folks lived down there, I believe. He had been west a good many years, was a cowboy, then a deputy marshal, then a boss of a ranch and then he got to speculating in Anaconda. He had lived the sort of life out here that a man was expected to live in them days. He was a hard citizen and then a good one. Bless if I know just where he quit off, but he did. He finally got to lovin' a girl, and just when he was havin' it the worst way she ups and marries a good for nothin' dude that came out here and got to clerkin' in a raghouse. Then the young man that I am talkin' about he goes east to wear out his feelin's, I reckon. And he was gone all summer. They said he was at the seaside. I thought when I heard that as how he would not last long. When a man quits this climate to go to the seaside, there must be something mighty bad about his case. If a man can't get cured here, he needn't go anywhere else.

"Well, when he was put in my care there was four or five of the boys with him. They had heard he was comin' back, and they met him away down this side of St. Paul. And they nursed him all the way and fed him just as if he had been a sick girl. He was lookin' out of the window of the car all the time, day and night, but wasn't sayin' nothin'. When we got to Great Falls, he looked out of the car window and smiled. It was the first time that the boys had seen him do that since they met him, and they thought he was gettin' well. He asked 'em to set him up in his berth so he could see.

"And he looked at the mountain tops out there covered with the whiteness of God, and the foot of the mountains that is washed by the purest water this side of the divide. The train was just getting a good hold on the rails when the poor fellow sank back, and the next thing I see the boys was takin' the pillar out from under his head. Then I knowed it was all over. Then one of the boys come to me and asked me if I would take \$1,000 to stop the train. I told 'em I couldn't do anything of that sort. They said money was no object. Then I asked 'em what was up, and one of 'em told me that he, meanin' the dead man, had made a last request that he be taken from the train and buried in sight of the mountain that had the snow on it, the one that caught his eyes first after we had come over the river. They said they had promised him they would. I asked 'em where they would get a box, and they said a man as good as he was didn't need no box; that the angels would take care of him as soon as he was laid away.

"I asked 'em what they would do if the train wasn't stopped. They held a short parley and said in a most respectful way, which I understood, that they had to carry out the wishes of the deceased at all hazards; that they could stop the train if I didn't. I understood 'em. I pulled the cord and went for 'ard, and while the engineer was mendin' the locomotive, which got out of sorts just then, the funeral procession moved out, and the dead was buried out there in full sight. It so happened that we got the locomotive fixed just as the funeral was over, and we took the pallbearers into Butte that night.

"And I never pass that spot that I don't look out there where they laid him. I ain't never seen any of the pallbearers since, and I don't know the name of the young man that they buried. Do you know, gent, that his grave is green all the year round? I once thought of puttin' up a gravestone at the head, but, thinks I, it's none of my business, and, besides, the boys said the angels was goin' to take care of his body, so I thought I wouldn't be intrudin' on any angel's business. It was the only time, though, that my locomotive ever got anything the matter with it."—Chicago Tribune.

Criticism of "Cymbeline." At one of the performances of "Cymbeline" by Modjeska's company one of the audience heard a man behind him say to another, "What is this piece and where did she get it?" "Oh," answered his companion, "something she picked up, I suppose." All this seems less reprehensible when Dr. Johnson's criticism of "Cymbeline" is recalled. To him it sounded like the creation of a lunatic without a single lucid interval.—Chicago Herald.

THE MATCH FAILED.

NELLIE GRANT'S ROMANCE WHILE VISITING AT WEST POINT.

Her Father Had a Few Months Before Been Inaugurated President of the United States, and She Was In Consequence the Belle of the Gatherings.

It was the closing week of commencement exercises at the military academy in June, 1880, and historic West Point had never appeared more brilliant. Distinguished guests from all over the country were assembled to witness the ceremonies, and the wealth and fashion of New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and other cities crowded Roe's and Cozzen's hotels and the private cottages to their fullest capacities. First and foremost of all those there was the newly inaugurated president of the United States, Ulysses S. Grant, then in the splendor of his fame. Then there was General William T. Sherman, his successor in command of the army; General Rufus Ingalls, General Quincy Gillmore and a host of lesser military chieftains and also the officers of the academy resplendent in uniform, besides many civic dignitaries.

Mrs. John A. Dix and Mrs. John Bigelow occupied cottages at Cozzen's, and the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was present to deliver the sermon to the graduates. The glories and the chivalry of West Point still cling to it and made it an attraction to the fair sex. Benny Haven's, with its many legends of clandestine cadet revolvies, yet remained at the river's edge. The faculty were all noted gray haired professors who had been engaged in tutoring future military heroes for half a century, some of them. Their dean was Denis Mahan, professor of mathematics, who was afterward to seek a suicide's death in the Hudson river.

President Grant was accompanied to the academy by Mrs. Grant and their daughter, Nellie Grant. The president's son, Frederick Dent Grant, was a cadet in the third class, and for that reason the exercises had a special attraction for the members of the Grant family. General Thomas G. Picher, the superintendent of the academy; Colonel Henry M. Black, the commandant of the cadet corps; Lieutenant Colonel John M. Hill, who was wooing at the time Miss Jerome, a daughter of Leonard Jerome, and whom he afterward married; Edward C. Boynton, the adjutant of the post, and the rest of the officers had prepared an elaborate and interesting programme for the commencement, and during the week or longer that President Grant and his family were at the Point there was mortar practice, signal service movements, the building of pontoon bridges, cavalry maneuvers and other object lessons in the art of war, with parades every afternoon on the plateau by the battalion of cadets, and a concert afterward by the government band.

Among the junior officers of the superintendent's staff was John E. Hosmer, a lieutenant of infantry, who was assigned as escort to the president and his family during their stay at West Point. He was a native of Massachusetts, of good family and attractive personal appearance. The daughter of the White House, Miss Nellie Grant, was new to society in the east, and the young lieutenant devoted much time to her entertainment. He was her daily chaperon over the military grounds and explained to her the many points of historic interest there. He arranged private entertainments and parties in her honor at the houses of the professors, while old dowagers, with little else to do than watch passing events, noted the growing intimacy of the daughter of the White House and the junior lieutenant, looked on the young couple approvingly and said to each other, "A match, sure."

The commencement of the academy terminated on the evening of Saturday, June 14, with the ball of the graduating class at Roe's hotel. It was a brilliant gathering, and in the opening quadrille there was a conspicuous set composed of President Grant and Miss Strother of Washington, General Sherman and Mrs. Grant, Lieutenant Hosmer and Miss Nellie Grant and Colonel Audendried, chief of General Sherman's staff, and Miss Kinsey, a southern belle. The grizzled hero of the march to the sea had his eyes open to what was going on, and in one of the pauses of the dance said to his partner, Mrs. Grant, in his quick, abrupt way, what the dowagers had previously remarked, "Looks like a match," nodding with his head toward Miss Grant and her lieutenant escort. Mrs. Grant had her eyes opened.

The next day (Sunday) Nellie Grant remained in seclusion in the hotel, and bright and early on the following Monday morning was hurried away by her mother to Washington, while the president departed for the east in response to public invitations. Lieutenant Hosmer quitted West Point a few days later and went to his home in Massachusetts, where he died in a few months. Afterward the president's daughter was married to the Englishman, Algernon Sartoris, who died in Italy.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Ancient Superstitions. Omens and superstitions have their origin in the belief suggested to primitive man that the elements and everything pertaining to creation had souls and intelligence. This belief is found among the ancient Aryans, the Romans, the Celts, the Teutons, the Arabians, the Chinese, the American Indians and, in fact, in every nation. That human nature is the same the world over and at all times is shown by the analogy existing between early mythology, the source from which the superstitions of the present day are derived.—New York Telegram.

Keeping Up His Reputation. Wife—I think it's too bad you should throw away money on such expensive umbrellas. You are always losing them. Why don't you get cheap ones? Husband—Huh! That's all you women know about business. Do you suppose I want to advertise the fact that I have a poor memory?—New York Weekly.

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BEN WHOM WOMEN ADORE.

The Delicate and Refined Type of Actors and Singers Get the Notice.

The cause of devotion that Frederic Alvary receives from enthusiastic women calls attention to the fact that it is always the more delicate and refined type of manhood that inspires this sort of hysterical idolatry among the women. There never was a more superb example of handsome manliness than that of Edouard de Rosake, the French tenor, but he was here and is in his own country but vaguely admired by women, and with some of the mad, rapturous ecstacy and adoration of which Alvary, the German tenor, was the ungracious recipient.

Alvary was small and slight in stature. His shyness was almost painful. His devotion to his German frau and numerous olive branches hopelessly prosaic and unromantic. But the women stood about the stage door in groups for a glimpse of their divinity, and squandered their entire allowance on opera tickets when he sang.

Kyrie Bellew was in his day another victim of woman's devotion. They found out where the offensive Marc Antony had his hair clipped, and bribed the barber into saving bits of the sacred fleece for them to wear in lockets and watches. How that barber ever reconciled things with his own conscience, how he will settle it with the recording angel is a mystery, for not even the Sutherland sisters could have supplied all the locks that were surreptitiously dealt out to the fair devotees for a time.

Pierre Loti, in France, now one of the immortals, is another man of the marked feminine characteristics which appeal to the enthusiasm of women and claim their championship. It was on shipboard that this writer, whose real name is Jean Viaud, got the name of Loti, which is Japanese for "violet," and it was as Violet that he was known among the graceless, but discriminating subalterns. Men call his writing feminine in discernment and cloying in style, and say that he chooses his words like bonbons. But the strong and brilliant Mme. Adam and her followers, in their enthusiasm for Loti at the time of his election to the academy, opposed a man of distinguished largeness of thought and marked genius.

Dignity and elegance are both winning cards for gaining popularity with women. It is to the former that Walter Damrosch previous to his marriage gained his following of fashionable women, and it is to the latter quality, as well as his dramatic talent, that Riddle is indebted for the admiration of the women who listen to his readings. Perhaps it is the unexpected strength and fire in the guise of an exquisite that charms. The odd thing about it is that the very women who rave over these types of men are wedded to husbands of the practical rotund school; men with plenty of development in the aldermanic region; men whose wedding vests won't meet by several inches, and whose bald spots are fast growing glossy; men who couldn't understand their roses any better than Amelie Rives' unfortunate hero, and who laugh at the little women and their ravings over long haired heroes, confident of their own charm and liking the women all the better for their pretty enthusiasms.—New York Sun.

Force of Imagination.

It was in Paris. A lot of high rollers were talking about tobacco. Howell Osborne was there, Wilkie, the retired dentist, and several other fellows who had hard work to spend their income. Wilkie, who didn't smoke, offered to bet a dinner that he could fool another member of the crowd on a cigar. Man swore he couldn't. He'd been cussing a blue streak because he couldn't get Perfectos on account of the government monopoly. So they blindfolded him, and Wilkie lighted cigar after cigar and handed them to him. "Pooh," he would say, "another Parisian failure."

By and by Wilkie lighted a cigar, which he had obtained with some mystery, extinguished the flame with a quick stroke of his penknife and handed it over. The cigar was still warm. The expert took several puffs and threw down the cigar, exclaiming, "French, and mighty bad!" Then they set up a howl, for the cigar was a smuggled Perfecto.—Paris Letter.

Breaking a Wishbone. The diving rod is a feature in all early mythology, especially so among the Hindoos. As the forked branch of a tree it indicated in various parts of Europe, Asia and Africa where treasures were hidden or where water might be readily found. From the forked branch of a tree it was but a step to the forked clavicle of a bird, and this bone was soon invested with the power of securing the gratification of the wishes of those who in breaking it retained the forked part, for it was the fork that was possessed of mystic power.—New York Telegram.

The Usual Practice. A Detroit lawyer was in Washington recently and among the sights took in the supreme court of the United States. "What do you think of it?" asked a friend in the evening. "Well, I sat there and listened awhile, and though I am ashamed to confess it I went to sleep." "Oh, that's all right," said his friend encouragingly; "everybody does that."—Detroit Free Press.

When Washington Was Inaugurated. On the occasion of Washington's second inaugural, many of the members of congress were desirous of waiting on him in testimony of respect as chief magistrate. A motion was made to adjourn for half an hour for the purpose, which, however, met with great opposition as a species of homage—"it was setting up an idol dangerous to liberty; it had a bias toward monarchy."—Philadelphia Ledger.

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