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A BRAVE ENGINEER.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

It was a clear June morning. The The sky overhead was dappled with the fleecy pink clouds of dawn not yet whitened into daylight; the dew still rested on the rows of maples and horse chestnuts that shaded the pavements of the country town and the climbing masses of purple wisteria and crimson roses over the many gabled houses.

Down in the depot the long train of cars stood ready to start. Two or three women were going through them, giving the final rub and polish to the show silver mountings, while the workmen outside went up and down whistling and clanging on the wheels to test their soundness.

Inside the office window Mr. Pearce, the clerk, looked out, nodding good morning, and joking with the conductor and the officers of the station as they came up. His canary chirped and peered out of his cage beside him with his bright eyes, as if he too wanted to say good morning.

In the foremost part of the new engine, "Oneida," stood glittering in her brilliant crimson and silver coat as the sun slowly rose. Little puffs of white smoke came out from her nostrils, and now and then she moved impatiently up and down the track eager to be off.

"She's like a young colt on the rampage to be in the race," said Bill Stokes to the engineer, Hovey.

"Yes."

The young man walked round her, trying her here and there to see that bolts and nuts were right, but with an affectionate touch, as the owner of a favorite horse might do before the race began.

"Her first trip?" asked a by-stander.

"No; second," said Hovey. He turned into the little room out of which Pearce was looking as he spoke.

"That's a young man to have charge of an engine," said a stranger to Stokes.

"Well, yes," shifting his tobacco from one jaw to the other. "But the company haint got no more reliable engine driver than Matt Hovey. He's pushed his own way, that feller has."

"He's not pushed it very high, to drive an engine," said the man laughing.

"That's as you look at it."

Bill was a porter, and in his eyes the engineer's was a post of honor.

"Hovey's father was a clergyman, I've heard say, and died of cholera when he was a baby; since which he has been left alone to hoe his own row. Likely his father bein' a clergyman has helped to keep him so straight. He don't drink nor tetch a card."

But the stranger was tired of his gossip, seized the the first break to walk off.

Mr. Pearce inside the window above, looked at Hovey and laughed.

D'ye hear Stokes sounding your praises? How do you make friends of all the men on the road, Matt?,'

"I don't know." But he did not smile, and his usually frank, bright face was sad and anxious. Mr. Pearce waited for him to speak. Hovey was not only popular with the workmen, but with all the officers of the road.

"What is it, Matt?"

"Well, not much."

The young man stroked down his bright cheek shirt, very much embarrassed. He was not of the age or class when men speak of their feelings.—"Only I've pushed myself up as Bill calls it, such a little way."

"Don't you like engineering, then?" Mr. Pearce looked surprised.

"Yes; well enough." He hesitated. "It's a better business than I ever hoped to get into when I was greasing wheels. And yet—Well you see, Mr. Pearce, my father had a different sort of work. He was of some account in the world.

"But then, you know, Matt, he was an educated man." Mr. Pearce was embarrassed, hardly knowing what to say.

"Yes. That's what I couldn't get, an edication. A man can't be of any use without it."

He stood looking gloomy out of the window at the passengers gathering for the outgoing train.

"Now, look here!" he said, suddenly. "D'ye see that tall, slab shouldered fellow in gray? That's Mr. Toombs, the great temperance speaker. Why, Mr. Pearce, he spends his time goin' about the country gettin' men and boys by the thousands to leave the grog shops. It's like opening the doors of the kingdom of heaven, in my notion sir. Now look acrost the platform at that one-legged man. That's Col. Roberts. He lost his leg and his health too, in the war. Now he's done something to earn his breath, d'ye understand? And—wait a minute, look at that little dried up man in black. You wouldn't think he was of much value to anybody, would you? Well, that's Shelton, the millionaire, of Albany; an' he's goin' down town to-day to sign the papers making over one-third of his great estate to support an asylum for orphans. Just think of the hundreds and hundreds of children he will lift out of the gutter and make good men and women out of!"

Pearce, though an educated man, was duller than his companion.

"So you want to be a lecturer or to found an orphan asylum, Hovey's he said, perplexed. "Most fellows of your age are contented if they can pay their board bill by honest work.

Hovey smiled. "I'd like to do something more with myself than that.—Any horse or cow earns its victuals.—But there don't seem to be any opening for me."

"I think I know what you mean, Mathew," said a grave voice behind them. Old Mr. Duprey, the superintendent, had entered as they were talking. "No man singly earns his victuals. He influences the world around him at every moment; and I will say candidly, Mathew Hovey, the influence you exert on the road has been very marked and always for good."

Matt's face grew red with pleasure. "I am glad to hear you say that, sir," he said simply, taking off his cap.

"When God finds better work than engine-driving for you to do, young man, depend upon it, He'll open the door to it," said the old man earnestly. "There's your bell now."

"A clever young fellow," he said to Pearce, as Hovey hurried off to his engine.

"Very."

"I must look about and see what can be done for him."

Meantime Matt had climbed up to his seat and glanced over his engine cool and collected. Whatever fancies or day dreams he had about other work, they were quite put out of his head now. Matt knew his duty and took it up with his whole head and heart. On the engine he was an engineer, that alone.

The train rapidly filled. The temperance lecturer, the soldier, the philanthropist who was going to rescue so many thousand children, hurried in and took their places in the crowd.—There were mothers with their babies, young husbands with their brides, a hundred bright stories of life half told on the passing faces. Matt, busied with his levers and valves, saw none of them until a troop of schoolboys rushed into the cars, shouting, to take their seats. They were just loose from the academy for their summer vacation.—The thought flashed through his mind that each of these boys had the "openin'" that he wanted; had, perhaps, the long useful life before him, full of the strength and knowledge to help his fellow-men which he could not conquer. But he forgot that in a moment in the necessity of his work.

The engine shrieked, the bell rang once, twice, thrice, and away went the long winding train out of the wakening streets. Out through the brick yards in the suburbs, the sleepy little villages with the smoke beginning to steal drowsily from the chimneys, out into the broad, green slopes of meadows and heavily wooded hills, with the broad creeks yet heavy with mist creeping between.

Suddenly, as they came to the edge of one of these broad, pure streams, Matt glanced out. The whole dewy morning, the silvery light, the greenness and silence touched and moved him as never before. Who can tell why? But it seemed as if for one brief moment some awful, tender power held him close.

The next——

There was a low, shrill hiss, the terrible warning of escaping steam, and then a hustling roar and the hot, blinding dash full in his face. For one instant he staggered back. Then he saw the single chance that rested on that instant. Groping his way, blinded and dizzy, he gave the signal for down brakes, hung to the edge of the shattered engine over the precipice, tugging at the valve which was to save the lives of all who were in the train behind. He felt the shivering ledge on which he stood move, move slowly and—stop.

The train was safe.

The long line of cars stopped on the grassy bank and the terrified passengers poured out. There was the beautiful "Oneida" a hissing, ghastly wreck, and dropping from the edge of it the body of a man, the face so mutilated that even those to whom it was nearest should ever ever know it again.—The men stood around it alarmed, perplexed and curious.

"Have we been in danger?" they cried, crowding together. The old superintendent of the road, Duprey, was on board and made his way up at last.

"In another moment," he said solemnly, "the lives of every soul on board would have been lost. This young fellow in the agonies of his own death, saved them."

There was an hour's horror and hush. But what could they do?

The day rose clear and bright. The happy schoolboys took home their strong, helpful lives into many homes; but the man who had given all this health and help to the world lay now stiff and cold upon the grass.

There was a notice floating about through the papers for a day or two, of his "brave deed."

Mr. Duprey lifted the mangled hand as it lay in the coffin. "God opened the door to other work than engine-driving for him, Pearce," he said.

But Pierce stood silent with his head bared.—*Youth's Companion.*

"What's your business?" asked a judge of a prisoner at the bar.—"Well, I s'pose you might call me a locksmith." "When did you last work at your trade?" "Last night; when I heard a call for the perlice, I made a bolt for the front door."

NEARLY ORIGINAL.

Farmer Paine on Short Horns.

For the HERALD.

It is just fun alive to observe how suddenly our liberal-democratic friends are become farmers, and most intensely interested in husbandry. Since the Granger movement has been inaugurated, they are intent upon capturing the lodges *ex. toto.* They are all, lawyers and editors, and bankers, very suddenly, horney fisted chaps, with calouses on their palms as large as hickory nuts; and if you watch them close, it is easy to catch them on the sly standing in the sun bareheaded, and courting the favor of the Sun God, in order to tan 'em up a little. You will find them with their pants tucked into their boots, and they use hay seed for hair oil and they wear pins representing threshing machines, or perhaps a Durham bull, or a scythe snath, and they make their boys wear blue kankeen overalls, and suddenly grow wise in the rotation of crops, and the application of manures.

For all this wonderful interest manifested the Grangers thank them and lay back and laugh. Good young brother Paine has suddenly become a horny fisted farmer, and wears clay on the uppers of his boots, while the soles are as clean as a hound's tooth. The other day an honest farmer met brother Paine and knowing how he had become an honest, horny handed farmer, thought it would be pleasant to hold sweet communion with him and discuss farmers matters. So he asks Brother Paine what he thought of the short horns.—Brother Paine had the ruling passion strong in death, bad, and not being up in the stock vocabulary, blundered—"Short horns! I dont go a cent on short horns. The boys don't want to take any *short horns* this fall. (He goes in for long ones). This fall it's business." The good, honest farmer was nonplussed, but he rallied and explained a little.

Our good brother Paine now thought he saw the point, and very wisely fell in with the old man, that short horns were a good thing—"a good deal better than the old fashioned long horns, for the boys could hear them just as far down in the field, and they weren't so hard to blow." This rather took the old farmer down the bank, as the boys say, so he just told Brother Paine what he did mean—he meant real live cattle with short horns, and Farmer Paine *did see* the point, and most unqualifiedly expressed himself in favor of short horns, because they were less dangerous than long horns on the farm where the milkmaids and farmer boys were so liable to be hooked—"Yes; short horns are what we want, nothing like short horns;" and then Paine asked the farmer in to see his new invention—a doubled-and-twisted-fourteen-horse-power-trible-veneered-*mullum-in-parvo*-lightning-hister, for pulling beets.—The farmer couldn't see it! Too thin!

A Wonderful Snake.

Mr. J. C. Beemer, living near Coleville, while out "huckleberrying, one day last week, discovered a worm snake crossing the road, about three feet in length. He assaulted his snakeship with a billet of wood, struck two or three blows, when the reptile began to spread out, crawling in every direction. Mr. Beemer was greatly astonished, took a closer view of the victim, when he discovered that it was composed of thousands of little reptiles, varying in length from an inch to three inches, about the size of a hair, all linked in together in such a maner as to completely form a snake three feet in length. On being struck with his club they all became alarmed, and endeavored to escape, crawling and wriggling in every direction. Mr. Beemer concluded to investigate the phenomenon, and accordingly retired a few rods from the scene of battle, to watch these peculiar reptiles.

In about half an hour the little snakes had collected en masse into the condition when first discovered, when the mass commenced to move with all the likeness and characteristics of a black snake, towards a large ant-hill near by. On gaining the object of their march, these seemingly thousands of little reptiles disbanded and commenced a furious assault on the occupants of the little hill, where a spirited battle was waged against the ants for about fifteen minutes, for the possession of the ant-eggs stored therein. The snakes came off victorious, and soon collected again *en masse* into a greatly enlarged mass, resembling a large snake as before—but twice its original size, gorged with ant-eggs.

Mr. Beemer then assaulted the reptile again, and stamped it literally to a mass of pulp with a heavy pair of cow-hide boots which he fortunately had on at the time.

A similar serpent was killed on the mountain, about four years ago, by Mr. Henry Cole, of Colville, and the old residents of that locality have occasionally killed these "varmints," for the last fifty years.—*Deckertown [N. J.) Independent.*

The Rev. I. S. Kalloch, of the Lawrence *Tribune*, insinuates that "the hoary-headed old hoock-nosed devil of the Leavenworth *Times*" wants a controversy with him. The *Times* thinks the remark does not manifest a Christian disposition. But what can you expect of a man who left Massachusetts as Kalloch did?

A DEMOCRATIC DODGE.

In certain sections of the country where the Patrons of Husbandry hold the balance of power there seems to be a growing tendency to convert the order into one of a political character. The temptation to form a new party which shall represent a leading interest, and unite a powerful class against smaller and weaker ones, is both strong and natural, and to resist it demands the highest order of patriotism. We have large sympathy for the farmers' movement, and believe that by proper management it can greatly benefit the interest which it was formed to protect. Its founders saw the dangers which the introduction of politics would cause, and wisely excluded its presence from the order. We are glad to know that the prevailing sentiment of the granges is against the movement now on foot by certain designing men to use the order for political purposes. Its best friends see in this movement the defeat of its principal objects, and the early dissolution of the order itself. Whatever tends to weaken the Republican party as a national power, takes from it the ability to bring about the reforms which the farmers of the West stand in need of. To break away from that party, and form another on purely class grounds, may for a time insure local advantages, but these will be purchased at the expense of greater advantages, which must of necessity be national in their character. Cheaper transportation to the seaboard, and to the markets of the East is one of the necessities of the hour. It affects all sections of the country, and to bring it about requires the united efforts of the representatives of all branches of industry. The Republican party is fully alive to the importance of opening new outlets for Western production, and has already taken steps to secure them at an early day. To cripple the party by withdrawing from it enough strength to throw the election into the hands of the Democracy would be to imperil the best interests of the West. We cannot but regard this movement towards the formation of a third party as nothing more nor less than a Democratic dodge, having for its object the disruption of the Republican party by a division in its ranks. Every Republican farmer in the West should be on his guard against the seductive influences of those politicians who assure them that nothing but a farmers' ticket can secure the relief they demand. If the farmers hold the balance of power in any State, they have it within their power to elect men who shall represent their interests. This can be done through the Republican party without in the least weakening its power. We sincerely hope that the Republican farmers everywhere will frown down all attempts to nominate a class ticket. It will lead to organization of other interests against them, and defeat the projects now on foot for their relief. If they want to be felt in politics let them be more active in the ranks of the party, and seek the nomination of men who will truly represent them in the State and national councils.

The savings bank depositor is just now trying to convince the rest of the world that he is a very absurd species of lunatic. Perceiving that there has been a panic and among stock-brokers, he has apparently called his brother lunatics together and said, "Come, let us try to break our bank." Thereupon a run upon the savings banks has been begun, and the depositors are doing their best to break them, and so lose their money and that of every one who has trusted those institutions. If these people are accessible to reason, instead of losing hours in the noble effort to break the banks, they will quietly go home and mind their business, permitting the banks to mind theirs. If a bank is sound, a run upon it cannot better the condition of depositors; if it is weak, the run will break it and cause the loss of at least nine-tenths of money committed to its care.—*Ex.*

From the Daily Graphic.

The President is winning praises from all parties for his firmness in refusing to illegally tamper with the currency. He was urged by business men and capitalists of skill and reputation, including Mr. Vanderbilt himself, to issue the reserved fund of currency, but refused to do so because the act would have been an illegal exercise of power. The journal which has made itself so absurdly conspicuous by its clamor about "Cæsarism" will find it difficult to explain this fact. To make himself master of the whole business of the country, and to accomplish this by a bold disregard of law and a conspicuous exercise of personal power, would have been precisely the sort of thing which a "Cæsar" would have been eager to do. Instead of this, President Grant withstood the powerful influence brought to bear upon him, and contented himself with ordering the purchase of bonds, which he has a right to do. This careful reverence for law is not the mark of the coming "Cæsar."

Thank heaven the *Graphic* is coming to its senses about Grant. Maybe it will about other things.

The Republican Convention of Sangamon County, Ill., will meet at Springfield, October 6, for the nomination of county officers.

Trunk Railroad.

Our friends who feel discouraged must cheer up along the line of long delayed and much desired Trunk road. Prof. Rich had the pleasure of meeting Rr. Converse during a recent trip from Lincoln, and the Doctor was on his way to meet gentleman in Nebraska City, to confer definitely touching the action of our neighbors on the Trunk. Dr. Converse has no further offers to present, or rather no modification of past propositions to make. The Trunk will be built whether Nebraska City subscribes a cent or not; so Dr. Converse informed Prof. Rich. In the event of her non-subscription, however, it is probable the Trunk road will not pass through Nebraska City. Dr. Converse also informed Prof. Rich that a survey of the route back of Nebraska City, under any circumstances, will at once be made.

The Trunk road should run, if practicable, through Nebraska City, but it will certainly be built, either through or by that city.—*Democrat of the 5th.*

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE CASS COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

To the Public!

The gate receipts at the Cass county Fair, 1873, were, $452.50.

Receipts from the 10 per cent. on contested premiums, $74.35.

Booth and wagon rent, $46.00.

From County Treasury, $249.30.

Due on advertisements, $103.00.

Expenses, including $150.00 as rent of Fair ground, were, $603.91.

Amount of premiums awarded, $310.10.

We hope the Directors will be at the next regular meeting, to be held on the first Saturday in October, at the Court House, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

The Society is owing some old debts which should be settled at once.

Arrangements should be made for the rent of ground the coming year.—The Directors are the proper persons to transact all this business, and the members will be much better satisfied than to have it performed by those not legally authorized.

J. F. DODD, Sec'y.

Dated, Plattsmouth, Sept. 22, 1873.

STATE ITEMS.

A man named Chas. Pound was shot and killed by one James Dunbar, at Meridian, on the 23d inst., in a quarrel about a horse race.

A skeleton of a man was found near North Platte minus the skull. No clue to its identity.

CEMENT.—Some weeks ago eight barrels of cement burnt from the rock found here, were sent to Omaha, in order that a thorough trial might be given to the article. The result of all tests applied to the cement is most satisfactory. It was made up into piping by the Omaha Pipe Co., used in cisterns, and put into stone walls, and in all trials it was shown to be equal to the best American cement. The best builders of Omaha agree in this opinion.

Satisfied with the test, the Beatrice Cement Company are now preparing to erct a permanent kiln, and put in the necessary machinery for the manufacture of the cement. They have decided to conduct the business after the most approved methods, and in order to do this, Mr. Campbell, the member of the company best acquainted with cement manufacture, started on Tuesday for the Rosendale works in Ulster Co., N. Y., where he will obtain all the information needed to enable him to carry on the business here to the best advantage.

Mr. Roper informs us that they will probably use steam in running their mill, instead of water, as they have decided it to be the cheaper power.—*Beatrice Express.*

Another Prominent Invester.

Gen. C. H. Van Wyck, M. C., from New York, after careful visits of inspection in the west, has purchased a farm between Wyoming and Nebraska City, in this State, and purposes to stock it with fine cattle. He will commence breaking and stocking at once. He thinks, after mature consideration, that there can be no better investment of his money.—*Lincoln Journal.*

While the noudescripts in the North are busily proclaiming the death of the Democratic party, their brethren of the South sing quite another tune, the organs being flushed with hope. The Galveston (Texas) *Commercial* says:

Radicalism is even now on the verge of the Tarpeian rock. The Democracy should take it by the throat and hurl it over as the Romans did their malefactor, and once again—"Freedom in dazzling robes attired, will walk the land enchanted and admired."

The Manhattan, Kan., *Nationalist* says: Mr. A. M. Coon, of Blue Bottom, has a cow seven years old that has the largest udder we ever beheld. Its circumference is four feet seven and a half inches; is two feet in depth at the back part, and seventeen inches at the front. Who has seen a cow that can beat it? The two front teats yield eight to ten quarts at milking. The back teats are left for the calf.

The editor of a new paper in Nebraska, begins his introductory article with the following sentence: "The object in view in the establishment of this paper is the procuring of means wherewith to buy bread and butter and good clothes."—*N. Y. Paper.*

A farmer, in Newberry, South Carolina, says the Progressive Age, has a mule so contrary that he can do nothing with it. Put him in harness, and it is hard to say which way he will travel. Put a saddle on him, and he appears to doze; but try to mount him, and he will all of a sudden kick every way, straight out, straddle-bug, with all four legs at once. As to eating, he will eat anything from his feed-trough up to a wooden saddle. The owner took a notion to have him shod, but he kicked out the blacksmith shop and returned home. The owner tried to kill him some time back, so he tied his ears with a trace chain and rode him for six consecutive days and nights as hard as he could under whip and spur. The fact is, he nearly killed himself in the effort, and had to be carried up stairs to bed, and his firm belief was that the mule would die that night; but, to his astonishment, the next morning he found that the mule had kicked to death a Chester hog weighing 300 pounds, bit a piece out of his horse's shoulder, eat up saddle, blanket, and bridle, tore down the fence, and was splurging about, more devilish than ever, to find something else meaner to do.

Dick the Pussy-Cat.

"Mee-ow! mee-ow! mee-ow!" Poor Dick looked around in the dark. He was hungry, and crying for something to eat. Poor Dick had no home. Deacon Jehil and Mrs. Jehil and all the little Jehils had gone away from the brown farmhouse, where he had lived for two years; and, in their stead, had come Mistress Sharper and five small Sharpers, with fierce gray eyes. All the Jehils had stroked Dick's fur softly, and given him bits of red beefsteak to eat, and sweet milk to drink; but all the little Sharpers held him up by his tail, and pinched him until he was sore, and Mistress Sharper beat him with a broom-handle whenever, in his hunger, he went into the pantry to look for a mouse. So Dick mournfully left the dear old place, and went forth to seed his fortune. Night came, and he was still out on the road. "Mee-ow, mee-ow!" Oh for even a bit of dry bread to eat! But snow blew into his pink mouth instead. Yes, the snow began to fall fast. Dick trudged on through the drifts. "Mee-ow! mee-ow! mee-ow!" It was like the voice of a lost child.

Patty and Uncle Bod sat in the sleigh, quite hidden under a great buffalo-robe. "Mee-ow! mee-ow! mee-ow!

"I hear a 'ittle baby ky—or somesing," said Patty.

"It is the wind," said Uncle Bob.

"It is a pussy-cat!" cried Patty. "Unky Bob, find him, won't 'oo?"

"I will," said Uncle Bob; and he jumped out of the sleigh, and listened. "Puss! puss!"

"Mee-ow!"

A minute more, and Dick was in Patty's lap, under the buffalo-robe. He purred, well as he might.

"'Oo tunning snow pussy-cat!" said Patty. "'Oo shall go home with me, and 'tay as long as 'oo live—so!"

And so Dick won a new home.

Salt is a simple remedy for many things. It will cure sick headache, make cream freeze, make butter come, take ink stains out of cloth of any kind, kill weeds, kill worms, make the ground cool, so it is more congenial to celery, cabbage, etc., cease the itching pain caused by irritable skin diseases, like hives, itch, etc., produce vomiting or stop it, as you like, and many other things, too numerous to mention.

As an illustration of the wide-spread use of a certain popular title, it is related that a gentleman recently stepped into a saloon in Denver, and cried out in a loud, cheery tone, "Hello! come Professor, take a drink." Six men sitting in the saloon at once arose and came forward, while a bootblack, whose stand was just outside the door, and a passing corn doctor smilingly accepted the invitation, and stepped in.

The library of the late Sir Frederick Madden, recently sold in London, contained among other curiosities a collection of 37,500 single half-penny songs and ballads, such as in former times were sung about the streets by the professional ballad singers.

The local editor of the Jacksonville, Florida *Republican*, compliments the honesty of the postmaster at that place because a letter containing a ten dollar bill, addressed to an old negro woman, was promptly delivered to the party for whom it was intended.

Mrs. J. B. Dakin, present incumbent, and Miss Eaton, are rival candidates before the Republican convention in Cerro Gordo County, Iowa, for Superintendent of Schools.

Delaware Republicans are jubilant over their great victory in Wilmington and their organ, the Commercial, thinks the large majority foreshadows the redemption of the State in 1874.

The Jonesbury *Caledonian* advocates for governor of Vermont the Hon. E. P. Walton of Montpelier, "a practical, intelligent, sensible, and able man; a man not entangled in rings, and one without guile."

Last year Matilda Fletcher did effective work in favor of the Republican cause as a political speaker. And now Julia Garretson is taking the lead among the grange orators. She speaks from the same platform with the Master of the National Grange, and is very popular.