A FOREBODING.

BY THOMAS PAINE

I do not dread an altered heart,
Or that long line of land or sea
Should separate my love from me:
I dread that drifting now apart—
All unwonted, unestablished—
Which causes to some where they have gained
The fond embrace of their ideal

As two light skiffs that sailed together
Through days and nights of tranquil weather,
Allowing some inland stream, might be
Drifting asunder, each from each
When floating with the tide they reach
The hoped for end, the promised goal,
The golden glory of the sea.

CHASED BY AN ENGINE.

BY E. F. BUFFETT.

I was riding on a night-train of the Pennsylvania Central from New York to Washington on a mission as newspaper correspondent. We had passed Baltimore, and within an hour's time would be at our place of destination. The conductor had finished collecting the fares, and seeing a vacant seat by my side had dropped into it as if for a little rest at the end of a tiresome day's work. He made an entry in his note-book, closed it, placed it in his breast-pocket, buttoned his coat, folded his arms, and then turned to me with a friendly remark, as if now he felt at liberty to lay aside all official dignity and be sociable. I was glad to while away the time as the train was rushing along in darkness which concealed all objects of interest without, and so I encouraged the conversation.

"You must have met with some interesting experiences, and perhaps some great danger, in the course of your life," said I, the conductor's grizzly beard showing that he might have seen a long service.

"Well perhaps the most exciting time in my experience was the night I was chased by an engine—a night which this one reminds me of," said he, looking out into the darkness.

"Chased by an engine!" said I getting interested. "How did that happen?"

"Well," said the conductor, settling down in the cushion and bracing his knees against the back of the seat in front, "many years ago I was running the night-express on Long Island from Brooklyn to Greenport, a distance of ninety miles, the entire length of the road. The Long Island road was then a one-horse affair, having only a single track, with switches at the different stations to allow trains to meet and pass. On the evening to which I now refer I started from Brooklyn at ten o'clock with the old Constitution, long since broken up, but then the crack engine of the road, with a baggage or freight-car and three passengers cars. The night was just as dark as a pocket, or, if anything, perhaps a little darker," he added, as if he had accurately tested the internal obscurity of that useful portion of the dress.

"It must have been very dark," said I.

"We were the only regular train upon the road that night, with the exception of the Greenport express to Brooklyn, which was to start at ten o'clock and meet us at Lakeland Station, in the middle of the island, switching off there to allow us to pass.

"Well, we were perhaps six or eight miles on our way when I stepped out on the back platform of the rear car to see if it was growing any lighter. We were then going over a part of the road which was as straight as an arrow for a distance of four or five miles. As I was looking back over this stretch I saw behind us, at the distance of three miles or so, what I knew was the head-light of an engine, as it was too bright for anything else; for of course I did not suppose the government had been putting up any light-houses along the road."

"Probably not," said I.

"You may be sure I was a little surprised," said the conductor, "for there wasn't an extra train once a week upon that road, and I knew that there was none going out from Brooklyn that night, anyhow. I waited for a few minutes, until I saw that it was really an engine coming, and, what was more, was gaining rapidly on us, although we were going at our usual rate of speed. When I was satisfied of this fact I hurried forward, and said to the engineer, 'Jake, there is a train close behind us.'

"Jake dropped his oil-can and his lower jaw at about the same moment, and looked to see whether I was crazy or joking.

"'Well, let the fireman attend to matters here, and come back and see,' said I.

"We hurried to the rear, and in a moment Jake saw as well as myself that if there was any joke in the matter we were the victims of one; and of rather a serious one, too, for the train in the rear had gained on us a full mile while I had been forward. The red cinders were pouring out of the smoke-stack as if from a blast-furnace; the head-light threw a glare along the road, burnishing the iron rails to our very wheels. Close as he was upon us, the engineer of the advancing train had not given the slightest signal to warn us of his approach, and made no response to our repeated whistles of alarm. He was violating all railroad rules, and if he determined to secretly run us down he would act just as he was then doing. Jake seemed to be struck dumb—not so much because he then thought of danger as at the cool impudence of the engineer behind. He looked as if he would like to throtle him. His tongue after a while got in working order, and he broke out, 'What does that crazy fool mean?'

"'The engineer must be either crazy or drunk,' said I. 'If he keeps on that way ten minutes longer he will surely be into us;' and I signaled the fireman to put on more steam. 'What business the train has upon the road at all to-night is what puzzles me.'

"'I wonder if it isn't an engine the old man is sending down to Jamaica to the shops for repairs?' said Jake. 'I saw the Ben Franklin standing on the side track with steam up just as we started. From the way she overhauls us, there can't be much of a train behind her.'

I did not know but that Jake might be right, for I had seen the Franklin standing in the depot when we left. That engine was just as fast as our own and if it was without a train attached, as Jake supposed, might easily gain on us, as it seemed to be doing. At any rate, we shall see when we pass Jamaica Station, whether Jake's theory is correct," I thought, and said to him.

"By this time the fireman, acting as engineer, had given our engine all the steam she would take, and we were slashing along at a lively rate, I tell you," said the conductor. "The good people along the road who were out of their beds must have thought that a railroad Pilgrim was riding another race according to the new style. I was angry enough to have sent a bullet at the crazy engineer following us and I determined that my first business the next day should be to complain to the superintendent of his foolhardiness. I thought that possibly, being for the moment his own master and no longer under the immediate orders of a conductor, he was indulging in a kind of a railroad spree, and for a lark was driving us to the top of our speed, expecting to end the race and his day's work at the same time at Jamaica.

"Well, we tore through that sleeping village without stopping long for refreshments, I can assure you, and then Jake and I looked to see our comical friend in the rear pull up at the station and take lodgings for the night. But we were mistaken in our guess. Not a whistle was given in our pursuer as a signal that he intended to stop, not a sign of slackening was shown, but on the contrary he was gaining upon us when we were doing our very best. Sometimes a curve in the road would shut him a moment from our eyes, but he would round it in an instant, and every new turn brought him more closely upon us. Jamaica had been left far behind, and we were out on the wide Hempstead plain. The old Constitution was on her muscle. Her frame was actually swaying and rocking with speed like a yacht on the waves. The telegraph poles, upon which the light from our windows would glare in the dense darkness, were flying behind us at every second. The scrape of our wheels as they struck the end of the rails was a continuous tune. But, do the best that it might, our engine with its heavy train was no match for the light-weighted one behind. That was gaining upon us, and was not the eighth of a mile off. The glare from its lantern shone brightly in our faces. I thought Jack's face looked a little pale, and perhaps mine did, too. Now that our pursuer did not halt at Jamaica, we were entirely off our reckonings, and we could make no guess as to the cause of our chase, nor when it would end. The prospect seemed that we might be driven very soon to the end of the road, if we were not overtaken and smashed before it could be reached.

"'That's the Franklin, sure,' broke out Jake once more. 'No other engine on the road could overhaul us as we are going now. What can that fool of a Simpson mean by driving her at such a rate? He must be drunk. If the boss don't break him to-morrow he won't get his deserts. He will be into us in two minutes.'

"'You are right Jake,' said I. 'Go forward and see if you can not get up a little more headway. Empty a few of those petroleum cans on the wood, and pitch it in, and see what can be done.'

"While Jake was forward on his errand I thought over the situation. Here I was with a hundred or two passengers under my care, all ignorant of the danger which I knew they were in. If we should be overtaken and crushed in the rear, the disaster would be a serious one, and would probably cause the death or injury, at least, of some of the passengers. If we were not smashed in this way, there was another and perhaps a greater danger before us. The train of which I have spoken, which left Greenport when we left Brooklyn, was on its way to meet us on the same track. It should switch off at Lakeland in the middle of the island, and allow us to pass an hour after we started, or at eleven o'clock. It was now half-past ten, and we were close to Lakeland already, and would pass there long before the arrival of the Greenport train, which ordinarily got there first. The result would be that we should meet that train beyond Lakeland without warning of our approach, and a collision in front as well as the rear would be the consequence.

"We reached and flew through the Lakeland Depot nearly half an hour ahead of time. Of course the Greenport train was not there yet, but was coming down the road. Our speed was now a little ahead of any ever before made upon the Long Island road. The telegraph poles fairly danced behind us, and the bushes on either side of the track seemed a continuous wall of fire as they were lighted up by the flame which was pouring out of our smoke-stack. But dangerous as it was for us to slacken speed, and so on we went."

The conductor rolled his quid from one cheek to the other, raised the window by his side and expectorated into the outer darkness, and became silent for several moments as if burdened by the recollection of his former perils. After waiting a reasonable length of time for him to resume his story, I said, "When the collision occurred, was it with the train in front or in the rear, or with both?"

"O, the collision!" said the conductor. "Well, now you come to the ridiculous part of the story. The collision did not take place at all," he said, in an apologetic tone, as if there ought to have been a serious accident after so much preparation. "While I was standing on the platform, thinking whether I had better warn the passengers to hold themselves ready for a shock, Jack came from forward dragging after him two large petroleum cans, each one of which would hold a quarter of a barrel of oil.

"Now, then," said Jake to me, "if you will oil one side of the track, I will try the other."

"I saw at once what his plan was. We each brought the mouth of an oil can as near to the polished surface of the rail as possible and and commenced pouring on it the kerosene. In less than a minute a half-mile of iron rails on both sides was nicely oiled, and as slippery as the tongue of a Hebrew dealer in second-hand clothes."

"You have raised my expectations of a catastrophe so high that you have been obliged to grease the track so as to let them down again easily," said I, for I felt a little nettled at the unexpected turn the story had taken, and was inclined to believe that the conductor was drawing largely upon his imagination for the facts.

"Why, don't you know that an engine can no more make headway on greased tracks than a tom-cat can climb a steeple covered with ice?" said the conductor, with a purring glance at one so profoundly ignorant of railroad matters as myself.

I slapped Jake on the back and said, "old fellow, your cuteness has brought us all out of a bad scrape."

In a few seconds the lantern of the train behind us was getting dim in the distance. We slackened speed and backed down to see what the matter was with Simpson and Jake said. There stood the old Ben Franklin puffing and snorting and pawing like a mad bull, the driving wheels burning around on the greased track like all possessed, but not gaining an inch. We uncoupled the track and bore down upon the old machine. Jake was the first aboard, speaking for a good chance at the engineer. Simpson. But no sign of an engineer, fireman, or any other living being, was to be found. The engine had only a leader attached, and although there was a full head of steam on, the fires were getting low. We made short work in pushing back to Lakeland. We reached the station and got fairly upon the switch when the Greenport train, which we should meet there, came in, and there waiting as if nothing had happened, and as if we had been fifteen miles out on the road to meet it a few minutes before.

The telegraph operator at Lakeland handed me a dispatch, which read as follows:

"To conductor Express—The Ben Franklin has broken loose and is coming up the road. Turn switch at Lakeland and run her off the track.

BARTON, Supt."

Brooklyn, 10 p. m.

You see, we did not have much time for turning switches at Lakeland, so we did still better, and saved the old Ben, which was not responsible, and all from a smash up.

Colors and Sound.

When we speak of colors or sounds, we seem for all practical purposes to move entirely within them. This is red, this is green, this is violet. This is C, this is D, this is E. What can apparently be more finite and definite? But let us look more closely. Let us take the seven colors of the rainbow, and where is the edge of them sharp enough to fix itself on the mind where blue ends and green begins, or where green ends and yellow begins? We might as well attempt to perform clumsy fingers on the point where one millimetre ends and another begins. We divide color by seven rough degrees. Even those seven degrees are of late date in the evolution of our scientific knowledge. In common Arabia, as Palgrave tells us, the names for green, black, and brown are constantly confounded. In the *Edda* the rainbow is called a three-colored bridge. Xenophanes says that what people call fire is a cloud, purple, red, and yellow. Even Aristotle still speaks of the three-colored rainbow, red, yellow, and green. Blue, which seems to us so definite a color, was worked out of the infinity of colors at a compartively late time. There is hardly a book now in which we do not read of the blue sky. But in the ancient hymns of the Veda, so full of the dawn, the sun, and the sky, the blue sky is never mentioned; in the Zendavesta the blue sky is never mentioned, in the Old, and even in the New Testament, the blue sky is never mentioned. In the Teutonic language blue comes from a root which originally meant *black* and *black*. The Romance languages found no useful word for blue in Latin, and borrowed their word from German. It has been asked whether we should recognize in this a physiological development of our senses, or only a gradual increase of words capable of expressing finer distinctions of light. Some is likely to contend that the irritation of our organs of sense, which produce sensation, as distinguished from perception, were different thousands of years ago from what they are now. They are the same for all men, the same even for certain animals, for we know that there are insects which react very strongly against differences of color. No, we only learn here again, in a very clear manner, that conscious perception is impossible without language. Who would contend that savages who, as we are told cannot count beyond three—that is to say, who have no numerals beyond three—do not receive the sensuous impression of four wheels of a cart? No, in this evolution of consciousness of color we see most clearly how the very strong power of perception, as different from sensation, goes hand in hand and with the evolution of language, and how slowly every definite conception is gained out of an infinitude of indistinct perceptions. Demokritos knew of four colors, viz black and white, (which he regarded as colors,) red and yellow. Are we to say that he did not see the blue of the sky because he never called it blue, but only dark or bright? In China the number of colors was originally five. That number was increased with the increase of their power of distinguishing and of expressing their distinctions in words, but though we distinguish, more and more, the variety of colors always stands before us as a real infinite, to be measured, it may be, by millions of ethereal vibrations in one second, but immeasurable and indivisible even to the keenest eye.—*Max Müller, in Contemporary Review.*

The Highest Ambition of a Female Mind.

A married gentleman of our acquaintance takes pleasure in announcing that "the highest ambition of the female mind should be to cook a good dinner." Without agreeing with the gentleman to the extent of such a sweeping assertion, every sensible woman will admit that a certain knowledge of cookery is indispensable to the maintenance of a happy household and a contented husband. Old wives will tell young ones that the way to a man's heart is through his mouth, and this fact, however painful to romantic young ladies, becomes more apparent at each succeeding venture of married life. It is very natural that men should become somewhat gross by contact with the vulgarities of the world, somewhat exacting in their demands, a little ill-humored, perhaps, if the world does not please them, and rare indeed fully conversational if the dinner goes off well. Those idiosyncrasies must be taken along with the important virtues of honor, manliness and generosity, as the quartz accompanies the streak of gold. It is foolish to wish it otherwise, for a man devoid of these faults would unhesitatingly be a demigod, and would be therefore an unsuitable object of heroic worship.

A young woman during the first week of her married life entertains vague suspicions that the above statements are true. Her Charlie, who is almost, if not quite, exempt from human failings, has already manifested a profound admiration for veal pies, and has openly expressed his detestation of corn dodgers. She accordingly turns up within her a fortress of resolution in which to guard that sacred treasure of a husband's affection. In her girlhood this young woman had spent much time in cultivating her musical talents, in reading Emerson and Carlyle, she had been fond of pretty landscapes, and could use her pencil with effect, and she had been heard to declare with positiveness that when she married she would give up none of those things.

Let us visit her now at the end of ten years of matrimony, and we find that she has broken her vow and thrown it to the winds. We find a tiresome sort of person whose whole intellect is absorbed in attending to the cares of housekeeping, and in getting stylish dresses for her children. Her conversation seldom rises above the level of infant sayings and servants, and the only ideas developed in time and expressed in a manner that makes the most indifferent listener wish the room had a door to it, are those which concern the most interesting of all creatures, women, and the most abstruse, dress and cooking.

There was a great evil somewhere, but who is it? The husband acknowledges he knows it must be disappointed in the wife he has chosen, and yet he finds difficulty in pointing out her mistakes, and can hardly find cause to blame her for it, she was a faithful wife, a devoted mother, and a most frugal manager. The mistake is a national characteristic. So passionate and intense is the American mind in pursuit of its temporary interests, that men will suffer the chains of business to bind them down, and throttle them, while their wives bend beneath a similar yoke of duty at home.

What is lacking is the power to view the petty annoyances of daily life as we need to learn to view them from affairs of moment. Let us know that every mole hill is not a mountain. We need not forsake the upper strata of sentiment, thought and idea, the atmosphere of the soul, because we know there is a lower one of cooking and small vexations, in which our feet are told to tread. To breathe in the one is to receive strength and refreshment for exertion in the other. It is a very good plan to pick up needles and pins from the floor, but picking pins ought not to be made the chief object of existence, for if we move along with our heads constantly downward, we must assuredly will see nothing better than pins and needles to the end of our days.

Self culture is the duty of every human being, and lies within the reach of every human will. A wife does her husband great wrong who allows herself to sink into an inferior position by his side, for a woman's influence is wide-spread and penetrating, bearing directly upon the taste and inclination of her husband. No amount of cooking is to darn ought excuse intellectual stagnation.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

The Rich Bonaparte Widow.

Mrs. Elizabeth Patterson Bonaparte has appealed in the Baltimore city court against the tax assessment on $372,000 worth of bonds and stocks held by her in other States, viz: City and county of New York 6 and 7 per cents (various), State of New York 6 per cents, State of Pennsylvania, various, State of Ohio, various, city of Philadelphia $110,000, all 6 per cents. The general grounds of the appeal are "that the securities, being those of other States, are not taxable in Maryland, but the details are various, and involve a number of legal questions, some of which are sufficiently intricate. Colonel C. J. Bonaparte opened the case for the appellant. The case is regarded as being not only a highly important one in itself, but particularly so, as its decision will, to a considerable extent, establish a precedent for the adjudication of questions which will effect more than three hundred other appeals from the tax court on assessments for city and State taxes.—*New York Tribune.*

Counterfeiters.

Simmons's Liver Regulator has been one of the most popular medicines ever placed in the market. Its place in the family is a necessary ready remedy for all diseases of the liver, has been tried. The proprietors, Messrs. H. H. Zeilin & Co., have spared a great deal of time and money in making known the merits of this article, and when it became known that slanders of Liver Regulator, which had become popular and useful, should be circulated by getting up imitations with a view of profiting upon another's advertisements, it is always the way with a valuable article, and there is really only one way to protect the public and the honest man, and that is by telling authentic facts and security against imposition, which is done by getting into the market. The trade should know that people want and will not accept other articles than what they want, and must have their own, even if it is to the advantage to sell them other articles, or to expose every unscrupulous effort to the detriment of worthless and inferior imitations. The trade should know that people want what they want. J. H. Zeilin & Co. have expended hundreds of thousands of dollars with the newspapers of the country, and they have done it for a worthy object. The expense of trying to get the benefit of this large expenditure of money for putting truth in the market in bottles and packages, labeled in imitation of the genuine. The trade and consumers should see that the signature of R. H. Zeilin & Co. upon every bottle. Brewers using this article, justice will be done to the trade, and the public will be protected against fraud and counterfeit imposition.

Boys and Business.

The Business Exchange now running in connection with H. B. Bryant's Chicago Business College is producing excellent results. The young men that first went in are not ready for work and are meeting with ready engagements to take business. They are found to be ready and competent help—either as cashiers, correspondents or accountants. One has taken four of them within ten days.

MINNEAPOLIS CONFLAGRATION.

How to be Secured From the Effects of a Like Calamity.

To protect one's life and property against unknown accident and destruction is a duty scarcely anyone will dispute, but just the means to be used may be and is, debatable. Death and ruin to all, and loss by fire of the most valuable property as well as the humblest home is recorded every day of the year and will be so long as time shall continue. Whose life is to be cut off, or whose home is to be destroyed no one can tell. Neither can they even account when or how, certainly not when they are expecting it, else would they be ready to anticipate the devouring element to its merciless first spark of existence. Either like the dreadful explosion at Minneapolis or at the dead hour of midnight, or perhaps when husband and protector is far away in the field from the season stroke. In our opinion there is but one, and only one, remedy or security, and that is a Policy of Insurance in some good and responsible Company.

And among all the companies doing business in our country we know of none presenting more security to the farmer and those owning dwelling houses than the American Insurance Company, of Chicago, combining the insurance of farm property, dwelling houses, private barns, their contents, churches and school-houses, writing no policies in any of the large cities and only 10 miles in any one, thus making a great loss by a sweeping conflagration impossible, with cash assets amounting to $[illegible] [illegible] being $[illegible] more than is necessary under the Insurance Laws to pay all outstanding risks. In addition to which this company has over one and one-half million dollars of Insurance notes not yet due.

The following statement of amount of cash received by twenty-four companies doing the largest business in the State of Illinois during the year 1877, as shown by the official returns on file in the Insurance Department of said State, places the American at the head of the list, and also shows the total receipts in Iowa, Indiana, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa and Ohio by the same companies.

Name of Company.	Illinois Cash Receipts.	Iowa Cash Receipts.
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]