

The Burial of Love.

How shall we bury the old love?
With bitter tears and deep sighing;
For O! 'tis scarcely a cold love,
And long and hard was its dying.

'Twas born in the time of roses,
Itself the fairest of flowers,
And winter, plucking his postles,
Still spared that blossom of ours.

Deep in the earth it was rooted,
But still it looked to the sky;
It budded, blossomed, and fruited,
And then it had to die.

We follow with reverence and slowly
The seraph who deigns to bear it,
And has promised in ground more holy
Than any of earth's to enter it.

But ah! to bury the old love,
It stings the heart with sighing;
For all the old love is cold love
And all the dreams are dying.
—F. B. Money-Coutts, in London Sphere.

THEIR LAST STAND

By WESLEY A. STANGER
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Hopkins had run "99" ever since she came out of the car shops, and no one else seemed able to manage her. It may have been because Hopkins' temperament and the temperament of the engine were the same. At any rate, Hopkins and "99" were always in trouble.

If it had not been that he knew more about moving freights than anyone else on the road he would have been dismissed from the service long ago.

In the days when "99" was in her prime, moving freights was a fine art. There were no air brakes, and the work of stopping a long line of heavy cars was purely manual. It took an engineer with a keen sense of exactness and good judgment to handle them successfully.

Competing with Hopkins in ability, and also in disposition, was old "Bill" Allen. Between these two men was the keenest rivalry and a feeling of intense hatred.

They had entered the railroad business together when they were young, full of life and both in love with Sarah Perkins, the winsome daughter of the depot agent.

Allen claimed the right of priority to Sarah's affections and when Hopkins began calling upon her he felt that he was encroaching upon something that was pre-eminently his own, and as a result a friendship that had heretofore existed between them quickly changed to rivalry, finally intensifying into deepest hatred.

In the meantime Sarah had married a young hardware merchant, leaving Allen and Hopkins nothing in common



Hopkins.

but their hatred for each other and a determination to square accounts some day.

Bill, in his day, had run fast passengers, but as he grew older he had been put on a switch engine, working in the yards.

Hopkins had always hauled freights, but he, too, was growing old and of late had been hauling long freights short distances, while younger men

were given the heavier and more responsible positions.

The two men often came in contact with each other and friction always resulted. When Hopkins would haul a long line of heavily laden box cars into the yards, Allen would have to switch them about and make up Hopkins' next train. This was always done grudgingly, and Allen would thump and bump the cars together as though he were getting vengeance on Hopkins by doing so. On the other hand, Hopkins was always complaining that Allen mixed the trains purposely, to make it hard hauling or to cause him trouble in "shunting" at way stations.

One sultry afternoon Allen had made up a beef train and Hopkins had been ordered from a station six miles distant to haul it out. Allen was to go to the station where Hopkins started from and pull out some empty cars from a siding. It was in obeying these orders that they met on the field of battle for the last time.

"Old Bill" figured that Hopkins would answer orders immediately and start at once. Hopkins had calculated Allen's situation just as carefully, and both determined to be first to cover the six miles of single track that lay between them.

"Old Bill" was driving his panting switch engine at top speed, thinking only of gaining the right of way over Hopkins.

"99" was puffing and roaring; her big drivers pounding the rails as though she were bent upon stamping them into the earth. A great cloud of thick, black smoke hung around her and swirled in eddies behind her as she rushed on.

Hopkins looked out of the cab window and saw a faint line of smoke approaching. Between him and the smoke was the bridge across the Kehawkey creek, which marked the middle of the line of single trackage.

As the smoke cloud drew nearer, he thought he descried the outline of "Old Bill's" engine.

"Coal up there, and be quick about it!" he shouted to his fireman.

As the coal piled into the firebox the engine, with a mighty bound, lurched forward. A cloud of blacker smoke than ever rolled from the smokestack; the pounding increased. "99" had never gone so fast before. She was making straight for the goal and Hopkins meant that she should win.

Allen had been intently watching the wavering line of track as had Hopkins. He could see the black smoke belch out in great clouds. He knew Hopkins had the start of him.

Allen's engine was built low to the ground. It was made for heavy hauling, but Allen knew that this pulling power could be turned into speed when necessary.

"Bill" threw the throttle wide open and called for coal.

Both engines were rushing at each other as fast as steam could turn their drivers, and in the cab of each was a determined, headstrong man. Neither cared what the consequences of their wild race might be. To reach the bridge was their only object.

The fireman on "99" saw danger and attempted to argue with Hopkins. This was impossible, the pounding of the engine drowned his voice, and Hopkins was not a man to be turned from his purpose anyhow.

His reason was lost in the mad desire to reach the bridge. Every nerve and fiber was strained in the contest. More speed was what he wanted, not arguments.

The distance between the two engines grew less and less. Allen was in the lead. They were but a few hundred yards apart. Hopkins slowed down a little. Allen did likewise, and the two engines grated over the bridge ties at the same time. The firemen sprang forward and grasped the brakes. All four men were working to stop the engines. A disastrous crash seemed inevitable. Allen reversed and so did Hopkins. The wheels were crunching and grinding. Sand was running a stream from the sand boxes, and the wheels whirred backward as the two engines met with

a crash. The men braced themselves and the concussion was not sufficient to injure them. The engines began to back up and presently stopped. Both were somewhat disabled, but neither had left the track. The smokestack on "99" was knocked away and the step on the front of the switch engine was torn off.

Slowly the two engineers moved their engines toward the middle of the bridge once more.

Allen climbed down from his seat and so did Hopkins. Both were determined that they would not back three miles to a switch to let the other pass. Both waited. Allen looked at his watch.

In half an hour the Pacific express



Allen.

would be through! Something had to be done.

Hopkins realized what was passing through Allen's mind, and he stepped forward.

After a short consultation the two men ordered their firemen from the cabs and each resumed his seat alone.

Slowly they backed apart. The distance between four telegraph poles from each side of the bridge separated them and they stopped.

Allen blew his whistle. Hopkins answered. With a wild, weird screech they plunged forward.

With a bound "99" shot toward the switch engine.

With a roar and a hiss the switch engine dashed at "99."

On and on they rushed. Faster and faster the drivers flew. Inch by inch the distance was lessened between them.

With a shriek, a roar and a crash they came together. In the cab window of each was a white, determined face of a man. Both kept their places, clinging to the throttle and awaiting the awful fate that stared them in the face.

The two seething monsters roared, plunged and hissed and ground upon the rails. Standing almost upright, with their drivers flying helplessly, the two engines paused for a moment as if to strike each other. Then they fell. The bridge had broken and into the creek they tumbled, a tangled mass of shapeless iron. The steam burst out in great clouds. The hot coals poured from the fire boxes. The tenders wavered a moment, then overturned and with a rumble the coal fell after the wreckage into the hissing water below.

When the wind wafted away the clouds of smoke, steam and dust there lay the great iron giants, like the Titans, who in battle had slain each other and fallen together in their death grip.

On and on came the Pacific Mail. The firemen were dazed by what they had seen. They stood transfixed, looking at the wreckage.

"Toot-toot! Toot! Toot! Toot!" shrieked the express. The screaming whistle aroused one of the men as he looked at the awful destruction.

Tearing off his blouse, he started up the track waving it from side to side and shouting.

The engineer saw him. The steam hissed in the cylinder head; the

wheels crunched on the tracks and the brakes set hard. The passengers peered out of the windows. The engineer reversed the lever and with a grinding sound the express stopped just at the edge of the demolished bridge.

Below lay the wreckage and under it the bodies of two men. In the death grip of each was the handle of the throttle.

A woman stepped from the express, walked forward with the other curious passengers, peered at the wreckage, discerned "99" on the overturned tender of one of the wrecked engines, screamed, staggered and fainted.

It was Sarah.

UNITED STATES AS A FARM.

Whole States Devoted to One Crop and a Vast Domain Untilled.

The area of the United States, exclusive of Alaska and insular possessions, is 3,000,000 square miles. Census returns give 650,000 square miles of this as "improved farm" land. An interesting illustration lies in assuming a segregation of the principal farm products within specific areas of familiar boundary. In the following arrangement the areas, if not absolutely accurate in all cases, are sufficiently close to give a good idea of what the national farm would look like if it were parceled out in such a manner.

Thus planted, Maine and New Hampshire would be the oat field. Rhode Island, with 300 square miles from eastern Connecticut, would be the tobacco plantation. The rest of Connecticut, with Long Island, would be the potato patch. Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey and Delaware would form a vast wheat field. Virginia and West Virginia would be a hay field. Maryland would be planted in rye, barley and buckwheat. North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia would be covered with corn. There is a choice between Texas or a combination of Ohio, Kentucky, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin as the pasture and grazing land and for the cultivation of minor crops and garden truck.

With this vast area thus occupied, is left nearly three-quarters of the national domain in the form of unimproved land and forest. It is the biggest farm in the world and an empire is left for settlement and cultivation.

"THE BRACER" IS POISONOUS.

Drug Habit Being Spread By Soda Fountain Concoction.

"The bracer" is the name popularly given to a so-called patent, that is, not patent, but very secret concoction, sold at "soda water" fountains by some drug stores, says American Medicine. In some towns or small cities and in some parts of our country, it is said that practically every one has this form of the drug habit, for such it is. Narcomania is being extended by this means to an extent that is frightful. Clerks and office men are hardly able to go to their work until they have had four or five glasses of these secret drugs, and the laboring population is almost as bad.

The attention of the Women's Christian Temperance union (which holds the medical profession responsible for alcoholism and drug habits) is respectfully called to this atrocious abuse. Saloons also help in the degrading horror by drugging the already wretched quality of the liquors sold. All true temperance people will unite with the medical profession to check this abuse. Women's civic improvement clubs and leagues might well devote some of their energies to getting good laws passed and to getting good men to execute them. If they would set about it, the women could outroot this and many similar evils. Possibly no new laws are needed, and that only scientific analyses of these drugged drinks should be made in a thorough-going way, followed by prosecutions (?), entailed the loss of 2,441,944 working days, of (?) sellers, followed by jailing the wretches who thus defy every demand of law, medicine and health.