

THE UNBROKEN HEART.

He was sitting at the window, and his little nose was flat.
As he pressed his face to kiss me, with his lips against the pane:
There I bent—but without kissing—in vexation seized my hat:
It had jostled, and I knew that I would barely catch the train.
"Come just faintly, 'Papa, kiss me!" as I hurried out the gate,
But my time was all to scanty and I really couldn't wait,
For I heard the distant whistle and I knew that I was late,
And my work accumulating in the town.

He was sitting at the window, and as townward rolled the train
I looked back to see the house and into distance watched it pass,
And I knew that he was crying with his little light and main
For the kiss I hadn't time to press against the window glass.
I could see him with his "choo-choos" quite disowned upon the floor,
And his wooden blocks, forgotten—and my parent heart grew sore,
And I thought: "Dear God—what—what if I should never see him more
At the window when I started for the town!"

He was sitting at the window, and his cry a little moan,
As my mental vision saw him all that long and wretched day,
And my foolish, fearful fancy knew him dying there alone,
With his kiss that still was waiting for his papa, far away.
He was dying of the grieving—of the awful, awful ache
Of his little baby heart that love had only filled to break,
And I pushed the papers from me and declared that I would take
The returning train and hurry from the town.

He was sitting at the window as I clattered at the gate,
And his tiny nose was flattened as he pressed it to the pane,
And I heard his joyful clamor, as with baby heart elate
He screamed out a royal welcome with his little light and main.
With a brown and scarred doughnut held in either chubby fist,
And his cherry lips a-pucker in the quaintest sort of twist,
To my arms he came a-leaping, and he clamored as I kissed:
"Now, ven, papa, what you bling me from ve town?"
—Chicago Record.

GARRISON IN A ROUND HOUSE.

"Smoky Hill" was the end of the track at that time," said the old engineer, shifting his lame foot to an easy position. "We had built a round house—a square one—with two stalls and room at the back for three or four bunks and a work bench. To protect ourselves against the Sioux we had lined, or wainscoted, the house up to about five feet from the ground and filled in behind the lining with sand.

"Indians were thicker than grasshoppers in Kansas in the days of the building of the Kansas Pacific, and scarcely a day—never a week—went by without a fight. At first they appeared to be awed by the locomotives, but in a little while their superstitious fear had vanished and they were constantly setting lures to capture the 'big boss,' as they called the engine. One day we were out at the front with a train of steel, some eight or ten miles west of the Hill. It had been snowing all day in little fits and spits, and near daylight the clouds became thicker and darker, and before the sun had gone down the snow was falling fast. By the time the last rail had been unloaded it was pitch dark, and as the engine was headed west, we were obliged to back up all the way to Smoky Hill. The conductor and the captain of the guard, composed of government scouts, took a stand on the rear-most flat-car, and when I got a signal I opened the throttle and began to poke the blunt end of the construction train into the darkness. Ordinarily, I hate running backward at night, but in a case of this kind it is a real relief to know that there are a dozen or more well-armed soldiers between you and whatever the darkness holds. Three or four men with white lights were stationed at intervals along the tops of the ten or twelve cars that made up the train. The house car, or caboose, was next the engine, and upon the top of this car stood the foreman of the gang, and from him I was supposed to take my 'tokens.'

"We had been in motion less than ten minutes when I saw the conductor's light (we were going with the storm) stand out, and following this movement all the lights along the train's top pointed over the plain, and I began to slow down. Instantly a dozen shots were fired from the darkness. Muffled by the storm, the sound came, as if a pack of firecrackers were going off under a dinner pail, and we all knew what we had run into. 'Injuns,' shouted the fireman, leaping across the gangway, 'and they're on my side.' 'Keep your seat,' said I, 'they're on my side, too.'

"Now all the white lights, following another signal from the conductor, began to whirl furiously in a short circle. That was my notion precisely. If they had prepared to ditch us we might as well go into the ditch as to remain on the tops of the cars to be picked off by the Sioux, so I opened the throttle and began to back away again as fast as possible. The Indians had prepared to ditch our train. They had placed a great pile of cross-ties upon the track, expecting that when we struck them our train would come to a dead stop. This small party which had fired upon us was the outer watch, the main band being huddled about the head of ties, where they expected us to halt, and where most of the amusement would occur. The track was newly laid, and as billowy as a rough sea, but this was no time for careful running.

"The old work engine soon had the empty train going at a thirty-mile gait,

and then we hit the tie pile. The men on the rear car, which was now the front, had anticipated a wreck, and retired in bad order to the center of the train. The Indians, who had only a faint notion of the power and resistance of a locomotive, stood close together about the pile of ties. The falling snow had made the rails and timbers so wet and slippery that when we hit the stack of wood the ties flew in all directions. Some of them were thrown to the tops of the cars and others flew into the mob of redskins, knocking them into confusion. A fine buck, who must have been standing on the track, was picked up in the collision and landed upon the top of the second car right at the conductor's feet. The fellow was considerably stunned by the fall, and, taking advantage of his condition, the scouts seized and bound him with a piece of bell cord, taking care to remove an ugly knife from his rawhide belt. The band were so surprised to see the train plough through the wreckage that they forgot to fire until we had almost passed them and a great flood of fire from the engine stack was falling among them. They then threw up their guns, those who were still on their feet, and let go at us, but none of the bullets affected our party.

"When we had reached the station the Pawnees who were among the scouts recognized our captive at once as Bear Foot, a noted and very wicked chief. When the Sioux came to himself and realized that he was a captive he became furious. He surged and strained at the bell rope, but it was all in vain, and finally he gave it up.

"When we had eaten our supper we all went into the round house—soldiers and all—for we knew the Sioux would make a desperate effort to secure their chief before the night was out.

"It was long after midnight when one of the men on duty heard a low scraping sound like that made by a hog crawling under a gate. A moment later the noise was repeated, and when the same sound had been heard three or four times the lieutenant in command flashed a bull's-eye lamp in the direction of the door and the light of it revealed three big braves standing close together, while a fourth was just creeping in under the door. With a wearied expression, the tall Indian, who appeared to be the leader, glanced at his companions. Then, as though the idea had struck all of them at once, they threw their guns up and let go along down the ray of light, and the lieutenant fell to the ground severely wounded.

"Appreciating the importance of our capture, the captain in command had set four powerful Pawnee scouts to guard Bear Foot, the Sioux chief. It was no sure thing that we would be able to stand the Indians off till morning, and as the storm had knocked the wires down we had been unable to telegraph to Lawrence for reinforcements. The fact that their brave chief was himself a captive would increase the wrath of the red men without, and taking even a moderate view of the situation, we were in a hard hole. I, for one, would have gladly bartered our captive and the glory of the capture away for an assurance of seeing the sun rise on the following morning, but I dared not hint such a thing to the captain, much less to the Pawnees.

"The four Pawnees with their prisoners were placed in the coal tank of the locomotive, while the fireman and I occupied our places in the cab and kept the steam up to 140 pounds. If at any time it seemed to me the fight was going against us and the Sioux stood a chance to effect an entrance I was to pull out for Lawrence with the captain and fetch assistance, provided I did not meet a west-bound train and lose my locomotive. I rather liked this arrangement, risky as it was, for it was preferable to remaining in the round house to be roasted alive. Then, again, I disliked fighting—that's what we fed and hauled these soldiers around for. They were so infernally lazy in time of peace that I used almost to pray for trouble that they might be given an opportunity at least once a week to earn their board and keep. Now that the opportunity seemed to be at hand I had no wish to deprive them of the excitement and glory of being killed in real battle, and so sat nodding in the cab of the old 49 until the flash of the bull's-eye caused me to look ahead.

"The report of the rifles in the hands of the Indians had been answered by a dozen guns from the interior of the building and immediately a shower of lead rained and rattled upon the wooden doors from without. One of the scouts picked the bull's-eye lamp up and placed it upon the work bench, training the light upon the double doors immediately in front of my engine. Our men knew how useless it would be to fire into the sand-stuffed sides of the building, and not caring to put themselves into a position where they could fire effectively above the wainscoting, they very wisely kept close to the ground and allowed the Sioux to empty their guns into the sand.

"Presently, hearing no sound from within, the attacking party ceased firing and began to prowl about the building in search of a weak spot through which they might effect an entrance. The fate of the three early callers who had hoggied it under the door kept them from fooling about that trap for the remainder of the evening. In a little while the whole place was as still as the tomb, save for the soft flutter of steam from the safety valve of the 49. Bear Foot knew what was going on. Even though he could see nothing, he knew that his faithful followers were working for his release, and now when all was silent he shouted from the coal tank to his braves to break the door and come in. Before the Pawnee scouts could pound him into a state of quietude he had imparted to his people the particulars of his whereabouts, and immediately the whole band threw themselves against the front of the building.

"The house fairly trembled, the Indians surged from without and the great doors swayed to and fro, threatening at any moment to give way and let the flood of bloodthirsty redskins in upon us.

"Stand together," called the captain to his men.

"Put on the blower and get her hot," I called to the fireman, for I knew the frail structure could not withstand the strain much longer. As often as the fireman opened the furnace door to rake his fire, the glare of the fire-box lit up the whole interior and showed three dead Sioux near the door. One of them lay across the rail, and I found myself speculating as to whether the pilot of the 49 would throw him off, or whether I must run over him. Now it seemed that the whole band had thrown themselves against the building, and the yelling was deafening. Above it all I heard our captain shout: "Get ready, Frank."

"I am ready," said I.

"All right," said he, "shoot it to 'em, and I opened the sand valves and the throttle. I have often thought what a temptation it was for those soldiers to leap upon the engine and make their escape, but, although they all understood perfectly what was going on, not one of them took advantage of this 'last train out.'

"Just as the 'Big Boss' moved with an her ponderous and almost irresistible weight toward the front of the building, the double doors sagged toward me like the head gate of a great reservoir that is overcharged and then I hit 'em. The big doors, being forced from their hinges, fell out upon the redskins and they were caught like rats in a trap. The pilot ploughed through them, maiming and killing a score of them, and on went the 49 over the safe switches, which had already been set for her before the fight began. The confusion caused by the awful work of Big Boss, which they regarded as little less than the devil, was increased when the Indians, who remained unhurt realized that the engine was making away with their chief, for he had told them how he was held captive 'in the belly of the big horse.'

"All effort for the capture of the round house was instantly abandoned and the Sioux as one man turned and ran after the locomotive. The captain in command of the scouts, taking advantage of the confusion of his foe, and of the fact that his force was in the dark building, while the Sioux were out upon the whitened earth, quickly massed his men at the open door and began to pour a murderously wicked fire into the baffled Sioux, who, like foolish farm dogs, were chasing the 49 over the switches.

"All the Indians who were crippled by the engine were promptly, and I thought very properly, killed by the Pawnee scouts and the rest were driven away with fearful loss.

"It was a desperately risky run from Smoky Hill to Lawrence, with no running orders and due to collide with a westbound special, or an extra that might be going out to the rescue with a train load of material, but the officials fearing that something might arise which would cause us to want to come in, had very wisely abandoned all trains the moment the wires went down, and so we reached Lawrence just before day without a mishap.

"My first thought was of our captive, Bear Foot, who had made track laying dangerous business for our people for the past three or four weeks, but upon looking about I saw only four Pawnees, and concluded that the fierce fellows had killed the chief and rolled him off.

"Where's Bear Foot?" I demanded.
"Here," said a Pawnee, who was quietly seated upon the manhole of the engine tank, and he pointed down. During the excitement in the round house at Smoky Hill, the Sioux had made a desperate effort to escape, and had been quietly dropped into the tank, where he had remained throughout the entire run.

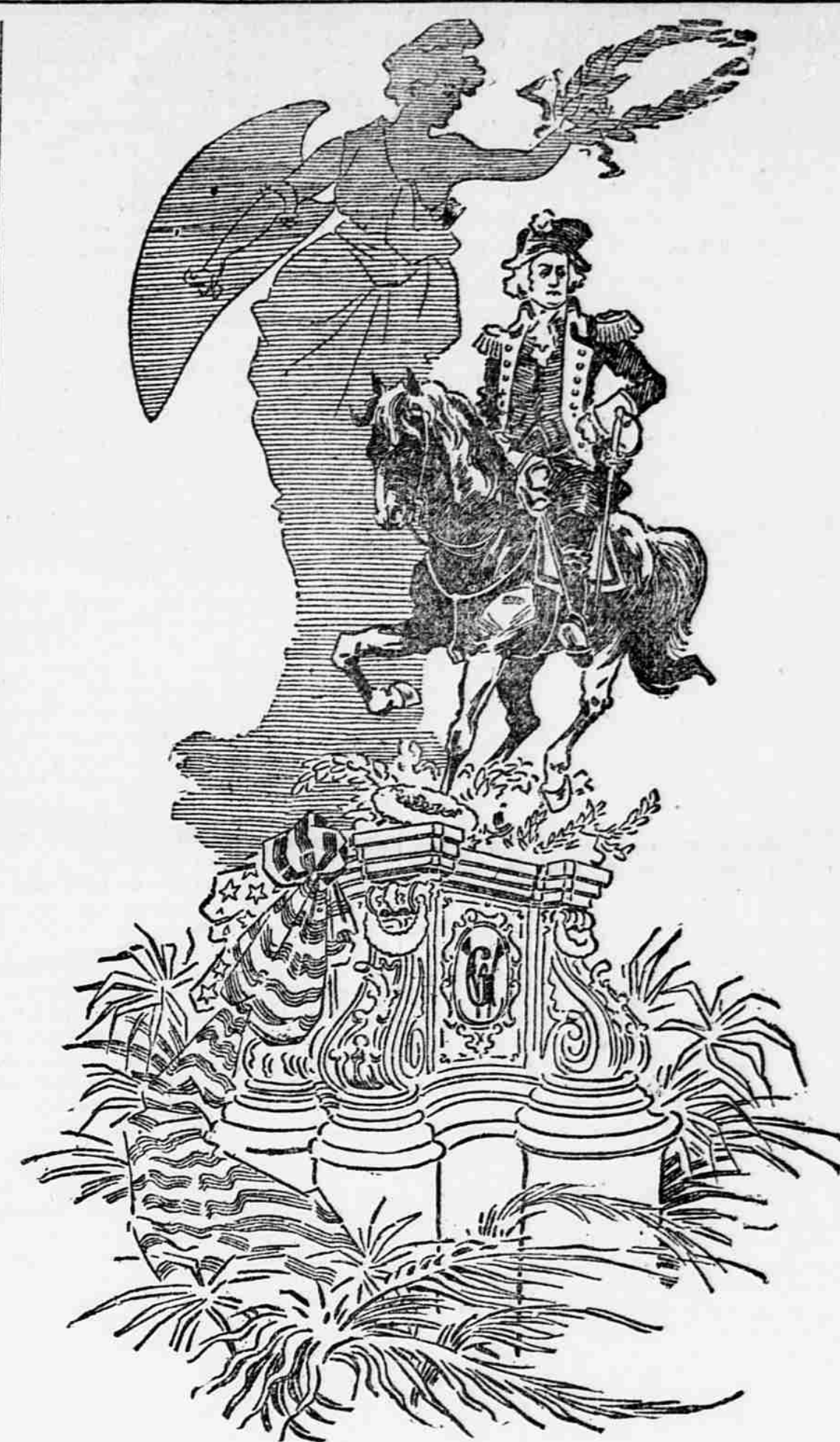
"Now, it's one thing to stay in a tank that is half filled with water when the engine is in her stall, and quite another thing to inhabit a place of that kind when a locomotive is making a flying run over a new track. After much time and labor had been lost fishing for the chief with a clinker hook, one of the scouts got into the tank, which was now quite empty, and handed Bear Foot out.

"When we had bailed him out and placed him along side the depot where the sun would catch him early, the coroner came and sat on him and pronounced him a good Indian."—Cy Warman, in the Evening Star, Washington.

Be Agreeable.

The otherwise good man who lacks politeness or assumes a gruff, repellent manner really sacrifices a part of his gifts, for very few people will discover his good qualities under his repulsive manners. Those who do may have patience to bear with him, knowing that his heart is right, but others will judge him by his manners, and finding him disagreeable, will avoid intimacy with him. It is not enough, therefore, to be just or kindhearted: one should also be agreeable in manner, and it requires very little effort to be so. The foundation of agreeable manners is thoughtful consideration of others, or true politeness. This does not imply any necessary sacrifice of frankness and honesty. It does not mean that one shall not contradict or dispute, but it does mean that when a contradiction is made necessary it shall be expressed courteously and inoffensively. Every one should cultivate this kind of politeness, for in so far as it helps to make one agreeable, it extends his opportunities for usefulness and helps to give full play to his other good qualities.—Baltimore Sun.

A good cook is one who can make stewed prunes taste as if she had washed them before cooking them.



His works and name shall ever live
Till chaos rules the earth;
Let every patriot hail the day
That celebrates his birth.



"Please, Dan'pa, will 'oo tell me," asked a Bobby child, "suppose I see a little hatchet called a symbol of the truth?"
"Why, don't you know?" said grandpa. Little Bobby shook his head.
"I tooly don't," he answered. "Then you ought to," grandpa said.

"All ready," he continued, taking Bobby on his knee.
"It's going to be a story, and you're wide awake, I see."
Once on a time a little boy of just about your age
Received a little hatchet from his father for a gift.

"Oh, what a funny present," thoughtful Bobby cried. "Suppose That boy had chopped his fingers off and bloodied all his clothes; I duss his foolish papa then would cry a lot like me."

"Perhaps she didn't know it," grandpa laughed; "at any rate Next morning bright and early rose that little boy elate, To try his little hatchet; in his father's garden he Displayed his skill by cutting down a favorite cherry tree."

"A cherry tree?" cried Bobby. "Weren't Why, cherries are the gooddest things to eat I ever found; I duss that little fellow wasn't smart a bit like me."

"Of course you wouldn't, Bobby; you're too fond of things to eat; But just for fun, suppose you did, and then had chanced to meet Your father in the garden, and he sternly asked you who Cut down his favorite cherry tree. Now, tell me what you'd do."

"Well, Dan'pa! let me fink. If I cut down his cherry tree And papa came and caught me with the hatchet, wouldn't he Know certain sure I did it? If I told a story, why He'd whip me twice as hard, you know, for telling him a lie."

"But if I looked real sorry and I didn't skip, and said, 'Dear pop! forgive poor Bobby, who cut down your tree,' instead Of getting any whipping wouldn't papa say, 'My son! Because you didn't tell a lie, no whipping will be done?'"

"Ahem!" said Grandpa, startled by the wisdom of the tot.
"That's just the thing that happened in the story. Now you trot Away to bed, and say your prayers before you close your eyes, And dream about the whippings bad boys get for telling lies."
—Detroit Free Press.

Washington's Greatest Glory.

The transcendent glory of Washington as a soldier is that when the war was ended he surrendered his victorious and stainless sword to the civil authority. For eight long years he had carried that great trust without salary or pecuniary compensation of any kind, never but once seeing his beloved Mount Vernon. A pliant army, smarting under grievances, would have made him king or dictator. He crushed the very suggestion with indignant rebuke. Cromwell and Napoleon, after successful revolutions, had held on to power. There is hardly another case in history where, under like circumstances, power has been voluntarily surrendered. Washington set for all successful generals, in all ages after him, a noble and immortal example, when he sought out that weak and migratory con-

gress at Annapolis and in such dignified and manly words as these closed his impressive speech of resignation:

"Having now finished the great task assigned me, I retire from the great theater of action, and bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission and take my leave of all the employments of public life."

WASHINGTON'S COACH.

It Is Now a Roost for Chickens in an Old Barn in New York.

Washington's coach, in which the father of his country rode to his inauguration and which should be treasured as a precious relic, is now rusting away in an old stable in New York, serving as a roost for chickens and a catch-all for discarded things usually thrown into garrets. A few years ago this coach was purchased for \$6,500, but to-day it is virtually neglected.

With what delight, says the New York Press in commenting on this, would the French take this graceful relic and array



WASHINGTON'S MISUSED COACH.

it in the Musée de Cluny beside the Napoleon carriages guarded so reverently! None would esteem it better as a public possession than the Swiss or Tyroleans, who have his portrait and that of Abraham Lincoln in honored places on the walls of their homes. His appeal is as strong as that of the other who "made way for liberty"—brave Arnold Winkelried. And wouldn't the Italians like to wheel it into the great armory at Turin! It would look interesting beside the stuff of Marengo, and the picturesque accoutrements of Garibaldi. Here in New York it is falling away with neglect.

February.

When the streets are full of slushy, mushy snow,
When our cellars and our gutters overflow,
When we lose our gun galoshes
As the snowdrift slowly closes—
Doncherknow?

When the careless little birdlet pokes his head
From his warm and comfortable winter bed,
And receives an icy niplet
From Johannes Frost's niplet,
And then dieth of the niplet—
Very dead—

When the earth is in a sort of frozen web,
When the cigarette gives way to the cubeb,
Then, oh, then, 'tis very clear—
And I say it without fear—
We have reached the time of year
Written, Feb.
—Harper's Bazar.

No Tariff on the Prince.

Prince Ranjitsinhji, the cricketer, appears as one of the articles on the free list in the New South Wales tariff. He is going to visit the country with an English team next year, and has been excepted by name from the penalties of a bill imposing a tax of £100 on all colored aliens that land in the colony. The bill is intended to exclude Hindoos, Chinese and Japanese from Australia.

If all men knew what they say of one another, there would not be four friends in the world. This appears by the quarrels which are sometimes caused by indiscreet reports.

FASTEST RUN ON RECORD.

An Old Engineer Tells of the Great Time He Made on a Railroad.

Western roads have recently set up so many claims as to their ability to make fast runs and break the record, it is possible the following story, told by an old engineer, of how he once broke all records and pulled a freight at the rate of 675 miles an hour, may end the controversy for the time being.

"Really, my son," said the engineer, as he oiled the drivers of the huge locomotive he had just backed into the depot, "the fastest time I ever made was the fastest run ever made in this or any other country. I was hauling freight then, and running an old Baldwin mogul. We had started east with a train of twenty-one cars, and four of them were loaded with powder. I was a little afraid of powder, and was pleased to note that the cars containing the explosive was near the rear of the train. We stopped on a siding to let the west-bound express pass, and then pulled out and let her go for all she was worth, so that we could get over the tunnel summit. The top of the hill was just at the entrance to the tunnel, and as the track was not in very good shape in the tunnel I shut off steam and eased her up a little after getting started down the hill. That was where I made a mistake, for ten of the cars had broken loose, after the engine and first eleven cars had passed over the summit, and the momentum carried them, over the knuckle, and they came down after us fifty miles an hour. Just about the middle of the tunnel they struck us, with terrible force, and then it was that I made the fast run, for you see the powder exploded and my engine and all the cars that were left shot out of the tunnel just like wads out of a big gun. My breath was fairly taken away by the speed, and I had to hold tight to the cab to keep from being left behind. Old 71 kept the rails and shot out of the other end of that hole, going at the rate of 675 miles an hour; in fact, we went so fast that the watchman did not see us pass, although he heard the terrible report, and thought that the tunnel had caved in. When we reached the little town of S— we were going about 350 miles an hour, having lost some of our velocity. Of course, only a few of the cars kept the track, and they all had hot boxes and flat wheels when we finally came to a stand. It was 4:03 when we entered the tunnel, and allowing a minute from that time till the explosion took place we ran the eight miles in just forty-six seconds, according to my watch. Old 71 lost her side rods and connecting rods, and two of her tires, and had her smokestack carried off by the wind pressure, but she was able to pull in on the side track, and just at that moment the operator received a telegram from O—, six miles on the other side of the tunnel, which read:

"Caboose No. 64 and two smoking cars just flew by, leaving boards in the air, which are still falling. Rails are red-hot from the friction."

"That, young man, was the fastest run I ever made, and I don't want to break the record again." And then, without even a smile, the old man crawled up on the cab of the big express engine and got ready to pull out with the limited.—Boston Herald.

Small Courtesies.

Habit counts for so much in little things that one cannot look too carefully after the small courtesies in one's own conduct. A writer in the Interior describes a visit to a home where the young people possessed the true politeness which habit had made natural.

One evening last week I entered a room where several young men with books and work were sitting around the lamp. The young man with the lexicon and the grammar on the table before him was the busiest of the group, but he instantly rose and remained standing until I had taken my seat.

The little action was automatic; the habit of his family is to practice small courtesies, and the boys have been trained from childhood to pay deference to women. They always rise whenever a lady, their mother, sister, friend, or guest of the house, comes into the room where they are at work.

Neither mother nor sister goes out after dark without an escort. One of the boys can always go out of his way, or find it in his way, to see her safely to a friend's door, or to the meeting which she wishes to attend. Most winning and sweet is the air of good breeding which these young men have acquired, which they wear with an unconscious grace.

"You should not care so much about the merely superficial conduct," says a friend. "Veneering is only a polish laid on. I approve of the man or woman who is honest, sincere. I can pardon him a little brusqueness, which may be his only misfortune."

It is not veneering to be polite. We are apt to grow confused on this subject, and to fancy that there is a natural conflict between goodness of heart and elegance of deportment. The fact is, life would be a far more agreeable thing if politeness were more assiduously cultivated.

Which?

Wickwire—Have you noticed that Mudge has quit cigars and taken up a pipe?

Yabsley—Yes; I wonder what is the cause? Has he been playing the races or getting engaged?—Indianapolis Journal.

Shy Young Thing.

She—Have you ever been kissed by a girl before?

He—What a question! Of course I haven't.—Judy.

Tobacco received its name of nicotiana in honor of Jean Nicot, envoy from the court of France to Portugal, who sent some seed to Catherine de Medici.