

ON A COWCATCHER.

A Fifty Miles' Run on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

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Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong,
We hurry along,

So sang the English yeoman in his well-known wedding song, but he little thought how aptly he described the locomotive of this great continent. It was remarked on board the steamship Adriatic as we were coming across the "pond," "You will hear that sound (alluding to the ship's bell) all over the American continent wherever there is a track." To an Englishman it seems as if daily services or funerals were constantly being held, for the tolling of brass bells of trains approach the stations or crossings has an English church-like sound. I take my seat in the cabin of Engine 205, the "engineer" sends the locomotive forward, panting out black balloons of thick sooty smoke from the "smoke stack," the fireman pulls the long line which swings the great brass bell hanging near the whistle; we pass the level crossing, where buckboards and slatcars are kept in hand, as the horses nervously gaze on the fiery monster, and then we are off on our journey.

Where are we going to? Permit me to tell you. We are in Eastern Canada, in the province of Quebec. We have just left Lennoxville station, and are passing through the "city" (300 inhabitants). The reason, however, for Lennoxville being well known, even in Europe, is because of its University, and because of its containing perhaps the best public school in Canada. That fine pile of buildings on the left of the line, and rising from the banks of two rivers—the Saint Francis and Massawippi—contains lecture rooms, hall, chapel, houses for professors and rooms for students, and dormitories for the boys. The Principal is our old friend Dr. Adams, whom we miss so much from the Gateshead High School for boys.

But where are we going to? To the "end of the iron." The Canadian Pacific Railway which engirds so large a section of this earth is now completing a short cut to the Atlantic from Montreal, which will save perhaps 300 miles in the trans-continental journey to the Pacific shore. Unfortunately the State of Maine (U. S. A.) runs up into Canada on the east in an objectionally aggressive manner, and we have to cross American territory in order to get a short cut to Halifax. Wonder of wonders the Government of Canada which has aided the Canadian Pacific Railway on its own soil goes still further and heavily subsidizes it even when built in an alien country!

I am journeying, then, from the Province of Quebec over the mountains and down into the wilds of Maine, the home of the caribou, the land of the moose. Pant-pant, whiff-whiff, ding-dong, creak, whizz, and we roar through the covered bridge over Massawippi's brown flood and through the cutting. Friendly handkerchiefs are shaken over a gate, and then we are in the forest charging along a winding avenue of Canadian firs. Birds fly out of the way as we make 144 revolutions per minute of our driving wheel (5 feet 8 in. in diameter). We are going about 30 miles an hour. For the sake of those who are not familiar with Canada, I will continue to describe the journey until I take my seat above the "cowcatcher."

Panting as we climb up grades, and smoothly dashing down grades, we soon see the houses of a village in the open country before us, and the gilt spire of its church, and then pass a yoke of patient oxen ploughing or stone-drawing. I set the bell swinging as we roll along so slow, for I love to hear it ringing as over the track we go. "Johnville, Johnville," "All aboard, and all aboard." We rattle along, and at Bulwer we have the excitement of getting a freight car on to the track. It had run off at the switch. Here the ends of the two lines are moved instead of pointed tongues of metal as at home. "Three cars," sings the fireman—"two cars," "half a car," "just a little mite." These are instructions to the engineer as to the distance he is to send on his engineer. "Draw pin." Then the engine is detached from the train, and with a good pull reinstates the long goods wagon on the track. These freight cars are from 50 to 60 feet long. Away we hurry in the brilliant sunshine. Leaving Cookshire, we dash through the long wooden bridge over the river. I say through the bridge, because the bridge has roofs and sides to keep the snow in the winter time away from long barns, but with no planks on the floor joists, so that you look from the engine through the ties to the rushing river beneath. Where the line is exposed in the open country, high boardings are erected to catch the drifting snow; they look like advertising boardings without placards upon them.

For three hours we journey along, stopping at country stations, where fresh-looking Canadians crowd the low platform, and curious vehicles drive through the surrounding clearing. The sun gets lower, and as we travel east the long shadow of the engine travels before us on the track, or ripples through the fir trees as we circle round a curve. Nearly seven o'clock it is when Lake Megantic bursts upon us from the valley behind the woods on our right. Fir-clad hills fold this exquisite mirror in their embrace, and the sunset hues blaze on its sheet from orange to silver steel. Ice floes and floating timber fill some of the bays. Violet cloudlets float high above the snow-streaked mountains. Fir trees on the crest of the western hills stand out in dark relief silhouetted against the sunset sky. The river, rushing swiftly from the lake, has burst its bonds, and tears round the railway bridge. Red hot water seems to flow amidst the ice and logs, for the sky reflected gleams through them as through a network. To-night, in a wooden French Canadian hostelry, on a creaking bedstead; amorous on a cowcatcher to the "end of iron."

I never see one in the old country. Well, I explain. It is a sort of a girl-like creature, fastened to the front of the engine, by the rails, so that if the train meets with any movable obstruction, it will be pushed on one side. A fallen log, or even a "grizzly" would be present to the right about by this consequence. It does not strictly catch cows, it does for them, and flings them only into the ditch.

I well understand in and let the

crip morning air dash in as we toiled up the side of the lovely Lake Megantic.

"I am going along to the cowcatcher," said I to the engine driver, and the answer only was a grim smile. Squeezing through the narrow opening I was outside now, holding on to the long brass rod fastened to the boiler. The engine rolled and jumped, as we banged along, but, holding on tightly, I passed forward and stepped down on to the iron shelf above the cow-grind. Here was a huge, thick rope with iron hooks coiled like a great boa constrictor and ready to be used in parallel shunting. On these coils I sat me down, holding on tightly to one of the lamp holders, and resting my right heel on the link of a stout iron rod.

To enable the engines to shunt trucks and carriages there is an enormous strong bar fastened in front, as thick as a muscular man's arm. It is fastened to the centre of the buffer plank by a correspondingly stout link, and when not in action this stout rod lies down the front of the catcher.

I was told the day previously the train had run into a span of oxen crossing the line, and that this rod had speared and transixed one ox and carried it for half a mile and it was so firmly fastened to the locomotive that they had to stop the train and cut it away.

You will see that incidents of this nature might be distressingly inconvenient for the occupant of the particular seat that I had taken, and I allow that it was unwise of me to fall asleep there as I did that afternoon for a short time. Now, I must exert any descriptive powers I can conjure up to enable you to take a seat with me on the front of this Canadian railway engine. The unclouded sun beats down but we cannot feel it; for, as we fly along through space, we cut our way through the still air at so great a speed that it becomes a gale cold and icy. This wind, for the forest glades on either side of the line are still deep with the winter's snow. Though we see the heat glimmer dancing above the track before us, when we come to the spot we only feel a passing luke-warm breath, and all is cold again until we pull up, and then the fierce sun blazes and scorches, and frizzles with all his might. But now we are rattling along at full speed. I feel that the whole train is behind me, and that I am leading the way.

The long line of rails stretches ahead through the forest, but every moment the scene is changing, and new beauties ahead are evolving themselves out of the mountains. Like a huge monster devouring miles of iron tape, so it is with us, the long rails come flying towards one and then disappear beneath the engine. Great birds fly screaming athwart our track as we charge along, thundering out in agony our gasping blasts of spark and soot.

My steed seems to have our life and to be filled with a yearning to outstrip anything which nature can produce; sometimes we fly in comparative silence as we shoot along down grades, but then we puff up toils as we pant and struggle along steep up grades; we creak and jar as we whizz round sharp curves; with a bound we lead over chasms as we are held up by skeletons of wood. Oh! those trestle bridges! Well for the occupants of the comfortable cars reading their papers, that they see not the view from the cowcatcher.

Here is a trestle bridge coming! Lean forward, my friend, while you hold tightly to the iron frame. Look down there through the sleepers; see the rushing brown river tearing at the rocks, and hear the roar of the rapids. What is to save us if any one of those wooden beams, creaking under our weight, snaps or is crushed under our position? Ah! you breathe freely, for we are over now, and dash again into the forest; but we do not forget trestle bridges.

We shall be able to picture the scene next time we read in our papers of the plunging cars toppling one after another, and the crushing of fair human lives. Nothing else will I raise my pen against, but it must shower out in splutterings of indignation against trestle bridges, even if its holder is ignorant and partially unjust. Just one question to those in power with the American continent: How is it that, with all their defects, the European lines rarely have bridge accidents? The answer must undoubtedly be because we spend more money over our bridges, and you of the western continent could do the same, even if it were a trifle.

We slacken. White new wooden sheds great and small are opening of the fir forest. Backwoodsmen and women and children come down and smile as they see a man with a notebook writing on the cowcatcher. As the train stops I slide off and watch the passengers alight and their baggage set down on the edge of the forest. As some hunting is to be done, I walk along to examine the boundary between the British Dominions and the United States of America. It is a square east-iron post about a yard above the ground. Upon two sides appear in relief, "Boundary, August 9, 1842." On the States side are the words: "Albert Smith, United States Commissioner," and on the other side: "Lieut. Col. B. B. Estcourt, H. B. Commissioner." A tattered "Stars and Stripes" hung sadly from a rude pole which some one had lashed to the boundary post.

In 1842, the commissioner cut a track through the forest forty feet wide all along the boundary, from peak to peak, and across the intervening valleys. Every quarter of a mile one of these posts was placed half-way between a square granite stone.

The bell rings, and as the engine gives its first pant I step on to the catcher and swing into my place again. Now the whole train dashes down into the United States of America. Two minutes ago we were amenable to British law; now we must do as President Cleveland tells us. It is all down grade now to the end of the line, and about midway we come to the engineer's camp, and are soon enjoying a homely meal in a log hut. Thousands of men are spending their days in the forest, battling with mosquitoes and other troubles, but pushing on bravely the work of completing the last link in the chain which holds together the British Dominions in North America. The men all come from Canada. The new law which forbids anyone who is in a foreign land to be hired in order to come into the States to work prevents the railway company from bringing their men in Canada to work here. Instead, they discharge them at the other side of the boundary and give them a ride into the States, and then engage them afresh. Next time I cross the Atlantic I shall probably land at Halifax and travel in a sleeping car over the country I have seen to-day from the cowcatcher.

I finish now. Late in the evening we once more approach my Canadian home, viz. Lennoxville. We trumpet out hoarsely from the booming whistle the news of our return. We swing the brazen bell, and our huge lamp blazes and glares as we light up the interior of the covered bridge and roll again over Massawippi's swollen flood. Yes, with memories of Africa, Asia, and Europe still fresh, we shall sing for many a month:—
Way down the Massawippi river,
Far far from home,
Here's where my thoughts are turning
Eber,
Here's where I like to roam.

TO EXCAVATE IN BABYLONIA.

A Party of Explorers Going to Study the Mounds in Central Asia.

Dr. John P. Peters, Professor of Hebrew in the University of Pennsylvania; Dr. Harper, instructor in Assyrian at Yale College, and Mr. J. D. Prince of the class of 1888, Columbia College, have left New York with the purpose of eventually conducting explorations and excavations in Babylonia, middle Asia. They are accompanied by Mr. H. H. Haynes, photographer, and Mr. H. P. Field of Brooklyn, architect.

The only previous expedition of archaeological character to Babylonia was the Wolfe expedition of 1884, though French and German savants have long prosecuted their researches in the region. The expenses of Dr. Peters's party will be defrayed by the Babylonian Exploration Fund, which has been subscribed by citizens of Philadelphia. Among the members of the Executive Committee of this fund are Prof. Allen Marquand of Princeton and Mr. Luqley, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. While describing the nature of the expedition to a reporter before leaving Dr. Peters said:

"Babylonia is the general name for the whole region around the city of Babylon. It is a vast plain dotted with mounds, which indicate the burial place of ancient cities. The mound over the city of Babylon is about ten miles square; that over Erach ten square miles. Other mounds are very small, and cover probably only single palaces. Just where we shall excavate, how long we shall stay, and what we shall do with the inscriptions or relics discovered, all depends on the result of negotiations now pending with the Turkish Government. We shall all meet at Aleppo, a four-day ride on horseback six weeks through the mountains with a caravan to Bagdad. We go armed, not so much on account of the brigands, which are not so numerous as formerly, as to protect ourselves from wild beasts. Nights we shall go into camp. I have ordered 1,000 cans of fruits and meats for the journey, so as to break the native fare upon the party gradually. If we work in the sheep-raising section we can get plenty of mutton; otherwise we must live on goat flesh and goat milk. Wheat, I am glad to say, grows wild here, so that we need not want for something like bread. The Arabs, who will do the excavating proper, will be paid ten or twenty cents a day. Their work is correspondingly bad. If we make large excavations we shall employ two, three, or four, hundred. The picks and shovels we take with us. As an experiment I have also ordered six wheelbarrows, though the natives always work with baskets. I may have the experience of the man who first tried to use wheelbarrows in Brazil, where the natives put them on their heads and then piled the things on top of them. We have made all arrangements for one year's work though everything depends on our success and the disposition of the Turkish Government."

A Learned Member of the Profession.

The following letter from a member of one of the learned professions—a "Fizshan" practicing in a western town—was sent to a wholesale firm in Toronto, with gentlemanly "doctor" desired to send some pleasing "manifold" way of novelties in medicine. The letter is printed verbatim.

"Sir as I am going into Patent medicine this spring quite extensive I have been advised to right to you and get a catalogue of your drugs and I am going to keep other medicine as well as make my own and all kinds of perfumery today I am making 7 kinds of medicine and I can make as many as will sell and I determine to run a wholesale business if you will send me a catalogue of drugs and if I can do better with you than I can in Montreal I will deal with you altogether because I think I can build a good trade up here where I am. things is brisk and the outlook for a larged goods is grate of he has the stock and can sell great I remain yours Truly
Prof.

"I send you a reference from a druggist at home I have dealt with every sense I commence to make medicine."

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Sorrows are like thunder-clouds—in the distance they look black, over our heads hardly gray.
Good manners include not merely pleasant things said and done, but unpleasant ones left undone.
Conduct which pleases us toward those who are rising, pleases us less toward those who are falling.—(Victor Hugo.)
The flowering moments of the mind
Drop half their petals in our sleep.
—(O. W. Holmes.)

An humble knowledge of thyself is a surer way to God than a deep search after knowledge.—(Thomas a Kempis.)
He who does not help us at the needful moment, never helps; he who does not counsel at the needful moment, never counsels.
Suffering becomes beautiful when any one bears great calamities with cheerfulness, not through insensibility, but through greatness of mind.—(Aristotle.)
The delights of thought, of truth, of work, and of well-doing will not descend upon us like the dew upon the flower without effort of our own. Labor, perseverance, self-denial, fortitude, watchfulness are the elements out of which this kind of joy is formed.
Do not grow old to fast. Try to keep your sympathies fresh, and your interest in little things active. Gray hairs and wrinkles you cannot escape, but you need not grow old in feeling unless you choose.

THE STOURDZA INHERITANCE

It Amounted to \$10,000,000 in Cash, and Disappeared Most Mysteriously.

The Stourdza inheritance lawsuit forms the sensation of the day. About four years ago Prince Michael Stourdza, one of the well-known characters of Paris, died. He used to drive about the city in a curious gilded coach that reminded one of the state coaches of kings of the last century. He was known to be enormously rich, and at his death there was great curiosity to know how he had disposed of his fortune. His will provided that his widow should enjoy the estate as long as she lived, and at her death it should be equally divided among the three children, Gregory, Demetrius and Princess Gortschakoff. Gregory, the eldest, is a Roumanian Senator and also a General in the army of that kingdom, and it is he who has taken the lead in the present proceedings. Prince Michael was known to have left a fortune in real property and other stable securities worth \$6,000,000. This was easily found and disposed of according to the terms of the will. But he also had left another fortune of fully \$10,000,000 in cash, jewels, and securities that could readily be turned into cash by any one who got hold of them, whether the rightful owner or not. And of this fortune not a penny was to be found. The minutest search failed to reveal even the faintest trace of it. Prince Gregory applied to the police, and offered fabulous rewards for its recovery. All was in vain. The \$10,000,000 was gone.

About a year later the widow of Prince Michael died at Baden-Baden. She had been living there in seclusion. Her only visitor had been her daughter, Princess Gortschakoff, and she had not gone there often. However, the Princess had been on more intimate and confidential terms with her mother than either of her brothers had been. Consequently Princess Gortschakoff was the only one of the heirs present at the death of the widow. She declares that she found among the personal effects of her mother securities worth \$160,000 and jewels valued at \$35,000, and nothing more. But the servants who were present tell a different story. The nurse who prepared the body of the dead woman for burial declares, and is supported in the statement by the others, that she found by a belt encircled, underneath the clothes, by a belt of kidskin which at the back bore a large pouch like a "dreas improver." In this belt and pouch were bank notes and securities amounting to \$10,000,000 or the whole of the missing fortune. This the servants examined and counted and handed over to Princess Gortschakoff. Moreover, they say that the Princess got a locksmith to open a safe which she found in her mother's room and took from it more than a million dollars' worth of jewels. This story is confirmed by the locksmith himself who did the job. Princess Gortschakoff strenuously denies it all, and has made charges of dishonesty against the servants in order to discredit their testimony. But her brother, Gregory Stourdza, will press a suit against her, and the whole matter will be left sifted in the courts. It is thought that if she sees the case going against her the Princess will fly to Russia and claim the Czar's protection, believing that that monarch would not in any event allow the fortune she has grabbed to go out of the empire and into the hands of Roumanians, who might some day use it against Russia.

The Story of "Annie Laurie."

A correspondent writes:—"The famous song that is sung by all singers of the present day, I am informed, is a mystery as to the author. I was raised on the next farm to James Laurie, Annie Laurie's father. I was personally acquainted with both her and her father, and was to give author of the song. By my knowledge, I have been requested to do. Annie the public-room in 1827, and was about seven years old when the incident occurred which gave rise to the song bearing her name. James Laurie, Annie's father, was a farmer, who lived and owned a very large farm called Thrivetown, in Dumfriesshire, Scotland. He hired a great deal of help, and among those he employed was a man by the name of Wallace to act as foreman, and while in his employ Mr. Wallace fell in love with Annie Laurie, which fact her father soon learned, and forthwith discharged him. He went to his home in Maxwellton, and was taken sick the very night he reached there, and the next morning, when Annie Laurie heard of it, she came to his bedside and waited on him until he died, and on his deathbed he composed the song entitled "Annie Laurie."

Shocking Tragedy at Monaco.

A terrible drama has been enacted at Monaco. A young Brazilian, named Raoul Herques, who was living with his brother and sister-in-law at Villa Anita, shot them both dead and blew out his own brains.
On Monday evening Raoul, so the servants state, while at dinner was less talkative than usual, and almost immediately the meal was over he rose and with a revolver in each hand killed his brother and sister-in-law by firing point blank at them. That done he pointed the two revolvers at his own head, and had sent both bullets through it before the servants occupied in clearing the table could reach the scene of this terrible crime. It appears quite certain that Raoul had premeditated the crime, and that he meant to commit it even if he met with resistance, for in addition to the two revolvers found in his hands there was another in his pocket, as well as two daggers. He had disagreed with his brother regarding the division of their late father's property.

As a snow drift is formed where there is a lull in the wind, so, one would say, where there is a lull of truth, an intuition springs up. But the truth blows it over it, nevertheless, and at length blows it down.—(Henry David Thoreau.)

He who complains that the world is hollow and heartless unconsciously confesses his own lack of sympathy, while he who believes that people as a whole are kindly and humane is certain to have the milk of human kindness in his own nature.

In drilling glass, stick a piece of stiff clay or putty on the part where you wish to make the hole. Make a hole in the putty the size you want the hole, reaching to the glass, of course. Into this hole pour a little molten lead when, unless it is very thick glass, the piece will immediately drop out.

Forrest Apart.

BY EARNEST M'GAPPEY.

You in the vale of dreams,
I in the path of pain,
So I'll forever seem
While sunsets wax and wane,
Giving to never gain
All ways to me seem,
I with the thorn of pain,
You with the rose of dreams.

You, did you count the cost?
I, did I think of care?
Oh, for the hops thus lost—
The blossom which most fair
Died in the wintry air,
Now for the flower lost
Each has a cross to bear—
We who have known the cost.

You are a star to me!
I—am I ought to you?
Out of the briny sea
Rises the sweetest dew;
Out of the old the new
Fairest of all may be;
Though I am naught to you,
Still you are all to me.

Shrined in my inmost heart
One day lives on alone;
Worshipped and held apart,
Ever more sacred grown.
Peace is to me unknown
Since we were forced to part
Since when we met alone,
And heart first spoke to heart.

He whom the heights divide,
Each in a far off land,
Trustingly, side by side,
Never again will stand,
Gone is the touch of the hand,
Deep is the gulf and wide,
Each in a distant land,
We whom the years divide.

Never on earth to meet;
Fate has decreed it so;
What though the roses bloom
Under their shrouds of snow—
Different ways we feet,
Weary with wounded feet,
I who have loved you so,
You whom I cannot meet.

Knitting.

BY ELBA P. ALLESTON.

An old time kitchen, an open door,
Sunshine lining across the floor,
A little maid, feet bare and brown,
Checks like roses, a cotton gown,
Rippling masses of shining hair,
And a childish forehead smooth and fair.

The child is knitting the open door
Woo he, tempts her more and more,
The sky is cloudless, the air is sweet,
And softly restless the bars brown feet,
Still, as she wishes her task were done,
She counts the rounds off, one by one.

Higher yet mounts the sun of June,
But one round more!—a childish tune
Kits ples out from the childish lips,
White swift and swifter the finger tips
Play out and in, till I hear her say,
"Twenty rounds; 'm going to play!"

Up to the hedge where the sweet-briar blows
Down to the bank where the brooklet flows,
Chasing the butterfly, watching the bees,
Wading in clover up to her knees,
Mocking the bobolinks; oh, what fun
It is to be free when the task is done!

Years and years have ticked away,
The child is a woman, and threads of gray
One by one creep into her hair,
And I see the prints of the feet of care.
Yet I like to watch her, to mark the bits
By her household fire, and as then she knits.

Swiftly the needles glance, and the thread
Glides baby's neck, her fingers white and red.
'Tis a baby's sticking. To a dad fro
And in and out of the needles go,
She sings as she sings that day in June,
But the low soft strain is a nursery tune.

Monosyllables.

None be the force of words that tax the tongue
But once, to speak them full and round and clear.
They suit the speech, or song, and out the ear,
Like bells that give one tone when they are rung;
Or bird notes on the air, like rain-drop to hear,
That pour their joy for all who pause to hear.
Their short, quick chords the dull sense charm and cheer,
That tires and shrinks from words to great length strain.

Strong words of old, that shot right to the brain,
And hit the heart as soon, were brief and terse,
Who finds them now, and fits them to his sing,
Such stanzas from brooks of English are his gain,
Which shall make strong his thought, in prose or verse,
Will show with scribbles to write, or bards to sing.
—(Harper's Magazine.)

The Value of Turpentine.

After a housekeeper fully realizes the worth of Turpentine in the household she is never willing to be without a supply of it. It gives quick relief to burns; it is an excellent application for corns; it is good for rheumatism and sore throats, and it is the quickest remedy for convulsions or fits. Then it is a sure preventative against moths; by just dropping a trifle in the bottom of drawers, chests and cupboards it will render the garments secure from injury during the summer. It will keep ants and bugs from closets and store-rooms by putting a few drops in the corners and upon the shelves; it is sure destruction to bed-bugs, and will effectually drive them away from their haunts, if thoroughly applied to the joints of the bedstead in the spring cleaning time, and injures neither furniture nor clothing. A spoonful of it added to a pail of warm water is excellent for cleaning paint. A little in the suds on washing day lightens laundry labor.

Curious Phase of Deafness.

It is said that persons afflicted with tain forms of deafness can hear perfectly in the midst of a tumult. A locomotive engineer, upon examination by a medical expert, was found to be very deaf, and, although he protested that he could hear perfectly well in the cab, he was suspended. Some time afterward, having made vain attempts to better his defect, he applied for reinstatement, again urging the fact of his perfect hearing while on duty. Finally to satisfy him, the physician rode with him upon a locomotive for a long distance, and put him to every possible test. To the doctor's surprise, he found him able not only to hear ordinary sounds without difficulty, but also to distinguish whispers and faint movements that were inaudible to the physician.