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BUSINESS CARDS.

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MY LOSSES.

In the silence and the twilight,
Sad, and all alone,
I sat brooding o'er the losses
That my life had known—
Loss of wealth and loss of pleasures,
These things were but small,
But my soul had dearer treasures,
Aye, and lost them all.

Once I had a friend, beloved,
Constant to the last;
Just when most I seemed to need her
From my world she passed;
I was left to toil, forsaken,
While her rest was won;
Yet I said, with faith unshaken,
"Lord, Thy will be done!"

I had once a love, whose sweetness
Fed me day and night,
Made me strong for work and sorrow,
Nerved me for the fight.
Once, when parched by thirst unspoken
For its stream I sighed,
Then I found love's cistern broken,
And its waters dried.

I had once a trusting spirit,
Even gay and strong,
Thinking every smile a sunbeam,
Slow to see a wrong;
Fancied friends closed in around it,
Armed with sneer and doubt,
In their iron fetters bound it,
Crushed its sweet life out.

Yet I think that I shall find them,
Friend, and love, and trust,
When the mortal veil about me
Changes into dust.
Through the quiet twilight creeping
Comes an angel's tone,
"They are in a better keeping,
Thou shalt claim Thine own."

TWO MINUTES TOO LATE.

With his good-bye ringing in her ears, Drucie Miller re-entered the little telegraph office, and dropped into the chair before the clicking instrument. Glancing at the clock above her head, she noticed that it was almost time to close the office for the night, and seek her humble home at the foot of one of the darkest streets of the village. The rumbling of the train which had just left the station was growing fainter and fainter, and the girl listened to it as though it was the voice of a friend who was leaving her for a long time.

She did not expect any more messages that night; the engine breathing heavily from its great iron lungs on the track near her window, would not move until the night express had passed up, and the engineer knowing this, had sought his sweet-heart, who lived in the village.

Tom Gray, the engineer of the train departing, was Drucie's lover, and his intimate friends knew when the wedding was to take place. He had not known her long, but that did not matter, as he was a true fellow, who loved her with all his heart, and with all hers she loved Tom.

The rumble of the train at length died away, and she was about to shut off the current and leave the office, when a message began to fall upon her ears.

She started, for the first word drove the color from her cheeks, and standing over the instrument she heard this message

"Number ten switch at Colby till number six passes. Six just starting."

"Six just starting! My God! They will meet!" cried the beautiful operator, starting from the table; "what can I do to save him—them?"

And with her eyes staring at the clock she stood in the centre of the room, thinking of the two trains approaching each other through the mist that almost hid the moon.

The real situation, enough to blanch a young girl's cheeks, was appalling.

The order for the train which had just left Fletcher to switch at Colby, could not be obeyed now. The telegraph, even, could not stop it, for there was no night office at Colby. It was an unusual matter for number six to leave Fort Wayne before the arrival of number ten; but as the latter train was some twelve minutes behind time on that particular night, six, anxious to leave on time, to save its connections, telegraphed to Flecther the message which had so startled Drucie Miller. From a point four miles below Colby, the company had completed a double track, which, when finished to Fort Wayne, would obviate the trouble of switching and preventing accidents.

When Drucie recovered her self-possession, she started from the office with the message in her hand. It had arrived just two minutes too late, and Tom Gray, unconscious of its existence, was driving his engine ahead and thinking of the girl he had lately kissed adieu. He knew that it was known in Fort Wayne that he was unavoidably behind time, and thought that according to custom, the express waiting there would not move until he arrived.

But let us return to Drucie Miller.

She saw the freight engine standing on the new track already mentioned and caught a glimpse of the young fireman asleep on his box.

A determined resolution entered her head and the next moment she was in the engine-room with her hand on the boy's shoulder.

"That you, Miss Drucie?" said the boy, rousing himself with a yawn.

"Love's a mercy!"——

"Get out and uncouple the freight!" she cried. "Tom's moved out, and if he doesn't switch at Colby everybody will be killed. We must catch him!"

The boy with a cry of horror left the engine, and a minute later, the freight cars were standing idly on the track, while the engine and its tender were moving out, gaining momentum at each revolution of the wheels.

"What'll Dick say when he comes back and finds his engine gone?" said the boy, looking up into Drucie's face.

"What do we care what he says? What is Dick's life to the precious lives on the two trains? Jim, how fast can your engine travel?"

"About two miles a minute!" the boy answered with a smile. "She's the swiftest bird on the road. But I don't think we can catch number ten; we might if we had Dick with us. He knows how to manage the Belle."

"And so do I. Wood up, Jim! Fill the furnace chuck full. We must catch Tom this side of the new track's terminus or——"

The girl paused and looked at the pale boy.

"Or what, Miss Drucie?"

"Or blow up!"

"That's what's the matter!" said Jim, catching her spirit. "And we'll catch him, too! Wood! wood! Goll—whiz! how we are going!

Drucie smiled faintly as the boy noted the hand on the guage. The engine had received new momentum which momentarily increased, and all at once, Jim, who had been trying to pierce the haze, said:

"Two miles a minute, I'll bet, Miss Drucie! If it was daylight the telegraph poles would resemble a fine tooth comb."

But the girl did not reply. She stood before the lever, wishing that she could urge the engine to greater speed. She had calculated that the two trains would meet in a gulch that embraced a curve six miles from Colby. It was a terrible place for a collision, and the loss of life there would be great. The haze of mist would prevent the engineers from signalling each other, and a collision was inevitable.

The engine, which seemed to have broken loose, rushed madly on, with Jim looking at Drucie, whom he was inclined to believe mad. The cold mist slowly turned to a drizzle, was occasionally blown against his face by the wind; it served to cool his heated temples, and to make him think calmly of his situation and the folks at home.

So fast were they moving, that they seemed to glide over the rails, scarcely touching them in the mad career, and when Drucie told Jim to listen for the sound of Tom's train ahead, the boy poked his head out of the window and held his breath.

"'Pears to me I hear a sound," without turning his head. "Mebbe I'm mistaken—so many things 'pear to me just now."

"Thank God!" ejaculated the girl. "Listen with all your might, Jim. Oh, for the speed of the bullet!"

Her face glowing with heat, and while Jim listened she opened the furnace door and threw in the last sticks of wood they possessed.

"The wood's gone, Jim. How far yet can we go at this rate of speed?"

"About fifteen miles," the boy answered—"twenty of them if we must do it."

"Then we'll catch him. Colby must be nine miles away yet, and the gluch is six miles further on—fifteen miles! Jim, can't you hear him yet?"

"No; guess I was mistaken a while back," the boy said, and Drucie's countenance fell.

"There's the sound again!"

"Listen for yourself, girl."

Drucie went to the window and put her head out.

"That's Tom!" she cried. "Oh, heaven, let me save him and all the other precious lives to-night!"

With this prayer she turned to the furnace and smiled at the red-hot doors. The engine and its empty tender seemed to fly over the track, and when Drucie looked at Jim again, she found him staring at the guage.

"What's the matter, Jim?" she asked.

He came forward with a hand extended toward the little instrument.

"A little more fire and we'll blow up?" he gasped.

"Tom would hear the explosion and stop his train. That might prevent the collision!" was Drucie's reply.

It was now evident that the sound ahead was that of Tom Grey's train, and the girl prepared to warn her lover of his danger. The track's were quite close, and she told the fireboy to watch the machinery while she attended to that part of the warning work which she had alloted to herself.

With pallid face and almost throbless heart she took up her station at the window, heeding not the drizzling rain that beat into her face, and awaited the decisive moment.

The sound of the train on the other track grew momentarily more distinct, and the darling girl fancied that she heard number six coming through the valley below Colby.

"Yes, it's Tom!" she cried to encourage the boy at the lever. "I see his light. Now!"

"Switch at Colby! Switch at Colby. Colby, six! Colby, six!"

Many times she repeated her cry, and all at once she dashed by the heavy train!

Right into her lover's face as he leaned from his engine, she shouted "Switch at Colby!" and heard the shrieks that told her that he would obey.

"Saved! saved, Jim!" she cried with joy, turning upon the breathless boy who already was checking the Belle's speed.

"Golly—whiz! Drucie, they ought to give us a train!" he said, laughing. "If we can ever stop the Belle, we'll go back; but the girl's got her spunk up and would run on forever!"

Drucie Miller returned to the window with a heart filled with thankfulness, for Tom had heard and was already running on to the switch at Colby.

After a while the Belle was got under control and backed with lessened fires.

"Listen!" suddenly cried Jim.

"Yes, number six is coming; but we don't fear her now!" said Drucie, with a smile. "Tom and his passengers are safe on the switch!"

The next moment number six dashed by, and Drucie laughed and actually clapped her hands.

The meeting between Tom Gray and his love can not be described.

"Your head-light seemed a meteor," he said to her; "and I knew your voice—I don't know why. I guess you made time coming down."

"Time!" cried Jim; "I don't think the wheels touched the rails more'n half the time. If it had been day, the milestones would have looked like a rake."

There was a laugh at the boy's exaggeration; and when Tom took Drucie aside he kissed her.

It was not the only kiss the got that night, for all the women on the train kissed the girl who had saved their lives, and Tom Gray said he wouldn't get jealous when the mustached passengers bent over Drucie, blushing like a rose.

The story of Drucie's feat crept into the papers, and, though my story may be old to some of my readers, I have told it because I believe it will bear repetition.

Dick Lambert forgave Drucie for running away with his engine, and Jim, the fire boy, never grows weary of telling about the "run."

Tom Gray is still on the road, but Drucie does not listen to the click-click of the sounder any more. Every night at 8 she holds a little boy up to the window, and he cries "papa!" and claps his little hands as an engine dashes by.

Circumventing the Husband.

What it calls an amusing incident, recently occurring in its city, the Waterbury (Conn.) *American* thus describes: "A son of Erin had a drinking wife who was fast becoming the 'plague of his life.' All his efforts to prevail upon her to give up whiskey were unavailing, for every evening he would find her drunk upon his return from work. He hit upon a plan—what he considered a happy plan. Before going to work one morning he fastened down all the windows and locked the door after him, leaving his wife a prisoner. He proceeded to his daily toil, chuckling to himself that she would be required to keep sober one day at any rate. In the course of the forenoon one of his wife's whiskey cronies called at the house, but, of course, found the door locked. She called to the inmate to admit her, adding that she had a 'quart of the best!' 'Begorra, I can't let ye in, for it's locked in I am myself!' was the reply. 'Howld on a bit,' came from the one outside. The woman vanished and in a few minutes returned with a clay pipe with a long stem, which she stuck through the keyhole into the mouth of the prisoner. She then slowly poured the whiskey into the bowl of the pipe until the other signified that she had had enough. The surprise of the husband upon finding her lying drunk on the floor when he returned home can be imagined."

Pass this Round.

The *American Agriculturist* calls attention to a swindle of petty details, but large in the aggregate. Eastern firms and others are advertising visiting cards at a price which does not cover the price of good card board. These advertisements are directed to the young people, and receive attention, usually from none but the young. The first one or two orders from any locality are filled promptly, as a rule, and large inducements are offered to agents. In this way it often happens that some person in the vicinity consents to act as agent, and secure a club larger or smaller, as the case may be. The names and money are sent on, the advertising firm pockets the money, and the agent is left to make good the loss to the patrons who have ordered cards. All this is bad enough, but the evil does not end here. The lists of names secured by them in this way are turned over to the publishers of obscene literature, who use the lists in directing circulars, etc. The first advertisements for cards, etc., frequently appear in the amateur papers, where they escape notice, except among the young. The *Agriculturist* advises all parents whose children have sent their names for these cheap cards, to carefully supervise the mail matter received by the children. It has been of late more than once asserted that literature of evil tendency was more freely circulated among the school children of the country than ever before. The exposure by the *Agriculturist* seems to explain one reason why this is so.

London.

Some idea of the size of London may be obtained from the following which we take from the *Medical Press and Circular*: London, the greatest city the world ever saw, covers, within a 15-mile radius of Charing Cross, nearly 700 square miles. It numbers more than 4,000,000 inhabitants. It comprises 100,000 foreigners from every quarter of the globe. It contains more Roman Catholics than Rome itself; more Jews than the whole of Palestine; more Irish than Dublin; more Scotchman than Edinburgh; more Welshmen than Cardiff. It has a birth in it every five minutes, and a death in it every eight minutes; has seven accidents every day, in its 7,000 miles of streets, has 123 persons every day, and 45,000 annually, added to its population; has 117,000 habitual criminals on its police registrar; has 23,000 prostitutes; has as many public houses as would, if placed side by side, stretch from Charing Cross to Portsmouth; has 38,000 drunkards annually brought before its magistrates; has as many paupers as would more than fill every house in Brighton; has 60 miles of open shops every Sunday, and has an influence on the world represented by the yearly delivery in its postal districts of 238,000,000 letters.

Conductors, Beware!

Railway conductors should not always put trust in appearances. On Wednesday last, Sandy ——, one of the wealthiest men in North Easthope, suddenly discovered that he had pressing business in Stratford. Without waiting to put on his coat, he hastily hied to the Shakespeare station. He had barely time to get his ticket when the train drew up and Sandy stepped on the rear car. He was confronted by the conductor, who thought he saw the case at once. "You tramps can steal no rides from me—so get off at once—we have had enough of you tramps." Sandy wiped the sweat from his brow, and then calmly regarding the official, said: "Wait a wee, mon, there's a metaphesical view o' this case which I would like you to understan'." At this the conductor lost all patience, and then Sandy quietly produced his ticket with the bit of advice that "graun officers in braw claes should not be too rough with those who chose to wear their own homespun."—*Beacon.*

TO KEEP TOMATOES FOR WINTER USE.—As the tomato season is now here, I contribute one way for keeping them for winter use that may be new to some of your readers. I ate them in February, sliced and seasoned with sugar and a little vinegar, that seemed every way as nice as tomatoes picked from the vines. They were preserved in the following manner: Dissolve a teacup of salt in a gallon of water. Pick ripe tomatoes, but not over-ripe, leaving a little of the stem on. The tomatoes must be well covered with brine, and they keep till spring is over.

In the sentence, "John strikes William," remarked a school teacher, "what is object of strikes?" "Higher wages and shorter runs," promptly replied the intelligent pupil.

Wages—Cost of Living.

The common laborer in 1872 in New England received an average of $1.50 per day, though some had $2, while the number that received a much smaller sum was equally as large. The street laborer in Boston, however, received $2 a day, which was a much larger sum than paid in the neighboring cities or towns. At present the same grade of laborers that received $1.50 get only $1, but in this city the daily pay has been reduced but twenty-five cents. Among mechanics the reduction has been in some instances proportionally greater, and in some less. A mechanic who used to command $4 per day now gets about $2.50 and one who once earned $3 now works for $2. The reduction in the wages of mechanics as a class has been about equal to that of common laborers, and may be set down as averaging about thirty per cent. So much for the receipts, and as for the cost of living, it is stated that potatoes were considerably higher in 1872, flour about the same, but salt beef, eggs, cheese, butter and other articles have been reduced, though most of them but slightly. The minor articles of table use not included in the above are nearly all to be bought at prices considerably lower than five years ago. Sheeting has been reduced 12½ per cent in the past years; prints, 30 per cent.; corret jeans, 40 per cent. or the same as has been noted to have taken place in the prices paid for labor. Other articles in dry goods have fallen to corresponding prices. Besides dry goods there has been a fall in rent of above 30 per cent., the real estate owners in Boston assert. Many beautiful cottages still let at high figures, but the majority of the dwelling houses let for only about two-thirds what they did in 1872. There are many instances in which rent has been furnished free for the sake of having the house occupied. Coal, another important article for family use, has been reduced at least 40 per cent., clothing 40 per cent., furniture 33½ per cent., crockery 15 per cent. and glassware 35 per cent. It would seem that the reductions above given fully balance the reduction in wages. The difficulty with the laborers is in finding anything to do, and there is where the suffering originates.—*Boston Post.*

Boy Lost.

Missing, from about the third of next month, 1870, a tall-complexioned young man, about five feet six inches of age; height, thirty-seven years; had on when last seen, a pair of swallow-tailed sealskin trowsers, with sausage stripes, fashionable mutton-chop waistcoat, with cast-iron trimmings, double-barrelled frock coat, with stripe collar and tobacco lining; water-tight canvas boots, with patent-leather tops, laced up at the soul; is deaf and dumb of one eye and hard of hearing with the other; is slightly pock marked at the back of his head; stoops upright when he walks crooked; has a slight impediment in his look, and wears a Grecian bend on his upper lip; whiskers cut off short inside; was carrying an empty carpet bag in each hand, and a wooden bag in the other, containing screw steamers, railway tunnels and blacking; was born before his younger brother, his mother being present on the occasion. Any one giving such information as will leave him where he is, will be prosecuted as the law directs. He had in his possession a pocket book containing six bags of flour, three tons of coal, one sett of bedroom furniture, one dozen silver button dishes, two eight-day clocks, three watches and six hams.

Timely Advice.

A melancholy-looking colored man was yesterday wiping his dusky brow as he halted in the shade of the Central Market, when Brother Gardner sauntered up and said:

"Was you overcome wid de heat?"

"Ise near dead," groaned the other.

"But doan' you forget dat de month ob August is slidin' right along like a boy gwine past a graveyard," said the old philosopher. "It won't be long afore de harvest will be over an' de summer ended."

"An' I shall be de happiest pusson in town," wearily replied the sufferer.

"Well, dat may be, but look dis way while I gin ye some advice. Now, of you is in de veecinity of an auction sale, an' you hear de auctioneer cryin' out dat he's got a bid of ten cents on a snow shovel, do you gallop right into de crowd, my boy, an' go a cent better. Doan' let dese hot days make you believe dat snow won't pile up mor'n fo' feet high around your shanty next winter."

Gems of Thought.

Virtue is a flower that blooms in all climates.

Tradition is more frequently an inventor of fiction than a preserver of truth.

This world will never have its difficulties explained without the aid of another.

Wisdom is the abstract of the past, while beauty is the promise of the future.

Man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill-manners.

We are never apt to be more deceived than when we think we are deceiving others.

Adversity is the trial of principle; without it, a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not.

We should study in all things to conciliate and cherish continually that charity and forgiving spirit which we would have exercised towards us.

One may live as a conqueror, a king, or a magistrate, but he must die as a man. The bed of death brings every human being to his pure individuality.

Resist it as firmly, despise it as proudly as we may, all studied unkindness, no matter how contemptible it may be, has a stinging power in it which reaches to the quick.

This world is a world of struggle; but it is not true that to be compelled to struggle is a misfortune. To live is to struggle. Every human being has to struggle, and it is the point of vitality and the point of victory.

Conscience is an avenger. It stands at its post ready to vindicate the majesty of broken law; it rebukes sin with a stern voice, and passes its sentence on the transgressor; it is man's best friend or his dreadful enemy.

What goes deepest, reaches highest, wears best, and lasts longest, is not any mere intellectual theory of the universe or its author, but that profound religion of the spirit which allies us to God and all good beings in heaven and on earth.

Much of the happiness of life depends on our outward demeanor. We all have experienced the charm of gentle and courteous conduct; we have been drawn irresistibly towards those who are obliging, affable, and sympathetic in their demeanor.

A passionate temper renders a man unfit for advice, deprives him of his reason, robs him of all that is great and noble in his nature, makes him unfit for conversation, destroys friendship, changes justice into cruelty, and turns all order into confusion.

Happiness is the perpetual possession of beings well deceived, for it is manifest what mighty advantages fiction has over truth; and the reason is at our elbow, because imagination can build nobler scenes and produce more wonderful revolutions than fortune or nature can be at the expense to furnish.

A Post-Office Incident.

A tall, gray-haired gentleman, so runs the story, lately went it one of the branch post-offices in a western part of England. He asked some question relative to the registering of a letter, of one of the girls in attendance, and was answered in a manner which he considered sharp and rude. He repeated the question, however, not being quite sure that he was not mistaken in his supposition, and he repeated it very mildly. She answered him more rudely than before. He then made some remonstrance, and asked her if she thought that was a proper way to answer an inquiry in a public office. She said that she had been quite civil enough for him. He asked her, with an ominously increasing mildness of manner, if she would favor him with her name. She emphatically declined to do so. He then said he thought he would tell her his name, which, however, she declined to hear, saying that his name was no concern of hers. He calmly replied that he thought it was, for his name was John Manners, and he was the Postmaster-General.

—James Low, a Lachine laborer, worth between $17,000 and $20,000, made all his money within the last twenty-five years, and yet never earned over $1.25 a day; his wages ranged from that sum to as low as 80c per day. As he never married, he was saved the "expense" of keeping a wife and family, and has always lived parsimoniously. Compound interest has a wonderful power in making money grow.