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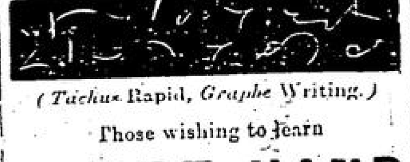

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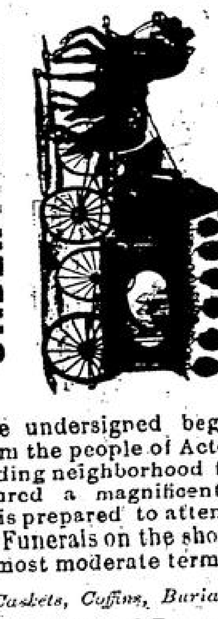

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I'LL NEVER FIND ANOTHER.

God bless my dear old mother!
Whate'er my fortune be,
I'll never find another
Who'll be so true to me.
Her hair, which once was raven,
Is lined with silver now,
And crafty time has graven
Deep wrinkles on her brow.

Yet, though her brow bears traces
Of trouble and of care,
To me a mother's face is
The fairest of the fair.
So tender and forgiving,
As gentle as a dove,—
Ah! life were not worth living
Without my mother's love.

How often, when complaining
Of live's perplexing care,
When naught there seemed remaining
Save countless ills to bear,
My mother's gentle chiding
Has turned my thoughts above,
And roused a faith abiding
In God's redeeming love.

God bless my dear old mother!
Bright be each later year!
I'll never find another
Whom I may hold so dear.
Oh! how my life would alter,
If mother were not near,
And how my heart would falter
Without her words of cheer.

The Obstructed Track.

On a crisp night in October, the wind rustled the leaves in the woods that surrounded Viola Vathek's house.

Above the fair girl, who looked out of a small dormitory window, shone countless stars; she might have seen Bootes and Orion had she looked up, but that night the worlds of heaven had no attraction for her.

She was listening to a strange sound borne from the west by the nocturnal breeze that chilled her cheek. I might have said, with propriety, a succession of sounds, for it seemed that some persons were cording wood or moving heavy timber not far away. Save this noise, the night was quiet, and she heard without interruption from the window of her boudoir.

"I believe it is in Gwynne's Cut," she said, at last, to herself. "Perhaps some villain is obstructing the track for devilish purposes. The Red Bird will soon be due, and this is Ed's trip down."

Her face grew a trifle paler as she spoke, and a moment later she stood before the ancient wall sweepers in one of the lower rooms.

The moonbeams stealing in at the window, fell upon the face of the dial, and told Viola that it was twelve o'clock.

"Twelve," she murmured. "What! twelve o'clock, and he whistles to me at half-past! My heavens! what if the track is obstructed in the cut!"

With the last word on her lips, she turned and soon left the house.

At the gate she paused a moment and listened. The sounds were still to be heard, and she believed that they emanated from a spot in the cut near the cattle guard. Then she started forward again, and crossed the meadow that lay between her home and her destination.

The stars looked down upon a little object that glittered like silver in Viola's hand. It was a revolver, and her fingers held it firmly. Once or twice she glanced at it, as if to satisfy herself that it was there. Then she looked up again with an air of determination.

She was the belle of the country she inhabited. Her father was dead, and, with her widowed mother and a little brother of twelve, she dwelt in the humble house won by the sweat of her father's brow.

A railway station, called Beaumont, was the only settlement near, and it was six miles from her home. She seldom went thither, for there was no society there, and she could enjoy herself better at home.

The track of iron was the making of Beaumont, for the road was new, and towns were springing up all along the line. Viola could see the cars from her window, and often had she sat there until the flaming head-light of the midnight express had appeared and disappeared. An opening in the woods enabled her to see the light for a moment, and then the light of the windows of the cars.

Did the engineer know that she was watching—that his engine gave two shrill shrieks as it reached the opening—two shrieks that seemed to say, "Viola! Viola!" She always smiled when she heard the sounds, and with the smiles lingering on her face, or a blush, she would listen to the rumbling of the train as it died away beyond the cramped boundaries of uncommercial Beaumont.

The brace of shrieks, loud and shrill, told her who drove that engine toward the great city on the Mississippi's banks. They recalled the day, ore year since, when the first engine she had ever seen stopped at Beaumont, scarcely a station then.

The engineer was young and handsome, and when he saw her examining the great driving-wheels, and looking with wonderment upon the mighty beauties of his iron pet, he leaped to the ground.

"A pretty piece of machinery," he said to her, "and she goes like a bird."

She blushed when she caught his eye, and the sound of his voice thrilled her.

Overcoming her timidity, he helped her into his cosy apartment on the engine, and explained to her the wondrous mechanism of the beautiful monster. Then he said good-bye, and she saw the train move off, and his hat waving from the engine was the last thing she saw as it darted around the curve.

A week later she found herself at the station talking to him again. Their meeting seemed purely accidental, and no doubt it was such; but I am sure the meetings that followed it were not.

By and by Ed. Gordon, the engineer, carried a picture over his heart, and on Viola's bureau lay the photographer's semblance of his face.

Thus the acquaintance at the station, during the Red Bird's trial trip over the new road, had ripened into love, and the two midnight shrieks told her he was safe and driving his engine towards the river metropolis.

She sat at her window oft-times with the lamp on the sill, and often fancied that she could see him leaning from his engine with eyes fixed to catch a glimpse of her before the train would be swallowed up by the woods again.

This life was excitement and joy to Viola; but it was passing away. The time was coming when Ed. Gordon would have to leave the road and accept the superintendency of the company's car shop in a flourishing city.

But let me return to the October night when Viola left her home to investigate the sounds that seemed to come from Gwynne's Cut.

She felt that obstructions were being placed upon the track in the dismal place. Of late the company had incurred the hatred of certain persons residing in the vicinity of the station, and once or twice the track had been tampered with, but fortunately to no serious extent.

The night express generally went through the cut with undiminished speed, for no obstructions had been encountered there, the cattle guard in the centre would assist the evil disposed.

Viola at last reached the cut into which the mellow moonbeams fell, and paused. Something high and dark obstructed the track before her, at the very spot where the cattle guard seemed to be, and she held her breath. It was twelve o'clock when she left the house, and her walk had occupied a number of precious minutes. The shrieks of the Red Bird would soon be heard, and a moment thereafter its head-light would flash into the cut or gorge.

She saw more than a pile of strong ties on the track. She saw the dark figure of a man moving about the pyramids, as if contemplating his night's work and speculating upon the death and ruin it would cause. She watched until she believed that one man had accomplished the diabolical deed, then she crept forward through the shadow of the bushes that lined the sides of the cut, until she stood within ten feet of him.

"I'll go back to the station now," she heard him say to himself. "I can get there before the accident, and when it occurs, why I can run up there and see him under the ruins of his engine, so crushed that that doll faced girl of his will not recognize him."

A cruel laugh rippled over his lips as he stepped back from the heap of ties, several of which he had forced into the guard, where they were wedged like posts of iron. He enjoyed his own words, and viewed the work of his mad hands.

"I'll crush the Red Bird," he said, turning away, "and put him out of my path forever."

The last words, full of a devil's triumph, still quivering on his lips when Viola stepped from the shadows and thrust the muzzle of her revolver into his face.

He started back with a cry of horror and muttered her name.

"This is your revenge, Morgan Duke," she said, looking sternly into his eyes. "Now, obey my commands, or there will be a lifeless body on this track, to be mingled among the ruins of the night express. To work at once! Off with your coat and remove every obstruction your wicked hands have placed there!"

He looked at her, and a curse fell from his lips.

"The train can't be saved now," he said, and there was joy in his tones. "It took me one long hour to obstruct the guard. In twenty minutes, or less, perhaps, you'll see the Red Bird's head light up the cut."

"Villian!" she cried, "if this track is not clear when I see her head-light, I'll drive a bullet through your brain! You know what to do! I will talk no longer!"

Covered by her revolver as he was, Morgan Duke, the station master, doffed his coat and went to work.

Viola never took her eyes from him, and the silvery moon that rested over the cut showed his every movement. He was on the pile of ties, hurling them, one by one, with the strength of a modern Samson, upon the not over wide grade. He worked for life, for he knew when the thundering train was due, and a glance at the girl on the track told him that she would surely kill him if he did not do her bidding.

Once she said to him, as he paused for breath before attacking the ties which he had driven into the cattle-guard:

"I never thought this of you, Morgan Duke. When I rejected you, I thought you would bear it like a man."

He replied not, but glanced at his watch.

"Half past twelve!" he said.

"To work!" was the stern command, and Viola stepped forward and brought the revolver nearer his head.

He tugged at the ties with great strength, and large drops of perspiration stood out on his fore head.

"I can't move them," he said at last, turning upon Viola.

"You must!" was the reply.

"I drove them in with the sledge."

"I did not hear the sound."

"It was deadened with my coat."

The girl's face grew paler than ever, and she glanced fearfully up the cut.

"Take them out!" she said, suddenly; the train is coming! I hear it!"

The villainous station master heard the rumbling, and again turned to the ties.

"You have your choice!" Viola said to him. "A bullet or an unobstructed track!"

She watched him as woman never watched man before. She knew that he was doing all that could be done to undo his wicked work, and while she watched, her heart grew still beneath the rumble of the express.

"He'll soon call me," she said to herself. "There! there!"

The familiar shriek cleft the cool October air, but they brought no joy to her heart. She was not at the window beside the light he loved to hail from the engine. Perhaps she would be the first to kiss his cold brow beneath the stars in Gwynne's Cut. She almost shouted for joy when she saw the last tie drawn from the guard by the desperate man.

"Quick! the sledge! break the guard!" she cried.

"Gods! I never thought of that!" he said, and the next moment he was shattering the long guard with the heavy sledge.

At last the piece was broken, and he thrust the other ties down into the long opening he had made.

At that moment, the train, rounding the curve, dashed into the cut, and the flashing head-light, not twenty feet away, almost blinded the eyes of the twain.

Morgan Duke stepped from the track and threw himself upon the heap of disordered ties, utterly exhausted. He saw triumph in the girl's eye, and watched her as the train came on.

O for strength to hurl her upon the track and beneath the wheels of the thundering train! Her revolver had ceased to cover him but he could not lift even a child.

The train clashed by! Viola saw her lover's face for a moment, and an exclamation of thankfulness welled from her heart. He was safe, and the precious lives that he carried westward had escaped Morgan Duke's machinating!

"You're a worker, Morgan Duke," she said to him smiling. "We will separate here."

He looked at her a moment in silence.

"Are you going to tell?" he asked.

"Such men as you are dangerous," she replied.

"Then you are going to expose me?"

"I am."

He did not reply.

They parted forever there. Morgan Duke was never caught by the officers of the law; but justice afterward overtook him. The iron wheels of a railway train crushed him on the track.

The company presented Viola with a beautiful house, when her husband took charge of the car shops. I know she will never forget her night in Gwynne's Cut with her rejected lover.

The Lime Kiln Club.

Brother Gardner's countenance was delicately shaded and softened with the consciousness of right as he rose up, pulled a loose patch over a hole in the left elbow of his gray wool coat and began:

"Gem'len, I hez often asked de queshun of dis Club b'lieves wid Bob Beecher and Henry Ward Ingersoll on de 'no hell' bizness. I hez my own opinyun about it, an' I'd like to h'ar de senternment of de brudders in general. Will de Rev Penstock rise up an' lead wid an expreshun.

"De Rev. Penstock feels to say," replied the old gentleman, "dat he doan' even want ter be blown up on a ferrybout in company wid a man who disputes the Holy Book."

Deep silence followed, broken at last by the sonorious voice of Sir Isaac Walpole, saying:

"Gem'len, I kin look back ober de longest lifetime o' enny member o' dis Club. De path of de oleman hez bin full o' sickness, trouble death-beds an' grave-stuns. All de time, eben when de clouds were darkest, de ole man hez had a little sunshine in de hope dat when his eyes war closed in de las' long sleep, de angels would balance de books in his favor, forgive enny little failin's and walk 'longside o' him frow de gates o' pearl an' gold. Dat is my hope now. If dar's no hell den dar's no Heaven. De man who b'lieves in one must believe in de odder. Ize gwine to keep right along de narrow tow path o' life, hopin' dat some ole hope, believin' in dat same golden Heaven, and keepin' dat pusson called Satan way off in de back fields o' my aged heart. Dat's how I feel, and Ize too ole to go coontin' for new religun."

There was another long silence. It needed only one more speech, and it presently came from Chowder Davis, who has not been altogether upright member. Great surprise was manifested as he rose up and began:

"Gem'len Ize gwine ter own right up dat I hez lifted hens off de roost times widout number—hens dat didn't inventory wid my odder assets. I hez picked up odder fokes' dogs an' cats an' door mats. I hez been in jail in de yars agone, an' one time a jury decided that I stole a hoss. All dis I owns up ter, an' shell I tell yer why I Izen't stole moah hosses an' robbed houses an' committed murder? K se I fears dat hell which dey am tryin to drown out wid a few fire engines like Beecher. Let de white folks convince me dat I can lie an' cheat an' steal an' do murder an' still shine aroun' amond de pink robed angels wid de best o' folks, an' I'll scalp a preacher afore lamp light!"

After a long minute brother Gardener arose and said:

"Gem'len, we doan' want a vote on de queshun—it votes itself. Dis Club may hev faults, but one o' dem faults am not burnin' down an' orfun asylum an' den preachin' de 'no hell' doctrine to oil over a blistered conscience. We'll consider de matter settled right yar an' now, an' purced to de task of collectin' up de usual bimonthly colleshun. De jinytor will lock de doah an' permit no one to pass frew till de cash hez been counted."

"In case of fiah, de result wid dat doah locked, might be gigantic," remarked Clambake Oronoke, an old exslave from Virginia.

"Jess so, brudder, but I assumes de chances an' takes de responsibility," replied the President, motioning for the hat to begin its travels.

The collection began with fourteen cents from the Rev. Pensock, dwindled down to five at the Hon. Jacob Spades, and wound up with a small cent and a recipe for making hair oil from Col. Bermuda Johnson.

"Two dollars an' risin' am tolerable fair, considerin' de Yuropean sitaashun de new silver bill an' de big split in de Republikan party," observed the President as he counted the cash. "Unlock de doah, pass aroun' de water pail, an' we'll step on de next head on de programme."

A Paris special says that the price of lodgings, and all the necessaries of life, will be largely advanced during the Exposition. Proprietors of furnished apartments already make extravagant demands. The Grand Hotel will advance the price of the *table d'hote* dinner to eight francs. Cheaper hotels and restaurants will advance their prices proportionately.

A wedding occurred in Chiselhurst lately, the bridegroom having to get the ceremony performed on credit. The couple were treated to a *chavarai*, and the ingenious father-in-law called in the authors of the disturbance and, by threats, got them to hand over enough to pay the minister and leave a balance for 'pin money.'

Family Secrets.

The boy should have known better at his age than to let out family secrets, but he felt grateful to the other boy for the use of his stilts, and he softly remarked:

"Father wasn't home all night, and he hasn't come home yet."

"Gone off?" asked the owner of the stilts.

"He's down town somewhere, we expect, and ma says she ain't going to run a'ter him if he don't come home for a month."

"Did they have a fuss?"

"Kinder. You see we had to let the coachman go, 'cause its hard times. Yesterday afternoon ma wanted pa to black up and drive out in style. He kicked at first, but when she got mad he caved in and fixed himself up so you couldn't tell him from a real darkey. When he drove around ma called him Peter, and ordered him to back up and go ahead and haw and gee around, and he got up on his ear and drove back to the barn. Them duds come off'n him like lightning, and he was so mad that he didn't stay long enough to wash the black off his ears."

"And what did your mother say?"

"Nothing. She looked a little sad around the mouth, but she'll fetch him to it if it takes all summer. He might as well come home and begin to learn how to burn cork."

A Rosy Future.

They were in the bell-tower of the City Hall the other day, and she leaned her yellow-haired head on his agricultural shoulders and listened to the mighty "tick! tack! tick" of the big clock.

"We don't want such a big clock as that, do we darling?" she whispered.

"No, my little daisy," he answered as he hugged her a little closer; "I kin buy a clock for two dollars which'll run three days to this clock's two. I've got her picked out already!"

"We'll be very, very happy," she sighed.

"You bet we will!" I've figured it right down fine, and I believe we can live on twelve eggs, one pound of sugar, ten pounds of flour and one pound of butter."

"And you'll have a bank account?" she pleaded.

"I will, even, if I have to buy a second-hand one!"

"And will we keep a coachman?"

"Yes."

"And have a piano?"

"Yes, darling."

"And can I have some square pillows with shams on them?"

"Yes, my tulip—yes!" we'll sham every durned thing from cellar to garret, have the front door painted blue, and——but let's go and look at some second hand cook-stoves!"

Daring Act.

If any one would like to know what manner of men were those who fought round Osman Pasha, they can gain an idea of them from an anecdote that my friend told me. A very steep rock was to be stormed. It rose to the height of two hundred and fifty feet, and was crowned by Russian batteries. A Turkish colonel, desirous to set an example to his men, scrambled up first by the help of occasional projections in the rock, and roots, and weeds. When he reached the top he found himself entirely alone. The Russian soldiers looked at him in amazement. Their guns were pointed at his breast when their general gave orders not to fire, hastened up to the Turkish colonel and called out to him, 'Colonel, be gone at once; you see you are alone!' The brave man said nothing. He stood still a moment, gazing at his enemies; then turned and went back safely as he came. All the Russian soldiers began to clap their hands and cheer him.

Impecuniosity Proven.

A few days ago a lawyer of this city filed a petition in the District Court, in which the plaintiff is an old Mexican woman. The District Clerk, as is usual, wanted security for costs.

Said the lawyer, "She is not required to give a cost bound. She is a pauper, and will make affidavit to that effect."

"Why, she used to own real estate," observed the clerk.

"I know she has got nothing now," retorted the lawyer.

"Have you collected your fee in advance."

"You bet I did."

"It's all right then. I am satisfied that she is a pauper now," sighed the clerk.—*San Antonio Express.*

Fond mother—'What would you do without a mother, Tommy?' Tommy—'Do as I liked, mamma.'

Compliments are the coin that we pay a man to his face; sarcasm is what we pay him with behind his back.

A competent authority says you must lie with your feet to the equator. Liars will please take notice of this.

"A penny for your thoughts, madam," said a gentleman to a pretty girl. "They are not worth a farthing, sir. I was thinking of you."

Men are like a cold, easy to catch, disagreeable to have about and hard to get rid of. So says Jerusha Green, on the authority of her married sister.

What is the difference between a school-boy studying his lessons, and a farmer watching his cows? The school-boy is stocking his mind, and the farmer is minding his stock.

"Tell me, ye angelic hosts,
Ye messengers of love:
Shall swindled printers here below
Have no redress above?"
The shining angel band replied,
"To us is knowledge given;
Delinquents on the printer's books
Can never enter heaven."

"I am requested," said the clerk of the Illinois House of Representatives, the other day, "to state that there will be a lecture in this hall this evening on the education of idiots, and members of the Legislature are hereby invited to attend."

An honest ignoramus who had escaped a great peril by an act of heroism was much complimented for his bravery. One lady said: 'I wish I could have seen your feat.' Whereupon he blushed and stammered, and finally pointing to his pedal extremities, he said, 'Well, there they be, mum.'

You need not fear for the manhood of a good boy. If the little fellow looks into your eyes and speaks the honest truth, if he is respectful to those who deserve respect, brave when he should be brave, and yet with no shame of being gentle, thank heaven, and do all you can to keep him so; but have no fear. As vices strengthen, so do virtues. The good boy is more than likely to be a better man.

A blind man, named R. H. Badcock, was made lately in Chicago a doctor of medicine. His blindness was caused by inflammation of the eyes which baffled the best medical skill. He graduated, notwithstanding his misfortune, with the highest honors. His sense of touch and hearing are both very acute. He designs devoting his talents to throat and lung diseases. By means of his fingers he has made a thorough study of anatomy, and he dissects nerves with the utmost precision. He will confine himself to office practice.

A correspondent of a New York paper writes these true words—"And here it comes in that everybody should write for the paper. The local paper that can induce people generally to write for it, is the best educator extant. It can perform no higher service for the human race than to induce old and young to contribute regularly. Writing gives facility to expression, induces observation, familiarizes us with facts and principles, and gives mankind the best there is to offer. Grammatical and rhetorical commonplace deserves no quarter, but any man who thinks he has something useful to communicate, and says it short, deserves profound thanks. Editors who correct manuscript earn their money, and a vast deal of gratitude beside. Inexperienced writers should always keep a copy of their manuscript, and carefully compare it with the revision."

The poorest girls in the world are those who have never been taught to work. There are thousands of them. Rich parents have petted them; they have been taught to despise labor and depend upon others for a living, and are perfectly helpless. The most forlorn woman belongs to this class. It is the duty of parents to protect their daughters from this deplorable condition. They do them a great wrong if they neglect it. Every daughter should be taught to earn her own living. The rich as well as the poor require this training. The wheel of fortune rolls swiftly round—the rich are likely to become poor, and the poor rich. Skill added to labor is no disadvantage to the rich and is indispensable to the poor. Well-to-do parents must educate their daughters to work; no reform is more imperative than this.