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## THE GLEANER

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### BRAVE DICK.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

One or two young men came out of the Academy of Music when the opera was over, and lingered in the lobby to watch the passing of the crowd. Young Fred Saulter came up to them while putting his pearl lorghette in its case.

'Nice house, eh?' he said, languidly. 'Well dressed. See Fanny Swann. Wretched taste for young girls to wear diamonds! What d've think of the new tenor, eh? Miserable, I say.

The older man answered him civily and walked on, leaving him with some lads of his own age.

'What would Miss Swan say if she heard that cub criticizing her?' said Dr. Pomeroy. 'The most insufferable creature in the world to me is a conceited boy, assuming the tone of a man of position, when he has not yet proved his right to be alive.'

'I thought young Saulter had money,' said one of the party. 'He drives a fine horse, wears clothes made by a better tailor than I can afford, and lunches at the best restaurant.'

'Money!' said the doctor, angrily. 'Why, his father is head bookkeeper for Smiles & Son, with a family of six. He strained every nerve to educate this boy, who now looks upon every practicable way of earning his living as plebeian. I'll warrant you the fellow never had twenty cents in his pockets of his own earning. His restaurant and livery stable bills come in to his poor old father at the end of every month.

Meanwhile, young Saulter stood complacently twirling his opera hat and watching the pretty girls as they passed. He caught a glimpse of his dapper little figure in a great mirror—the waxed mustache. lavender gloves, wired roses in his button hole—and looked pityingly after the doctor and his friends.

'How those old fellows must envy us!' he said. 'Wine, with life in its sparkle, and dregs, eh? Oh, by the way, I saw a curious thing to-day! Dick Knight—you remember Knight in our class, who took the scientific course to fit him for a civil engineer? Well, it appears that, times being so hard, he could get no proper work to do; so he has taken to improper. Instead of laying by as I have done, waiting quietly for an opening for an educated man to step into, he actually is—I'm ashamed to tell it!'

'What? What is he?' asked his listener.

'Driving an engine on the Central road! Fact! I saw him, all grimy with smoke, in his little caboose to-day. 'Good heavens!' said I, 'Knight, are you mad?'

'Not so mad as to starve,' he said, laughing.

'I asked him why his father did not support him, and keep him from such degredation. Then he was mad.'

'Do you think I, with my big strong body, will be a burden on an old man?' he said; and began to talk nonsense about laziness degrading man and that no man was ever degraded by honest work, with more of the same sort of bosh, all very ridiculous and very disgraceful. You'll see him to-night if you take the 11 P. M. train.'

'Tut, tut!' the lads said; and 'Poor Knight! he was a good fellow,' precisely as if he were dead.

Indeed, from the light and brilliancy of the scene above them—the music, the beautiful low-voiced women, themselves dainty attired, that gay and happy part of the world—there was a gulf like death to the grimy engine-driver in the dark depot, a gulf which none but a madman, they thought, would willingly cross.

They sauntered out of the opera house, and, a few minutes before eleven, reached the depot in time for the train that ran out to the suburban town where they lived.

'There he is,' whispered Saulter. 'He takes our train out; but the engine is not yet put to it.'

The engine was on a siding, puffing and spitting little jets of steam, and Dick Knight, a tall, manly young fellow, was coming at that moment down from the Superintendents room. He caught sight of his old classmates, laughed, hesitated, and raised his hand to his hat.

'Going to speak to him, hey?' said little Billie McGee, anxiously.

The young men grew red and embarrassed. Some of them nodded to Knight awkardly, and seemed inclined to go and meet him.

'I say no,' said Saulter, peremptorily.

'If he chooses to leave the companionship of gentlemen I shall not follow him. I talk to mechanics and that sort of people who never had a chance to be anything better; but Knight is a social suicide, sir.'

'That's true,' said McGee. 'How well Saulter puts things!' he added aside, 'Social suicide?' Well, I shall not bring him to life.'

Knight saw that the young men wished to avoid him, and turned aside with a bow and heightened color, while they hurried into the train.

It was yet five minutes until the time of starting.

The train of passenger cars on the main track (the engine still being detached,) and the people were hurrying in, most of them coming direct from the theaters and other places of amusement. Inside of the cars and in the depot there was a good deal of jesting and gayety between acquaintances meeting on their way home, the train being a local one, and running only through suburban villages.

Just then, a short distance up the track, there was a hiss and a cry, and a voice shrieked in out-horror: 'A runaway train on the main track! A runaway train on the main track! Passengers in the depot! Out of the cars!—out of the cars!

A runaway freight train was on the track. The fireman had started it for the purpose of taking it into the freight depot. By some accident, before it had left the main track, the man had stumbled as he was at his work, and had fallen nearly upon the ground. Half stunned, he had jumped up; but could not catch the moving engine, which was gaining speed every second, and had shrieked out his warning.

It so happened that the switch tender, through fright, or from some unexplained cause did not move his switch in season to run the train off the main track; and now the huge machine, with its train behind, was rushing toward the train in the depot with a speed that promised fatal disaster.

The few officials who were near had time but to gasp with horror. At the moment when the cry of danger was shrieked out upon the night air, Dick Knight was attaching his engine to the passenger train. From the cars and platform rose a yell of frantic terror, in which Saulter's voice was highest. Death seemed rushing upon the people, who had not time to get out of the cars before the driving train would be upon them.

The officials in the depot watched Knight with blanched faces.

'He'll be crushed to atoms!' muttered one stout old man, standing by Dr. Pomeroy.

But Dick had put steam upon his engine. Apparently he did not think of leaving his post. There he stood, with his hand on the lever, calm and determined.

His huge machine sprang forward. It met the coming locomotive with a crash that threw both monsters upward, as if they had risen to wrestle and throw each other. Then Dick's engine was thrown on one side; but the force of the runaway train was overcome, and the machinery of the engine so injured that all movement was stopped. Dick was hurled senseless several feet from the place of the collision.

The stout old man and Dr. Pomeroy, with all the other men in the depot, ran to Knight, picked him up and carried him into the waiting room, where he was left with the physicians.

'Well, well!' said the old gentleman, impatiently, as Dr. Pomeroy came out, 'how is it? Will he live?'

'I think so. God forbid that I should have to take him home dead to his old father!'

'You know him, then? Who is he? Why, do you know what I owe him?' and his voice broke. 'My little girl is aboard that train!'

Dr. Pomeroy told Knight's story briefly informing the old gentleman that he was thoroughly educated, but that he looked upon any work as better than dependent idleness.

'He's the true grit, sir,' was the animated reply. 'There's no work so humble that a man cannot show the best qualities of manhood in it, as we have seen to-night. It is not the daring courage I approved in him so much as the presence of mind, the keen eye, to see what to do and how to do it. Request Mr. Knight, if you please, to call on me at ten to-morrow,' he said to the station master.

'Who is that?' asked Fred Saulter, breathlessly of the official.

'The President of the road. Dick Knight, if he lives, has open road to fortune now, and he deserves it.'

Fred Saulter crept into the car to go home. His lavender gloves were soiled, and the wired rose in his button-hole was falling to pieces with a sickly decayed smell. Life itself was sickly and decay-he thought with a yawn; and he threw the wilted rose out of the window. Yes, and to all conceited, effeminate natures like his, it is likely to prove as Saulter's imagination pictured it that night.

### A CURIOUS CLOCK.

The *Scientific American* describes a remarkable clock which it is claimed surpasses all other horological achievements, not excepting the great clock of Strasburg. The new timepiece is the invention of M. Felix Meier, of Detroit, Mich. The clock is eighteen feet in height, eight feet wide by five feet deep and weighs 4,00 pounds. The framework is entirely of black walnut, elegantly carved. Above the main body of the clock is a marble dome, upon which Washington sits in his chair of State, protected by a canopy, which is surmounted by a gilded statue of Columbia, on the side of Washington is a colored servant in livery guarding the doors, which open between the pillars that support the canopy, on the four corners of the main body of the clock are black walnut niches containing human figures emblematic of the march of life; the two lower ones are supported by two flaming torches; one of them contains the figure of an infant, the second the figure of a youth, the third of a man in middle life, the fourth of an aged greybeard, and still another, directly over the center, contains a grinning skeleton representing Father Time. All of these figures have bells and hammers in their hands. The infants bell is small and sweet toned, the youth's bell is larger and harsher the bell of manhood strong and resonant that of old age diminishing in strength and the bell of the skeleton deep and mournful. At the end of every quarter hour the infant in his carved niche strikes with a tiny hammer upon his bell. At the end of each half hour the youth strikes, at the end of three-quarters the man, and at the end of each hour the greybeard. Death then follows with a measured stroke to toll the hour, and a carved cupid projects from either side, with wings to indicate that time flies. At the same time a large music-box, manufactured at Geneva especially for this clock, begins to play, and a surprising scene is enacted upon the platform beneath the the canopy. Washington slowly rises from the chair to his feet, extending his right hand, presenting the Declaration of Independence. The door on the left is opened by the servant, admitting all the Presidents from Washington's time, including President Hayes. Each President is dressed in the costume of his time. The likenesses are good. Passing in file before Washington, they face and raise their hands as they approach him, and, walking naturally across the platform, disappear through the opposite door, which is promptly closed behind them by the second servant. Washington retires into his chair, and all is quiet save the measured tick of the huge pendulum and the singing of the quarter hours, until another hour is passed. M. Meier has spent ten years of patient labor and $7,000 in cash in perfecting this clock.

### LIFE IN EGYPT.

In some portions of Egypt the women are not allowed to go out of doors, and many of them never get beyond the walls of their houses. The cows sleep in the same huts with the people. These huts are made of mud, without windows and the doors are so small that the wonder ishow the people get in. They do not wash their babies until they are a year old, because it is considered unlucky to do so. They rarely comb their hair from mouth to mouth. Their chief meal is at sun set; the rest of the time they eat a piece of bread when they are hungry. They never use plates or knives or forks. All sit around the table on the floor. Bread is their daily food and each family makes for itself, as it is a kind of disgrace to buy street bread. The women clean the corn an carry it to the mill. It is made into thin small cakes, stuck against the side of an oven, and baked in less than a minute. A hundred loaves are not too many for a family of four in a week. Travelers are usually expected to eat three loaves apiece. They make butter in a strange way. A goatskin half filled with milk is hung on a peg, and then a woman, taking hold of a long string tied to it jerks it to and fro till the butter comes. Then she drains it but never washes or salts it. Their favorite dish is rice cooked with this butter.

### The Story Told in Head Lines.

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer, Dem.]

Lost! Gone up the spout! The sutler greater than the soldier. The yardstick discounts the sabre, and bayonets must rule ballots. So say the majority of the people of Ohio Calico is king, and patriotism and valor go for naught. The national banks get away with the moneyless masses. Those fences are repaired, and the Sherman boom is booming.

'Prof. Tice,' says an exchange, 'predicts that the hottest spell by far is yet to come.' That is what our preacher says, too.—*Peck's Sun.*

### MATRIMONIAL BROKERAGE.

**A Singular Occurrence in San Francisco**

(From the San Francisco Bulletin, Sept 12th)

The firm believers in the notion of love marriages would be surprised to learn what a trade is driven in procuring life partners. Employment offices are visited several times a week by those desirous of of finding a husband or wife, as the case may be. In many cases they are accommodated. So much money for a wife or so much money for a husband. The Free Labor Exchange has not been exempt from such visitations, but the manager refused to take any consideration whatever of any such applications. The love sick individual is told that the Labor Exchange does not do any such business.

Applications are some times made by letters. A modest man, apparently easily suited, wrote, in good faith, a letter relating to matrimony to a clerk in an employment office in this city. He said he had already written to two young ladies, whose names were furnished the clerk: but to be sure, he wanted a sharp lookout kept for a suitable person he defines as: 'First of all, one with good sense and good health, next, industrious and modest. For personal appearance I generally fancy a dark complexion. Not small; I am small enough myself. One raised in the country is preferable to a city belle. One of good sense is preferable to a good fortune.' The gentleman also declares what religion he does not want his adored to favor.

A singular meeting occurred in an employment office in this city a few days ago. If the conclusion was not so disastrous, it would strongly flavor of the romantic. A moral to employment office clerks might be extracted from the story. An apparently middle aged man at the counter one Saturday asked for a housekeeper for a bachelor, wearing a telling smile on his face at the time. After a moments conversation he was asked point blank if he did not want a wife. His reply was in the affirmative. He was told to come the following Monday at 5 p.m. It happened that a young woman called the same day and after boasting about the hush, declared she was looking for a husband, was requested to come again at 5:30. Everything came on serenely Monday afternoon. The two pricipals came to time, and were directed to an adjoining room. They had not been there long before the sounds of some disturbance reached the ears of those in attendance at the office, and the woman gave vent to a shriek.

One of the assistants went to the door and found that matters had progressed beyond all expectation. The girl held the man by the hair—at least she thought she did. An effort to relieve him of some surplus scalp covering instead of performing the desired object, drew a wig from his head, and the fellow appeared quite a young man. The woman screamed, "My brother," and fell on the floor in a faint. The two others united their efforts to resuscitate her, which in a short time were so successful that she arose, grasped an ebony ruler lying on the desk, and struck the clerk a blow on the head that he will not soon forget. She left the office for parts unknown. The man, in his turn, abused the clerk as a pickpocket, and endeavored to strike him, but did not meet with much success. He then departed, leaving the clerk a sadder, but wiser man.

### THE INFLUX OF GOLD.

[Baltimore Sun.]

Hon. Horatio N. Burchard, director of the mint, states that the importations of coin and bullion into the United States during the last three months have amounted to $34,312,745, and that $5,500,000 are now on the way, making an aggregate of about $40,000,000 for three months, or at the rate of $160,000,000 per annum. Mr. Burchard thinks that this influx will continue for at least six or seven months. It must be remembered also that the total annual products of our mines, about $100,000,000, are retained in the country and go to swell the volume of our circulating medium and enhance prices. This inflow of the precious metal may for a time be productive of some advantages, but is liable to become a source of great danger. Redundancy of money always has a tendency to promote and encourage speculation. It expands prices, and every one is naturally disposed to buy upon a "rising market," because of the prospect offered of selling again at an advance. This not only tends to give fictitious values to all sorts of commodities, but also to encourage men in business to strain their credit to the utmost in order to widen the field of their operations. In view of all these facts, and of the danger of what may become "a new era of wild and crazy speculation," it is suggested that "Congress might interfere to convert the danger into a triumph by retiring the greenbacks and substituting gold in their place, as before Congress means there will be gold enough in the country to make it easy for all the national banks to replace their greenback reserves with specie reserves and to fill the vacuum in the general circulation which would be caused by the full and final retirement of the legal tender notes." The plea of injury by contraction, which has been so persistently held up against this change, has no longer any terrors.

### A Minister Roughly Handled.

A local preacher had been preaching the afternoon in a village not far from Newcastle, England, and having accompanied one of the chapel members to his house, was of course introduced to his wife, who appeared very glad to see him, and warmly pressed him for a full quarter of an hour to stay for tea. He at last consented. While this pressing was going on, the husband was standing quietly by, preparing to wash his hands and face. The good lady then went to get the tea ready, and it was not long before both the tea and her temper were brewing: for hearing as she thought, her dear, ly beloved washing she made for the little window which communicated between the kitchen and pantry, where he was and taking advantage of the position more quickly than one could say Jack Robinson, she administered two or three hard raps on his bald pate, accompanied with the exclamation, "I'll learn ye to bring them hungry preachers here to tea every time they come to preach!"

As soon as the unfortunate individual could get the soap-suds out of his eyes he began to think what it all meant. But could come to no other conclusion than that the old lady had made a sad mistake which she also found out, for upon returning to the parlor, she saw her husband patiently waiting his turn to wash.

## Gleaning.

Broken friendship may be soldered, but never made sound.

No man yet ever looked on the dark side of life without fading it.

Those who have little are always ready to strike an average with those who have much.

It is better to be doing the most insignificant thing in the world than to reckon half an hour insignificant.

Singing at a colored camp meeting at Abbeville, S. C., was heard five miles.

A Vermont editor claims to have seen a rainbow at night, and the temperance people despair of him.

No American is ever guilty of meeting another without asking: 'Well how's trade?' and it doesn't matter if one of them is a hangman.

Dr. Holland says a man's character may be judged by his cravat. If he wears no cravat we suppose he hasn't any.—*Buffalo Express.*

A hotel keeper may entertain angels unawares, but they must have baggage or pay in advance to meet the rules of the house.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Don't despise the small talents; they are needed as well as the great ones. A candle is sometimes as useful as the sun.

The greatest evils in life have had their rise from something which was thought to be of too little importance to be attended to.

It rains alike on the just and the unjust—on the just mainly because the unjust have borrowed their umbrellas.

Strong and skilful men are often the gentlest to the women and children. It is a pretty sight to see them carrying little babies as if they were no heavier than little birds, and the babies seem to like the strong men best.

'There is nothing like settling down,' said a retired merchant confidentially to his neighbor. 'When I gave up business I settled down, and found I had quite a comfortable fortune. If I had settled up I shouldn't have had a cent.

It is now announced on the authority of an 'eminent physician,' that it is not healthy to rise before 8 o'clock in the morning. This applies only to men. Wives, it is said, can rise at 7 and start the fires heretofore.

The Lexington (Ky) *Press* says that the Mammoth Cave has been purchased by a party of Eastern Capitalists for $200,000, and that they will complete the railroad from Glasgow Junction to the cave and put the hotel and its surroundings into the finest order.

Little Nellie a four year old, was punished by her mother the other evening for some misdemeanor. The little one sat quiet for a few moments and then began scolding winding up with: 'Well I never could see the use of mothers! Always spanking little girls, and it don't do any good, anyhow.

'Why do we say in the Lord's Prayer, 'who art in heaven, since God is everywhere?' asked a clergyman of some children. For a while no one answered; at last, seeing a little drummer boy who looked as if he could give an answer, the clergyman said: 'Well little soldier, what say you? 'Because its headquarters,' replied the little drummer.

A Yorkshire trainer lately revealed his method of meeting a conjugal storm. His plan, he said, was to keep silent and nod his acquiescence to everything—no matter what—said by his spouse. 'Yes,' remarked one of his friends: but then she has it all her own way. Just so replied the Tyke, with satisfaction and nothing annoys her so much. There! is nothing women hate like a walk over.

Near Hurd's Corners, Tuscola county, Mich., there lives a man eighty six years of age, who has been twice wrecked on the Atlantic ocean, once wounded in the war of 1812, was in one railroad collision, twice fell from a building, had two runaways, suffered by one boiler explosion, has passed through several political campaigns, lived with three wives, and is as strong and vigorous to-day as the average man of forty.