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SAVING A TRAIN.

BY EVA LOVETT.

"To stay at home all the evening alone, while you and papa go out, mamma, I don't want to!" exclaimed Madge, in dismay. "I would rather go to some one's house—Kittie's or Belle's!"

"You cannot go!" answered her mother, decidedly, "There will be Marian, you know, asleep upstairs. And Marian has climbed out of her crib several times lately. It would not be safe to leave her alone. She might even get out of the house."

"But I am afraid of burglars—or bears!" exclaimed Madge, hastily.

This was absurd. The small town was a peaceful one, and Madge was a fearless girl. Mrs. Grayson looked at her foolish little daughter, and laughed.

"You are safe enough. We shall only be gone a few hours. If you are reading you will scarcely notice the time pass. Besides that, dear," she laid her hand upon the girl's shoulder, "we never see anything worse than our own thoughts. Don't think about it!"

Madge felt very angry, as with a gloomy face she watched from the window her mother and father drive away. Then she turned back to the room and tossed the book she had been reading across the table.

"If it was anything worth doing! But to stay alone just to take care of a baby! The girl in that story signaled a train in time to save two hundred and fifty lives—and the passengers gave her a purse of gold!"

Madge picked up the book again, and found the place.

"Th re! She waved her red lantern back and forth!" (Probably only a bicycle lantern, like mine.) That's worth while! But to see tramps and burglars—and ghosts, perhaps—for the sake of baby!" She shut the book with a bang.

She leaned out of the window. It was a pleasant June night. There was no moon, but in the half-dusk she saw a few stars. The laughter of some children up the street came faintly to her ears. Then she heard a train whistle.

"That's the 'eight up train.' The 'nine o'clock down' has a sharper whistle."

Quick as the train dashed through the night a thought darted into her mind. Where did it come from?

"The other day, father heard one of the conductors say the rails needed tightening. Suppose one should be loose and the engineer not know it." Madge shut the window and walked quickly across the room. Halfway to the door she stopped. If such a terrible emergency as this were possible, was it, or was it not her business to stop it? Was it possible?

A queer jumble of thoughts can go through a girl's head in five minutes. Madge had been taught to obey conscientiously and to be honorably faithful to any trust; but the feeling that her task was, after all, a foolish one, conquered. Her mother had not considered that to save, perhaps, 250 lives was of more consequence than to prevent Marian climbing out of bed. Suppose she brought home a purse of gold!

She shut the door decidedly after her, and ran downstairs. The bicycle stood in the entry below. Madge unhooked the lantern and stepped quickly outside of the door. Then she hesitated again, but finally drew the door shut and turned away.

"I shall be back soon," she thought.

Probably she had no plans of doing anything in particular, although she felt quite capable of doing the most heroic actions she had ever heard of.

As Madge turned up the street she heard the merry talk of a group of girls coming toward her. Earlier in the evening this would have been pleasant; but she did not care for their society now. To avoid them she ran hastily down a side street. And this turn-out somewhat confused her. With the lantern swinging in her hand she ran a few squares and made a few more sharp turns up one unfamiliar street and down another. Before she expected it she reached the outskirts of the little town, and, just beyond, came suddenly upon the railroad tracks. By this time it was as dark as a June night can be. She felt bewildered.

"I don't see how the tracks came to run around here," she muttered. "But I'm glad I didn't come out near the station, anyway!"

Madge walked along beside the track a short distance, holding the lantern down to examine the rails. To her horror she found her worst fears confirmed. Several of the rails were loose, and one actually misplaced, lying nearly across the ties!

"And this is only a little piece of it!" she exclaimed, tragically. The opportunity she had longed for, to save a few hundred people from a railway accident had come!

Madge drew her breath hard, and felt bold thoughts rise in her heart. She must stay there, and, holding the red lantern out, warn coming trains of their danger. She struck a match, and after several attempts with her shaking little fingers, lit the lantern, and sitting down upon the grass near, waited anxiously for the expected train.

She wondered if there were any more trains that night. The town was a retired one, and only boasted of a couple a day. She hardly knew if she wished them to come or not. She heard several engines whistle, a short distance off, but none of them came that way. Occasionally she waved her lantern, which was some satisfaction, a though the red light was not answered by any returning flash.

Madge waited at her post for what seemed hours. No trains came along that track to be saved. She began to be a little weary of the part of thankless heroine. The ground felt cold and damp. The place grew darker, and a sense of its loneliness began to creep over her. Madge was growing afraid.

At the bottom of her heart there was a tiny conviction that there was something wrong about this train-saving business. She looked around at the group of dusky trees behind her, and the dim hill beyond. She stood up. "I forget which road I came," she thought; "but it must be late. Perhaps I had better go home!"

She drew the shade over the lantern, and turned around to the road. As she did so, something rose up directly in front of her. A battered, lurking creature, who seemed to spring out of the ground!

"Don't scream!" said a gruff voice. "What yer doin' here?"

Madge gasped, too frightened to reply. Tramp, burglar or ogre, he was the embodiment of her worst fears! She trembled visibly, and perhaps the tramp thought she was too "small game" to do anything but frighten. He loozed her over with a chuckle.

"P'raps yer waitin' for yer pa?"

"Yes!" broke out Madge. As if the word set her free, and, without heeding the direction, she sprang past him, and ran. Down the road she went, and through the group of trees, before she stopped for breath. She gave a glance behind, fearfully; but the tramp had disappeared. How pleasant the sitting room seemed now. If she were only at home!

Stopping a few moments to collect her scattered thoughts, she chose the road leading toward the center of the town, and walked briskly along it. For a short distance she went steadily on. Then she came to a group of houses, and, as she drew near, something made her heart, and then her feet, stand still.

Was it a ghost, that white thing, fluttering, waving, beckoning, in the clump of bushes near the road fence? What was it?

Madge felt cold chills all over her? A ghost? This was worse than the tramp! No matter which road she took now!

She climbed the fence upon the other side of the road, and cutting across fields and around corners, no matter where, in her new terror, at last arrived by a roundabout way at the lower end of the familiar street in which she lived.

During her headlong chase thoughts came thick and fast. What an agreeable, desirable place home was! Suppose mother should get there first! How late it must be! How horrid to have had to come such a long way around! The house was ever so much further down the street than ever before!

And now for the third time a sudden shock made Madge's heart beat fast. What was this?

Running up the street toward her came a queer, little white figure. Its feet made no sound upon the pavement. Its little robe flouted and fluttered. Nearer and nearer it came, running on. Then a big lump grew in Madge's throat. She knew not what it was! Suppose she had not been there to meet the little white figure! For it was baby Marian!

"Couldn't find you—all over," the baby stammered, creeping into Madge's arms. "Everybody all gone!"

Madge picked her up, and somehow got inside the front door with her. Then she broke down, and cried and trembled with the baby in her arms. Happily, just then, the carriage drove up, and father was in time to help her upstairs, for Madge needed carrying as much as the baby. And, by and by, mother came into her room, and Madge, ashamed and weeping, told her "all about it."

Late that night, Madge heard father laughing in the next room. He said:

"So, she sat by that deserted old car-track—to save a train—did she? And she met a tramp, you say? And a ghost? Poor child! Well, she needn't be punished for running away. She's been punished enough."

Certainly she did not wish to be punished; but as shivering Madge listened to him, she did think father was not very sympathetic. After all, she had been in time to save the baby!—New York Independent.

A Ten-Dollar Street-Car Ticket.

A Baltimore lawyer came near paying $10 for a ride in a street car a few days ago. With his wife he got on one of the City and Suburban cars. Before the conductor called for the fares the lawyer's wife handed to her husband a coupon clipped from a Virginia Midland railroad bond and valued at $10. This was printed in red ink, and looked like the car tickets used on the City and Suburban road, except that it was somewhat larger. The lawyer slipped the coupon in his pocket and forgot all about it.

When the conductor called on the lawyer for fares he took two tickets from his pocket and gave them up. Just before he reached the corner where he was to leave the car, he noticed that the conductor was counting his tickets preparatory to punching them. One ticket appeared to be a little longer than the others, and the lawyer idly watched the conductor until that particular ticket was reached. As the conductor was about to punch a hole in it the lawyer realized that it was his wife's coupon, and with a yell that startled the other passengers, jumped from his seat and grabbed the hand of the conductor before the little punch could get in its work.

Explanations were made, and the coupon was exchanged for a car ticket, with its value unimpaired.—Baltimore Sun.

Fuel Gas for Massachusetts.

Henry M. Whitney has explained before the legislative committee on manufactures his plan for manufacturing and distributing fuel gas, and the statements off red by him and by other gentlemen conversant with the matter fully sustain the opinion expressed in the journal, that the enterprise is one of the most important for the industries of Massachusetts that has ever been projected. It is comparatively a short time since the value of the by-products of the process of making coal gas has been understood; at the present day there is more account made of these products in Europe than in this country, and the foundation of Mr. Whitney's plan is the utilization of the chief of these products according to the most advanced processes known abroad. Thus the proposed manufacture includes not only gas for fuel, to be piped wherever it is needed, but coke for manufacturing and domestic use, tar which has so many mechanical uses, and ammonia with which to supply the nitrogen in agricultural fertilizers.—Boston Commonwealth.

The Government Likes Red.

Somehow or other the United States government seems to go in a great deal for red which some people always supposed was a British color. They buy mostly red blankets for the Indians. It is much used in the navy. The postoffice department paints its letter boxes a hideous vermilion, and makes its two cent postage stamps which go into almost everybody's mouth of almost the same glaring color.—Philadelphia Times.

BLEEDER FAMILIES.

A Strange Hereditary Disease That Puzzles Scientists.

The Marriage of Afflicted Daughters Sometimes Prohibited.

One of the most peculiar diseases known to medical science, writes Dr. J. F. Whitmyer in the New York World is called "the bleeder disease" or hoemophilia, as it is known to physicians. The history of this disease dates back to the writings of an Arabian physician, who died A. D. 1197. Within recent years many cases have been reported.

A person suffering from this strange disease is liable to the most severe and obstinate hemorrhages. They may occur without any apparent cause, or may be the result of the simplest wounds, such as the scratch of a pin or the prick of a needle.

The disease is classed as hereditary, and it has even been called "the most hereditary of all hereditary diseases."

A case of a bleeder family is recorded where the predisposition to this peculiar disease could be traced back over a period of 200 years.

The disease is much more common in males than in females, the ratio being about thirteen to one. When it does occur in a female the danger of fatal hemorrhage is said to be much less than it is with a man. Although the disease is, as a rule, transmitted from one generation to another, there are cases recorded in which the disposition to bleed has been gradually lost in a family.

In many cases death has followed such simple operations as vaccination, leeching, blistering and the extraction of a tooth. A person suffering from this disease is liable to hemorrhage from the nose, mouth, lungs, stomach and any part of the skin. The latter fact illustrates the source of the popular expression, "sweating blood." A Venetian barber is said to have bled to death from a wound received while clipping the hairs from his nostrils.

Post-mortem examinations have determined little or nothing as to the cause of this disease. One observer called attention to the thinness and transparency of the veins and arteries. Another found that the large blood vessels were smaller than normal. Others still have failed to find any of these peculiarities in victims of the bleeders' disease.

Most peculiar of all is the remarkable way in which this disease is transmitted. In most instances the disease is handed down by a non-bleeder member of a bleeder family, and almost invariably by a female member.

This strange disease is most frequently found in Germany and Great Britain. North America and France are next in order.

There is nothing of a distinctive character in the constitutional condition of a bleeder. Unless suffering from the effects of a recent hemorrhage the subject may appear robust and in the best of health. A peculiarity of bleeders, although not constant, consists in their fine and transparent skin.

The disease usually manifests itself at an early age, generally during the first year of life. Bleeders frequently suffer from general rheumatic pains. These pains are aggravated by certain kinds of weather. They are always more severe during cold and wet weather. The changes occur with such regularity that the sufferer is capable of serving as a veritable weather prophet.

In some cases the tendency to bleed disappears for years. This is said to occur most frequently in those who suffer from rheumatic complications. Only one sure remedy has been tried to arrest the progress of this strange disease. The marriage of the daughters of a "bleeder family" has been sometimes prohibited.

Swallowed Twenty-four Eggs.

There is an old adage about the folly of attempting to teach one's grandmother to suck eggs; but this is not nearly so foolish as betting with a bootblack that he cannot swallow two dozen raw eggs in twelve minutes as a young man found out recently, who tried the experiment. He was disgusted when telling the story, and called the bootblack names. He came into town from his place in the suburbs recently, bringing four dozen of newly-laid eggs.

Two dozen of these were purchased by a barber, and the shoeblack employed in the barber shop looked with longing eyes on the other two dozen and said he would like to suck them. When asked if he thought he could successfully get away with them he said he could and that in short order. The man who owned the eggs did not think so, and offered to bet the Italian $1 that he could not swallow the eggs in twelve minutes. The bet was promptly taken, and the bootblack started in, and in three minutes and a half the last of the twenty-four eggs slid down his throat like soapsuds down a sink. He pocketed the stakes, and said he would like another dozen of eggs to fill his stomach comfortably. One of the men who heard the story said he saw a man once undertake to swallow a dozen and a half of eggs, and he got along very well till fourteen were swallowed, when he came across one slightly overripe, which caused him to get rid of the whole in a hurry. Another listener said he had once seen a man drink a quart of West India molasses without taking the measure from his mouth. He walked off all right, but later it was learned that he nearly died from the effects of the deed. Just what will become of the bootblack remains to be seen, but if his experience does not "cure him of sucking eggs" it will be queer.—Portland Oregonian.

Lassooing Requires Skill.

"I lost that thumb by knowing too much," said the old stockman, in answer to a query. "I was nothing but a tenderfoot, but I thought because I could rope a calf in a corral that I could do anything anyone else could.

"The first day that I went out with my rawhide riata on my saddle some of the men commenced trying to tell me how to rope a steer and how to take a turn around the horn of the saddle with the riata when I wanted to hold him, but I told them I guessed I knew how to do it, and I'm a thumb shy in consequence.

"I chucked the rope on a steer as he was running and quickly wound the riata around the horn of the saddle. There was a jerk, the steer went down, and my thumb was crushed to a pulp. I had, in taking a turn with the riata around the horn unwittingly got my thumb between the rope and the pommel. When it tightened I lost my thumb.

"When a cowboy holds a loop in his right hand, ready to throw, his thumb is pointed towards him. After he throws it is natural for him to let the riata slide through his hand from his little finger towards his thumb, but if he attempts to wind it around the saddle horn in that way it is 10 to 1 that he will get his thumb tangled up as I did. After the throw he has to let go of the riata entirely, seize it again, and as he winds it around the saddle horn let it slip through his hand from his thumb toward his little finger. Just recollect that and it may save you a thumb."—San Francisco Post.

An Artist's Practical Joke.

Phil May, of Punch, seldom lets slip a chance to play a practical joke. Not long ago he needed a policeman for a model. He went out into the street and accosted the first one he met, saying who he was and what he wanted. "Come to my house at noon tomorrow," said Phil May, and he gave the man his address. Then he walked on a couple of blocks further until he met another bobby. This one was also willing to pose, and he was likewise told to apply at noon of the following day. The artist wandered about London for several hours making appointments with policemen. The next day at noon there was an entire platoon of police in front of Phil May's residence. A crowd collected, and the reason for such an array was freely discussed. Some asserted that a den of anarchists had been discovered and was about to be raided; others insisted that a swell gambling place was about to be seized; others hinted at a murder or at some other mystery. A few minutes after twelve o'clock Phil May came to the door and invited all the police men into his garden. There he lined them up and inspected them. He picked out the man most suitable for his purposes, then handed to each of the others an envelope containing the regulation fee for a sitting, and dismissed them.—Harper's Round Table.

Bad Lot Dying Out.

The career of "Cherokee Bill" hanged at the age of 20, after a brief and unprosperous career as an outlaw, would be a good text for a sermon on morality, but it would be useless to preach it, because the class of degenerates to which Bill belonged does not read sermons. He was a type of the barbarism that exists in all civilization, and appears most conspicuous at its edges. Education and enlightenment are the best remedies for it, and they are at work slowly but effectively. The "Cherokee Bill" style of villain is dying out. It will soon cease to excite the admiration of untrained boys and the emulation of villainous men.—Philadelphia Ledger.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

BROILING FISH.

When it is not convenient to broil fish over an open fire it may be nicely broiled in a very hot oven. Prepare as for the usual way of broiling, and lay with the skin down over a fish rack or on a piece of oiled paper in a roasting pan. Cook on the upper grate of the oven until browned, seasoning it at first with salt, pepper, melted butter, and dusting with flour. To be palatable broiled fish should always be garnished with parsley and cress and sliced lemon or a piquant sauce.—New York Post.

HOW TO COOK CUCUMBERS.

Apart from the service of cucumbers, sliced, raw, and seasoned with salt, pepper, and vinegar, to serve as a salad—or, more properly, with fish—few cooks use them; those few may fry them, and rest there. Not only may they be fried plain or rolled in flour, seasoned with salt and pepper, but they may be stewed, broiled, boiled, or baked, still retaining their appetizing qualities. A delicious addition to certain fish sauces is grated cucumber, or just enough of the juice to flavor a salad dressing. The juice should be sparingly used, because it has a decided medicinal action, but the grated pulp differs little from the sliced vegetable in its effect.—New York Times.

A SPANISH DELICACY.

Some very odd but delicious cooking is done among the Spanish families of San Francisco. Here is a recipe that will be found piquant and appetizing: Heat an earthen dish over a moderate fire and melt in it a good-sized piece of butter; add a small onion minced fine, salt, pepper, a teaspoonful of minced parsley and as much minced Chile pepper, or a tablespoonful of sweet pepper; break the eggs one by one into the boiling butter and turn them as soon as they are wet, using great care not to break the yolks. Serve very hot in the same dish, which may be placed inside one of silver.—New York World.

TEMPTING CONCOCTIONS OF EGG.

Eggs with Rice—To 1 teacupful of boiled rice add 1 teacupful of milk, 1 tablespoonful of butter, 3 beaten eggs, 1 teaspoonful (scant) of salt and bake a light brown.

Creamed Eggs—Remove the shells from hard-boiled eggs, halve them lengthwise, and arrange them on a platter cut side down. Pour sweet cream around, not over them, dust with salt and pepper. Set the platter in the oven to heat the cream. Serve hot.

Eggs with Cheese—Slice hard-boiled eggs, lay in a buttered dish sprinkled with bread crumbs, on each piece lay a thin slice of cheese corresponding in size, scatter over bits of butter, a tablespoonful or two of cream, dust freely with pepper, sprinkle on bread crumbs and bake five minutes.

Egg Gems—Chop together equal quantities of stale bread and fragments of cold meat or fish, season with pepper, salt and a very little minced onion, moisten with cream or milk and a little butter. Grease gem pans very thoroughly, fill two-thirds full with the mixture, break an egg on each, sprinkle with bread or cracker crumbs, and bake 10 minutes.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A little saltpetre added to the water in which cut flowers are put will keep the flowers fresh a long time.

To extract the juice from an onion, cut the onion in half and press it against and move it slowly over a grater. The juice will run off the point of the grater.

To bronze a plaster of Paris figure, cover it with a thick coating of shellac varnish. When this is dry mix some bronze powder with the varnish and apply to the figure, then cover with another coat of clear varnish.

Palms, rubber plants, and all foliage plants used in the house should have a weekly wash day. Using a soft cloth or sponge, each leaf should receive a light washing with lukewarm water, and the soil should be loosened about the roots. Plants breathe through their leaves, and will not grow unless they are kept free from dust.

Ink may be taken out of paper in the following way if the stain is not too old: take a teaspoonful of chlorinated lime and pour over it just enough water to cover it. Take a piece of old linen and moisten it with this mixture, and do not rub, but put the stain, and it will slowly disappear. If one application does not remove the stain let the paper dry and then apply again.

Mamma's Girl.

She puts her little arms about me,
And kisses my faded lips,
And she rubs my throbbing temples
With her rosy finger tips.
She sets the house in neatest order
When all is in a whirl,
And she tends the baby when my head aches,
Mamma's girl.

She smiles, and with her happy laughter
Drives all our tears away.
No one knows how to be sad or angry,
After living with her one day.
She is like the little flash of sunshine
That lies in her bonny curls,
And every one loves her who knows her—
Mamma's girl, the best of girls.

Womankind.

HUMOROUS.

Teacher—What is a pedestrian? Johnny—A person who doesn't ride a bike.

Tommie—What is a tailor's goose, pop? Pop—I suppose it is what he makes duck trousers on.

A.—Is that really true? B.—My dear fellow, I always tell the truth; but this is an absolute fact.

She—Did you see the Latin quarter while in Paris? He—No; but I got several lead francs passed on me.

Wiggins—What is meant by a passing regard? Jiggby—The regard in which you're held by people who bow to you but don't stop to speak.

"Alas! father, I have lost my heart," wailed the heroine. The villain scowled. "Careless girl!" he exclaimed between his clinched teeth.

He—Is that your daughter in the parlor, singing? She—Yes; she's only killing time. Well, she ought to have no trouble doing it with that voice.

"Now, the world is not getting a bit smarter," said the aged gentleman. "My grandson asks exactly the same ridiculous questions that his father did at his age."

"You'll have to put the links in my cuffs, Wife—I won't. Husband—Then call a messenger boy. The doctor has forbidden me to take any violent exercise.

She—We've been married four months, dear, and I haven't given you a chance to try my cooking yet. He—Why, love, you're not getting tired of me already, are you?

Judge—You're privileged to challenge any member of the jury now being impaneled. Defendant—Well, thin, yer honor, O'll foight that shmall man in the corner wid one eye.

"Oh, Edith! There's that lovely escort you had last summer, the Count de Lask, selling ribbons at the furthest counter!" "So it is. Don't let us recognize him, dear. He will prefer to remain incognito."

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—Don't you think there was a good deal of truth in the Rev. Mr. Long's sermon today? Mr. Crimsonbeak—Yes, especially when he said it was impossible for any of us to tell when the end would come.

"Isn't it fun?" cried Jack. "You can go twice as fast on a bicycle as you can without one." "Oh, I don't know about that," replied Wallie. "The day I took my header I beat my wheel down the hill by ten feet."

Asleep on Their Beats.

"Police officers frequently go to sleep while patrolling their beats," was the information volunteered by a well-known member of the police force, "especially during the couple of hours that precede daylight. They have no idea of heeding, either. Only a short time ago I knew of an officer whose beat did not extend south of Pennsylvania avenue on Fourteenth street, who, while asleep, walked all the way down along that street to the Long bridge. When he awoke he was within ten feet of a locomotive coming across the bridge, and was so frightened that he did not find his way back for nearly an hour. I know of another case, and heard the story from the officer himself, who wandered all the way along E. street from Fifth street northeast to Judiciary square. He got all mixed up in the affair, and actually had to ask someone where he was before he could find his way back to his beat. Of course, there are officers occasionally who settle down for a quiet snooze, but the cases I speak of are those who actually and without any intention or desire go asleep while they are walking about."—Washington Star.

Age and Influence.

The most influential people in Europe are old. Queen Victoria is nearly 77, Lord Salisbury is 65, Prince Hohenlohe is 71, Count Caprivi, the new Austrian chancellor, is 65, Prince Lobanoff, the Russian chancellor, is 67; Signor Crispi, the late Italian premier is 77; the pope and Mr. Gladstone are 86, and Prince Bismarck is 81.