

IT DIDN'T WORK.

AN ENGLISHMAN TRIES TO WED A MASKED NEGRESS.

A well-dressed couple crossed the Delaware by the Market street ferry on a recent evening and, engaging a hack on the Camden side, drove to the residence of the Rev. J. W. Bagley, pastor of the Tabernacle church on Broad way. By invitation, the hackman accompanied them into the pastor's house to witness the marriage. The clergyman had noticed that both the couple were nicely but not expensively dressed, and that they seemed very nervous and anxious for the ceremony to be performed as quickly as possible. The groom was a fine-looking man, but the bride's features were concealed by a heavy veil, which she seemed in no hurry to remove.

Mr. Bagley took out the marriage certificate book and began asking the usual questions. The groom gave his name as Joseph S. Ellem, 33 years of age, Englishman by birth, now living at Overbrook, Montgomery County, Pa., and his occupation that of a groom. Turning to the bride-elect the preacher began to question her. In a mumbling and smothered kind of voice she said her name was Emma Pve, 28 years old; that she also lived at Overbrook, and was employed at the same place as Ellem. The answers were satisfactory, but Mr. Bagley had his suspicions aroused by the woman keeping her veil down. He requested them to stand up before him in order to pronounce them man and wife, but before he began the ceremony he asked the bride to remove her veil. This she refused, and Mr. Bagley said he would not proceed until she did so. She still objected, when the reverend gentleman pulled the veil over her head and to his astonishment discovered that her face was covered by a gauze mask. Mr. Bagley was indignant, and he quickly tore the mask from the woman's face, disclosing, as he termed it, "the face of a woman as black as the ace of spades."

The parsons were ordered immediately from the house. The groom-elect, however, was paralyzed with fear and asked the minister, "How much money would it take to keep the matter quiet?"

"I will not shield you," replied Mr. Bagley; "and," he added, "get out of this place immediately or I'll have you arrested."

The couple hastily left, got into the coupe, and as fast as the hackman could drive were taken to the ferry, where they caught a boat for Philadelphia. The hackman says that he was innocent of all knowledge of the woman being colored, or else he might have been tempted to drive them to the City Hall.—Philadelphia Corr. New York World.

The Irish Agitation.

The present agitation is telling heavily on the Irish leaders. T. C. Healy is thin and nervous-looking, Harrington has an overworked look, and Michael Davitt looks as though his days were numbered. A South Sea Islander could pick Davitt out as a disheveled man fighting for a principle. His face has become heavily lined and drawn. The deep-set, black eyes burn like living coals and the pointed beard gives an almost sinister aspect to a face in every way remarkable. It typifies intense and restless energy and force. Mr. Davitt's figure has grown gaunt, too. He speaks night after night at big meetings in England and Ireland and writes by day for his bread and butter. I referred to the absolute repose of Parnell's life in contrast to all this last night in Liverpool, whether I had gone on the heels of a Fenian rumor, and had stumbled across Davitt in a railway carriage.

"That is as it should be," said the one-armed orator. "A general should watch the battle from afar and not get into the melee himself. We are willing to do the active work and allow Mr. Parnell to direct our efforts from a point where he can survey the entire field."

"Doesn't it seem at times like a long fight?"

"It does at times," said Mr. Davitt, passing his hand wearily over his eyes; "but then we are fighting in a good cause and success is certain. No man can ask for more than that."—N. Y. Sun.

The Bear Lake Academy opened the second term on Monday, January 2nd, with 58 pupils; 10 more were expected as soon as the roads from the more distant settlements become passable. The Theological Society of the school was fully organized last week.

The double attempt to wreck a passenger train near Buford, Wyoming, a few days ago, says the *Boomerang* of the 14th, is likely to result in the discovery and arrest of the guilty party or parties and their punishment for so dastardly a deed. Both times were found a few moments after they had been buried from the track by the pilots of the two sections of No. 2, by Roadmaster Delaney and his force. They were both of hard oak and were splintered by the collision with the engines. There is no doubt of the object for which they were placed across the track, and the spot was well chosen to favor the purpose. N. K. Boswell went up yesterday morning and investigated the matter, inspected the surroundings and expects in a few days to develop something startling in regard to the matter.

AN INNKEEPER'S JOKE.

THE THREE DELATED LAWYERS AND THE TRUTHFUL ALABAMA LANDLORD.

Not far from the city of Montgomery, in the state of Alabama, on one of the roads running from that city, lives a jolly landlord by the name of Ford. In fair weather, or foul, in hard times or soft, Ford would have his joke whenever possible. One bitter, stormy night, or morning, about two hours before daybreak, he was aroused from his slumbers by loud shouting and knocks at his door. He turned out, but sorely against his will, and demanded what was the matter. It was dark as tar, and as he could see no one he cried out:

"Who are you, there?"

"Three lawyers, from Montgomery," was the answer. "We are benighted and want to stay all night."

"Very sorry I can't accommodate you so far, gentlemen. Do anything to oblige you, but that's impossible."

The lawyers, for they were three of the smartest lawyers in the state and ready to drop with fatigue, baid a consultation, and then, as they could do no better and were too tired to go another step, they asked:

"Well, can't you stable our horses and give us chairs and a good fire until morning?"

"Oh, yes; I can do that gentlemen." Our learned and legal friends were soon drying their wet clothes by a bright fire as they composed themselves to pass the few remaining hours in their chairs, dozing and nodding, and now and then swearing a word or two of impatience as they waited for daylight.

The longest night has a morning, and at last the sun came along and then in due time a good breakfast made its appearance; but to the surprise of the lawyers, who thought the house was crowded with guests, none but themselves sat down to partake.

"Why, Ford, I thought your house was so full you couldn't give us a bed last night?" said one of the travelers.

"I didn't say so," Ford replied.

"You didn't? What in the name of thunder then did you say?"

"You asked me to let you stay here all night and I said it would be impossible, for the night was two-thirds gone when you came. If you only wanted beds why didn't you say so?"

The lawyers had to give it up. Three of them on one side, and the landlord alone had beaten them all.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Proud Barefooted Boy.

To John Ashworth, author and evangelist, poverty was a sore trouble; he was conscious of it. As a boy he had to go up before an assembled company to receive "the first prize," and was unhappy and ashamed that he must go up with bare feet. As he went up to the platform amid the clapping of hands, he says: "I would have given £20 had I possessed it, for something with which to cover my feet." And when returning in triumph to his place: "I cried as though my heart would break, because I was such a poor, poor boy, and I thought some of the other boys sneered at my poverty."

Weak, no doubt; but weakness is forgiven in the prize-winner, and John Ashworth's case was intimately connected with the secret of the success of those "Strange Tales" for which it was so difficult, so almost impossible to find a publisher, but of which upward of three millions have been sold, and which have been translated into Welsh, French, Dutch, Spanish and Russian. John Ashman understood the men and women whose stories he told. When he died, at 60, almost his last request was that all the Sunday school children in School Lane should have a pair of new clogs and new stockings. The remembrance of that early pain had not died out.—London Spectator.

Why He Needed Prayer.

The congregation of a church at Elk Rock were much shocked upon learning that their preacher had departed under most discreditable circumstances. On the following Sunday it seemed to be the aim of nearly everyone to hush up the scandal, and, under great restraint, many uninteresting conversations were held, merely to prove that the members of the church could rise above sensational gossip. Just before the service closed, Brother Elijah P. Brookrod arose and said:

"Brethren and sisters, since we last met in this house something which seems to have cast a gloom over this congregation has occurred. We were all much attached to our minister; in fact, we loved him, and I now propose that we offer up a prayer for the wanderer."

A sensational wave swept over the audience. Another brother arose, and, turning to Elijah P. Brookrod, said:

"I am astonished that you should desire this congregation to pray for our erring minister—you, above all others."

"Why?"

"Because he ran away with your wife."

"Yes, I know," Elijah replied, "and that is the reason why I think that he would need our prayers."—Arkansas Traveler.

A MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE.

SOME REMARKABLE RAILROADING INCIDENTS.

"I was," said the man with the wooden leg, "station agent on the B. & B. railroad for a good many years, and several things occurred there which were the talk of the line, and which you may find interesting enough to publish."

"One of the queer incidents occurred after I had had the station about two years. The night freight should reach me at 12:05—five minutes after midnight. She never left nor took up a car at my station, leaving that for the day freight, but made a stop of seven or eight minutes for coal and water."

"As a rule, I was always asleep when the freight came in, but somehow or other I knew of her arrival. Twenty-eight minutes after her time a passenger train on the other road made the crossing. On this particular night I went to bed at 10:45, and was asleep before 11 o'clock. At 12:20 I suddenly awoke. The night freight had not come in. I had been sound asleep, but I knew she had not. See was fifteen minutes over due, and yet my call had not been sounded. This to me meant some sort of accident between me and the next station north, which was eleven miles away. I at once called for the station, but the operator had gone. I ran to the door and looked out. There was a fine rain and a dense fog."

"Freight trains are seldom on schedule time, and I had known those on our line to be an hour late without worrying over the fact. However, on this night I was all worry. The rain and the fog, the crossing, the fact of my waking up as I had, the failure to raise the agent at the station above, these things made me terribly uneasy, and at 12:35 I lighted my lantern, put on my rubber coat, and started up the line on the run. I had not gone forty rods when I heard a hissing of steam, and two or three minutes later I could see the glare of a headlight through the fog. In a couple of minutes more I found our midday freight—twenty-two loaded cars and a big locomotive—and she was standing directly on the crossing of the roads. I began to shout as soon as I had made out the locomotive, but no one answered me. I pushed along to the cab, climbed up, and found the engineer and fireman on the floor of the tender, with arms around each other, and fast asleep or dead. At the same moment the passenger train on the other road whistled for the crossing."

"I am telling you, sir, that I lived a year for every minute in the next five or six. I knew very little about an engine, though I had seen how they were reversed and how the throttle was worked. If anything was done, I must do it and do it quickly. Why I did not pull ahead, I do not know. It struck me that I must back up, and I flung over the bar, gave her steam, and she began to move. The steam had run down, and we moved at a snail's pace, and even when I pulled her wide open the engine had scarcely power to move the heavy train. We did move, however, although it was foot by foot. I could hear the roar of the passenger train, and I knew that every second was hastening a terrible calamity, but I did not leave the engine. Back! back! back! we crawled, and all of a sudden a great light flashed in my eyes; there was a crash, and I saw cars moving in front of me, and disappearing in the darkness. What had happened? Well, I had backed the freight until the locomotive of the passenger train only carried away the pilot as it crossed our line. That was all the damage done, and no passenger had a suspicion of his narrow escape from an awful smash-up."

"When the train had disappeared and I could realize the situation, I began to investigate. I ran back to the caboose, but no one was to be found. Then, climbing back into the cab, I sought to arouse the engineer and the fireman. Dead? No. Drunk as two lords! At the station above they had reached the limit, and in their drunken devilry had pulled out and left all the train crew behind. The conductor could not readily find the station agent, and when he did find him out and get him to the office I was out of mine, and did not answer his call. The two men had let the steam go down, and the train had crawled down to the crossing and had stopped where I found it. The men were by that time too drunk to stand up, and had grabbed each other and rolled on the floor to sleep. I was yet in the cab trying to kick some sense into them, when the conductor and his two brakemen arrived on a hand-car, and after getting up steam we got the train over the crossing to the station. The two drunkards ought to have been sent to state's prison, but for fear of the story getting into the papers they were allowed to skip."

"It was with this same night freight I had a startling adventure the next summer. I had gone to bed and to sleep before it came in. It was exactly 11:50, as shown by the clock, when I got a call on the instrument, and as I sprang out of bed I heard the operator at K—, a station eighteen miles below me, clicking off, 'For God's sake stop and side-track No. 9! There's a runaway engine coming up the line!' I got this by ear, you understand, and I gave him an 'O. K.' as soon as he was done. In three minutes I was out doors and had my 'Danger—Stop' signal set for the first time in months, and as I started down the track with my lantern I could hear the rumble of No. 9 as she crossed the bridge three miles above. She was on time, and booming

right along, but it was clear and the red light would stop her.

"I should have told you that there were two tracks in front of the station. One was the main track, of course, and the other a long siding, with a switch at either end. No. 9 had the right of way at night, and, instead of sidetracking her, I proposed to switch off the runaway. I went down over the ties as hard as I could run, and just as I reached the switch I heard No. 9 blow for my station. While I was unlocking the switch the engineer called for brakes, and then I knew he had seen the light and would stop. I pulled the bar over, and then poked up my lantern and ran back, reaching the station just as the heavy freight came to a standstill. My purpose was to run down and open the other switch, and thus let the runaway out on the main track again, to run until her steam went down; but I had scarcely moved a hundred feet, when I heard her coming. It was then too late, and I stood on the platform to see her go past. She was truly a runaway. She had broken away from the accommodation train, which came no further than G—, and was coming up with a full head of steam and everything roaring. We could hear the runaway a mile off, and we could locate her as she came through the woods by the shower of sparks flying from her smokestack. On she came, and as she struck the switch it seemed as if she must go over. There was a clinkety-clash and a bang, and she righted and whizzed past us like a fiery arrow."

We knew what would happen at the other end of the siding. There was a field beyond, and when the runaway left the rails, she tore up a hundred feet of track, made splinters of a score of ties, and ploughed her way into the field for a quarter of a mile and blew up. After the explosion I entered the station and called for K—to give him the news, but he could not be raised. I could not get him until the usual hour next morning, and then I learned something which made my hair stand on end. He had not heard a word of the matter! He was not in his office when the accommodation passed, and he had heard nothing from G—, the station above where the engine broke away. I then called for the agent at G—, and it turned out that at five o'clock on the afternoon previous he had met with an accident by which he had been made delirious all night. When they went for him to telegraph about the engine, he was in bed, and being held there by nurses, and they did not try to even make him understand what had happened. As a matter of fact and record, no living hand clicked that message to me. Every man on the line was examined, but all denied it. I heard it and understood it, and acted upon it, and it came from K—. How do I explain it? I never could. I have had people tell me that it was mind telegraphing to mind, but you can take any theory you wish. I was called for in the usual way, understood fully what was being said, and hurried out to do what I have described. The matter has been a puzzle and a mystery for years, and I have no hopes of a solution."—N. Y. Sun.

Theatres and Theatre-Going.

It is not at all strange that the clergy and the Christian Church have opposed the theatre in all its forms. It must be remembered that in the time of the Stuarts the theatre was wholly immoral. On the other hand, the church proceeded in its moral reform on the general basis of total prohibition of everything which was or could be corrupt. It opposed statuary, pictures, secular music, novels, etc.; of course it included the theatre in its condemnation. Pictures, statuary, music, and the novels have all been, to a large extent purified and made instrumental, if not of moral development, at least of culture and refinement. The theatre has been the last to yield to this process. It has been connected with very vicious elements, and there are no stronger testimonies to these vicious elements than those which can be cited from not only theater-goers, but leading managers and actors. In dealing with the theatre the church and ministry have still adhered to the principle of total prohibition, which has been abandoned in respect to most other analogous elements in society. I think it is a radical mistake to apply this principle to the theatre, and that what people must learn to do is to discriminate between good and bad theatres, and good and bad plays, just as they do between good and bad novels, and good and bad pictures. This is what in the *Christian Union* we are trying to teach its readers to do. This is what in my own family, I wish to teach my children. This is what I wish to do myself.

There are thoroughly healthful plays, and, no doubt, there are others that are thoroughly unhealthy. I am not sufficiently familiar with the drama to make any discrimination in detail, and actors and managers oft, I think, frankly to recognize the fact that it is difficult for one who desires to make such discrimination to do it for himself or his family. There are very few publishers who will not refuse, at any price, to publish a book which panders to immoral tastes or low sentiments. But there are very few theatres which will refuse to put a play of doubtful character on the boards. I can be sure that any story with the imprint of certain publishers on it will be morally safe for my children to read, but not equally sure that any

play produced at any given theatre will be the play which it will be morally advantageous for them to see. Moreover, the critics in their criticisms rarely refer to the moral aspects of any drama. We cannot tell from reading the papers whether a play is healthful or harmful. We can only tell how it is acted and how it is put on the stage. Why more thoroughly healthful plays are not more frequently put on the stage is a puzzle to one not familiar with the dramatic law of demand and supply. Joe Jefferson's "Kip Van Winkle," Denman Thompson's "Old Homestead," "Hazel Kirke," and certain of the German operas are not only wholly innocent, but absolutely beneficial, not so much in any moral lesson which they teach as in the moral impulses which they awaken or strengthen. Morally, this seems to me to be the function of the teacher—not to teach truth but to quicken the noble of our affections and sentiments. At all events, the time is coming when every minister and every layman should take, positively and vigorously, one ground or other in respect to the theatre. In all our newspapers and in all our magazines the theatre is treated as legitimate and the actor as an artist. If this is wrong, if the theatre is evil and wholly evil, and that continually, and the actor a minister only to sensuality and worldliness and the evil that is in man, the church has no right to keep silent. It should train its batteries not merely on the theatre, but on every journal and every periodical which treats dramatic art as a legitimate art, and actors as members of a reputable profession. If, on the other hand, the magazines are, in this matter, right (as I thoroughly believe they are), and dramatic art a legitimate art, and acting may be made an honorable profession, then the church and the ministry should recognize this fact, exactly as they recognize fiction, statuary, and painting to be legitimate, and should use their influence to induce all good people to discriminate between good and bad, by patronizing the theatres and the actors that give us pure, innocent and healthful entertainment, and staying away absolutely from every performance, whatever its artistic attractiveness, which ministers to the depraved, the sensuous, and the vicious in manner.—Rev. Lyman Abbott D. D. in the Epoch.

MURDEROUS WORK.

DETERMINED AND REPEATED ATTEMPTS TO WRECK TRAINS ON THE UNION PACIFIC R. R.

The following statement is taken from the *Laramie Boomerang* of the 11th inst.:

One of the boldest and most fiendish efforts ever made to wreck a train was unsuccessfully tried on the hill today, at an isolated spot between Sherman and Buford stations on the Union Pacific.

The passenger train No. 2, did not leave Laramie until 11:30, over four hours late, and pulled out in two sections, the first consisting of California time freight and the second being an unusually heavy load of coaches, Pullmans and special cars.

From Sherman to Buford the descent is very sharp and as the trains were late it was natural that they would be running at a very lively rate. It was right here that the engineer of the first section caught sight of an obstruction on the track. It was too late to stop and it was run into and knocked off, fortunately not ditching the train, though it was a heavy railroad the laid right across the rails at the most dangerous point.

Fifteen minutes later the second section came sweeping down like the wind and there was the tie again and again it was knocked off by the pilot and a wreck avoided. Such an attempt twice made at midday has caused no little excitement among the railroad men, as it is evident that some villain's work is in progress, whether for the purpose of robbing the killed and wounded, or from revenge, or pure cussedness, is not known. There will be a close watch kept for such obstructions hereafter.

The *Dillon (Montana) Tribune* of the 6th says: The accident which occurred on the Utah & Northern Railroad last week, a few miles north of Dillon, has been a matter of investigation. The death of Fireman McShane resulted in the calling of a coroner's jury to examine the matter. The jury found that Patrick McShane, the fireman, came to his death through the culpable neglect of John W. Cain, yardmaster at Spring Hill, and Superintendent C. F. Resigale, of the Utah & Northern in not strictly enforcing orders. The jury found both guilty of criminal negligence. Coroner Pickman took Cain before Probate Judge Melton, who fixed his bail at \$500 and set the hearing for 3 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. Witnesses not being on hand, by agreement of counsel on both sides, the preliminary examination was adjourned until 10 o'clock Saturday. Judge Galbraith asked that the bail be reduced, and County Attorney Barbour not objecting, Judge Melton reduced Cain's bail to \$250, which was given.

Father of the Fair One—We close up here at 10 o'clock.

Brass-headed Beau—That's a good idea. It keeps fellows out who don't know enough to get inside earlier.