MY LAMES.

I loved them so
That when they died or strayed or fell
Or crossed over with the cruel, cruel world,
And leaped for one of my own name to hold,
I hide the pain.

And yet again
The sister stretched some day her heart grew
Blind,
He should another lamb with mother grief,
Another! ah, who guess so a soul,
So or give me pain.

"Is it Thy will
My Father, say, must it be not much to grieve?
Do Thou but make such, dear Lord, in
Heaven?"
And a soft voice said, "Nearer can than earth.
But—peace, be still."

All is well,
Well with my lambs and with their earthly
guide!
Their pleasant ways wander may beside
Or strike count large upon their side.
All is well.

—New York Recorder.

ON THE GRADE.

The telling of the stories of stagecoach days on the frontier has only just begun. For every one yet told there are a thousand better ones hidden in the mountains, hanging in dust scenes about the campfires of the pioneers.

If you live awhile in the sunny sides the Yuba, above Marysville, you will find miners still camping among the holes called piles of gravel for the after-pick of 49; you will find old stage-drivers with bent and twisted hands, who know every noted driver of the Pacific coast; you will hear stories of staging in the fifties and sixties, in the wildest parts of the Sierras, that have never reached print, but have been carried on through manifold traditions until they have reached the conglomerate and the dignity of an epic of the stagecoach.

Besides the longer stories one hears there are dozens of lesser episodes of the staging days—the episode of Smoky's runaway, for instance.

Smoky was a famous stage driver between Grass Valley and Marysville, by way of Four Mile, Rough and Ready, Smartsville and Timbuctoo. About 1861 he was in his glory, the ideal of a driver, and able to hold his own with any coach on the route. He received his name from the remark of a little girl, the daughter of the hotel keeper at Murphy's ranch. She was just off her big wood box off, saying that he was "too smoky to stay with!" she "liked man who did not puff cigars in her face."

After this episode Smoky's real name for days thereafter was "Smoky" and "Old Smoky" from the Sierras to the Sacramento.

On the day when Smoky had his runaway after the stage swung into Grass Valley early in the morning with two passengers aboard, both inside. They had breakfast, and then Smoky took charge. He drove around in front of the store to wait for another passenger, he got on the box, he let his passengers twist the reins about the brake bar, and went into the store. Ten four horses started off at full speed, and striking a stone the jar let the brake loose, then the horses flew down the grade like mad of destruction.

The passengers sat in silence, a little surprised at the rapid motion, but believing that the driver was on the box, the of them was small, nervous, bright-eyed young man, newly come to California—a young man who was just beginning a career of invention and manufacturing achievement that has given him place among the some or so of foremost Californians. The other man was a mere nonentity.

The young man with the bright eyes began to see that something was wrong with the stage. It went too fast; it swung too much. He climbed on the seat and let down the narrow window behind the driver's box. He leaned out and managed to look ahead far enough to see that the horses were running away. He called to the driver, but received no reply.

The young man reflected that the road ahead was not any easy one for a runaway stagecoach to manage. They were now on the down grade, next came a hill, then another descent, then a second hill, then a long, steep and winding piece of down grade. The horses must be stopped before this descent was reached or a smashup was inevitable. He decided to do his best to check the horses. If he failed he would jump out and leave them.

The first thing to do was to swing on the driver's box. A heavier man might have failed, but the young stranger was alert and muscular; he watched his chance, caught the iron bar at the end of the coal, drew himself out, passed a second on the window sill and leaped upward just as the stage coach swung forward into. He found himself landed, in consequence, upon the driver's seat and clinging to the brakebar. The Rose was flying wildly over the heads of the horses or tangled under their feet.

The young man began to put on the brakes, but with any haste, but slowly and carefully. The great curving blocks of oak settled down against the wheels, but the rapidity of the vehicle's motion was now such that there was danger of heating the tires and causing them to fly from the wheels. Again and again he tightened the brakes, and released them, steadying the massive coach as it swung around the sharp curves and dusty road and rocked from side to side like a drunken giant. At one moment the young man felt the coach scrape against the eleven pine rods of the mountain side, and at another he felt it wildly along the verge of the ravine and lean over the abyss as if ready to plunge down into the logs of the oaks on Nigger Fork, 300 feet below.

Pretty soon the bottom of the grade was reached, and the young man "put the brakes down hard." But it was only a little ere after all, and the horses were running at the top of their speed. The stage went on, hardly checked by the doubled obstacles, and began another descent. Again the same tactics followed, the brake was used with the utmost skill and patience, but an outsider would have said there was little gain. The second descent came at last, and here, on a broken road, full of deep ruts, which helped to check the stage, the young man brought everything up standing. A two mile run it had been, and the horses were still rearing and plunging.

The other passenger peered carefully out of the window and asked what was the matter. He was ordered to open the door, jump out, and take the brakes by the head. The young man "set" the brakes, climbed down and begin to collect the remnants of the lines and hand them together.

A little later Smoky came running up in a state of despair and exhaustion. He proceeds at discovering the coach and horses safe and not less than a dozen of which he had lost in the fog of a dense fall and confusion that would save show could be shown in San Francisco. He climbed back on the box, the passengers got in, and the stage started off at reflected speed to make up for lost time.

The story went around among the stage drivers. There was one young fellow that used to take care of. He was to drive the best with the driver, to whom he had trusted it. He was the "man not shipped Smoky's reward on the Yuba Valley grade." Even today if the story of this true tale were to leave his great mills and business enterprises in San Francisco and go to the scene of Hobson and Sharpes to tend the cupola of the railroad, he would be almost sure to discover that his name and fame were known that the word would be sent down the line, "Smoky's passenger is gone over this road," and the passenger of all stages would pulsed and feel the as so equal. The young man who climbed out over the wheel and "put down the brake" on the coach of Smoky thirty years ago, is still an honorary member of the craft of stamp and weather brake masters of the whip and stagecoach.

Perhaps the reader will think that the story is incomplete without the name of the young man. It was A. B. Dalton, the inventor of the cable car system of San Francisco and of many valuable mining and engineering contrivances.—Charles Howard Shinn in Independent.

A Horse's Walk on a High Trestle.

A stage passenger was witnessed recently on the Northern Pacific trestle at the water works. The trestle is about 600 feet long and 50 feet high. Under it is the Union Pacific roadbed. The ties are about eight inches apart and are evenly distributed the entire distance.

At an early hour the attention of a dozen people was attracted by a large sorrel horse which had walked along the trestle from the south and was standing at the water shed. He was asked to turn around as I had fully 300 feet yet to travel. The spectators were crowd with awe, expecting every moment to see the animal pitched to street by a fall. So fully satisfied of his danger, it was remarkable to note the instinct with which the animal stepped cautiously from one tie to another.

He had just reached that part of the trestle over the Union Pacific roadbed when he became frightened and almost lost footing. He had but caught in the nick and there slip, so that the rear portion of his body overhung the frameworks of the timber bridge, while he held himself by his fore feet. The horse was a shocking one, and the spectators lodged every moment for the final fall. Suddenly, with a powerful lunge, the animal threw his body forward the trestle and managed to regain his feet.

Again he started on his perilous walk, and when within a few feet of the end of the bridge fell again and was caught in much the same manner. Martin finally started to the assistance of the animal with a rope, but the horse was so alive to terra firma that he made an effort to regain his feet and fell to the adjacent bank, just a short distance below. He then rolled down the bank for about twenty-five feet. His mouth and hoof were badly bruised in the struggle, but otherwise he was uninjured.—Olympia (Wash.) Tribune.

A Postage Stamp Museum.

At Vienna a postage stamp museum has been opened to the public. The museum will be open to visitors daily and gratuitously. In one room are shown chronologically all stamps of whom the Emperor and Empire, and Italy. Among the postal curiosities shown are balloon letters, pigeon post and submarine post letters as they were sent during the siege of Paris in 1870.

A collection of Egypt stamps is also very interesting to the collector. Among the curious objects shown are letters of the Anthropologist in the Dutch Indies, pieces of wood covered with hieroglyphics, and postcards which have been the tour of the world. For one of these with a penny stamp, which took 123 days to return to its starting point, an offer of 1,000 florins has been made.

There is also a case with a collection of all the coins struck during the Emperor Francis Joseph's reign. The finest object in the collection is believed to be a Dutchess ducat, worth $400, and a piece of fine Egypt stamp valued at $700. The exhibition comprises 2,000,000 stamps and other objects connected with the post.—London Queen.

Were Frenzie After All His Life.

Many examples are known of women dressing as men, but until lately no case has been known of a man going about disguised as a woman. A man named Bigard, seventy-two years old, employed as a cook, was taken to the hospital of Saint Antoine, Paris, suffering from pneumonia. Meanwhile, on account of the illness, for a woman, he was taken to the ward reserved for members of the weaker sex. When they found out the mistake he was put into another ward.

The strange part, however, is that the man is that Bigard says that he never wore male attire excepting on the day he was examined by the council de revision in order to determine whether he was fit for military service. When he was seventeen years old he went as a servant girl to a farm in Lot-et-Mer. He remained there eleven years. He learned to cook at Caen and went to Paris, where he was employed as cook for forty years either in private families or in boys' schools.—Paris Letter.

Fashions for Employes.

A Broad contractor formed a white duck coat, and was so pleased with the effect that he ordered all of his employes to wear white duck coats during business hours. Rather than obey the order two of the clerks quit work. Nevertheless, uniforming goes on among many girls, judges, railroad hands, waiters and indeed in almost every occupation where it is thought that the public should recognize the employes. The mistake of uniforming a customer for a clerk has led to rather embarrassing situations in many a store, and clerks who object to being uniformed have the satisfaction of knowing that without their uniforms they cannot be distinguished from their employers.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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