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KING'S PRISONERS.

Love is life and death to me and heard me,
High refined Lords and feet right fast within,
Our master's hands of gold gave much and freed me
Twice I ran
Obediently strength, and King Love and Death,
To lent to in.

O Love Divine, O larger Love, come take me,
Where my heart are on side our home of love,
Prisoners of Love, O Love Divine, come
Make me
Content in the chains and working not to save
Outside the Love.
—Katharine Tynan.

BY MY HEEL.

"Mr. Ransom phoned left us here it is that you are filling such a responsible position, and you not yet thirty years old!"

This question was asked by one of a crowd of four or five gentlemen seated in the handsome private office of Mr. Ransom, superintendent of transportation of the Chicago and Western railroad at Omaha, Neb.

"Well, I thought the superintendent, a good looking young man of twenty-six or thereabouts, "if you will have the patience to listen I will narrate briefly how my luck caused my promotion and was the means of saving many lives."

"Five years ago I was station agent and operator at Hamlin on this road. The depot was the only building at Hamlin, consequently I had to do my own cooking and sleeping in the depot, getting my supplies from Rands, a place of about 500 inhabitants, eight miles up the railroad.

"It was about 10 o'clock on a hot, sultry night in August. There did not seem to be a breath of air stirring. The windows were up as high as they could go. Green peas so as to admit all the air possible. No. 32, the fast mail, had to be reported before I could get good night from the dispatchers and retire.

"I had pulled off my shoes and had nothing on my feet but my stockings. As I was idly leaning back in my chair, my feet propped up on the instrument table and lazily drumming on the key with my heel, I heard a slight noise behind me. Before I could turn around to ascertain the cause a hard voice rang out:

"'Move an inch and you are a dead man,' and at the same moment I felt the cold muzzle of a revolver pressed against my head.

"'Put your hands behind your back and look straight before you,' commanded the same voice sternly.

"I obeyed alacrity.

"My hands were seized roughly and bound securely to the back of the chair.

"'Now, my beauty, I guess you won't do much more telegraphing tonight,' and he broke out into a discordant laugh.

"He evidently thought it amusing. I didn't.

"'Come on, boys,' he called. 'I've got this kid fast.'

"After a moment three or four men, as well as I could judge with my back to the door, walked in.

"'Hal' he said to one, 'you've got him, have you?' and they all laughed roughly.

"'Jim,' said the man addressed as captain, 'have you got the spike fixed?'

"'You bet I has,' from one of the men.

"The captain then turned and addressed me.

"'Young man, no harm is intended you if you keep perfectly quiet. Doubtless your curiosity is very much aroused as to our intentions. Well, it can do no harm to enlighten you, as the knowledge will be done before you can give any alarm. We intend'—and here the man's voice became absolutely fiendish—'to take up two rails on that trestle out there. Let us see, the fast mail is due here at'——

"'My God! man,' I broke in with horror, 'surely you don't intend to wreck the fast mail! Think of the lives that will be lost if it runs off at that trestle!' and great beads of cold perspiration stood out on my forehead as I grasped the full horror of the situation.

"'The trestle referred to was about 100 yards north of the depot, and spanned a very wide but shallow creek, fully seventy-five feet below. I knew if No. 32 jumped the track on that trestle it meant death to every person on board.

"'Jim,' cried the captain, 'you remain here and keep your eye on this fellow. If he moves kill him.' The remainder of you come and let's get to work.'

"Then all except Jim followed the captain out and soon I heard the metallic clank of the crowbar as it drew the spikes from the rails.

"'Oh, what could he do!'

"My hands were bound so that I could not reach the key, and even if I tried the outlaw behind me would send a bullet crashing through my brain. How could I warn the crew of No. 32 of the impending danger!

"The station ten miles above Rands reported No. 32 on time. Soon it would be at Rands. Never did time pass so quickly. It was now half o'clock and No. 32 must be coming into Rands. Suddenly an inspiration flashed through me like an electric shock. Why could I not warn No. 32 with my heel? In my intense moments I had amused myself by learning to send with my foot, never dreaming that it would ever be an advantage to me.

"I quietly pushed open the key with my heel and called 'R' three or four times as fast as possible, when I was interrupted by the operator.

"'What are you amusing your foot about on that table for?'

"'Oh, foot has become cramped, remaining in one position so long,' I replied, as coolly as I could, although my heart was in my throat.

"'I'm so sorry,' he said sarcastically. I commenced calling 'R' again. It was now 10 o'clock and No. 32 must have left Rands.

"'You bet! Too late. Oh, my God! the agony of those moments was terrible.

"'Ah, some one home run,' I said.

"'He's now are going to wreck No. 32 at trestle, just north of her'——

"I was ticking, when suddenly I received a blow that sent me to the floor and left the key wide open.

"'D—n you, what were you trying on them wires?' cried the outlaw.

"'How can I send anything with my foot? I tremblingly exclaimed. 'That's just a habit of mine—drumming on the key with my heel.'

"'Habit or no habit, you won't put your feet on the table again tonight.

"He evidently believed that I could not send with my heel; but it was not his intention to take any chances.

"I wondered what the operator at Rands would do—put on his grandest airs and report, that I had said to the dispatcher, or just think I was trying to scare him and lock up his office to go home. I thought the latter more probable.

"Anyway it was now too late to stop the ill fated fast mail; it would soon plunge off the trestle, carrying its cargo of human beings to a certain death.

"I lay there waiting for the dreadful crash to come in such an agony of suspense that the neat day strands of gray were found in my hair. Ah! how I blessed myself for not thinking of using my heel before I did.

"Suddenly the sounds of rifleshots in quick succession came from the trestle.

"'The boys are attacked!' exclaimed the desperado excitedly, 'but, by 44—, you shall not escape unhurt!' And placing the muzzle of his revolver close to my head he fired.

"I fell back unconscious.

"When I regained my senses the room was full of men, one of whom was bandaging a wound on my head, and explaining to the others the extent of the same.

"'A close shave, but only a scalp wound, men,' he was saying. 'I dare say he will be all right in a few days.' At he is conscious now,' he said briskly as I slowly opened my eyes. 'Tell us all about it, young man.'

"It was rather a laborious task, as the wound on my head was exceedingly painful, but I went ahead and related the whole occurrence. From the time the place was pressed against my head until I was shot.

"When I had finished, the gentleman who had bandaged my head, and who I afterward discovered was a doctor, explained how Operator Rhodes, at Rands, when he heard my message did not wait for the key to close, but ran out door screamed his name, which he had already enrolled and hurried to ride to his home where he had reported No. 32 and on through the woods at breakneck speed. He found that No. 32 was safely stopped for water at a water tank four miles from Rands by rail, but only two through the woods. He had secured there just in time to climb on the rear car and give the alarm.

"The train was then run about mile within about two miles of Hamlin, and the conductor and a detachment of United States soldiers, who were luckily on board, went ahead on foot and surprised the outlaws, who showed resistance and were fired into, two of them being instantly killed. The others were at that moment ornamenting a telegraph pole.

"And now my narrative draws to a close. Two weeks later I was ordered east—you here and was given the position of second trick dispatcher.

"My promotion dates from that day.

"'But what did Mr. Rhodes get?' some one asked.

"'Mr. Rhodes is now chief dispatcher.'
—Chicago Mail.

Lalouchere's New York Experience.

While Henry Lalouchere was on duty in Washington he had a curious experience on one of his visits to New York, where he had been sent on diplomatic business. One evening, his funds having run rather low, he entered a second rate saloon in a street off Broadway and was mistaken by a gang of Irish Americans made for a truculent patriot known as The O'Donovan. At some personal risk he kept up the delusion and allowed the bold patriots to entertain him to a welcome dinner. He only managed, however, to escape from them after considerable trouble, eventually giving them the slip by boldly calling at the house of a perfect stranger, telling him the facts and asking him to be allowed to remain for an hour or two in order to tire out his new acquaintances, who were waiting for him outside the door. This so tickled the fancy of the gentleman in question that he insisted upon his visitor's staying all night, and by the time he left the next day he numbered his host among his firmest friends—a friendship which exists at the present time.—Cor. New York World.

Angry Chameleons.

When very angry or suddenly alarmed, chameleons utter a squeak like a young bird. My friend, the Rev. G. Tudor, of Cape Town, an enthusiastic naturalist, whose name is familiar to the visitors to the reptile house in the London Zoo gardens from the number and frequency of his contributions there, informs me that one day he was surprised to hear a loud squeaking and scuffling in an adjoining room, where were some pet chameleons, and going thither he found lest the Gutschions really provoked from these small reptiles on account of a cat, who was surveying them dancing the attitude. Cats, by the way, are their dreaded enemies, who catch and devour them whenever possible.—Cor. Forest and Stream.

Woodwork in Art.

I see it stated that Herr Natter, the distinguished Austrian sculptor, was in his youth a woodcarver, and by the practice of his humble craft was led some once to the highest of the plastic arts. Now, not a few of the best known artists of this country have served a similar apprenticeship. Mr. Francis Chantrey, who died worth £700,000, rose from the carving of sign figureheads, through second-class portrait painting, to quarry in the gold mine of his very respectable if not transcendent talents. It is only another illustration of the truth that to the real artist the medium is nothing—nothing but a means to reach a higher end.—London Graphic.

Lucky Hank.

James Hank, of Richland township, Owen county, Ind., while digging in his farm, unearthed an old wooden box several feet below the surface, in which were twenty-three pieces of Spanish silver money. The oldest coin dated back to 1816.

An Aerial Land Grabber.

One of the most lofty and ambitious grabbers in the state of Montana was not long ago observed to be engaged in a most impressive business. He was taking women out into the wilderness, a step load of two at a time. They were very respectable women—school teachers, typewriters, married women, and their friends. They were taken to a large and pleasantly situated house, upon the pretext that they were to attend a ball and a dinner and get $200 as a present. It all proved true. Elaborate party office operations party went out in this way, and when the ladies returned to the town that had time been plunged of its beauty they reported that they had found upon women and wild land, with the very text of "Range," and that at the ball a number of soldiers and dashing cowboys had become their partners, tripping their light fantastic measures with enthusiasm which made up for any lack of grace that may have been noticed.

The reader may fancy what a lark it was to the women, and how very much enjoyment the more adventurous maidens among them got by pretending that they were business, bona fide and free of charge! But while these women were in the thick of this pleasure they each signed a certain claim to a homesteader's rights in the lands thereabout. And as they "picked up" these claims in the fullness of time each will get her $160. The title to the land will then be made over to the Eastern investors and bankers of the scheme, and the land will be theirs. "Time" in the language of a picturesque son of Montana, "is bad for a man get a dollar out of his wealth." This is an absolutely true account of the conquest of a valley in Montana, and the future historian of our country will find much also that is also to be, and that will make an interesting chapter in his records.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

Carrying the Mail in Wyoming.

A thrilling story of adventure and peril comes from Johnson county, Wy., where, in the heart of the Bighorns, the entire winter Contractor Stringer has been unable to carry the mail across the Big Horn mountains from Buffalo to Tom creek. In the belief that the summer season was sufficiently advanced to allow the trip to be made, he started from Buffalo on a strong saddle horse and with four mules packed with mail pouches. Twenty-five miles of hard traveling landed Stringer at an emigrant cabin with his stock, which he carefully placed out. Here he placed some mail on a toboggan, and struggling on a year of snowshoes made another start for Tom Rivers.

In about fifteen miles one of the snowshoes was broken, and he found he was still Stringer's own coach, twelve miles distant. He was two days getting to it. Most of the way he crawled on his hands and knees. With hunger and exposure he was all but dead. Hunting three days at his ranch, and walking back to the Stringer returned to the station for the abandoned stock and mail, and in a week went through to Tom Rivers. He returned to Buffalo, Wy., May 1.—Omaha Bee.

Trembling at Ninety-Seven.

Michael Fritz, of Fredericksburg, the oldest man in Schuylkill county, has had three sets of teeth and is likely to get a fourth.

On his eighty-first birthday he was tendered a big surprise party by members of his family and friends, and he was surprised his visitors by showing them three perfectly formed pearly white teeth in his upper jaw, where for years there had been none. These three disappeared several years afterward and Mr. Fritz received the use of his false teeth until a short time ago, when another set of natural teeth began to make their appearance. Four teeth have already grown, and there is reason to believe a full set will make its appearance. Mr. Fritz is ninety-five years of age.—Cor. Philadelphia Press.

Runs a Freight Train Without Rails.

A new way of railroading has been started in this section. Jacksonville is a small country town about ten miles from Homer City and has no railroad. An enterprising former Homer man thinks that a very good traction engine, has started a train for the purpose of hauling freight to and from that place. He leaves in the forenoon and makes the return trip in the afternoon. The chances are the traffic will be heavy over his line all summer.—Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

To Oppose English Lawyers.

A society has been formed in London under the title of the Witnesses' Protection society. The objects of these societies are to protect witnesses from insult by counsel, to put the matter of contempt of court into the hands of a jury, and to raise a fund to indemnify witnesses from pecuniary loss, provided always that the questions they refuse to answer reflect upon their honor, and that the court at time trial record to the issues of the case.

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