

TWO GODS.

I.

A boy was born 'mid little things,
Between a little world and sky—
And dreamed not of the cosmic rings
Round which the circling planets fly.

He lived in little works and thoughts,
Where little ventures grow and plod,
And paced and ploughed his little plots,
And prayed unto his little God.

But as the mighty system grew,
His faith grew faint with many scars;
The Cosmos widened in his views—
But God was lost among His stars.

II.

Another boy in lowly days,
As he, to little things was born,
But gathered lore in woodland ways,
And from the glory of the morn.

As wider skies broke on his view,
God greeted in his growing mind;
Each year he dreamed his God anew,
And left his older God behind.

He saw the boundless scheme dilate,
In star and blossom sky and clod;
And as the universe grew great,
He dreamed for it a greater God.

"THE DEVIL'S OWN"

A Story of a Station Agent.

BY CHARLES DONALD MACKAY.

Tom Dean was ticket agent and telegraph operator for the Union Pacific at Wellsville, a settlement of not more than a few dozen scattered houses, the most pretentious of which was the "hotel and lunchroom." About 100 yards down the track from this popular resort at "train time" stood a low, one roomed building, the station, Tom's St. Helena.

To an energetic, ambitious young man, socially inclined, Wellsville was well nigh intolerable, but Tom had hopes and made the best of it. He had removed his belongings from the "hotel" to Mrs. Jordan's cozy little cottage, where he made himself at home. He found Miss Jordan a charming companion and "years ahead of the village in every way." Nevertheless the uneventful days would drag, and the nights—well, after the 3:50 accommodation" pulled out until 11:10, when the west bound "express" dashed past, one might as well have been stationed in the middle of the Great Sahara. At least so Tom said many times.

One raw, gusty December night just before the holidays, Tom with much pleasure piled the three cases billed through to Omaha, on the truck and ran them down the track, ready to be hauled aboard the baggage car of the coming train. He was not overfond of work, but this meant the stopping of the express, the latest newspapers and good reading for several days. To signal the express was an event.

Taking a last look at the lights, he entered the station and slammed the door after him as it to bar out the loneliness of the dripping outside world. The last light in the hotel had gone out long before, the wind howled in the wires, the red light blinked and flickered—

"Well, of all the God forsaken!"

The door opened suddenly, and two men stepped into the room, followed by a third.

"Hands up—quick!" the foremost cried.

In less than two minutes Tom was bound, gagged and lying helpless behind the partition in the baggage end of the room.

"He's safe. Where's Jim?" asked the man who had spoken before.

"Down to the sidin'" came the answer.

"Set the white light."

The door closed quickly after them. Out of Tom's bewilderment and confusion came the question, What did it mean? Robbery? There was nothing worth the risk at the station, and the men had gone.

"Set the white light." That meant the express would not stop.

"Down to the sidin." The blind siding, an eighth of a mile beyond the station by the sand hill! It ended in the gravel bank.

The terrible truth flashed across his mind. He turned cold. Great beads of moisture stood out upon his forehead. Twenty-six, with its living freight, was to be switched on to the siding at full speed.

As the horror of it rushed upon him Tom strained at the cords that bound him hand and foot with a strength he never dreamed he possessed. It was useless. The work had been done well. He looked quickly at the clock—10:41. In 29 minutes more the train would be due. As he turned the knots of the gag pressed into the back of his head. Bearing heavily upon them, unmindful of the pain, he moved his head, forcing his chin downward. They gave. They moved. Again he tried and again, until at last the handkerchief slipped to his neck.

"Help, help! Townsend! Bill! Help!" he cried. But his voice was lost in the mocking howl of the wind, and he realized that the effort was strength wasted and time lost.

Again he looked at the clock—only 26 minutes remained. How fast the seconds flew! Twenty-five—

Deafness of 12 Years' Standing.—Protracted Catarrh produces deafness in many cases. Capt. Ben. Connor, of Toronto, Canada, was deaf for 12 years from Catarrh. All treatments failed to relieve. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder gave him relief in one day, and in a very short while deafness left him entirely. It will do as much for you. 50 cents.—33

Sold by Garden Bros.

The sharp click, click, click, from the other side of the partition caught his ear—a telegraphic message. "Twenty-six 20 minutes late."

"Thank God, a delay!"

Forty-four minutes now—a gain of 20. The train, due at 11:10 would not arrive until 11:30. Townsend relieved him at 12. "Too late! Too late!" rushed through his mind as he glared at the clock. Then the light of hope fairly blazed in his eyes.

The summer before when he had long, weary night watches, twice he had overslept because his alarm had failed him, so to insure his "call" he had run a wire from the station clock to a bell in his room at the hotel. By an ingenious connection when the hands marked 11:45 the ringing of the bell brought him violently out of the land of dreams. When Tom was promoted to the shorter watch and went to live at Mrs. Jordan's, Bill Townsend, who succeeded him, fell heir to his room and "the devil's own," as Tom called the bell. The clock was an imitation of the old fashioned, big faced, careless timepieces, with weights and chains and a long, heavy pendulum.

"Twenty minutes late," he muttered.

The hour hand was less than two inches from the connection, but how slowly it crept! If he could only move that hand! His knees were free. He drew them up towards his chin, shot out his legs and came to a sitting position. Then, by a series of short jumps and bumps, he reached the wall, braced his back against it and, with great difficulty, worked himself to his feet. The pendulum swung close to his ear, but how could he reach the hand? Was he to fail now?

His eyes quickly searched the room. A few feet to the right was the window, heavily barred, the torn shade partly down. His glance rested on the stick that weighted the latter, just what he needed. New hope gave him new strength. Inch by inch he edged himself along the wall to the shade, caught the stick between his teeth and sank quickly to the floor. He had succeeded. The stick was torn loose from its flimsy fastenings. Back again, up and along the wall he worked until he stood nearly under the clock. He turned sidewise, raised his head until the stick pointed at the hand, made a terrific effort to reach it, failed, lost his balance and fell heavily to the floor.

The bodily pain was nothing to him, but he groaned in anguish at the loss of time. He looked up. The clock had stopped!

The hands marked 11. He could reach the pendulum. It must be started. There was still a chance of more delay. Again the struggle to regain his feet, harder now because of his growing weakness. Nearer and nearer he crept to the motionless rod. A nod of his head would start it.

"My God!" he suddenly cried. "Why didn't I think of it before? Is there still time?" And seizing the heavy brass desk at the end of the pendulum in his teeth he raised his head and detached it.

The rod, freed of its heavy weight, swung rapidly back and forward, impelling the hands onward at a greatly increased rate of speed. His eyes were following the minute hand. He could see it move, and the hour hand? Yes, it was creeping along. Tom's strength was going fast. He sank to his knees and rolled over on the floor, but his eyes were fixed on that hand. How long would it take to reach 11:45? Closer and closer it crept. Now it touched the iron connection and moved slowly past it. The alarm had been sounded, but there were 15 minutes more before Bill would arrive. He strained his ears to catch the slightest sound. The noise of the storm was all that he could hear.

Click, click, click came from the instrument—a message from Maysville. Twenty-six had just passed. Maysville was 12 minutes up the road—it must now be 11:18. Tom tried to calculate the time since the hands started on their wild race, but his mind was a chaos of mad thoughts. What if Bill did not arrive in season? He rolled over on his face and waited for the worst.

The door burst open.

"Hello, where are you?" It was Bill's voice.

"Stop 26—hold up at Dyke's siding—get men"—But Bill was gone.

The red light flashed up the track, and 26, with a noisy grinding of wheels and many jolts, came to a stop. A posse was hastily formed, but when the siding was reached nothing was found but the open switch that meant death and destruction.

The passengers and crew tried to make Tom believe that he was a hero, but he only pointed to the clock and said:

"It was the 'devil's own.'"—Waverley Magazine.

Could Scarcely Walk

Mr. George Thompson, a leading merchant of Birmingham, England, writes:—"I was troubled with itching piles for fifteen years, and at times they were so bad I could scarcely walk. I tried a great many remedies, but never found anything like Dr. Chase's Ointment. After the third application I obtained relief, and was completely cured by using one box." Ask your neighbors about Dr. Chase's Ointment, the only absolute cure for piles.

"Well," said Bill Yuss, "I've taken a powder for my headache, a pellet for my liver, and a capsule for my gouty foot. Now, what puzzles me is how do the blamed things know the right place to go to after they get inside!"—Leelle's Weekly.

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Points From a New Boarder.

When the new boarder went into the dining room and sat down there was only one other person at the table. The new boarder had a kind heart and thought he would be affable.

"I 'spose you've boarded here for some time?" he said to the other man.

"Yes. Quite a while."

"How is it? Any good?"

"Yes, pretty fair. I have no complaint to make."

"Landlady treat you decent?"

"Well, perhaps I ought to—" and then he hesitated.

"Oh, never mind, old man," said the new boarder. "That's all right. I'm on. But say, mebbe you never tried chucking her under the chin once in a while. That's the way to get on with 'em. I never had a landlady that didn't treat me A1 yet. It's all in the way you handle 'em. Call 'em 'sister' and give 'em soft, oozy tales about their looks. That's the way to fetch 'em. I'll bet I can live here a month right now without bein' asked for a cent. Watch me nudge her when she comes in. Before this time tomorrow she'll be tellin' me her family history. Poor old girl! She looks as if she'd had troubles. Probably got tied up to some John Henry who was about man enough to shoo chickens out of the yard, and that's all. My name's Hudson. Let's see. I haven't heard yours, have I?"

"N-no, I believe not. But it doesn't matter. I'm just the landlady's husband."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Bentley's Liniment is excellent for strains, bruises, chafes, etc. on horses.

It may happen that in our desire to speak pleasant words to a friend we praise him in one point at the expense of another. A candid and well-meaning professor who had witnessed the performance of a little play in a private house in which his hostess had taken the leading part met the lady as she came from behind the curtain.

"Madam," he said, rushing up to her, "you played excellently. That part fits you to perfection."

"Oh, no, professor," said the lady, modestly. "A young and pretty woman is needed for that part."

"But madam," persisted the professor, "you have positively proved the contrary!"

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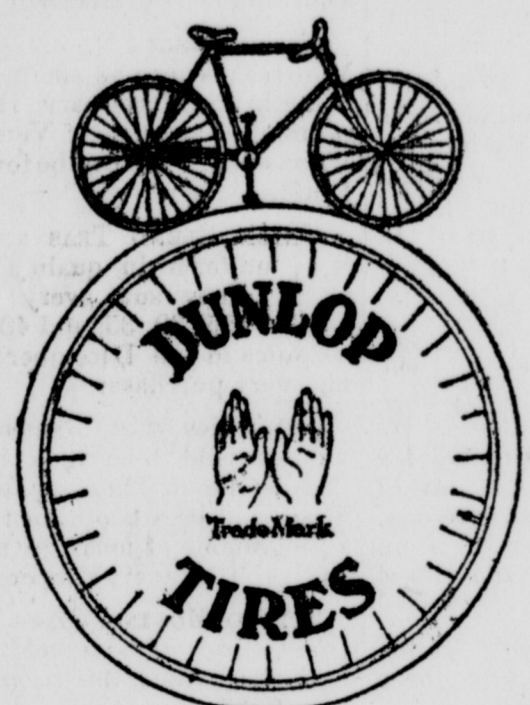
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St. Stephen, St. Andrew, Fredericton,
Saint John, Bangor, Portland and Boston.

8.05 A. MIXED—Week days—for Aroostook
M. Junction, Presque Isle, etc.

11.33 A. EXPRESS—Week days—for Presque
M. Isle, Edmundston, and all points
North.

1.20 P. MIXED—Week days—for Frederic-
ton, etc., via Gibson Branch.

2.55 P. MIXED—Week days—for Bath and
intermediate points.

4.18 P. EXPRESS—Week days—for Saint
John, St. Stephen, Fredericton, St. John, Vance-
boro, Sherbrooke, Montreal, and all points West,
Northwest, and on Pacific Coast: Bangor, Portland,
Boston, etc. Palace-Sleeper McAdam Jct. to Mont-
real. Pullman Sleeper McAdam Jct. to Boston.

7.55 P. MIXED—Week days—for Debec June
Junction and Houlton.

ARRIVALS.

7.00 A. M.—MIXED—Week days, (at Freight
Yard) from McAdam Junction.

11.33 A. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Saint
John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Boston, Montreal,
etc.

12.15 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Frederic-
ton, etc., via Gibson Branch.

2.10 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Presque
Isle.

4.18 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Presque
Isle, Caribou, Edmundston, etc.

5.40 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Houlton.

7.55 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Bath, etc.

9.40 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from St. John
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to think, my husband fell and broke—and
broke—" Mrs. Simpythetik—"There, dear
I heard all about it; the poor man broke his
leg; it's a great affliction, I know, but—" Mrs.
Heartless—"Oh, I didn't mean that
you haven't heard the worst—he was carry-
ing my new Venetian vase when he fell, and
broke it, too."—[Ohio State Journal.