

The Old Fashioned Tenor.

He wouldn't be classed with the tenors today,
For the old fashioned music has floated away,
And he is reposing 'neath sunshine and snow,
And hushed are the ballads he sang long ago;
What ballads they were and how plaintive each
line!
His wonderful singing we thought was divine;
His garments were quaint and his heart it was
true,
And Jimmy, the Tenor, 'most every one knew.
He chanted at weddings, he sang at the bier,
A song for the happy, a hymn for the tear;
As straight as an arrow, as prim as a maid,
He won over heart by the grace he displayed;
The countryside listened, entranced by his strain,
The village would call for the ballad again;
And nobody whispered and nobody stir'd
So long as the voice of the singer was heard.

The critics who sit in the front of the show
Would laugh at the singing of Jimmy, I know;
They'd roast him today could they come to the fore
And give us a taste of his singing once more;
But critics were scarce when his triumphs were won
And in the whole district he rivals had none;
Whenever he warbled he captured the throng,
For Jimmy, the Tenor, was master of song.
There's silence today where he sang in his might,
And the old fashioned village seems robbed of its
light;
But over the hill where the shadows are dim,
The birds in their beauty are singing to him.
I listen in spite of the years that are gone
For the ballads I heard in life's mystical dawn;
They come from the past, where the dark waters
roll,
And Jimmy, the Tenor, sings still in my soul.

Tampering With A Signal.

We were on the platform at Kings Cross.
The evening train for Aberdeen was drawn
up, ready for its journey.

'A fine train, sir,' I said to a guard of
another later train, whom I knew slightly.
'Aye, aye, aye, it's a fine train, this one.
But—though I say it as shouldn't—it's not
the train it was a year ago, when we used
to run up against the London and North-
western every night.'

'Oh,' said I, interested at once, 'so you
were one of the guards in that great race,
were you? It must have been tremendously
exciting.'

'Exciting, sir! Why, I could tell you a
regular story about it, that night as we ran
from King's Cross here to Newcastle with-
out a stop. That was something like a run
wasn't it?'

'It was, indeed, and if it is not troubling
you too much, I'd like to hear your story,
just while we are waiting to see the train
off.'

'I was the guard of this train on this par-
ticular night, sir. Our usual course was to
run to York, without a stop, then on to
Berwick, Edinburgh, Dundee and Aber-
deen. Three nights before, though we had
gone a large part of the distance at eighty
miles an hour, the other company had beaten
us by just about five minutes.

'But this night all our officials not only
hoped, but had made all preparations both
for beating the London and Northwestern,
and also breaking the record.

'I was sitting at home the day before the
eventful run was to take place, smoking my
pipe and thinking deeply, when I was
aroused by a sharp knock at the door. On
opening it I found a tall, fair-haired gentle-
man of about 30, who asked smilingly if
Mr. James—that's my name—was at home,
and if he could see him.

I informed him of my identity and invited
him in.

'Well, I have learned—by what means I
need not say—what probably most of you
on the line think is quite a secret, that
there is to be a very determined attempt
by your train tomorrow night to beat the
record, as well as the other company's
train. I thought it as well to call and ask
your private opinion of the chances of suc-
cess, if you would not be adverse to giving
me it, on the Q. T. You have doubtless
heard of B—& Co.''

'I nodded, and he smiled again.

'Exactly. Well, we have the offer of a
bet of £2,500 to £1,500 that your train
does not beat the London and North-
western to-morrow night. I am of course
inclined to accept the bet, but thought it
wise just to drop in and ask your opinion
first (on the strict Q. T.) as to the chances
of your success. I reckon a 'pony' would
be very welcome, wouldn't it, for yourself,
and a 'tenner' for each of the others?'

'You can depend on us to-morrow night,
sir,' said I. 'We have all in readiness,
and shall certainly do the trick. Why,
bless you—though it's strictly private—we
were going to run to Newcastle without a
stop.'

'He had a drink of whiskey with me, and
then he rose to go. "O, by the by," said
he, before leaving, "there's no risk of your
having to stop on the way, I suppose? I
mean for foolish passengers who might get
nervous at the speed and pull the commu-
nication cord, or anything of that sort? And
there is no part of the rail likely to be
blocked, as there was a few nights ago at
Darlington, I suppose?'

'No, I think both contingencies are very
unlikely, the latter especially. The only
awkward piece of this line is that between
Arbroath and Montrose, where we have
only a single line to work on. That neces-
sarily is ticklish, but it'll be all right to-
morrow night.'

'Amid a storm of cheers from the many
spectators on the platform we set out from
Kings Cross here for Aberdeen. Our train
consisted of the engine and tender—our
very best, I need scarcely say—with five
coaches and the guard's van.

'For the first time there was no stoppage
at York, through Darlington and Durham.
As you know, we always felt uncertain
about this piece of road between York and
Newcastle, the traffic is so heavy; but on
the occasion there was not the slightest
need for any diminution of speed, and as
we drew up at Newcastle platform for a
ten-minute stay we were actually five
minutes before any record time for this
journey.

'All went well to Edinburgh, over the
Tay bridge and through Dundee, until we
began to get within measurable distance of
Aberdeen. I found, on referring to my
watch, that now, just before entering on
the piece of single line, we were about
fifteen minutes before our expected time.

'We had gone about a couple of miles
when I fancied I felt a slight slackening of
our speed. Before another mile was
covered this was more plainly evident, and
when I heard those portentous whistles of
the engine I knew that the signals were
against us.

The train gradually slackened speed un-
til it came to a dead stop at that wretched
signal. As no notice was taken to our
repeated whistling, I was about to go for-
ward myself to the signal box to see what
was the matter, when I saw the signalman

waving a white light. He protested, in
reply to my angry query, that he had
signaled the line as being clear for the
last half hour, but I assured him that the
signal was against us.

'But though we dashed into Aberdeen
with much puffin of the engine at least
four minutes before our appointed time,
we were too late. That miserable stop-
page on the single line had killed us, and
we found that the London and North-
western train had beaten us by three
minutes.

'There was, of course, an immediate in-
quiry into the cause of the delay, and it
was found on examination that the signal-
man was not to blame, as the signal wires
had been tampered with. Hence the
signal would not work when the lever was
pulled.

'The signalman recollected having seen
a gentlemanly looking fellow walking near
the line the day before and taking a stroll
that way later in the evening, but he was
not at all sure he could recognize him
again.

'It was about a fortnight or so later that
I received a letter from New York. I
opened it, and read as follows:

'Dear Mr. James—Thanks for your in-
formation as to which was the most tick-
lish portion of your line to Aberdeen, we
were enabled to carry out our plan
successfully. You see, we had bet that
the London and Northwestern would win,
not the Great Northern; and so took steps
to win our wager. I am sorry you lost your
promised reward—ah, ah, but there are
three £25 notes inclosed, as a solatium,
one for each of you, with my best thanks.
You will pardon my last piece of advice,
Mr. James—don't, another time, give too
much information to strangers.'

'Ah, there is the whistle and off she goes
on her long journey to the north. The
next train is mine. Good-night, sir!—
London Tit-Bits.

THE OFFERING BOX.

Billy! Billy! Oh, Billy!

A pair of bare feet went flying along the
pavement, while the shrill voice of their
panting owner rang through the alley.

Billy turned at the repeated call and
stood waiting at the corner, with a bundle
of papers under his arm.

'What d'ye want, Tommy?'

'Want to tell ye somethin'!

'What is it?'

'There's some new folks moved into

142.'

'Is that all? Billy cast a glance of deep
distrust upon his friend. 'There's new
folks movin' in and out somewheres all the
time, but nobody goes racin' up an' down
to tell of it. A great fellow you be, Tommy!

'I don't care!' said Tommy unabashed.
'These folks are different. I saw 'em come.
There was about a half a drayload o' stuff,
and, right in the middle, on top of an old
mattress or somethin', was a boy as looked
pretty near my size. His mother—least-
wise, I s'pose 'twas his mother—was walkin'
alongside. She had on a black dress, an'
she looked awfully tired-like. Just as I was

a-thinkin' 'twas mighty queer for a boy to
be ridin' along lettin' his mother walk
that way, the dray stopped in front o' No.
142, and the driver, he just stretched out
his arms and lifted the boy down, an'—
Billy, what d'ye s'pose?'

'Go ahead, Tommy! I don't s'pose
nothin'!

'Well, he hadn't any legs at all—just
two stumps like, cut off above the knees!'

'Whew! whistled Billy.

'I didn't want to act like I was watchin'
too close, so I just hung around sort o'
careless, whilst the man carried him in, an'
then unloaded the things. By-me-by the
woman opened the window, an' pulled a
chair in front of it. Then she sat the boy
in the chair, an' there he is now, lookin'
out all by hisself.'

'Let's take a stroll down that way,
Tommy.'

'All right!' agreed Tommy, and the two
boys turned back together. They walked
leisurely, however, keeping an eye out to
business by the way. Billy by industriously
crying his papers, succeeded in making
two or three sales, and Tommy, whose
profession was easily to be guessed from
the blaking-box and brushes strapped on
his shoulders, had the good luck to come
upon a gentleman in urgent need of a
'zhine.'

They were a ragged little pair, with
faces and hands not over-clean, yet, as
they came within range of the open window
at 'No. 142,' the pale features of the boy
who was sitting there suddenly brightened
and he leaned eagerly forward upon the
sill. The room was on the basement-floor
of the tenement house, and the boy's head
was but little above tee level of the pav-
ement, so that he was forced to look up,
instead of down, at those who passed by.

'Here he is!' whispered Tommy under
his breath. 'street arab' though some
people might have called him, he carried
too kindly a heart under his soiled jacket,
to be willing to stare openly at one so
sadly afflicted.

Bill gave a swift glance downward, and
met another pair of eyes, large and brown,
under long, curling lashes.

'Hullo!' said the strange boy shyly, and
'Hullo!' answered Billy and Tommy in a
duet of good-fellowship.

'I saw you when we first came,' said the
boy, addressing Tommy, 'and I was in
hopes you'd come back. Do you and he
live anywhere around here?'

'Jus' down the next block.'

'Then I can see you often, can't I? I'm
so glad! You see, in Cedar Street, where
we've been living, I knew all the children—
such a lot of them! I felt awfully lone-
some to have to move, only—lowering his
voice and glancing backward over his
shoulder—I don't want mother to know.
She isn't very well, and the rent was too
much. And now I'm beginning to get
acquainted already. My name is Launce
Harvey. Will you tell me yours?'

'Tommy Rooney.'

'And yours?'

'Billy Connor.'

'Thank you—they're nice names. I used
to sell papers too,' said the boy wistfully
eying Billy's package of 'Journals.' 'That
was before I was hurt,' and he glanced at
his stumps of legs.

'However did you lose 'em asked Billy.

'I fell under the cable car. It was a little
more than a year ago.'

'Didn't it hurt—awful?' asked Tommy
with wide eyes.

'I don't remember much at first. When
I woke up, I was in the hospital. I had to
stay there a long time. Sometimes the
pain was very bad, and I used to fret for
my mother—especially in the night. There
was one of the nurses that I liked best,
only she couldn't stay with me all the time,
because she had to tend to the others. One
night, when I couldn't sleep, and she'd been
holding my hand a good while, I cried be-
cause she was going. 'I can't be alone!'

'But you aren't alone, Launce,' says
she 'not one minute. Jesus stays by you
all the time.' 'But I can't see him said I.

'Shut your eyes,' says she. 'Now you
can't see me.' 'But I can feel you,' said I.

'Then she took away her hand. 'But I can
hear you talk,' said I. 'I just know you are
there! 'That's just it, Launce,' said she.

'What difference does it make if you can't
see, or feel, or hear Him if you know he is
here? You see, I'd never thought about
it that way before, and after that, I never
felt so lonesome again.'

The two street-boys looked at each other
wonderfully. 'It must be mighty hard
lines never to run about any more,' said
Tommy after a pause.

'It was at first. I'm gettin' more used
to it now. But the hardest part is that I
can't help my mother. You see, before my
father died, I promised him that I'd
take care of her, and now she has to take
care of me. But, when I get my chair, I'm
going to sell papers again.'

'Your chair?'

'A rolling chair, like we had at the hos-
pital—you make it go with your hands.
It's just splendid—you can move it any-
where you want to. But it costs a lot of
money—as much as twenty-five dollars.
I've got a little iron bank, and we're sav-
ing up for the chair—my mother and I.

We had almost five dollars, and then mother
was sick, and we had to use it. But
we've begun over again now, and there are
a very good many pennies in the bank al-
ready. Only see how heavy it's growin'!

The boy took the bank from a small
table which stood beside his chair, and
rattling it proudly, held it up for the in-
spection of his new friends, who had
stretched themselves at ease on the pav-
ement before his window.

'It is heavy—that's a fact!' said Tommy
weighing the bank upon his palm. Sudden-
ly he thrust his grimy hand into his
jacket-pocket. 'There's something to
make it heavier,' said he, and he dropped
into the slot the shining dime which he
had received for blacking the boots of his
latest patron.

The blood rushed to Launce's face.

'Oh! said he, 'what made you do that?'

'I wanted to,' answered Tommy simply.

'Give it here!' demanded Billy, and two
nickels followed the dime.

'You mustn't! Truly you mustn't!'

expostulated Launce, crying and laughing
at once. 'I never thought—'

'In course you didn't!' said Billy. 'But
don't fret! We've got more'n we know
what to do with! and with an air of a
bondholder he shook his pocket, ringing
upon each other the two small and lonely
coins left at the bottom. 'We'll have to
be goin' now,' he added briskly.

'But you'll come again?'

'Sure! And we'll fetch around a friend
or two mebbe.'

The 'friend or two' multiplied many times
over as the days and weeks passed. The
open window where the crippled boy sat all
day long, because gradually a sort of
gathering-place for the children of the
neighborhood. Out of the bareness and
poverty of their own lives, they view with
each other to bring him little gifts—an
apple or orange, a bright picture, or a
castaway flower.

'It's just wonderful how good everybody
is!' he told his mother again and again.

And, indeed, some strange, refining in-
fluence seemed to have entered the dingy
alley. It was not easy to quarrel or



SEE THAT LINE

It's the wash,
out early, done
quickly, cleanly
white.

Pure Soap did it
SURPRISE SOAP

with power to clean with-
out too hard rubbing, with-
out injury to fabrics.

SURPRISE
is the name, don't forget it.

fight under the sorrowful glance of the
great, loving brown eyes.

The little iron bank, with its precious
chairfund, had been put out of sight. On
one point Launce was firm.

'I thank you ever so much,' he would
say, 'but I can't take your pennies. You
need them too much yourselves.'

'And a boy can't blame him,' said Billy
to Tommy in confidential deliberation one
day. 'It's all well enough for that blind
feller as his dog leads around by a string,
to be a-holdin' out his tin cup. But Launce
—he ain't no beggar!'

'Billy!' cried Tommy.

'Well, if you ain't the beater for yellin'
out, Tommy Rooney! What you got now?'

'If we told the superintendent, down
there to the mission, he'd let us put up a
box—I know he would—and everybody
that wanted to help buy Launce's chair,
could put in somethin.' I tell ye, Billy,
we'd get a lot that way!'

'I believe ye're right! We'll do it!'

So began to be forged a golden chain of
kindliness, for Tommy and Billy told the
superintendent of their plan, the super-
intendent explained it to the mission-
school, the box was prepared and set upon
the desk where all could see it, and the
children, one and all, set heads and hands
at work to fill it. Never before had there
been such eager watching for 'jobs,' such
acts of self-denial, small to human eyes,
but great in the sight of the angels.

It was hard, indeed, to keep from Launce
himself the secret with which every small
breast was nigh to bursting, yet there was
not a child but would have bitten off his
tongue rather than play the traitor.

Week by week, the fund grew in the
box—mostly, to be sure, in pennies, but
with an occasional bit of nickel or silver.

But, when it was counted, on a Sunday
six months later, there were only five dol-
lars! One of the little girls sobbed aloud,
and even brave Tommy had a lump in his
throat. For they had been so sure of
twenty at least!

That was the Sunday when the beautiful
lady had come to visit the school. The
children had whispered to each other as
she entered, with her gown making a soft,
silk rustle as she walked, and the roses
in her hat matching the delicate pink of
her cheeks. The superintendent seemed
to know her quite well, and, when he had
finished counting the money, she said some-
thing to him in a very low voice, to which
he answered with a nod and a smile.

Billy's eyes had not played him false,
only the 'yellow collar' was worth twenty
silver ones, for it was a golden double-
eagle which the beautiful lady had put in
the box.

When the children knew, they set up a
shrill cheer, but the superintendent lifted
his hand.

'Let us thank God!' said he, and even
the wildest of the boys bowed their heads.

I wish I had time to tell you of the sur-
prise-party in the little basement-room
which would scarcely hold all the guests;
how the elegant rolling-chair was with
great pains smuggled inside, and produced
exactly at the right moment; how Launce
was seated in it, and by much crowding
backward into the hall and passage-way,
a little space was made in which
the children could see him, by
grasping the lever, glide smoothly over the
floor, up and down, round about.

You may imagine all the joy and thank-
fulness, but you can never know which
were the happier, Launce and his mother
or Tommy and Billy with the other mis-
sion children and the beautiful lady.

And it, some summer day, you should
hear the call of a bright-eyed newsboy
who neither walks nor runs, but wheels
himself skillfully along the pavement, be
sure to buy your paper of him, for that
will be Launce, taking care of his mother.

THE MYSTERIOUS ASSASSIN.

It Was Worse Than a Ghost, as the Great
Marshall Found.

One night, shortly after the celebrated
Battle of Fontenoy, its hero, Marshal De
Saxe, arrived at a little village in which
was an inn with a peculiar reputation. It
was said that in this inn there were ghosts
who stabbed or strangled all who attempted
to pass the night in a certain room.

The conqueror of Fontenoy was far from
being susceptible to superstitious terrors,
and was ready to face an army of ghosts.

He dismounted, ate his supper, and went
up to the fatal room taking with him his
arms and his body servant.

His arrangements completed, the mar-
shal went to bed, and was soon in a pro-
found slumber, with his sentinel ensconced
in an armchair by the fire. About one
o'clock in the morning the watcher by the
fire, wanting to get some sleep himself ap-
proached his master to awaken him, but to

his call he received no response. Thinking
the marshal soundly asleep, he called again.
Startled at the continued silence, the man
shook him; the marshal did not stir.

As he lifted his hands from the form in
the bed, the frightened servant saw that
they were red. The marshal was lying in
a pool of blood! Drawing down the cover
the soldier saw a strange thing. An enor-
mous insect was fastened to the side of De
Saxe, and was sucking at a wound from
which the blood flowed freely.

The man sprang to the fireplace, grasp-
ed the tongs, and ran back to the bed.
Seizing the monster, he cast it into the
flames, where it was instantly consumed.

Help was called, and the marshal was
soon out of danger; but the great general,
who had escaped fire and steel for years,
had barely escaped dying of the bite of an
insect. He had found the ghost.

Pain Cannot Stay

Where Nervine—nerve pain cure—is
used. Composed of the most powerful
pain subduing remedies known, Nervine
never fails to give prompt relief in rheuma-
tism, neuralgia, cramps, pain in the back
and side, and the host of painful affections,
internal or external, arising from inflam-
matory action. Unequal for all nerve
pains.

Joy.

Joy is a prize unbought, and is freest,
purest in its flow when it comes unsought.
No getting into heaven as a place will
compass it. You must carry it with you,
else it is not there. You must have it in
you, as the music of a well-ordered soul,
the fire of a holy purpose, the welling up
out of the central depths of eternal springs
that hide their waters there.—[H. Bush-
nell.

Bees' Night Work.

Bees work at night in the hive, building
their combs as perfectly as if an electric
light shone there all the time. The exist-
ence of the young depends on the liquidity
of the saccharine food presented to them,
and it light were allowed access to this it
would, in all probability, prove fatal to the
inmates of the hive.

Get Instant Relief From Piles

This most irritating disease relieved in
ten minutes by using Dr. Agnew's Oint-
ment, and a cure in from three to six
nights. Thousands testify of its goodness.
Good for Eczema, Salt Rheum, and all
skin diseases. If you are without faith, one
application will convince. 35 cents.

A Word Pictur-

A sudden rain, a road of clay,
A leak that's sure though slow;
A 'pump' just twenty miles away—
How's that for wheel and woe!

—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

According as we look at things,
So good or ill we gain;
One sees God's sunset through the glass,
Wife sees a dusty pane.



Is Your
Heart
Strong?

Or have you palpitation, throbbing or
irregular beating, dizziness, short breath,
smothering or choking sensation, pain in
the breast or heart. If so, your heart is
affected and will in turn affect your
nerves, causing nervousness, sleepless-
ness, morbid anxious feeling, debility.

**Milburn's
Heart AND Nerve
Pills**

Cure all these complaints by regulating
the heart's action and building up the
nervous and muscular system to perfect
health and strength. Price 60c. per box
or 6 boxes for \$2.50. At all druggists.

Constipation

Causes fully half the sickness in the world. It
retains the digested food too long in the bowels
and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indi-

**Hood's
Pills**

gestion, bad taste, coated
tongue, sick headache, in-
somnia, etc. Hood's Pills
cure constipation and all its
results, easily and thoroughly. 25c. All druggists.
Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.
The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.