

THE ENGINEERS.

He struck his harp a sounding stroke, And high in heaven the music rang; The choir in the skies and the angels Plunging the mighty note he sang.

And one who loitered by the way, Who wore no singing robe and hat, Lined with the stars and the sky As a child's laugh, a throbbing call.

And half beneath the breath his strain Seemed full of tones all men had heard Long, long ago, sweet falls of rain, The love song of the mating bird.

The rustling leaf, the murmuring dove, They heard in that melodious sigh; The whisper of first trembling love They heard and their first lullaby.

Within their hearts they sang his lay Again, they kissed his garment's hem And threw their laurels in his way That he might rest his feet on them.

—Harriet Prescott Spofford in Independent.

The Doctor of the Swamp

The Swamp Swallowed the Locomotive, and the Lake Swallowed the Swamp.

BY MORLEY ROBERTS. Copyright.

It was undoubtedly a swamp. "There ain't no shadder of a doubt of it," said the railroad men when they cut sods from the moss with short handled shovels.

North of them stretched the mighty prairies, not yet yielding corn, for half a thousand miles. Beyond the prairie lay the muskeg, the barren lands of northern Canada, haunt of the red eyed, matted musk ox, of the moose and caribou.

South was Lake Superior, a silver green sea, quiet, untroubled and tremendous. Upon its shores thousands of men were working at the making of a railroad, part of Britain's steel girde round the world.

But now it was on the anvil, and the nature of things was bucking against the intention of man, and every now and again Fate pipped a card played by the engineers, and this happened sometimes just as the C. P. R. man was reaching out his hand to collar the stakes.

"A swamp, it is true," said the surveyor, "but nothing serious. Let the engineers look to it."

They shifted ahead and measured the rotund earth and left the swamp behind them. And a spell of dry weather took the engineers in. It even took Archer in, who was not truly an engineer, but a man who understood things generally and often was hardest driving when he was as invisible as steam in the cylinder.

"Get on, get on," said Archer, who was a real chunk of millstone grit, originally from Yorkshire and Americanized till he bit like a file into any opposition.

"I just mean having it done," was Archer's motto, and it was forever in his mouth.

"He meant having it done" should be by his epitaph and perhaps will be by and when it gets done finally.

So when the swamp spread out he jumped on it and declared decisively that it wasn't a swamp at all, or if it was, it wasn't much of one. And if it was much of one he didn't care.

"The railroad goes over it," said Archer, for he wanted that section through, and in his mind was the notion of the driving of the last spike, which represents heavenly attainment and paradise to railroad men.

And the railroad did go over it, and then Archer said: "I told you so. Hurry up, now; hurry up."

As everybody had been hurrying up till the horizon danced the men grunted a little. And Archer slid east on a train on business and wasn't back for three days. As he returned it rained in a gentle, insinuating way, good for crops and soothing to the farmer's mind. But it did not soothe Archer, who wanted nice, dry, warmish weather, as he knew men, if they worked at all, never worked as well in rain, for when a man is thinking about himself it takes his mind away from his shovel, and he who would shift 15 cubic yards of "dirt" in ten hours will come down to shifting only 12 or less.

He got out at Neplion. "It's a bit damp, Mr. Archer," said a man loafing there on the platform. "Humph!" said Archer.

"And they do say there ain't no railroad on that swampy patch," said the Neplion man.

"What?" "No railroad on that swamp piece, I said," returned Neplion, spitting. "Gone through!"

"The deuce!" cried Archer, and, going to his office, he found a few telegrams, reading: 1. "Swamp looks very shaky." 2. "Swamp too soft. Can hardly run the gravel train over it." 3. "Road gone in. Locomotive gone with it. Wire instructions."

Archer went outside and shook his fist at Nature and swore a little very softly and a little not loud and, getting on the locomotive with the engineer, went like the wind on a visit of inspection.

"I own it freely," said the man, with his hand on the lever as the engine fled west like a squattering duck. "I own it freely, Mr. Archer, but I never had no confidence in that swamp."

and so were the drain culverts running athwart the road.

"It's got to be tried with all weathers," said the engineer, who was rather religious. "The Almighty says that about all things, Mr. Archer, and railroads ain't no exception and haven't no especial gifts of grace. It's good works put the railroad through. We find salvation on the bedrock."

But Archer had no love for theology then or at any time, and he growled. "Here we are, sir," said the sententious man at the lever.

They pulled up at a bit of a wayside shanty that is now a dandy station, and Archer lit off the locomotive into a puddle.

He found a gang of melancholy makers of railroads awaiting his coming. They looked very much ashamed of themselves.

"So you've let her through, have you?" cried Archer reproachfully. And Scott, the chief of them, nodded. The others nodded, too, like automatic Chinese mandarins.

"We've let her through, sir," said Scott; "that's a fact."

Archer nipped him by the arm just above the elbow. "Come in and let's have a look," said Archer. And he went out of the shelter into the rain.

Behind them tailed the gang of subdued subordinates. A dozen of the men came out of their tents and followed.

"Think bully Archer can cure her?" asked one. "He's a rustler."

"Rustles us." "And himself, sonny. But this yer swamp! Dr. Archer can cure swamps and give new life and tone to the whole railroad system of the C. P. R. Do not delay till it is too late. Mention this advertisement."

The tail of Archer's group laughed at the joker. But Archer overheard, for he had ears.

"You heard that?" he said to Scott. "Young Wade is saying I'm the swamp doctor. If so, it's my first case."

They came down to the creek or little river which bounded the swamp. The bridge was wrecked, and the rails gradually disappeared into bubbling slime on the far side of the water. And right across the swamp which now glistened in pools lay a broad band of this same black slime, marking where the road to the Rockies and beyond had once been.

"Oh, British Columbia!" said Archer to himself; "oh, British Columbia, must you wait?"

He spoke out. "So the gravel train went through?" "Yes," said Scott, with the curt American affirmative, "it did so."

"Then she's deep?" "She is so," said Scott, pulling his mustache.

"We'll report this when we're cured!" said Archer. "Oh, hang this rain! How shall we cure it?"

Scott put the end of his mustache into his mouth and chewed it. "Mr. Archer, it's my opinion that it was a mistake to take this line. It would have paid us to go up yonder."

"Extra miles cost dollars, Mr. Scott," snapped Archer, "and never mind about the ought. What's to be done now? For I just mean having it done, and that settles it."

He sat down on a baulk of pine lying on the ground and motioned Scott to sit beside him. The others retreated.

"He says 'he just means having it done,'" said Charley Wade. "He's a tough, isn't he? I'll bet drinks he does it too."

And he and his crowd argued all the way back to camp. "A swamp can be drained," said Archer.

"This one drains itself," replied Scott. "We're sitting beside the drain now."

"Then we wait another." "I don't see how it's to be done, sir." "I just mean having it done!" cried Archer. "But for raising difficulties give me your expert. This man who knows too much knows too little."

"And the man who knows too little often knows too much, sir," said Scott sharply.

"Oh, pshaw!" cried Archer. "I'll cure this swamp or bust. It's late now and getting dark, and I'm wet to the skin. But tomorrow I'll go through this swamp and fix it. I tell you I mean having it done. Think it out, Scott. I'll give a month's pay to any man who makes a feasible suggestion, whether it works or not."

He went back to the camp and staid by himself, sweating over the swamp problem, while the crew of engineers and the men argued till the night fell down, when the sky rained in the east and the sun came up from Ontario to see how the work got on.

It found little Archer sitting over his swamp, thinking it out, and went on to inspect the Rocky Mountain division, where 10,000 human ants strove among the great hills. And when the sun came round again it still saw the man who meant having it done sitting over his swamp, thinking it out.

He called all the engineers up one after the other and found them fixed in cursing the surveyors for having struck this swamp in fine, dry weather. But none of them had any notion of clearing up the difficulty without delay.

"I mean having it done and without any more waste of time," he said to Charley Wade, who was as bright as the best of them. "If this swamp stays, there's a reason for it. What is it, Wade?"

"It's not so much above the lake level, sir," said Charley, "and maybe there's a connection between the two."

"Come here," said Archer, and he walked the young fellow far down the bank of the creek. "Isn't this a good enough drain?" "Only it don't drain it," answered Wade.

And then Archer clipped him tight by the shoulder. "I've got it, Wade. Look at the creek and read it and tell me what you read."

"Give me an iron rod," he demanded of the storekeeper, "and let me have it quick. One ten feet long, and stiff at that. Steal it, take it, get it, man alive!"

And as he stood waiting he looked back from the steel rails running east past Nomaogensina, Metagama and Nipissing till they struck the Ottawa river and went through under the crowned city of Ottawa to Montreal. And westward, westward lay the mighty mountains, and beyond them was the sea.

"Let us get our bit done, my men," said the doctor of the swamp. "Oh, I just mean getting it done!"

The storekeeper came hurriedly, trying not to run for the sake of his dignity and hardly daring to walk while the half tamed bear, Archer, danced on the hot plate of his desire.

So Archer snatched a long clearing rod from the hands of his man and, with his left shoulder, started back for his sick spot in the railroad, like a thick set little surgeon handling a probang and hungering for enlightenment, for he was more like a surgeon than a doctor, and no dilettante or mere fumbler at that.

"I'll drain you," he said savagely. "I'll give you beans. I'll rake up your vitals, my precious swallower of locomotives. I'll make you a mud spot and scrape you dry with a shovel."

His eyes brightened, and he walked with a swing. Three deep lines betwix his eyes were now two, and if his diagnosis of this swamp disease were but accurate he would smooth out these to a single crease.

He got back to his drain, the slow and dismal creek, and saw Charley Wade in the distance coming up from the lake in a rotten shell called a boat.

"Step light or you'll step through, sir," said Charley. "She's a basket and as crazy as a state asylum."

"Was it easy rowing up, Wade?" asked the little bear, handling his rod like a harpoon.

"Easier up here than below," said Wade, and the bear grunted joyfully. "And still she tells you nothing?" Wade looked up choptfallen.

"Not a word, sir." "You came through a place where it was a bit weedy, eh?" "I did," said Wade.

"Let her drift," said Archer, like a bear when he smells honey. And he let his iron bang deep in the water, but found no bottom.

"I'm on mud," said the boss, and he stood up. "Let her drift," he said sharply, and he jabbed into thick ooze.

"Not yet," he growled. "Go lower." Again he jabbed at the under earth, and the rod went deeper.

"Tgh!" said the boss, and there were three lines betwix his half closed eyes.

"Oh, a yard more!" he cried to Wade, and then he rammed again at the earth and struck a rib. The diving rod rang.

"Oh, I've got it!" said the surgeon, and the world was a happy place for him that moment. "I touched her—oh, I touched her! Ribs o' rock!"

Wade opened his eyes and understood. "Hurrah!" he cried.

"You read her now?" said Archer, with the open brows of a child.

"She's A, B, C," laughed Wade, and the boss and the boy shook hands.

What greater joy than to circumvent the ancient, cunning earth! The Maker of Things and the builder can declare it. Let those of a city's meaner joys and those who play their little wiles against a brother and his brains laugh if they will, but they are nothing in the scales of Fate when God holds the balance and sets against their golden plumpness some natural lord of the open air.

"Say nothing about this, Wade; not a word," cried Archer. "Some of you think I'm nothing but a whip and spur."

"Not I," said Wade. "I told 'em." "Lemme ashore," cried Archer, "and take your boat back."

He marched to the camp triumphant, holding his hat in his hand. "Send me quick three rock men, with drills and dynamite," he cried east.

"And this is private," he added to the operator tucking the message. And early next morning he had three lads of metal drilling under water into a rib of the earth.

"There's nothing in it," said Scott, a bit sulky at being dispossessed of the initiative by this brigadier who believed he saw the enemy's weak spot.

"There'll be dynamite in it," said Wade to himself. "And grumpy Archer's in it, and he's a whale at things."

And grumpy Archer growled and swore and tramped and stamped and walked round and round his swamp and up and down it and waited for the crisis and the proof. Between his eyes came other lines, and they were crisscrossed with other wrinkles.

"I'll rake your insides out," he told the swamp that regarded him with fat, black contempt and stood in ooze. "I'll rake and scrape you and make dry peat of you and get my locomotive back."

The lads drilling went at it steadily, and when one hole was made under the dark water Archer ordered another. "I'll give you pills, my boy," he told his sick railroad, "and fetch you out hale and hearty."

He sat watching the men work, one of them turning the drill stolidly and the others striking.

"Keep the hole up and down. Don't go out of the rib," said Archer. "It's not so big across."

found it no more. The ancient accumulation of weed and wreck and ooze piled up against it began to go, and the stream moved swifter and swifter as it cut its way into the earth. And as it moved it sank inch by inch.

"Have I done it?" asked the doctor. "It looks like it," said Scott. "And I own you've beaten me. She's draining—draining fast."

"Let's go up higher," said Archer. "Where's my locomotive?"

He set men by the place of blasting, and as the creek fell they cheered the way for it. He piled them into the water with their shovels, and the swamp went out into the lake and made a black, broadening band in the silvery waters lapping on their beach.

"I'll teach you," said Archer to the enemy; "I'll teach you! Give me back my locomotive!"

And presently they saw the engine show itself above the sinking ooze, and from both sides of the swamp the length of three long rails was visible.

"A bit of sun," said Archer, "will make it peat. I'm wanted east just now. Hurry up, hurry up."

And the man who meant having it done went back to do something else.—New York Press.

Made Him Sing Bass. "What man has done man can do," is a good motto, but it needs to be interpreted in the light of common sense.

Every now and then we hear of a man who takes it to mean that a little perseverance will make a Newton or a Beethoven out of the stupidest of us.

Here is a story connected with Liddell, the somewhat overpositive dean of Christ church, borrowed from The Spectator.

Dr. Corfe, the organist of Christ church, was at this time sorely plagued by one of the choirmen, whose alto singing was miserably bad. He came to the dean.

"Mr. Dean, I really cannot have that man singing any longer. He spoils the whole choir. If only he sang bass it would not so much matter, but such an alto is intolerable."

"Very well, Dr. Corfe," said the dean. "I will deal with the matter."

"So the choirman was sent for. "Dr. Corfe complains of your singing and says he cannot have you singing any longer, but that it would not be so bad if you sang bass. For the future, therefore, be good enough to sing bass."

"But, Mr. Dean, I cannot sing bass," rejoined the man.

"Well," answered Liddell, "I am no musician, but sing bass you must. Good morning."

And for many a year afterward, as can be but too well remembered, the man sang bass till he was finally shelved.

Evils of Continued Anxiety. Some years ago I collected the statistics regarding the lives of stockbrokers in a certain city and was surprised to find that nearly every person who lived a sober life and continuously studied the ups and downs of the money market failed either mentally or physically in a short time—less than a dozen years—ultimately disappearing from active life.

On the other hand, the men who were operators of great skill and coolness and who lived regularly most of the time, but occasionally gave way to the drink habit and disappeared several days at a time on account of helpless drunkenness, lived longer and had fewer mental disorders.

This, of course, cannot be construed into an argument in favor of drinking even occasionally, but was to my mind a very strong indication of the benefit coming from the occasional complete relaxation from intense mental anxiety. Protracted anxiety without rest breaks more men than does hard intellectual effort.—Medical Record.

Pockets and Sentiment. "Married or unmarried?" asked the measurer of a Walnut street tailoring establishment of a customer yesterday afternoon just as the Saunterer chanced to stroll into the place.

"Unmarried," replied the young man, with a blush.

"Inside pocket on the left side, then," observed the tailor, as if talking to himself, while in the memorandum book on the counter he made a note to that effect.

After the young man had departed the Saunterer could not refrain from the query: "What difference does his being single make in his inside vest pockets?"

"Ah, my dear sir," observed the knight of the thread and needle with a bland smile, "all the difference in the world. Being unmarried, he, of course, wants the pocket on the left side so as to bring his sweetheart's picture over the heart."

"But doesn't a married man want his wife's picture in the same place?" inquired the scribe.

"Well, there may be an instance of that kind," replied the tailor in a doubtfully hesitant tone of voice, "but I must confess that such a one never came under my observation."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

What Made Armor Obsolete. "Firearms and armor" is the theme of a paper by Julian Corbett in Longman's. The traditional idea that firearms occasioned the disuse of armor is shown to be unfounded. In fact, "plate armor and gunpowder were introduced in the same century." He argues to prove: "The real explanation, then, of the disappearance of armor is, firstly, that with the development of military science light cavalry proved itself more serviceable than heavier cavalry, and, secondly, that light cavalry in their origin were mounted musketeers and were therefore unarmored. Except in their early days musketeers, it must be remembered, never wore armor."

Marine Corps Chevrons. There is only one branch of the United States service where the chevrons of sergeants and corporals are worn as they were a century ago and as they are still worn in a very large portion of the English service. This is in the United States marine corps, and here they are invited, the point of the chevron being toward the shoulder instead of toward the wrist, as in all branches of the service. The other curious feature of the service is that the colors of the corps are red and yellow, those of cavalry and artillery, while the service is actually infantry.

PRINTING HAT TIPS.

THE WORK IS DONE FROM STEEL PLATES OR BRASS DIES.

A Vast Variety of Designs Necessary to Meet the Demands of the Trade. An Interesting Business and How It is Conducted.

Hatters' printing, which is the printing of names, trademarks and other designs upon hat tips and sweat leathers in hats, and upon the labels used on hat boxes, is a business by itself. The hat tip, or crown lining of a hat, is sometimes made of paper, oftentimes of satin. In a silk hat and in some stiff hats the tip covers the entire interior of the crown above the sweat leather; in straw hats the tip is very often composed of a broad strip of satin upon a lace crown lining. Many stiff hats and most soft hats are now finished without tips, in which case the trademark or name is printed on the sweat leather.

Tip printing is done from brass dies and in the finest work from steel plates. These dies and plates are made in very great variety. In a large establishment devoted to hatters' printing there might be found 30,000 dies and 10,000 steel plates. Proof impressions of this great number of dies and plates fill many huge, ledger like volumes, upon whose pages they are secured as in scrapbooks.

There are throughout the country thousands of retailing hatters, each having a separate die of his own, with which the tips of the hats he sells are printed; some hat jobbers might have many dies, including dies of trademarks and designs for special lines of goods. All these dies and plates, however varied and widely distributed their ownership may be, are kept in the establishment of the printer, ready for use on occasion. The owner pays for the engraving of the first die, the cost varying according to its elaborateness; if a die or plate becomes worn and a new die is needed the printer supplies it.

In the large hatters' printing establishments everything pertaining to the business is done, including the designing and engraving of the dies and plates, as well as the printing from them. Some designs, the trademarks of old established houses, become familiar from long continued use. As dies and plates wear out they are simply replaced, the design continuing the same.

On the other hand, every year, for one reason and another, many designs go out of use, and finally the dies and plates are destroyed; but every year there are produced for individual dealers and for general trade purposes thousands of new designs, so that the number of dies and plates on hand at the printer's is always great. These designs, aside from those made for individual hatters, include a very great variety of subjects. Thus there might be seen printed on hat tips ships and locomotives and horses and anvils and many other things; and any name or object of public interest at the moment is likely to be reproduced inside of hats.

Almost every hat worn bears within it printing in some form. If the hat has no tip it appears on the sweat leather, and it may also be in such a hat upon what is called a sticker, this being a piece of paper, cloth or leather, in outline of the exact shape and size of the die, upon which are printed the dealer's trademark and name, the sticker being pasted in the center of the crown of the hat.

The retail hat dealer, wherever he may be, if he desires a distinctive trademark or name design to appear in the hats he sells, sends to some big hatters' printing establishment for a design; he sends, perhaps, a suggestion of his own, or it may be that he relies upon the designer of the printing establishment. One or more designs are made and submitted to him for approval. According as may be required, such designs might embody in some artistic form simply the name and address; often such dies or plates are made in designs appropriate to the region, state or locality. Such dies and plates are made in almost endless variety. The plate would remain at the printer's, and when the retailer ordered hats of the jobber with whom he dealt the jobber would have the tips and sweat leathers with which the hats thus ordered were finished printed from the customer's own dies.

Tips are printed in gold leaf, in silver leaf and in aluminium leaf and in ink in various colors; sometimes they are printed in combinations of colors. Most commonly, however, they are printed in a single metal or color. All sweat leathers are printed in one or another of the metals.

Box labels for hat boxes are made both plain and embossed in a very great variety of styles, and these are printed in variety as to color. A hat dealer might have his own design complete for box label as well as for hat tip; or he may select one from among many box labels that are made with a blank space to receive a die and have his own die inserted in the label.

Many hat tips printed from dies engraved here are exported to Canada for use in hats that are finished there; and there are also made here suitable dies from which are printed hat tips for hats exported to South America.—New York Sun.

His Fair Proposition. "Are you able to support my daughter?" asked the old gentleman. "You know she has pretty expensive tastes, and I don't mind saying that the burden has been pretty hard for me at times."

"That's just the point," exclaimed the prospective benedict. "If I marry her, we can divide the expense."—Chicago Post.

Makes Artificial Eyes.

Tucked away in quaint old world corners we find some of the most odd personages. Such is the great artificial eye maker and painter, A. Muller Hipper. In quaint Lauscha, in the very heart of old Thuringen's dense forests and high mountains, he sits and works away day in and day out, surrounded by his family, the male members of which are all experts in this delicate work and have been such since the days of his great-grandfather, who first started the work in Paris, but who, owing to the strong anti-German feeling, was forced to return to his native mountain land. They have grown rich, but lead simple, quiet lives.

While the writer sat in front of Mr. Hipper he deftly mixed different colored glasses over his gas lamp and within half an hour brought forth a perfect reproduction, in everything but real sight, of the writer's eye. Every year thousands of eyes made by this old world family find their way to America.—Leslie's Weekly.

Caused Indigestion. "Why does Henpeck refuse to eat sausage?"

"He says that they provoke sad thoughts. He proposed to his wife on the golf links."—Brooklyn Life.

According to estimates of the salmon pack made at the principal canneries on Puget sound in the last few days, this year's product of canned and pickled salmon will reach fully 750,000 cases, or a gain of 50 percent over last year's pack. This means that the product of the canneries sold in the English and American markets will realize about \$2,300,000.

"Ma," said a discouraged little Maple Avenue urchin, "I ain't going to school any more." "Why, dear?" tenderly inquired his mother.

"Cause 'tain't no use. I can never learn to spell. The teacher keeps changing words on me all the time."

Every drunkard was once a moderate drinker, and boasted that he could drink or let it alone. The only man safe from this terrible demon is he who positively refuses the first glass.

Notice to Creditors. ALL persons having demands against the Estate of J. Walter Dickson, deceased, are hereby notified to present them, properly proven, to the undersigned, within the time prescribed by law, and those indebted to make payment.

J. C. GANTT, Adm'r. Oct 4, 1890 14 3

Copartnership Dissolution. THE copartnership heretofore existing between Luther S. Bigby and I. Walter Cox, under the firm name of Bigby & Cox, at Pelzer, S. C., was dissolved on July 1st, 1890, by mutual consent. All accounts, etc., due the firm to be paid to Luther S. Bigby, who also assumes the liabilities of the firm and continues the general merchandise business.

LUTHER S. BIGBY. I. WALTER COX. Sept 27, 1890 14 3

LAND SALE. MORE Land than I need. Will sell in large or small lots. Land fresh, productive, well timbered and lies well. Community healthful, pure, cold water, good citizens, good roads, schools and churches. Communicate with—

W. L. SMITH, 114, Madison Co., Ga. July 18, 1890 4 3m

Valuable Plantation for Sale. 174 ACRES, more or less, on Bear-vean Creek, in a high state of cultivation. 30 acres bottom land, 30 in pine woods, 14 in pasture, 100 in cotton land. 3 houses on it. Bounded by Rev. George Rodgers, A. M. Guyton and others. Will sell on easy terms. Purchaser to pay for papers and stamps. For further particulars apply to M. Berry Williams, Guyton, S. C., or MISS LIZZIE WILLIAMS, Anderson, S. C.

July 12, 1890 3

Valuable Lands for Sale. WE offer for sale the following Tracts of Land: 1st. The Hopkins Tract, situate in Pickens County, containing two hundred acres, more or less.

2d. The G. W. Miller Tract, containing one hundred and twenty-four acres, more or less. This tract has upon it a good Mill and Gin.

3d. All that part of the Home Tract of Mr. C. H. Miller, lying in Anderson County, being eighty acres, more or less. These three Tracts of Land lie on the waters of Eighteen Mile Creek, respectively, within one and a half to three miles of the towns of Pendleton, Clemson College and Central on the Southern R. R.

These Lands are finely wooded, with uplands and low lands in cultivation. For further particulars apply to Jas. T. Hunter, Pendleton, S. C., or John T. Taylor, on the premises.

W. W. SIMONS, CARROLL T. SIMONS, RESSIE E. HOOK, Exec. Est. Dr.