

Down it came dancing, dancing, Straight from the land of light...

Blanced off a broken mirror On to an old arm-chair, Lit up a pale-faced sufferer...

Brought with it hope and gladness, Soothing the restless boy, Lulled him to sleep with bright visions...

IN A COTTON-CAR

By ALBERT W. TOLMAN.

THE long freight-shed was filled with goods of every description. Through the open doors on one side you looked into the dark interiors of a line of empty cars...

Down the steps from the office at the upper end of the shed came a billing clerk with a small brown note book in his hand.

"Here's a job of blind checking for you, Dan! Go down to track five with this cotton book, and count the bales in these eleven cars for the Leadbetter Mills."

Daniel Harrigan received the book from the hand of his superior, walked rapidly down the shed, and stepped into the freight yard.

The interior was filled with cotton bales, each weighing about five hundred pounds. They were covered with burlap, and encircled by steel bands put on under hydraulic pressure.

As the staple was quoted at twelve cents a pound, and as from forty to sixty bales were loaded into each car, its contents had an average value of three thousand dollars.

The teams from the Leadbetter Mills on the outskirts of the city would begin to empty the cars that afternoon, and it was customary for the railroad to take careful account of all goods before delivery.

The checker counted the cotton was a responsible one, and Foreman Caruth had put his best man on the job.

Harrigan climbed to the top of the bales. They were from five to five and a half feet long, something under a yard wide, and twenty-two to twenty-six inches thick.

Forward crawled the tallyman on his hands and knees, taking note of each separate bale with his fingers, and registering it mentally at the same time.

By the system of "blind checking" under which he worked, only the car numbers were set down in the note book handed to him, and he was given no inkling as to how many bales he was expected to find.

The first car contained fifty-four bales. Harrigan dropped to the ground, entered the number in his book and closed the door. He then broke the seal of the next car.

With a strong jerk Harrigan broke the seal of the eighth car, shoved the door open just enough to allow his body to pass, and was soon scrambling in the darkness over the burlapped ends.

"Nineteen—twenty—" "The first number was never finished, but died away in a muffled cry of surprise and consternation; for the twentieth bale was not there!"

And to a far-off country, Washed by refreshing streams, Guided his lumbering spirit Into the land of dreams.

Then when its task was over, Softly floated away, Back to its home in the sunshine, Its mission fulfilled that day.

Oh! to be like that sunbeam, Shedding forth light and love, Then when our labor is ended, To pass to the light above.

—A. I. Buchanan, in Indianapolis News.

large enough to admit his body. He caught unavailingly with his fingers at the coarse bagging, but so well had the hydraulic press done its work that he could grasp no slack in his frantic clutchings, and his course was not arrested till he struck the hard wooden floor.

When the car was being loaded at Memphis, there had been found in shipment one bale considerably broader than the others.

The second finger, too, on his right hand had been severely sprained, and the nail split down to the quick, so that it was bleeding freely.

The change of position had a very unexpected result. All the contents of his pockets poured down upon the floor under his nose in a jangling cascade.

The situation had a ludicrous as well as an unpleasant side. How should he ever pick up all that loose change from the floor?

Harrigan did not anticipate any special difficulty in doing this. But when he strove to bend his body over, so that he might stand upright, he found that the cavity was too confined to permit it.

He tried to push first one bale and then the other a little farther away, to gain more room, but all to no avail.

By this time it had dawned upon Harrigan that he was in a very serious dilemma. The blood had flowed into his head and arms in such abundance that it had become positively painful.

Once more he explored the surface of the bales with his fingers, but found it absolutely unyielding. Those who know cotton only as a soft, fluffy substance can have no conception of the hardness it assumes under the compress.

Insignificant as the leverage was, it enabled him to raise his body. Cautiously he worked his way up and backward. His knees were almost on the top of the bale; another effort, and he would be safely out of his predicament.

Harrigan at last realized that his life was actually in peril. If he could not get out now, when his strength was practically unimpaired, what chance would he have later!

A train rumbled by, shaking the ground and making the car tremble under him. He heard two brakemen calling out to each other, and tried to attract their attention; but his voice was smothered in that narrow cavity.

A heavy, painful drowsiness was creeping over the freight handler, a strange, dull apathy that frightened him. His strength was gradually ebbing away.

The part of his body below, or rather, as now situated, above his waist, was losing its feeling. The blood surged through his brain so strongly that it threatened to deprive him of consciousness.

Harrigan's toes were almost on the top of the bale over which he had crept. He had only to raise himself a little more than two feet to have his bootsoles touch the ceiling behind the beam he had crawled under.

Again he felt blindly along the bale in front of him, and thrust his fingers into the spaces between it and the adjacent bales on each side. When cotton leaves the compress, the burlap on the edges that have been lowest in the press is tight to the point of bursting, while that about the upper edges is much looser.

The corners gave him something to grip. Numb and swollen though his fingers were, he found that by pressing them hard against his palms he could gather in a very respectable handful of the bagging.

Raising his hands very gradually and hardly daring to breathe, inch by inch he worked himself up and back in agony, clutching the coarse edges with desperate caution.

Shifting his grasp with almost imperceptible movements, he raised his body slowly and painfully. Red lights danced before his eyes; the roaring of the ocean was in his ears.

One handful more, one hurried, violent thrust that sent him back from the edge of the dangerous cavity, and, safe at last, he fainted dead away on the top of the cotton.

A quite extraordinary combination of merits, is claimed in France for a new explosive, which consists of a mixture of powdered aluminum and nitrate of ammonium.

An inventor has hit upon a method of putting what are practically stone soles on boots and shoes. He mixes a waterproof gine with a suitable quantity of clean quartz sand and spreads it over the leather soles used as a foundation.

Aluminum-coated paper, made in Germany for wrapping food substances, is prepared by applying a thin coat of an alcoholic solution of resin to artificial parchment, then sprinkling aluminum powder over the surface.

The curious dread of cats that has been studied for three years by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, may open up a wide field for investigation.

In the examination of food substances and other materials, microscopists often find it necessary to compare two slides. This soon becomes very tedious by the usual method of substituting one slide for another or using duplicate microscopes.

The City Might Profit. Oneida County has unanimously approved the issue of \$500,000 bonds for improving the country thoroughfares.

Bad Road Building. An exchange puts it this way: There ought to be a law to stop fools building bad highways.

Who Sets the Fashion? "What is the use in our waiting around the anterooms of the great dressmakers to see whether this or that fabric, and how much of it, is to be worn?"

The Tyranny of Fashion. "I have just come home, and all the fashions seem so queer." So remarked Mrs. Archibald Little, authoress and traveler, to the Society of American Women in London yesterday.

There Was a Leak. "I take my pen in hand—" he wrote. "It was a fountain pen, and he got no further."—New York Sun.



The Good Roads Proposition.

HE press of the country in all directions is urging attention to the question of national aid to good roads.

Read Work Much in Evidence. Work of all sorts come up surprisingly this season. They and their cousins, the spangles, are used in profusion for all sorts of purposes.

Aprons. Make a square of Persian lawn, twenty-four inches when finished, trimmed with tucks and lace around the edges.

Bookbinding as Women's Work. Since the first woman took it up, bookbinding has received a curious impetus.

The Road. A road is like a work of art—it invites the imagination. In this I contend that it is an educator of no mean worth.

The Dinner Coat. There is more than a little to say in favor of the dinner coat, which has added itself to the long list of separate garments of the present day wardrobe.

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Thanks to "The Smart." The smart woman, bitterly vilified as she is, always has been and always will be, in the biggest of blessings in one way, and that is her encouragement of trade.—The Queen.

Restricting Women's Clothes. The opera management at Covent Garden regulates the dress of its male patrons. When is it going to do the same to the women?

But I submit that what is sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose. Every argument that applies to the regulation of the man's dress applies equally to the regulation of the woman's.

FRILLS FASHION. Dress stuffs, organdies, and dimities and Swisses are selling. A parol of blue silk—a strong shade of blue—has a handle of blue-enameled wood.

Hand-painted parasols are sunning, but the embroidered ones are still more popular. Japanese styles are less good in themselves (though they're stunning) than as inspiration for other parasols.

All the talk about returning to bustles and crinolines becomes nonsense when the increasing rationality of fashion is observed.

Several narrow silk ruffles stitched and corded in the hem have been found to fulfill the function of holding out the skirt quite successfully.

Such good looking outing hats as the milliners are turning out! They're soft felt hats with soft wings—all pale gray or all white or gray and white together.

The house in which Harriet Beecher Stowe lived for a number of years in Hartford is now being torn down to make room for the advancing factories.



Saul's blindness and his recovery were as nothing compared to the spiritual blindness in which he had been, and the spiritual vision he received.

Nothing promises finer wages than sin, and though Satan cheats us time and again, how many go on working from day to day.

Christ wishes to yield Himself entirely to us, and that is why He wishes us to yield ourselves entirely to Him.

It is not our surrender, it is our promotion—not our defeat, but our victory. We cannot be led; we have only the choice of service, either of God or of the devil.

Christian Endeavor societies are springing up on ships of war and merchant vessels, and in sailors' rest ashore. The sailors make splendid Endeavorers, sincere and earnest.

These "floating societies" need a close connection with the land forces, since they cannot in any other way get the staying influences of the church.

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There is a telegraph box in every street car in Norway. Write messages, put on right number of stamps, drop in the box.