

THE CONDUCTOR'S STORY.

"When a man has been railroadin' twenty long years
He gets kinder hardened an' tough.
An' scenes of affliction don't trouble him much,
'Cause his natur' is coarse-like an' tough.
But a scene that took place on my train one cold night
Would a' melted the heart of a stone,
An' among the adventures which I have been through,
That night jist stands out alone.

"Twas a bitter cold night, an' the train was jam full,
Every berth in the sleeper was taken;
The people had jist turned in for the night,
An' the train for New York was a-makin'.
When, jist as the people to snore had begun,
An' I, with a satisfied sigh,
Had sat down in a chair for a short rest, I heard
The sound of a young baby's cry.

"It was one o' those loud, aggravatin'-like yells,
O' the pattern that make you jist itch
For a gun, or an axe, an' excites up your mind
With wild thoughts o' murder an' sich.
It went through that car, and I needn't remark
That the snorin' stopped right there an' then,
An' that sleeper was filled with a bilin' hot crowd
O' mad women and wild, swearin' men.

"The curtains jist then that concealed berth 16
Were opened an' out came a man,
As fine a young feller as ever I seen,
But his face was all white-like an' wan.
He carried the kid that was raisin' the row,
An' commenced walkin' down through the aisle
A tryin' to stop its loud screechin'—but pshaw!
It seemed to get wuss every mile.

"An idea seemed to strike one old feller jist then
An' he said to the pale faced young man,
'It seems to me, stranger, that kid could be stilled
By a simple an' feasible plan;
The noise that it's makin' betrays what it needs—
The child wants it's mother, that's plain;
An' why don't you call her? Ten chances to one,
She's sleepin' somewhere on the train.'

"A look then came over that young father's face,
A look full of anguish an' pain;
A look that will haunt me as long as I live,
As long as I work on a train;
An' he answered that man in a hoarse, stifled voice,
That sounded as though from afar—
'Her mother is sleeping on board of this train
In a box in the baggage car.'
—Maurice E. McLoughlin.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

The critics, valuable as is their service,
can give us nothing new, for that we must look to the prophets.

A child was asked what dust was, and she said: Dust is mud with the juice squeezed out. The same child said that snow was popped rain.

Florist—What was that man kicking about, you sold the roses to? Boy—He wanted to know if they were fast colors; said the last he got here faded.

What ever made you make Brackins a present of a pocket comb? He's as bald as a billiard ball. That's just it; I want to make him think I never noticed it.

Druggist—You might have charged that young man two dollars for filling that prescription. Why did you put the price at 25 cents? Clerk—He understands Latin.

Druggist—Bad to take? Not at all. It has a very agreeable taste. The children, sir, will cry for it. Customer (father of nine, hastily)—Then give me some other preparation, please.

It is a calumny on men to say that they are roused to heroic action by ease, hope of pleasure, recompense; in the meanest mortal there lies something nobler. Difficulty, abnegation, martyrdom, death are the allurements that act on the heart of man.

Why will you associate with such men as Flimsy? asked Brown. For my part, I always endeavor to associate with men who are my superiors. It can't be hard work for you to find them, replied Fogg; but I am different from you. I am always willing that my friends should associate with their superiors.

At the Criticism Club—Consider the range of subjects in Shakespeare. Perfectly marvellous—but there is one thing about Shakespeare that I never could understand.

What was that? How with his dramatic power he could leave untouched so magnificent an opportunity as that afforded by Charles and Cromwell.

Brown—Of course, it's none of my business, but I feel it my duty to say that I saw your wife beckoning to a man right in the public street, yesterday. Gray—Beckoning to a man? My wife? Right in the public street? Brown—Perhaps I ought to say it was a horse car conductor. Gray—Oh, well, then, it's no consequence. Of course, he didn't see her, so there's no harm done.

Capital and Labor.

Two tramps were sitting on the dock in the shade, with their feet hanging over, and one was reading from the newspaper in which their frugal meal had been wrapped.

Listen to this old man, said the reader, it says here that John Rockefeller, the oil king, could give every man, woman and child in the country \$2 a piece and still he would have a million left.

Yes, was the dissatisfied rejoinder, and if you was to go to John and agree to discount the \$2 comin' to you so's to leave him \$1.75 out of it, he'd say you was a talkin' through your hat, and you'd be darn lucky if you got as much as a nickel.

I guess you're right, pard, sadly assented the reader, and it's that sort of thing that shuts the rich man out of the kingdom of heaven and slides us poor cusses in. Let us pray, and they adjourned up an alley with their tomato can and prayed on a pile of beer kegs.

Some Railroads are Slow.

It is Artemus Ward, this time. He was travelling on a slow going Southern road soon after the war. When the conductor was punching his ticket, Artemus remarked: Does this railroad company allow passengers to give it advice, if they do so in a respectful manner? The conductor replied in gruff tones that he guessed so. Well, Artemus went on, it occurred to me that it would be well to detach the cow-catcher from in front of the engine and hitch it on to the rear of the train. For, you see, we are not liable to overtake a cow, but what's to prevent a cow strolling into this car and biting a passenger?

We are all Human.

A good Methodist asked John Wesley what he thought as to his marrying a certain woman, well known to both. Wesley advised him not to think of it. Why, said the other, she is a member of your church. Isn't she? Yes, was the reply. And you think she is truly a Christian woman? Yes, said Wesley, I believe she is. Well, then; why not marry her? Because, replied Wesley—because, my friend, the Lord can live with a great many people that you and I can't.

They Eat Human Flesh.

A gentleman lately returned from New Guinea has horrified San Francisco with an account of how he was invited to eat human flesh by the people of New Britain, where he went as special agent of the German Government, being empowered to go into the interior to settle boundary disputes between the New Guinea Company and land claim jumpers. He went far into the island, finally reaching a place where the natives had never before seen a white man. He felt no fear, as they regarded him as a superior being, and they never eat white human flesh.

The men and women go stark naked. The women are sold for a mere trifle, the hand-somest bringing only \$25, while homely or old women can be bought for a plug of tobacco.

"When a man has bought a woman," said this traveller, "she is his absolutely; and if she violates her faith with him, she is killed and eaten. They will not eat her at or near our trading posts, for years ago we began inflicting severe punishment on them for cannibalism; but they will lure her away into the woods and then cut off her head and cook her. We never hear of such women again. Tribes prey upon tribes to get men and women to eat. The natives seldom tell of cannibal feasts, but when I went into the interior the natives were bolder, and on one occasion I came upon a party of natives who had cooked the body of a young woman. The fires were burning among the palms and a gloomy light was thrown out. The dead body had been cut into pieces and the parts were cooked through and through. It was a fearful sight, and as the natives stood about, each eating his piece of human flesh, I thought that no living persons had seen or could see a more horrible thing. One of the savages advanced with a piece in his hands and as he came closer I saw that it was the woman's arm. He tendered it in a manner meant to be hospitable, and in his native language asked me to eat it. I shrank back in horror, but neither the native nor the throng of savage men and women and children around me could understand my feeling.

"The body after it had been cut into pieces was cooked with leaves of the taro plant. These give the flesh a spicy flavor."

The Way to Succeed.

It has been clearly demonstrated that no individual trade separately organized can succeed. The puddlers never gained any concessions from the iron masters until they amalgamated every trade that worked in a railway mill. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers lost every strike they had until a few years ago because the firemen and machinists took their places as soon as they left them. They at once saw the necessity of organizing these crafts for their own protection. Now the B. L. E. federates with all organized railway employees. This is true of almost all trades. The cotton screwers of New Orleans receives \$6 a day and every seventh one, who acts as foreman, gets \$7 per day, and only work nine hours, and have fifteen minutes in the forenoon and fifteen minutes in the afternoon for lunch. Their work is very laborious, but doesn't require much skill. Now, why do they get so much for their skill? Because their union is fifty years old and they have everybody that works at cotton organized. Even the colored man who drives the dray gets his \$3 per-day, more than the unorganized skilled mechanic. Again, the screwmen have \$264,000 in their treasurer's hands and own a four-story building worth \$100,000. Before you can join the screwmen you must put up \$50 for your good faith, and go in for two years. When a man gets disabled or too old to work they put him on the pension list. We don't believe the cotton screwmen would be getting more than \$1.50 to \$2 per day if they had no union, and if they didn't have the longshoremen, pressmen, yard men and dray men organized they wouldn't average more than \$1.25 per day. We have given these few unvarnished facts to show the doubting Thomases that a labor organization run on pure business principles, honestly and systematically, pays and pays well. But one will say: "How can you run it that way?" Just like the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and Cotton Screwmen, by sticking to it; profit by every mistake you make, and, above all things, keep good men at head of your unions.—United Labor.

West Virginia Snake Story.

A curious snake story is reported from Drag Camp, on the Little Kanawha river. Two boys named Edward McCray and Geo. Devers were out hunting when they thought they had treed a 'coon, and proceeded to cut down a large lynn tree. Instead of a 'coon they found the tree filled with snakes and snake eggs of the viper species, except that they were brown in color and had yellow jaws. They were very vicious and attacked the boys, who, although they succeeded in killing about 50, were obliged to retreat.

They came back to the camp and reported their find, when a party of lumbermen proceeded to the tree and killed over 600 reptiles. This is the second time recently that snakes in large numbers have been discovered in that locality, the first time being three weeks since, when a man named Evan McCray was attacked by them, and killed 20 before he succeeded in making his escape. The snakes are of a kind never before known in that section, and are said to attack even wild animals on sight.

Definition of a "Scab."

Edward Atkinson sent to Senator Howard, the labor leader of Massachusetts, for a trade unionist's definition of a "scab," and the following definition was sent:

A scab is to his trade what a traitor is to his country, and although both may be useful to the party in troublesome times, when peace returns they are detested alike by all; so when help is needed a scab is the last to contribute assistance and the first to grasp a benefit he never labored to procure; he is only for himself, but he sees not beyond the extent of a day, and for momentary and worthless approbation would betray friends, family and country; in short, he is a traitor on a small scale, who first sells the journeyman, and is himself afterward sold in his turn by employer, until he is at last despised by both and deserted by all. He is an enemy to himself, to the present age and to posterity.—Standard.

Labor's Progress.

For hundreds of years labor has been dependent, it has lived in poverty and fear; it has humbly knelt and begged for the right to work; it has been a supplicant, lifting its battered hat to arrogant idleness; it has dwelt in a hut, lived upon crusts, and been clothed in rags. It saw idleness, surrounded by wealth, living in a palace, riding in a chariot and holding with jeweled hands the scepter of the kings. But that time is gone, and gone forever. Labor is no longer abject. It does not crouch and cringe at the employer's feet. The toiler has grasped the magic wand of federation, and feels the thrill of a new, strange power; he kneels no more, but stands erect in manly strength, and sees beyond the clouds the dawn of coming day.—P. J. McGuire.

THE PUPPY'S LAMENT.

I'm a prisoner hard, in a city back yard,
I like it never a whit!
'Tis a burning shame, and the folks to blame
Shall repent it—after a bit.

They pat my head, I've a good soft bed,
Plenty of dinner to eat;
But they don't let me go, and I'd like to know
Isn't liberty better than meat?

I race and chase, every side of the place,
In vain attempts to get out;
And all around I dig holes in the ground,
When the grass is beginning to sprout.

I chew flower roots, and the tender shoots,
When the plants and shrubs come up,
I've torn all the clothes—ah, the laundress knows
'Tis wrong to imprison a pup.

There's a loud complaint, that I've scratched
the paint
And loosened the boards away;
So to-day I'll commence to pull down the fence
And hear what the folks will say.

When the yard's as flat as a worn out hat
And I've chilled their souls with fear,
Then those to blame for this cruel shame
Will regret that they brought me here.
—Eva Lovett Carson, in the Independent.

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