HAVE FAITH.

BY CECIL DURLEIGH.

Dark clouds shut out the sun,
The day is cold and chill,
The birding's song is done,
The running brook is still;

The leaves once fresh and green
Are scattered far and wide,
No pretty flowers are seen
Upon the mountain side;

The dear, tried friends of yore
Have gathered one by one
Upon the othe shore,
And I am left alone.

All hope has left my breast,
I only wish to die;
"Oh, Father, let me rest!"
Is now my ceaseless cry.

The lengthened shadows creep
Upon the skirts of day,
And as I sit and weep
And daylight fades away,

I sigh for heavenly joys,
And wish that they were near;
And then a still small voice
Sounds softly in my ear:

"Have faith, dear heart, look up,
The sun will shine again;
There's comfort in thy cup,
As well as grief and pain.

The birds will sing once more,
The fettered brook go free,
And round thy cheerless door
The flowers shall bloom for thee.

Friends shall about thee rise,
To cheer thee on thy way,
Then, mourner, dry thine eyes,
Darkness precedes the day.

When to distrust and fear
And doubt thy soul is given,
Remember God is near,
Work on, and trust in Heaven!"

JUDGE NOT.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

In the cloak-room of Meredith & Son's great cotton factory, a group of girls were standing engaged in an animated discussion. They were all young, some pretty, all dressed neatly, though many wore ill-chosen and unbecoming finery. One of these, who had a mock gold chain and bracelets, and a profusion of jet trimmings upon a cheap silk dress, spoke very emphatically:

'It is the strangest proceeding I ever heard of!'

'What are you all so excited about? asked a pretty little blonde, coming in from the loom-room.

'Edna Churchill.'

'Dear me! What has she been doing now? You are always discussing some horrible deed of Edna's. I like her myself.'

'Yes, we all know that,' said the first speaker; 'You will defend anything Edna does.'

'But what has she done?'

'Refused to sign the subscription list for the pitcher to be presented to Mr. Rodman.,

'And Mr. Rodman has been such a good friend to her,' said a third voice.

The little blonde, Susy Whiting by name, looked rather staggered at the new accusation against her friend. Mr. Rodman, the manager for Meredith & Son for nearly fifty years, was about to retire on account of the infirmities of age, and the employes of the great factory were collecting money to buy a silver pitcher to present to him. He was a kindly old man and always ready to lend a helping hand to the small army of work-people under his control, so that the presentation was really a gift of love.

Edna Churchill had come to the great factory two years previous to the date of the indignation meeting in the cloak-room. She was a handsome woman of about twenty, when she applied for work, and by every action and word betrayed the fact that she had stepped from a life of refinement to the hard work of a factory hand. Her low, even tone betrayed the lady in its well-chosen words, and her slim, white hands bore no trace of toil upon their smooth skin. She was courteous to all who came into intercourse with her, but intimate with none. She had nursed Susy Whiting through a long spell of contagious fever, winning the devotion of that little maiden, and the manager soon put her into positions of trust till she had become fore-woman. Here her education enabled her to keep the books required in the room, thus doubling her salary.

And here was the great cause of complaint by her companions. It was well known that the salary of Edna Churchill was sufficient to warrant a good style of living and dressing. In the great boarding-house, where seventy of the girls had rooms, she could well afford to pay for the best, to contribute to the amusements of the house and dress well. Instead, she lived in the attic, poorly furnished, with a tiny stove, where she cooked the cheapest of food. Her dress was of the coarsest description, made by her own hands, and no ornament broke its severe simplicity. She never spent one dollar in pleasure-seeking, nor joined in any of the quiet merriment in the house. But the crowning enormity was the refusal to contribute to the silver pitcher.

The excited group in the cloak-room dispersed for the day, walking home in the twilight of the September evening, and still they talked of the young forewoman.

'The question is,' said Ella Leigh, who had been foremost in the cloak-room discussion, 'what does she do with her money? She never puts any in the factory savings bank; she certainly spends nothing on her dress. Where is it all, then?'

'Perhaps she supports her parents?'

'Both dead! I have heard her say so!'

'Well, I guess Mr. Rodman won't think her quite such a paragon as he has done, when he misses her name from the subscription list.'

'And Walter Rodman will probably resent the insult to his father.'

There was an exultation in the tone of the last remark, but ill-concealed Walter Rodman, the only child of the old manager, was in the counting-house of the factory, with every prospect of soon becoming a partner. A man past thirty, he had risen in the employ of Meredith & Son, from a lad of fourteen, and had saved money from a handsome salary, with the avowed intention of purchasing a place in the firm, upon the anticipated retirement of old Mr. Meredith, who was known to have the interests of no one at all for clerks and workmen in his good factory, there was no one so handsome as Walter Rodman, none so quietly refined in manner, none so great a favorite with all. But he had gone through thirty years of life, labor free, until Edna Churchill came to the factory.

There was something in the noble, refined face of the young girl that attracted Walter Rodman from the first. That there was some heavy trouble brooding in the sadness of her great dark eyes he never doubted; but if ever purity and goodness were pictured in human face they were in Edna's. From his father he learned much of the new-comer, of the quick adaptability she showed for work, evidently new to her, of the almost masculine brain that fitted her so soon to take control of the loom-room where over a hundred girls were at work.

Of her antecedents, he knew only that she brought a letter from the clergyman of her parish, in a small town in New York State. That she was a woman of culture and refinement they could see for themselves.

But Walter Rodman, by nature frank and true, as his heart more and more acknowledged Edna for its queen, grieved over the evident mystery in her life. While in her conversation she advanced noble and generous views, her whole style of living was penurious to an extent rarely seen in women of her age, when living upon a much smaller salary than she commanded. It was not merely economy, but saving pushed to extremity.

There was a struggle constantly in the mind of the young clerk—a struggle between his love and his fear of repentance, if he urged his suit. It was revolting to him to think of his wife conducting his household upon parsimonious principles, refusing to bestow of his abundance in charity, dressing meanly, and perhaps influencing him to the same miserly habits. And yet, one hour with Edna drove away all such thoughts.

The low, sweet voice, always tinged by her habitual sadness, conveyed such a mirror of a pure, tender heart, a cultivated mind, a noble soul, that Walter forgot the coarse, mean dress, the many stories rife in the factory of Edna's stinginess, and knew he loved her as he had never before loved any woman.

But when the silver pitcher was presented to Mr Rodman, and Edna's name was not upon the list of contributors to the gift, Walter experienced a sharp pang of disappointment. He knew that his father's recommendation had gained Edna her first place in the factory, that she had found a firm friend in him, and owed her rapid advancement to his interest and influence. And yet she had refused her mite to the gift that testified the good feeling of her fellow-workers in the factory.

Father and son had long been confidential friends, and on the evening following the presentation the young man opened his heart and told all his doubts and fears. Mr. Rodman listened quietly.

'Yet you love Edna?'

'I love her,' replied Walter, 'but I could never be happy with a miserly wife.'

'Poor Edna! how little does she deserve that reproach,' said Mr. Rodman. 'I shall violate a confidence reposed in me, Walter, when I tell you how you misjudge her, but I think I can trust you.'

'Has she told you her secret?'

'No. I heard the story from the clergyman of her native village, who wrote to me before she came here. He is an old friend of mine, and knew he could confide in me. I will tell you what he wrote to me. Six years ago Edna's mother died, leaving in her care a sickly step-brother, then eleven years old. Her own father had left Edna a pretty cottage, and she had an income from fruit and poultry on the place, while she made a sufficient living by teaching music and playing the organ in the church. When her mother died, leaving Stephen Grady, her step-brother, orphaned and penniless, for her step-father before his death squandered all her mother's little fortune, Edna promised to care for the boy. Remember she was only 16 herself, though early care had matured her far beyond her actual years.

'The boy grew up like his father, reckless of expenditure, loose in principle, yet tender to his sister-mother, and one of those loving scapegraces who always win some good woman's devotion. He won Edna's. She thought herself bound by her promise to her mother to make every sacrifice for Stephen, and she faithfully tried to lead him away from the companions and evil influences that were ruining his life. Three years ago a friend of Mrs. Grady's took Stephen into his counting-house. Here he was to learn the book-keeping and clerkly work for a large grain house, and for a time he worked steadily. Then the bad company that had ruined his boyhood again exerted an evil influence, and he learned to gamble. Remember, Walter, he was but fourteen, and Edna but five years older.

'One of his accomplishments was the power of imitating handwriting, and by the persuasion of some older heads he forged a cheque for two thousand dollars on the firm he was with. The check passed the bank undetected, for the cashier was in the habit of paying over large sums to Grady. But when it was returned to the firm the forgery was discovered and traced to Stephen. Then the appalling truth came out that he had gambled away the entire amount, and the two men who had urged the crime and pocketed the money had fled, leaving the lad to bear the consequences. He was arrested, and repentance came when he saw the full consequence of his acts.

'It was then that Edna proved herself the noble woman I believe her to be. She was suffering already for her brother's crime, having lost her place as organist, and most of her music scholars having left her. In the face of all this, she went to the firm and pleaded for the lad. Her eloquence gained him, something. The firm agreed not to prosecute, to allow the boy to leave the town, and go to an uncle, who was willing to give him another trial in a Western city. I mark that if, Walter—if Edna would pay the two thousand dollars and interest within two years.

'She undertook the task. Stephen was released and sent to his father's brother, where he is doing well, and Edna rented her home and came here, hoping for higher wages than she could earn in her own town. I, knowing all, advanced her interest in every way. Month after month, denying herself everything but the barest necessaries of life, she has sent her earnings to wipe off her brother's debt. With the rent of the house and what she saves here she has paid it all, the last installment being acknowledged in a letter I handed to her yesterday. You can understand why she could not take even a few dollars to subscribe for a present to me when I tell you the two years expired on the very day when the last hundred dollars was received. Now, Walter, you know Edna's secret. Judge for yourself if she is a miser.'

'She is as noble and self-sacrificing as my heart always told me she was, in spite of appearances,' said Walter, warmly. 'To-morrow I will see if she can ever return my love.'

'Not to-morrow,' said Mr. Rodman, smiling; 'Edna went home this afternoon, her task finished. Out of the sum I paid her for the last week of her toil here, she begged my acceptance of a copy of Longfellow upon the table beside you, asking me, with tears in her eyes, to believe she was grateful for all my kindness to her. Let her rest a little from her long strain of self sacrifice and toil, Walter, and then if you can win her love, I will gladly give her a daughter's place in my heart.'

Winter had come and gone, and spring sunshine was making all nature glad, when, one cheery morning, the train through L—— left a single passenger at the village station. He was a tall, handsome man, dressed well, without foppishness, and he enquired of a man at the station for the residence of Miss Churchill.

'The first white cottage as you turn the second street from here,' was the reply.

It was soon found, and at the gate the traveller halted. The low windows opening upon the wide veranda were open, and he could see the tasteful parlor. Near the window stood a handsome woman, trailing a vine over a net-work of string. Her face was partly averted; but the stranger could see that all the pallor and sadness of the past were gone.

The large dark eyes were earnest, but no longer mournful, and the lips were parted as if smiles would come easily. Upon the graceful figure was a dress of fleecy muslin tastefully made and trimmed with soft lace ruffles at throat and wrist, and a few well-chosen ornaments. Suddenly some inner sense seemed to tell Edna she was watched. She turned her face, and saw Walter Rodman looking earnestly, wistfully at her. A quick flush swept across her cheek, and her eyes lighted gladly as she stepped across the low window-sill to greet him.

'May I come in?' he asked, opening the little gate.

'I am very glad to welcome you,' she answered, and then extended her hand as he sprang lightly up the steps.

It is not fair to repeat lover's talk. Suffice it that, before Walter left the little cottage to take the return train, he had found the dearest wish of his heart, and when summer roses bloomed, Edna became the bride of the junior partner of Meredith & Co., the new firm of the factory where she had worked so faithfully.

THE MAD ENGINEER.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

At a wayside station in a vast rolling prairie of a western State, there alighted from an express train running east a gentleman and his daughter, who, upon being recognized by the bystanders, were at once greeted by a cheer, for it was not often that the popular president of the railroad found time to visit the little town of R——, and also confer upon it a greater honor by bringing with him his lovely daughter, a maiden of nineteen.

The cheer caused a young man to glance out of a window of the smoking car, and instantly jerking in again, he hurled a one-forth consumed cigar away, and seizing from a seat he had vacated a short while before for a quiet smoke, his goods and chattels, he bounded fourth upon the platform at the imminent risk of life and limb, for the train had already started.

The face of the maiden paled at the risk run by the young man, while her father, the railroad president, said quickly:

'You are rash, sir.'

Without a word, but raising his hat in reply, the young man walked into the hotel near by, and had barely registered the name of 'Gerald Conway, California,' upon the books, when a cry from without caused him to again go to the door.

Far away over the prairie the express train was flying, while in the other direction, coming on like the wind, was seen a large and powerful locomotive.

'The Dispatch Engine! the Dispatch Engine!' was the cry of the crowd, and all eyes were turned in the direction of the coming locomotive, while Mr. Mason, the president paused as he was about to enter a handsome carriage, and remarking quietly, 'Gertrude, I must see what dispatches this man brings,' turned and watched the approach of the iron messenger.

A few moments more and the engine stopped in front of the hotel, and the engineer, a tall, massive-built, smoke-begrimed man of forty-five, sprang to the ground, with a leather satchell hung around his neck.

'Is President Mason here?' he asked, abruptly, as he glanced around him.

'Ay, ay, my man,' said the president, and discovering him, the engineer walked forward and handed him the bag of dispatches, in reading which Mr. Mason was soon deeply engaged, while the latter stood silently by, his fiery dark eye ever upon the mitred king, with an expression hard to fathom.

But suddenly his gaze sought the carriage that had been sent to meet Mr. Mason, and falling upon the beautiful face of Gertrude, he started quickly, his form trembled, and even through the dust and smoke that besmeared his handsome face, he was seen to turn almost livid, caused by some inward emotion awakened in him.

'Girl, you must come with me—ha! ha! ha!' he cried, wildly.

And ere any one could prevent him, he seized Gertrude in his powerful arms, a few mighty bounds, and he had reached his engine, and, with a dexterity that was wonderful, he let on the steam, raised the brakes, and away the locomotive darted, leaving behind the two firemen who had accompanied the engineer, and who had gone into the hotel for refreshments.

'My God! he is mad! My daughter! my poor Gertrude!' cried Mr. Mason like every one present, unable to raise a finger to aid the frightened maiden.

'Ha! ha! ha!' came the mocking laugh of the engineer, as he sped away, leaving the crowd staring wildly after him.

'Is there an engine here?' suddenly cried a commanding voice; and the young man who had registered his name as Gerald Conway, rushed from the hotel.

'Yes the express changed engines here; yonder 'tis cooling up for the next train,' cried a railroad official.

And away the young man rushed to where the locomotive stood, sprang aboard, hurled aside the engineer and fireman, who would have prevented him, and the next instant away he was flying over the prairie in hot pursuit of the man who had stolen Gertrude Mason.

Every eye at the station was strained out over the prairie, first at the distant speck that denoted the fugitive locomotive, and then at the rapidly disappearing engine driven by Gerald Conway.

On they flew, pursuer and pursued, the engines groaning beneath the pressure put upon them, and yet urged faster and faster, for the engineer fugitive suddenly saw that he was pursued, and recklessly did he put on steam.

Poor Gertrude, still seated where her captor had placed her, but powerless to move, watched with aching heart the every action of the man before her, and heard with dread his mocking words:

'Ha, ha, ha! Gertrude Mason, revenge has come at last, after many, many years Ha, ha, ha!'

'Oh, God! he is mad!' cried the unhappy girl; and then, as the shrill whistle shrieked forth its warning notes, she glanced ahead of her, and described a station near at hand—no, 'twas past, for, like a flash of lightning, the engine had gone by and left the hamlet far behind.

Station after station was thus passed, for the telegraph had flashed along the wires to keep the road clear, for a mad engineer was coming, and at every place gaping crowds stood gazing with horror at the wild speed at which the engine was urged.

A terrible roar, a shriek of the whistle, a gaunt form with haggard face peering ahead, and the fluttering of a grey dress, and the fugitive locomotive had gone by, to be followed the moment after by another loud wail of the whistle, a groaning sound from the crushing wheels, and the pursuing engine with the stern, pale face of Gerald Conway, had also darted by at a speed even greater than the pursued.'

'Oh, Heaven, have mercy?' cried the frightened girl, and then a ray of hope came into her face as she descried the pursuing engine coming rapidly on after them.

On, on it came, each moment drawing near and nearer until, with a glad cry, Gertrude recognized the man who was coming to her rescue as the one who had been her fellow-traveller during the day, and had jumped so recklessly from the train.

Her cry caused the mad engineer to glance backward, and a mocking laugh and bitter curse co-mingled upon his lips as he descried that hardly fifty yards now separated the two engines.

But with set teeth and wild eyes he urged on his iron horse, whistling loudly for the next station in sight, while he hurled with one hand a few of the heaviest pieces of coal in the tender upon the track, in the hope of destroying his pursuer.

Yet on they swept by the station like a flash, and there Gertrude discovered, drawn upon a switch to let them go by, the express train that had taken her to R——, and which had run to one side as soon as they learned that a mad engineer was behind them.

Still away they flew, and nearer and nearer came the pursuer until the two engines were fast together.

'Drop down behind the tender!' cried the ringing voice of Gerald Conway; and, obediently, Gertrude shrunk down into the bottom of the engine, while the harsh laugh of the mad engineer rang out, to mingle the next instant with the sharp reports of a revolver, as shot after shot was fired, until half a dozen leaden messengers had been hurled after the mad engineer, who, with a low groan, sank down lifeless beside the frightened girl, for a bullet had pierced his brain.

An instant more and Gerald Conway was beside Gertrude, having clambered over the rear of the engine, and raising her, half dead with fright, he said, gently:

'There is no danger now, Miss Mason, for I will stop our mad speed.'

In a few moments he had brought the speed down, and in a short while ran quietly into the next station, where he handed the body of the mad engineer over to the proper authorities, and escorted Gertrude to a hotel to await the arrival of her father, who was instantly telegraphed of the safety of his daughter.

A few hours more, and president Mason arrived, overjoyed at greeting alive and safe his daughter, and most enthusiastic in the praise of her brave preserver.

'But come, Mr. Conway, let us see about this poor madman,' said President Mason, and together they sought the place where the maniac had been taken to be prepared for burial.

One glance into the upturned face, now no longer besmeared with dirt, and President Mason exclaimed:

'Great Heaven! it is Norris Moore!'

'You know him then?' asked Gerald.

'Yes, we were boys together; once the best of friends, and then rivals for the hand of Gertrude's mother.

'I was the most successful, and poor Norris went from home, 'twas said, and for years I had not seen or heard of him.

'Yes, I know all now; his reason was unseated, and beholding me once more, and with me, Gertrude, who is the image of her dead mother, it drove him to seek a terrible revenge. Poor, poor Norris.'

Much affected, Mr. Mason returned to squaint his daughter with the sad particulars and story of the mad engineer.

The following day the poor maniac was buried with honor, for Mr. Mason would have it so, and then the president and his daughter wended their way homward, after having received a promise from Gerald Conway to visit them in a few weeks, for Mr. Mason had learned from the young man that he belonged to a good family in New York, but having been rather wild while yet in his teens, had run away and gone to California to seek his fortune, and having found it, was returning to his parental roof-tree as a prodigal son, to beg forgiveness for the follies of his earlier years.

True to his promise, Gerald Conway sought the home of the Masons, and his visit extended over weeks' duration; for, between the beautiful Gertrude and her brave preserver, a feeling of true love had sprung up, which had found place in the heart of the young man 'at first sight.' For he confessed that he had loved her from the moment he saw her on the train, and had only stopped at R—— when he suddenly discovered from the smoking-car that she and her father had gotten off there.

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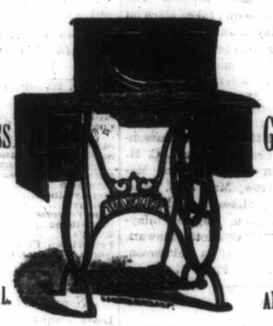
Knight's Cross  Gold Medal

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