

## WINTRY WINDS.

BY SYDNEY GREY.

The wintry winds are up and away;  
Ploughing a path o'er the stormy sea,  
They clothe the rock in a cloud of spray,  
They make the staggering ships their prey,  
With the howl of a fury they seem to say,  
Who so mighty as we!

The wintry winds are having their will  
Out on the desolate country side;  
Along the valley, across the hill,  
And through the wood, when the night is chill,  
Come a rush and a roar and a warning shrill—  
Room for the storm to ride!

The wintry wind is wandering by,  
Here in the heart of the city ways;  
The rich may gaily its power defy,  
The poor, black, at its mercy lie,  
And the wind, while it echoes their patient sigh,  
Laughs at the pranks it plays.

The wintry winds may whistle and shriek,  
Holding their mischiefs from one above;  
Let Spring but waken and softly speak,  
Right soon will tempest and gale grow weak,  
Like a tumult of anger—a frenzied freak,  
Conquered at last by love!

## ONLY A BRAKEMAN.

BY GEORGE R. PARRISH.

"ACCIDENT.—An extra freight train on the B. & C. R. R. was wrecked, last night, by a broken bridge, just beyond Carlyle. A son of the Hon. Carlton Ballou was on the train; but fortunately escaped injury. A brakeman by the name of Marshall was the only person killed."

It was only a short despatch cast into one corner of the morning paper amid a score or two of others, but it interested me, for I knew the whole bravestory so well, and I felt in my heart almost a hatred for the writer, who had done such injustice to a noble life and overlooked so grand a deed.

I was only the night telegraph operator at Carlyle—not a very exalted position, perhaps, but yet one of considerable responsibility and trust. From seven in the evening until the same hour in the morning I held in the hollow of my hand the life of almost every man passing over our division of the road.

I remember one night, when I was sitting alone in my little cramped-up office and listening, from mere force of habit, to the varied messages as they went clinking by to the other stations on the road. The last train for several hours—the freight-accommodation from Brighton—had been in for some time, and I had nothing to disturb me but my thoughts.

"Well, Billy, how's No. 5?" a voice suddenly asked, as the outside door was pushed ajar.

"One hour late," I replied, hastily, and then, looking up, I saw Tom Marshall, a brakeman on the last freight, filling up the doorway. "Come inside and have a chair, Tom," I added, as I recognized the face of my questioner.

"Only for a moment, to-night," he answered me, as he sat down at my invitation, his lantern resting between his feet on the floor. "I have a call to make this evening, and must wash up a little first."

"Where away to-night, Tom—not up on the hill again surely?"

He nodded his head in the affirmative, his eyes fixed upon my table where the instrument was ticking away.

"Of course it's none of my business, my boy; but it seems to me you go to the great white house too often of late. Ballou might object, and 'tis said they're engaged, you know," and I looked up at his strong Saxon face from where I lay stretched on a bench by the wall.

"I think they're mistaken about that, Billy, but Ballou has more opportunities than I can enjoy," he replied, very slowly. "I only get in here two nights a week, you know, but I do the best I can."

"Then it is serious, Tom?" I asked, for I liked this broad-shouldered, fair-haired fellow, brakeman though he was.

"I'm afraid it is with me, Billy," he replied, his eyes gazing steadfastly at the lantern between his feet. "But, good-night; I must go; will see you again as I come in." And the heavy door closed behind him.

As I sat there alone in the office after he had gone, I thought of all these things—thought them over and over again. I had known Tom for two years, and I liked the boy. I knew, or thought I knew Kate Carr, up in the big white house on the hill. A proud girl enough in her way—proud of her father's riches, her own beauty, and the dozen suitors who had knelt at her feet. Ever since Tom first sought her society I wondered at his welcome. It seemed so strange a thing to me that one so proud of her position, so thoroughly a slave of society as Kate Carr appeared to be, should so openly encourage the attentions of a mere freight brakeman—a man of whose family connections we knew nothing, and whose only wealth was his monthly pay. Still Tom was a young and good-looking fellow enough, and, perhaps, after all, she was a little vain at having so handsome a suitor, even though so poor, to add to her lengthy string of victims. I never could believe that she had the heart to return his great honest love, and be willing, in exchange, to sacrifice all her hopes and pride for his sake; and then, besides, rumor had it that George Ballou, the son of a rich banker of a neighboring town had already gained her promise, and, from many little things which had come under my notice, I began to believe that ru-

mor for once was right. And Tom loved her, and I thought it over all night when I was not busy, and wondered in my own heart how it could end.

Tom never came back to the depot that night, though I looked for him, and his train left eastward while I was taking my breakfast at the only hotel the place afforded, and I caught but a glimpse of him as they swung round the curve. I afterwards heard the whole story from his lips, but I can tell it best for myself. From his car he passed up the long hill to where the lights of the Carr mansion were twinkling among the trees, determined to learn his fate from Kate's own lips that very night. The parlor windows were dark when he ascended the stone steps and rang the bell, and the servant who answered it, recognizing his face, told him he would find Miss Kate in the garden. In the moonlight, dreaming the ever new dream of love, he passed with quick step down the gravelled path by the well-trimmed flower-beds to where the Summer-house, thickly shaded by clinging vines, stood at the further end. This was her favorite resting-place, and many a pleasant hour came flooding his mind, passed there with her—his idol, his queen. As he approached now, he was surprised to hear, borne on the still night air, the tone of voices in earnest conversation. In all Tom's nature there was nothing cowardly, nothing base; but his own name, spoken in a man's deep voice, caused him to halt almost without knowing he did so.

"I naturally supposed from all I saw and heard that you cared for Marshall?"

It was almost a question, and the silent listener outside in the moonlight bent forward to catch the low tones of the reply.

"Oh, George, how could you? Why, he's nothing but a freight-brakeman! What would papa say if he heard that?"

It was the soft, tender voice of Kate.

"And you truly only cared for me, darling?"

"I only loved you, George."

That was all; and the strong man that listened, whose only crime was poverty, turned back quietly in the darkness—turned back through the low hedge and out into the moonlit road, with pale face and heavy heart. He had loved her with all the giant strength of his strong, manly nature—he never knew how much before, as he did now, alone in his misery, his suffering, and those cold, heartless, stinging words, "He's only a freight-brakeman," ringing in his ears with every heavy step he took. He was poor, was nothing but a brakeman, had neither wealth nor lineage of which to boast; but, after all, he was a man, and like one he suffered his loss—suffered through the long, still night, patiently and silently.

As the long summer days faded into the shorter ones of early fall, and his train passed back and forth by the station on its daily trips, I watched Tom, and, knowing so much as I did, I could read his sufferings, though he tried so bravely to hide it all and appear outwardly as cheerful and light-hearted as ever. Poor Tom! the blow was a hard one struck by her little hand, and the strong man bent beneath it, whether he would or no.

It was nearly winter when the end finally came, and that ending was indeed terrible.

For several weeks heavy storms had been raging along the entire line of the road, and many fears were expressed by railway officials about the safety of the road-bed between Carlyle and Farmersville, the next station east. All along these few miles there were heavy grades and numerous small bridges and culverts already loosened by previous storms. That night when I went on duty it was raining hard—a cold, bitter rain, half-sleet, blown here and there in gusts of heavy wind. The night itself was intensely black from swiftly-scudding clouds, broken now and then by vivid glares of forked lightning that seemed almost to tear them in twain. My instruments were almost unmanageable owing to the electricity in the air, but about midnight a message came through in jerks from the Division Superintendent at Balton:

"Opr., Carlyle."

"Send Bond with extra east, to report track at Farmersville for No. 2. Move cautiously."

"W. B. C."

Bond was Tom's conductor, and I handed the order to him immediately. An engine was ready at hand, and they soon had the short train of ten cars made up in the yard. Just as the engine backed down from the tank and was being coupled on, George Ballou, muffled up to his chin, and holding a small leather valise in his hand, came hurriedly around the edge of the depot building.

"Bond," he said to the conductor, who stood there with the lantern raised to give the signal for starting, "I want to go down with you. I must be home to-night."

Bond looked around rather surprised at the request.

"We're more than likely to be wrecked before ever we get there, Mr. Ballou," he said, quickly. "But, if you must go, take your own risk and get on. I don't care."

"Ballou, don't go!"—it was Tom's voice speaking very low. "Take my advice, for there's not one chance in ten of our going through to-night without trouble."

"But I must go," came the answer. "My mother has been taken ill—a telegram just received."

"Wait for 'No. 2,' then—that will be nearer daylight."

"Yes, and it might be too late. No, I must go to-night, danger or not. Surely I may risk it if you can!"

"I have no one to think of but myself." The words were almost lost in the wind. "You have Kate, and it is my duty to go, not yours." And the brakeman regretfully turned away. Only a moment did Ballou gaze after his lantern, as it went flickering down the wet platform, and then as the short train started he stepped into the caboose, and I leaned from my seat to watch Tom swing up on the little iron ladder and mount to the top.

Just exactly how it all happened to-day I do not know, but at the bottom of the second grade the earth had been washed away from beneath the rails, and they hung almost unsupported just below the surface of the water. Thundering down the grade in the rain and night, every brakeman at his post on the top, the great freight engine plunged into the water and went crashing down. Car after car was piled up there and hurled to one side down into the ravine. Clinging to a brake just back of the engine, and peering ahead through the storm, his hands wrenched clear by the shock, Tom was hurled outward into the air. The crash stunned him, but the cold water into which he fell revived him again, and he crawled out from the debris on to the bank and worked his way back towards what should be the rear end of the train.

When the first terrific crash came, the caboose had been pitched violently forward, and then flung down, and now hung tremblingly suspended upon a single timber of the culvert, which trembled and threatened each moment to part and let the battered car fall on the ragged rocks below.

"Is there any one hurt, Cal?" Tom asked, anxiously, as he finally found the conductor standing alone in the rain beside the track.

"No; all out safe, I think—close call, though, Tom; awful wreck! I never saw a worse in thirty years!"

"Help me! help!"

The cry rang out shrill and agonizing from the suspended caboose below them.

"Help! I'm wedged in! Quick!"

It was Ballou's voice beyond a doubt.

"Give me the axe!" and, seizing the weapon, Tom sprang out into the tottering car and dropped down through a shattered window. He knew the slender, trembling timber could not sustain that weight long. He knew he was going to almost certain death. He knew a moment's delay might rid him of one who had won from him the woman he loved. It was a moment for vengeance, but he forgot it all. He knew a moment's delay and all of George Ballou would be a dead, mangled body. But he never hesitated, never doubted what to do. He was only a brakeman, but he was willing to sacrifice his own life, wreck his own happiness, to save the man Kate Carr loved. A martyr, you say—a hero. No; how could he be?—you forget he was but a freight-brakeman.

"Here, quick!" he cried, as with a few rapid blows he cut aside the broken seat which pinned his rival to the floor of the car.

"Quick!" for he felt the car settling, and heard the groaning of the timber giving way. "Cal, catch him!" and, grasped by strong hands, Ballou was drawn up through the broken window to the ground above, and then, with a lurch and crash of breaking timbers the heavy car plunged downward on the rocks, splintered on their sharp points and dashed to pieces.

Just as the morning came, they found Tom lying there, crushed out of all shape, between two great timbers.

"She loved him—she loved him!" was all he said; and, as the sun came over the high bank, he breathed his last sobbing breath in Cal Bond's arms.

They brought him up to the depot and laid him reverently in the ladies' waiting-room, and, as the railroad men bore him by my window, some one in the crowd said:

"How lucky that only a brakeman was killed."

Some way it seems to me that great-hearted Tom Marshall has gone home to a Father who never looks to the grimy clothes and the weather-beaten faces of his children, but rewards them according to their deeds. If so, it must be an exceedingly great reward.

## WHEN THIEF MEETS THIEF.

Three sharps confederated together in Paris in the pursuit of their rascally profession, were working each on his own account to discover some new dupe.

One of them, a young Italian, nicknamed "Candour," probably on account of his deceptive address, at length informed his companions that he had become acquainted with a young man of position, just arrived in the metropolis. This young man was rich, a gambler, and prodigal to excess—qualities much appreciated by our three sharps. The Italian further informed them that his new friend was to be at the Opera that same night.

So good an opportunity was not to be lost, and they immediately arranged their plan of attack, and, when all was settled, they separated, after having made an appointment to meet at the Opera-house.

At the appointed hour the three sharps met in the lobby of the Opera-house, and had not to wait long before they came across the young capitalist.

The Italian advanced to meet him, and introduced his two associates, giving them titles borrowed from the nobility.

The introduction over, they strolled about in friendly gossip, and the conversation became so

interesting that they did not part company the whole evening. The three sharps were extremely affable to the young man, and, delighted with his new acquaintances, he invited them all to sup with him at the "Maison Dorée" restaurant.

The invitation, as may readily be imagined, was accepted with pleasure. The repast was worthy of the host. No expense was spared to make the entertainment worthy of such agreeable companions.

To prolong the pleasure of so charming a reunion a game at cards was suggested, and bouillotte being proposed, was received with acclamation.

While the card table was being prepared the three sharps managed to have a little private conversation, and, by the advice of "Candour," they agreed that, in order to draw on the provincial, and induce him to play high, they should allow him to win at starting to the extent of 3,000fr. (£120), after which they would fleece him without remorse.

The game began, and appeared to promise well for the sharps; the young man placed on the table a well filled pocket-book, and took out of it a note for 500fr. (£20), which he staked.

Fortune, assisted by the three sharps, seemed to smile on the young countryman, and in a short time he found himself the possessor of the sum it had been agreed he should be allowed to gain.

"Upon my word, gentlemen," exclaimed he, putting the notes he had just won into his pocket-book, "I am so ashamed of having such a wonderful run of luck, that I am determined to work it out, so as to give you the chance of at least winning back your money. Come! I won't stake henceforth less than 1,000fr. (£40.)"

Scarcely had he uttered these words, however, when, drawing out his handkerchief from his pocket, the young man held it up to his nose, which had begun to bleed violently.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said he. "I will be with you again directly. I shan't ask more than five minutes' grace, for this little weakness, to which I am very subject, very seldom lasts longer than that." So saying, he left the apartment, leaving his pocket-book on the table. "Candour," filled with compassionate interest, rushed after his friend, professedly to see if he could be of any assistance to him, but in truth to bolt with him as fast as their legs could carry them.

The rich provincial, in point of fact, was neither more nor less than a Parisian sharper, with whom "Candour" had concocted a scheme to rob his accomplices of 3,000fr. The bleeding at the nose and the pocket-handkerchief stained with blood were the denouement of the comedy, the first act of which had taken place in the saloon of the Opera-house.

Let us, however, return to the restaurant to see and hear what is taking place there.

"I say, Patoche," said one of the rascals who had remained behind, to his comrade, eyeing at the same time the well-filled pocket-book on the table, "fortune favors us beyond our hopes. Let us suppose we have already won the yokel's bank notes. Let's pay ourselves and be off."

"Yes, but," said the other, "you forget, the bill must be settled before we can go."

"Good gracious! What a simpleton you are! Let us pay the bill, the pocket-book will reimburse us for any money we advance."

"But suppose we should meet the owner?"

"Well, what could he say to us? We were on our way to meet him, to return him his pocket-book, which he left on the table."

"True; I understand; he could only thank us for so doing. A very good idea."

The two rogues then asked for the bill, gave the waiter a handsome fee, and hastened downstairs. Just as they reached the bottom of the staircase, the one who had the pocket-book in his possession stopped short.

"I say, Patoche, another thought strikes me. Go back and tell the waiters that we shall wait for our friends at the Café Richo to continue our game. This will give us time to get clear off with our prize."

No sooner had Patoche hastily departed up the stairs to execute his errand, than his companion vanished with the well-garnished pocket-book.

Which of these two biters was the most sharply bitten?

The pocket-book was full of waste paper; the bank notes won had been cleverly abstracted by the pretended countryman.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MADAME PATTI has arrived in England.

MDME. PAULINE LUCCA's health is far from satisfactory.

THE competitions at the Quebec Academy of Music will take place on the 28th June next.

WM. FARREN, jun., has left this continent to fulfil his engagement with Miss Genevieve Ward.

MDME. NILLSON intends to return to the stage for several years to repair the pecuniary losses she has suffered.

BALIL and Bijon, the spectacular drama which had such an unparalleled success at Covent Garden some years ago, has been revived at the Alhambra.

A QUARREL has arisen between *Sardou* and the municipality of Nice over some expressions in his play of *Odette* reflecting upon that town.

ON the 10th inst., Mr. and Mdme. Oscar Martel, assisted by their pupils, will give a concert at Nordheim's Hall.

ON the following day the Philharmonic Society give their second concert of the season.