

## ALONE.

Still earth turns and pulses stir,  
And each day bath its dead;  
But if I be dead to her,  
What is the life I lead?

Cares the cuckoo for the wood,  
When the red leaves are down?  
Stays the robin near the brood,  
When they are fledged and flown?

Yea, we live; the common air  
To both its bounty brings.  
Mockery! Can the absent share  
The half-forgotten things?

Barren comfort fancy doles  
To him that truly sees;  
Sullen earth can cover souls,  
Far as the Pleiades.

Take they toys, step-mother Earth—  
Take force of limb and brain;  
All thy gifts are little worth,  
Till her I find again.

Grass may spring and buds may stir—  
Why should mine eyes take heed?  
For if I be dead to her,  
Then am I dead indeed.

—Andrew Hedbrook, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

## THE LIMITED EXPRESS.

### A Trip and Its Thoroughly Satisfactory Results.

The following brief narrative was communicated to the present writer by a highly respectable citizen, for whose veracity he has pleasure in vouching.

There occurred recently, in and between Washington and New York, a series of events presumably of interest and importance only to those concerned therein. As the public, however, would seem to have been treated to much misstatement and misrepresentation in regard thereto, I think it time they were set right.

In the early part of last season my niece, Miss Dorothea Wesley, aged twenty, was invited by a former school friend to make a visit at her parents' residence, No. 4002 Z street, Washington, D. C., said parents being a retired naval officer, who valiantly served his country in his time, and his wife, a lady of high social position, and coming from one of the best families in Maryland. Their house, I am credibly informed, is one of the social centers of the National Capital, and I have seen elaborate notices in the papers of entertainments there given. My niece is a very special favorite of my own, and although I say it who should not, there is no prettier nor more attractive girl within the limits of the bills of mortality. I was therefore greatly pleased when this invitation came to her; and when the little witch came up and looked in my face with her pleading brown eyes, and told me she had no seal-skin saque to wear Sunday afternoons on Connecticut avenue, I do not hesitate to say that I gave her a check large enough to pay for that much desired article of clothing, and leave a handsome surplus for kid gloves with I know not how many buttons.

The time came, and I saw her off for Washington, with a party going to spend the winter there. I could not accompany her myself, for I was interested on the "long" side of the stock market, and said interests needed the closest attention; but from her own lips and from other trustworthy sources I know all that happened in connection with her visit.

Z street is a very good one, and as No. 4002 is just at its diagonal intersection with Oregon avenue, the thoroughfare in front of the house is very wide, and the situation altogether pleasant. My niece arrived just in time for a large afternoon gathering there, and assisted in the pouring of tea, which was consumed in considerable quantities by those present. Thereafter she was fairly launched in Washington society. All seem to have joined in doing her honor—old residents, army and navy officers, members of Congress and diplomatists. She received much attention from the Minister of Guiana; and the Charge d'Affaires of Tierra del Fuego could not say enough, couched in very imperfect English, in her praise. She went to afternoon "teas," evening "card receptions," and dinners, and when the President gave an official entertainment at the White House the Minister of Guiana requested the pleasure of escorting her thither in person, passed her in at the diplomatic entrance, gave her his arm for the presentation, and conducted her to the particularly select space reserved behind the President and the ladies receiving with him.

She went to the private galleries of both the Senate and the House, and heard some of the speeches. I am not sure that she was happy in her days there, for the Senate was discussing a bill for the relief of the Postmaster at Blue Gulch, California; and in the House the member from Foster's Flats, Illinois, was straining his lungs and sawing the air in the attempt to demonstrate the

The money, amounting to started if they had been Daniel Websters and Henry Clays, and their themes the Constitution and the Union. Indeed, one would not have been surprised, had my niece been an ordinary girl, if her health had suffered from all this social dissipation, and her pretty head had been turned by the attention she received; but then she was not an ordinary girl at all; and, moreover, they do not keep such late hours in Washington as in New York.

When the "germans" began, which are given on Wednesday evenings, and are, I am led to believe, very select, she was duly invited; and at the first one she attracted much attention. I collected the references to her which appeared in the "society columns" of the newspapers, and they were all complimentary and undoubtedly well meant, if somewhat confused and inconsistent. For instance, the *Constellation* spoke of her as a "perfect blonde," and the *Freeman* as "a brunette of rare attractions;" the *Courier* described her as attired in black tulle, and the *Metropolis* as in a ball dress of blue satin; but then that has happened before, and I can quite fancy the poor tired reporters becoming a little confused. The important thing at this ball, after all, was not what my niece wore (she is always well dressed), but whom she met; and the particular "whom" was a young army officer—I will not name him beyond calling him Jack. I know him, and I knew his father before him—the gallant old Colonel whose life was given to duty, who served his country faithfully in Florida and Mexico and on the plains among the Indians, and then laid down his life for her in one of the last battles of the great civil war. He left his son his good name, and every one says the youngster does it credit. General R—, who lives in New York, and who plays whist with me at the club, says he is highly esteemed in the army, and sure to make his mark. If any ill-natured person should suggest that he ought not to be staying in Washington, I would promptly refute his insinuations. There is altogether too much of this sort of talk, when, as a matter of fact, many officers who have neither the taste nor the means for life at the capital are detained there on duty, and very much to their disadvantage. Then my young friend graduated so high in his class at West Point that he was assigned to the engineers, and he has important duties in Washington.

It was the most natural thing in the world that he should meet my niece and be attracted by her. In fact, when she went to Washington I wrote him a note suggesting that he should call on her. She liked him, too; and he called the day after the ball, and I dare say, saw much of her subsequently. I doubt not that he drank more cups of tea than were good for him when she poured them out, and danced with her whenever he could, and happened sometimes to come out of St. John's Church just as she did, and walked up Connecticut avenue with her. I would have done just so at his age. Indeed, I remember—But, dear me! this is not a story about an old fellow like myself. What I mean to say is that he was quite right in doing what he did; and I can not imagine why he should not have asked her to ride with him, nor why she should not have accepted the invitation. The one with whom I find fault is that confounded stableman who told her the horse she hired was perfectly quiet and steady. But I anticipate.

Very few people in the country know how beautiful are the environs of Washington, and fewer still are acquainted with the splendid road up the course of the Potomac. Why, at its terminus, and only about eighteen miles from the Capitol, are the Great Falls, a piece of scenery so magnificent that if it were only "on the other side, you know," we would all save our money, and pack our trunks, and crowd ourselves into stuffy cabins, and endure nine days' seasickness, in order to see it; but inasmuch as it has the misfortune to be in our own country, there are few so poor as to do it reverence. Think of it! Here are falls of the first order of wild beauty, close to the capital of the Nation, and not one person in a thousand knows or cares any thing about them. Moreover, on the way thither, the road, and the aqueduct, which is its *raison d'etre*, are carried over Cabin John Creek on a splendid bridge, the finest and boldest single arch in the world; and this is well worth a visit, too. My young engineer naturally chose this destination for the ride, being sure that even if the young lady did not care for the big arch, she would love the fine smooth road and the picturesque views of the beautiful Potomac. He was right, too, for, as she has since told me, she never enjoyed a ride so much in her life. All went well until they reached the bridge, which is very high above the stream

with two hundred fowls, for horse, and his iron grip on the bridle of her. There were two others in the party; curiously enough, they had lagged a little behind, and they came up just in time to see the rescue, than which, they declare, they never saw a thing better done. Nothing, you will say, could have been better all round nor more satisfactory than this; and there, unfortunately, is just where you will be wrong. In theory and in Arcadian days the brave knight admires the fair maiden, and breaks a lance for her, and rides furiously to her rescue when she is assailed by foes, and then, when she is safe at home, he pays court to her, and they are married, and "live happy ever after." In real life and the United States and the nineteenth century it is altogether different. Witness what happened in this case. The accident and rescue were perfect bonanzas for the newspaper people, and the interviewers kept the door-bell going at 4002 Z street until late in the evening. There were several special dispatches in the New York papers, each one giving a wholly different account of the matter from all the others, and this made the trouble, as I shall show.

I must here state, with some reluctance, that I have never agreed with my sister-in-law in regard to her views for Dorothea. When my brother and I came to New York as young men, we had good education and fair abilities and a few dollars, and we have both made our way successfully, as the world goes, especially my brother, who is of considerable standing in the business world. His wife married him when he had but made a beginning, and what I do not like in her is her unwillingness to let her daughter do as she did. On the contrary, she is always looking out for some match which will be advantageous from a worldly point of view. First she made a dead set at a supposed English lord, who turned out to be a Liverpool drummer; and then she picked up a person whom I consider highly objectionable, a man of—well, fully middle age, who is reputed to have made a large sum on the Stock Exchange, but who, if he pursues the reckless tactics which have been his for some time past, will soon be as poor as Job's turkey. I have heard some very hard things said of his management (gross mismanagement, in my opinion) of a bull pool in Montana Transportation Company. I fully endorse all I have heard in this connection, and if offended he may hold me personally responsible. I never thought a man who would unload his own stock in advance of all his associates a fit suitor for my niece, and on this point my sister-in-law and myself had a serious disagreement, in which, of course, she had the best of me, as her claims on Dorothea's devotion are undoubtedly stronger than mine. My brother could not be induced to interfere, and accordingly, this person, whose name I shall call Simpson, was speedily received and on familiar terms in the house. That Dorothea could like him I never once believed, but I feared she would eventually succumb to the pressure brought to bear upon her, and be drawn into an engagement with this fellow. I was therefore greatly pleased when she went to Washington, for that visit would take her out of the way for some weeks at least, and then all sorts of things might happen before her return.

I have the highest respect for the press in general (there was much of discrimination and ability shown in the interviews with my aunt Simpson and the Montana pool), and especially for the senders of those special dispatches to New York about the rescue of my niece by Jack; but had they known what mischief they would do, I am sure they would have short-circuited all the wires between here and Washington before they would have let the news go over them. The moment my sister-in-law read the morning papers she sat down and wrote eight crossed pages to Dorothea, and a note to that confounded Simpson. He called that night and had a long conference in the library. In a day or two more we heard on Wall street that he was closing up his contracts and going away for a while. Sure enough, he took the train for Washington in less than a week.

There is an excellent railroad company which conveys passengers south from Jersey City, and I have every reason to believe them rather liberal than "grasping" and "souless" (although, unlike Simpson, I always pay my fare, and do not ask for passes). They send out two trains which they call "limited expresses," one starting in the forenoon, and the other in the afternoon. The latter is called (why I know not) the "Congressional" limited, and is a very fast train indeed. Simpson, I am given to understand, expressed his sovereign satisfaction with its speed and its accommodations;

had important bearing, as will be seen, on subsequent events. He arrived in due course and went to a hotel; and the next day he called upon my niece, who must have been any thing but pleased to see him. Luckily he had not succeeded in closing out all his contracts before he left New York; and he was so uneasy about them that he could not make a long call, but fled incontinently to the local agency of his brokers, and sat watching the tape for hours.

I doubt not that, in the estimation of society, a nominally rich Wall street operator is a better "catch" for a girl than a young army officer, though the latter be the worthy scion of a long race of brave soldiers, and a splendid, plucky, clever fellow himself; so when it was whispered about Washington that Simpson had come, people shook their heads, and some men offered odds on the fellow's chances. Jack, however, was made of too stern stuff to be daunted by any rival, though he might be a second Monte Cristo, and he kept himself well to the front. He never made Simpson's acquaintance, and simply ignored his presence in Washington.

It was at last decided that Dorothea should go home on a certain Thursday, and Simpson, of course, arranged to take the same train (the "Congressional" limited), and expected to escort her. He offered to secure the seats, but was told that arrangements had already been made about them. It was very curious that it should be necessary for Jack to go to New York that same day on Government business. I do not know the name of the superior officer who gave him the order, but if he should ever want a favor of me I would do it for him, for he must be a rare good fellow. One of Jack's corps also decided to go, and the whole party met at the Sixth street station at about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon. There was quite a crowd of Dorothea's friends seeing her off, including, of course, the Minister of Guiana, who brought a large bouquet, and the Charge d'Affaires of Tierra del Fuego, who contributed a modest box of bonbons. In the bustle I do not think that Simpson saw the officers, and it was only when he entered the car that he found one seated on each side of my niece. Jack assures me that when he perceived him he was "all broken up," and that when the first shock was over he was in a fearful rage, grew red in the face, shut the window with a bang, and scowled at the lobbyist from Wayback who sat next to him; all

By way of expressing the feelings which lay "Quite too deep for words," as Wordsworth would say.

But no one paid the slightest attention to him. When the train emerged from the navy-yard tunnel, there was Jack sitting by Dorothea as demure as you like, and not taking the slightest notice of his surroundings.

I must now change the scene to New York, on the arrival of the tidings that my niece's visit was nearly at an end, and Simpson would accompany or follow her to her home. I went to my brother's office to have a serious talk with him about this matter. He is not a bad fellow, and my hope was to make him act firmly and independently—to put his foot down, as it were—and I had a remarkable success. I began by telling him what an escape the little girl really had when she was riding at Cabin John Bridge; I asked him how he would have felt if she had gone over the parapet and headlong down to the water (here he began to show emotion); and I would like to know if he had made suitable acknowledgment of his obligation to her rescuer. He said he had not; he had intended to do so each day, but had been prevented by one thing or another, and his wife assured him she had attended to the matter. I told him I liked that, and did he know how she had attended to it—by sending that miserable Simpson down to worry Dorothea, instead of letting her please herself? How would he have liked that himself when he was a young man? Then I told him that his daughter's preserver was the worthy son of our old friend, whom he had known even better than I (I have an impression that I must have waxed quite eloquent at this point.) I asked him if in this free country there was the ghost of a reason why a young fellow like that should not fall in love with just such a girl as Dorothea, and if he meant for one moment to be ungrateful to him, to deny him a fair chance to win her. He hardly gave me time to conclude, but jumped up, struck a tremendous blow on the old desk with his clinched fist, and declared, in stronger language than I have heard him use for years, that he would do nothing that was not kind and loving; that he was no heavy father of the drama, nor stern parent, and that if he were about to choose a man he would like his little girl to fancy, it

this demonstration, and were apparently just then there came a telegram from Dorothea saying she would arrive the evening; and as nothing could have been more opportune, and I would not give him a chance to change his mind, I made him send a message to his house, dine at the club with me, and go to the train; so nine o'clock found us pacing the platform at Jersey City.

The train had passed through the Baltimore tunnels, crossed the Gunpowder and the Susquehanna, and was approaching the shores of the Delaware. I doubt very much if Simpson had enjoyed the journey. He had spoken to my niece; but he could not get the seat next nor opposite to her; she was talking constantly, much to his annoyance, to Jack and his friend, and Simpson began to realize that he was to see little or nothing of her. The lobbyist next to him made him furious by mistaking him for a Congressman from the Weasle Bay district, Wisconsin, and asking his support for a little bill, and he could not get a telegram from Wall street to inform him what had been done for his account.

Just about this time the young officers began the consummation of the scheme concocted by them, which calls for the heading of this story. How they managed to make things work together as they did I can not imagine, but their success was well deserved. I have said that, when Simpson went to Washington on the Congressional limited, he did not notice certain arrangements in connection with that train. One of these, which is carried out on the trip in each direction, is the dropping, when near the bridge leading to Philadelphia, of a car, which is then drawn into that quiet city by a separate engine. This car is, of course, the rear-most one, and on the day in question it was behind that in which sat some of the persons concerned in this story.

At a certain moment Jack's friend left his seat, approached Simpson, introduced himself as having met him in Washington, and entered into conversation with him. In the course of this conversation he casually mentioned that he had an acquaintance on the train who had just come from Montana, and was not only well informed about all transportation matters there, but also largely interested therein himself. Now if there be one thing in which Simpson's small soul is wholly interested, it is Montana Transportation Company, and he quickly asked if he could meet the person mentioned. Of course this meeting was easily effected, and took place in the rear car, and in a closely shut compartment, the interior of which even the brakeman's rasping voice did not reach. Absorbed in his inquiries, which were readily answered, Simpson sat, while the car stopped, stood still awhile, and then moved steadily on. Ten minutes later it again came to a stop in the commodious station on Broad street, Philadelphia! In the mean time the rest of the train was making just about fifty miles an hour on the way to New York, and Jack was sitting closer than ever to Dorothea, and saying something which, I am told, heightened the color on her cheek. At all events, she was blushing violently when her father and I met her at Jersey City.

Well, to make a long story short, Jack "captured" every body. Indeed, I am disposed to retract any insinuations I may have made as to the disposition of my sister-in-law, for she not only accepted the inevitable very gracefully, but took the young fellow into closest favor. I hear that he is to have a capital station not far from New York, and I shall not need next autumn to go far to see my niece. Moreover, being fortunately "long" of the market in the recent rise, I am in a position to contribute substantially toward the latter young person's exchequer.

Simpson (although my sister-in-law, womanlike, was very cold to him when he called) came out of the affair better than he had any right to expect. The man from Montana really gave him good "points;" and I hear that he was well ahead on that particular stop. Thus the public will see that the sensational stories about this matter (I believe Simpson had himself interviewed and started them all) were without foundation, and that every one should be thoroughly well satisfied with the results of that trip on the Limited Express.—A. Hayes, in *Harper's Bazar*.

A little daughter of William Curran, of Mink Hollow, which is in the Catskill Mountains, was picking berries, on Wednesday, when a bear popped out of the bushes and seized her. She called for help, and the house dog ran to her and pitched into the bear, and the little girl was enabled to get away and run home. A bear hunt was organized, and the dog was found half a mile from the scene of the attack, bleeding freely. The bear got away.