CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

gesticulated as country attorneys of small and infrequent practice will do on the most trivial occasions. But nobody in the jolly group round the stove minded them.

Toward the end of the afternoon the door opened and a man in an old slouch hat, ragged brown overcoat, and muddy knee-boots entered, leading a little boy by the hand. The little boy was pale and sickly looking; round his neck were wound several folds of red woolen comforter; his shoes seemed much too large, especially round the tops, and looked as if they wobbled on his feet. The man wore an uneasy look as he removed his hat and cast his eyes hesitatingly down the room. The group by the stove ceased their hum for a moment and watched him. He was a stranger to all of them, and was, therefore, a stranger in the town. Strangers are always of interest to country loafers, and the preoccupied, troubled air with which this one, leading the little child, walked down the aisle till he came to a vacant seat, fascinated the students of character by the stove. The man sat quietly, however, and most people soon forgot about him. A few wondered from time to time what he had come for, as he apparently took no interest in the case or in anything but the little child.

'Free heat, I reckon, suggested one sagacious person, and the suggestion was accepted.

Now and then the man drew the child closer and laid his sandy mustache and beard against its cheek. The rest of the time he sat, looking downward, holding one of the child's hands in one of his, and stroking it occasionally.

Suddenly papers began to rustle and crackle around the judge's desk, and there was a slight bustle. Then the judge cried, in a loud voice.

'Court is adjourned. Officer, clear the court room!'

The stranger sprang to his feet, still holding the child by the hand.

'Jedge,' he cried, in a loud clear voice, 'Jus' wait one minute please!'

The judge, having been sufficiently bored that afternoon, was ready for anything that promised excitement. He motioned for everybody to be still and nodded to the man.

'I don't know,' began the man slowly, whether any o' you folks heard about the savin' of a train near Bejwood, this county, some four months ago—July twenty-sixth it was. The account was in all the newspapers an' there was a good many poems writ about it. It was all how a feller named Jim Landers saved a train f'm bein' wrecked at the resk of his life, him movin' a log train robbers had put on the track, while they was shootin' at him. He got the log off jus' barely in time.

"'An' he fell, an' the log fell with him,
An' they rolled in the ditch below,

was the way one o' the poems put it. An' they took up a collection for this man Landers on the train, an gave it to him—about two hundred dollars. Now what I come here today to say,'—the man paused a moment and clasped the child's hand tightly and looked gravely at one particular stain on the floor—'what I come here today to say is that I'm Jim Landers, that I put that log on the track, that I fired them bullet holes in my hat, that I took that log off an' told them damnable lies—all fur the sake of gittin' a reward.'

He paused, still looking at the stain. There was a dead silence. Then the child, understanding only that its father had done something wrong, and frightened lest something might happen to him, burst into tears. Landers stooped over, and lifting the boy in his arms held him against his breast. Then he drew out his big red handkerchief and wiped the child's eyes gently.

'There, there, son, don't cry,' he said, soothingly. 'They won't hurt you, son. There, there, daddy's got him; don't cry.'

The child convulsively hushed his sobs. The crowd meanwhile were silent, feeling instinctively that there was more to come.

'That's the story,' said Landers, looking up bravely. Somehow the weight of his boy in his arms seemed to give him strength. 'If you don't mind lis'tning, Jedge, I'll tell you how it happened. At that time my little boy was sick with the typhoid—ye kin see how light the little tyke is yet. His ma had died o' the typhoid jus' before an' I seemed to see him, my only little chil', goin' the same way. I was out o' work—mills shet down—an' the money was all gone, an' the doctor said all that 'd pull him through 'd be the dainties' kin' o' food, an' the carefulles' nursin'. But try as I would, Jedge, I couldn't git work, an' day after day I saw the boy jus' peakin' away 'fore my eyes. An' when I was jus' desp'rate, I read how somebody'd got a big reward by savin' a train. I didn't think of it at the time, but I went home that day, jes' ready to give in, an' I ast God to put it in my mind what I was to do. An' as I stood there askin', firs' that story come back into my mind, an' then followin' it, an' ye might say crowdin' it, it come so clost, the way I was to use it. I didn't stop to think, Jedge, whether it was God or the devil that put that notion there. I jus' sat down to plan an' reason it all out, jus' as if 'twas the mos' righteous thing I could do. I saw I'd have to git in some resk to myself or people mightn't think I'd done anything to be rewarded. An' I didn't jus' feel like reskin' to wait movin' the log till the last minute, which would be too uncertain's well as dangerous. An' so, gradual like, the plan o' havin' robbers fire on me worked itself out. Jedge, I don't b'lieve I ever was so happy in my life as I was when I'd got that plan all fixed up nice. I can't understand it now, Jedge, but, honest, the right an' the wrong of it never wunst entered my head an' I jus' kep' sayin' to myself, 'Ain't that cute!' an' then lookin' over to my little boy an' kind o' murmurin', 'You'll be all right now, son.' An' then I made out the story jus' as I'd tell it to the train folks, an' learned it pat, an' then at night I went an' did the thing. It wasn't till I bugun tellin' them the lie an' they begun praisin' me up, that I felt I'd done a mean, an' a low, an' a wicked thing. Then I almos' broke down, but I remembered the boy. I got the money, an' the child lived. But I'd rather I'd died! I saw my name published in the newspapers as a hero, and I red pomes in the papers about me, an' I was serenaded by the neighbors when the boy got well enough, an' I was always pointed out to any stranger that happened along as a hero. But the worst of all was about two weeks after the thing when I got a gold medal from the man that started takin' up the collection fur me. It was all engraved about my heroic deed an' so on. There was times when I wonder I didn't shoot myself. An' there was other times when I ackully for the moment felt as if I'd done all everybody thought I'd done. An' at last I made up my mind that I couldn't stand it no longer. I wrote to the people that had given me the money that night an' had left me their addresses, returnin' what they'd given me as near as I could remember' an tellin' 'm I was goin' to confess, an' if they wanted to prosecute me to be here this day. I don't care what you do to me, Jedge; nothin' ye kin do'll be as bad as what I've gone through. Only, Jedge, whatever ye do, please see that the boy's looked after. His life was saved anyhow.'

Landers, still holding his boy in his arms, looked straight at the judge. A murmer rose in the audience, a murmur of applause. It swelled into cheering, clapping and stamping, and it was long before the judge could quell it. Landers stood through it all immovable, waiting for his sentence. But when everything was still, the judge, with a queer twinkle in his eyes, and a huskiness in his voice, said:

'I think it was through lack of opportunity that you weren't really a hero, Mr. Landers.'

Then the crowd, which had been waiting in impatient dread, burst into another mighty shout of lauappsa. Landers white and quivering, sank back into his seat. But again the judge stilled the tumult, and spoke, and this time his voice was official:

'Does anyone appear against this man?'

There was no response. The moments seemed like hours.

'The case is dismissed.'

How to Make Indelible Ink.

Indelible Ink for marking linen may be easily prepared at home by putting two inches of lunar caustic in an ounce bottle and filling the bottle up with good vinegar. Be careful that the bottle is perfectly clean or the result will not be perfectly satisfactory. Cork tightly and leave in a sunny place for two days before using. In using indelible ink it will be found more satisfactory to write on the goods if the following preparation is first used: Put in a clean bottle a scant desertspoonful of salts of tartar and a lump of gum arabic the size of a hickory nut. Fill the bottle with rain water and stand in a sunny place for a couple of days before using. To use, dip a camel's hair brush in the gum liquid and paint over a space on the linen large enough to contain the initials or name desired, then allow it to dry for at least twenty-four hours and iron before using the indelible ink. Always use a new pen and dry in the sun, if possible.

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All He Knew.

"What do you think of this talk about evolution?" some one asked Brother. Dickey.

"Eva who?"

"Evolution."

Whar do he live at?"

When the thing was explained to him, Brother Dickey said:

"I dunno nuttin' 'tall 'bout him. De only thing in de round wor'l dat I knows fer sartin' is heaven is high, en hell is hot!"

The following is a simple but sure way to tell good from bad eggs. Fresh eggs should be more transparent in the center than elsewhere. A fresh egg will sink in a brine solution made of one ounce of salt to a quart of of water. A stale egg will swim about, and a really bad one float on the very top. The vessel used should have a smooth, level bottom.

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DIARY OF A VOYAGE TO BRAZIL.

BY PAUL REESE.

CONCLUDED.

Tuesday, October 17th.

Most of the tramp steamers we have seen well merit their name, so shabby and disreputable were they. But this morning we passed a marine dude, so resplendent in a coat of new paint, shining brass, and polished wood work, that, had not her derricks betrayed her nomadic character, she might have been taken for a yacht. I made out her name through the glass—the Canning.

I was standing by the rail on the quarter-deck, about three bells this evening, watching a curious looking cloud on the horizon, and wondering why it did not move or change its form, when the captain said to me: "That's the first land you have seen for some time, isn't it?" "What land? I don't see any land." "Well, if I looked at a mountain as big as that one, and stared at it as hard as you are staring, I think I'd come pretty near seeing it." "Is that cloud I'm looking at a mountain?" "Yes, it's a mountain on Ancora Island, so high that it can be seen an almost incredible distance at sea on a clear day." * * * At eight o'clock we sighted Cape Frio, and before I went below for the night the light upon Raza Island, at the entrance to Rio harbor, was sending its rays to meet us through the darkness, proclaiming our passage all but complete.

Wednesday, October 18th.

"How slow! alas . . . . . .
Methought that mist of dawning gray
Would never dapple into day;
How heavily it rolled away
Before the eastern fame."

But having been reared on the sight of hills and mountains, the magnificence of the scene which the mist, lifting like a curtain, revealed this morning had perhaps not quite the same charm for me that a view of such sublime grandeur would probably possess for an Eastern Sho'man. And yet, I think, that even one who had lived all his life in some valley of the Rockies, or in the shadow of Mont Blanc, could hardly fail to be impressed by the awe-inspiring beauty of these gigantic hills. They seem a fitting home for a race of Titans, a vast wilderness unfit for man. Doubtless these dark green nesses of vast virgin forest, rising almost perpendicularly out of the sea and lost in the clouds above, look the same today as they did over four hundred years ago when first seen by a white man.

However, the prospect is not entirely without a suggestion of human life, for, flitting back and forth at what seems to be a perilously close distance to the jagged rocks over which the boom of the surf can be distinctly heard from the deck of our ship, are little low-lying vessels with lateen sails so enormously out of all proportion to the size of their hulls, and so set, on either side, as to give them a striking resemblance to white winged gulls. * * * Captain M—— tells me that from the Equator down we have come very near making, if we have not quite made, a record; but, at the last moment, our luck seems to have changed. All day we have been aimlessly cruising about, up and down before the entrance to the harbor, as if we were part of a blockading squadron and Rio de Janeiro was in a state of siege. We were kept out by a head wind. Then, towards evening, the sea breeze, although favorable, brought along with it such a dense fog that we were worse off than before. Finally the night came on—to use one of the captain's favorite comparisons—"as black as a nigger's pocket."

Thursday, October 19th.

"There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack."

But how much of the responsibility for our safely riding at anchor here in Rio harbor is due to our own cherubically proportioned skipper, or how much we may be indebted to the aforesaid little sky pilot for having kept his celestial weather-eye upon us, is too much of a question for me to answer off hand. However, gratitude as well as charity, I think, should begin at home, and so, while rendering unto Captain Myrick the things which are Captain Myrick's, and unto the cherub with a taste for navigation the things which are the cherub's, I shall wait until I have a chance to thank the latter personally, in spite of the fact that it may not be for some time to come. For the present I confine myself to saying here that, while very ignorant still of many, perhaps most, things pertaining to the handling of a ship at sea, I could not well be aboard a vessel like the Good News for nearly nine weeks without absorbing through the pores of my skin, if through no other channel, a certain amount of knowledge; enough, at least, to warrant my saying that a captain who could bring his ship on so long a voyage to her destination in safety, with a mate like C—— and less than half a crew, must have had some outside help, as the couplet indicates. But I am inclined to think that, had not our skipper been one in ten thousand, the little boy up above would have had a contract on his fat little hands that he would remember through all eternity.

The passage from Fernandina, Florida, to Rio de Janeiro is completed. For over two months I have been "rocked in the cradle of the deep"; a soothing process, may be, for an old sea-dog, but a process which has often had an effect quite the contrary on a novice like myself. The days since I embarked, so uneventful yet so full of interest to me, have become what I hoped they would in time—a pleasant memory.

Mr. C——, the first mate, has done what every calf, if only given rope enough, is bound to do sooner or later, hung himself. It will require no interference on my part to insure his non-continuance as a member of this ship's company. As to Morris Hart, our boy sailor, I need only quote Jack's words: "There aint nobody for'ard what looks no tougher 'an Morris." Jack and Anderson, both injured, will be taken to the hospital in the morning. And Mr. R——, the second mate: of him I am glad to be able to say something kind before he leaves these pages forever. I appreciate his well meant efforts to make this voyage a pleasant one for me, and I do not hesitate to say that he is an officer both conscientious and able in the performance of his duty as he sees it. Without him we should have been in a bad way indeed.

Finally, as I come to close this diary—for I shall not continue it further—and take a retrospective view of the last two months, I cannot but feel that they are, perhaps, the most novel and interesting of my life. And this evening I look about me on a scene of almost heavenly beauty. The white city, lying in the near distance, from which the sound of life can be heard like the hum of insects on a summer night; the many-colored lights peeping out, one by one; the music of a band coming, softly mellowed by distance, over the water; the stately palms; the towering peaks and the rich glow of a tropical sunset forming the back ground of a picture which it would be a profanation for one with only my command of words to attempt to describe. But now, in the few remaining minutes of daylight, before the gathering night has dissolved the scene, I wonder can so much beauty be meaningless. Can it be no more than the mere gratification of one's sense of sight, or one's taste for the beautiful? Yes, surely it is more. There is an eloquent sermon in it all for one who cares to heed it. Storms, calms, head winds, fair winds, fogs, and then—this! "Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day," but could we know that, in the evening, such an ending awaited our voyage over the sea of life, how little would we care what befell us during the passage.

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WESTERN Md. RAILROAD.

MAIN LINE AND CONNECTIONS.

CONNECTING WITH P. & R. R. at Shippensburg and Gettysburg, Norfolk & Western R. R. at Hagerstown, B. & O. Railroad at Hagerstown and Cherry Run; Penna. R. R. at Frederick, and Hanover; and P. W. & B., N. C. and B. & P. Railroads at Union Station, Baltimore.

Taking effect SUNDAY, JANUARY 14, 1905.

TRAINS WEST.

STATIONS.	FM	W	Ac.		Ac		TP	Ac.
	AM				A M	P M	P M	P M
Hillen Station	4 30	8 10	10 15	2 50	4 55	6 15		
Union Station	4 35	8 15	10 20	2 55	5 00	6 20		
Penna. Ave	4 39	8 19	10 24	2 59	....	6 24		
Fulton Station	4 42	8 22	10 28	3 02	5 05	6 27		
Walbrook	4 45	8 27	10 31	3 10	5 08	6 30		
Arlington	....	8 35	10 39	3 18	....	6 41		
Mt. Hope	....	8 37	10 43	3 23	....	6 46		
Howardville	....	8 40	10 46	3 26	....	6 48		
Sudbrook Park	....	8 42	10 48	3 27	....	6 49		
Pikesville	....	8 44	10 50	3 30	....	6 51		
Greenwood	....	....	....	3 32	....	6 52		
Owings Mills	....	8 53	11 01	3 40	....	6 59		
Gwynbrook	....	8 58	11 06	3 45	....	7 03		
Glyndon	7511	9 04	11 16	3 53	5 40	7 09		
Glen Morris	....	9 06	11 18	3 56	....	7 11		
Glen Falls	....	9 11	11 24	4 01	....	7 18		
Finksburg	....	9 13	11 26	4 13	....	7 20		
Patapsco	....	9 20	11 32	4 12	....	7 28		
Carrollton	....	9 28	11 36	4 16	....	7 33		
Westminster	5 40	9 34	11 40	4 22	....	7 39		
Avondale	....	9 45	11 50	4 37	6 10	7 50		
Medford	....	9 50	11 56	4 46	....	7 56		
New Windsor	5 52	9 53	11 59	4 49	....	7 59		
Linwood	....	10 00	12 06	5 00	6 24	8 06		
Union Bridge	6 00	10 05	12 11	5 10	....	8 11		
Middleburg	....	10 15		5 31	6 31	8 15		
Bruceville	6 07	10 19			6 37			
Detour	....	10 24			6 42			
Rocky Ridge	....	10 32			6 46			
Emmitsburg	....	11 02			6 58			
Loy's	....	11 26			7 36			
Graceham	....	11 40			7 0			
Thurmont	6 55	11 45			7 06			
Deerfield	....	11 00			7 10			
Sabillasville	....	11 06			7 26			
Blue Ridge Summit	6 49	11 15			7 33			
Highfield	6 52	11 20			7 45			
Buena Vista Springs	....	11 24			7 48			
Pen-Mar	....	....			7 50			
Blue Mountain	....	....			....			
Edgemont	7 05	11 36			8 00			
Waynesboro, Pa., ar	7 30	11 50			8 23			
Chambersburg, ar	8 05	12 27			8 58			
Shippensburg, ar	....	12 55			9 25			
Smithsburg	7 16	11 40			8 10			
Cavetown	7 11	11 42			8 12			
Chewsville	7 18	11 48			8 17			
Potomac ave	7 28	11 57			8 25			
Hagerstown	7 35	12 02			8 30			
Williamsport	7 50	12 17			8 51			
Charlton	8 07	12 26			9 02			
Clear Spring	8 15	12 33			9 12			
Fort Frederick	8 25	12 40			9 22			
Big Pool	8 32	12 45			9 27			
Cherry Run, ar	8 35	12 48			9 30			
Park Head	8 51	1 02			9 45			
Mill Stone	8 57	1 10			9 51			
Hancock	9 05	1 20			10 00			
	A M	P M	P M	P M	P M	P M	P M	P M

TRAINS EAST.

STATIONS.	Ac	Ac	TP	Ac.		WE	FM
	A M	A M	A M	P M	P M	P M	P M
Hancock			5 35			2 30	7 10
Mill Stone			5 43			12 38	7 18
Park Head			5 50			12 44	7 25
Cherry Run ie			6 03			12 54	7 40
Big Pool			6 08			1 04	7 45
Fort Frederick			6 18			1 14	7 55
Clear Spring			6 25			1 21	8 02
Charlton			6 32			1 28	8 09
Williamsport			6 47			1 45	8 25
Hagerstown			7 05			2 05	8 45
Potomac ave			7 18			2 18	8 58
Chewsville			7 28			2 28	9 08
Cavetown			7 24			2 25	8 54
Smithburg			7 26			2 27	8 56
Shippensburg, Pa			8 05			2 45	
Chambersburg, Pa			7 30			2 55	9 22
Waynesboro, Pa			7 25			2 13	8 50
Edgemont			7 34			2 35	6 00
Blue Mountain							
Pen-Mar							
Buena Vista Springs			7 47			2 48	
Highfield			7 59			2 59	6 15
Blue Ridge Summit			8 05			2 55	6 17
Sabillasville			8 14			3 02	6 23
Deerfield			8 05			3 0	
Thurmont			8 18			3 18	6 39
Graceham			8 24			3 21	
Loy's			8 24			3 2	
Emmitsburg			7 50			2 55	6 0
Rocky Ridge			8 28			3 3	6 49
Detour			8 35			3 37	
Bruceville			8 38			3 45	7 00
Middleburg			8 41			3 48	
Union Bridge	5 10	6 30	8 50	12 03	3 15	7 10	
Linwood	5 14	6 35	8 53	12 54	4 05		
New Windsor	5 2	6 40	8 58	12 59	4 08	7	
Medford	5 39	7 00	9 05	1 06	4 14		
Avondale	5 44	7 05	9 07	1 18	4 17		
Westminster	5 52	7 13	9 15	1 18	4 25	7 31	
Tannery	6 10	7 29	9 24	2 34	4 34		
Carrollton	6 15	7 33	9 28	1 30	4 38		
Patapsco	6 21	7