

standing at the switch, ready to throw the rails back as soon as they had passed upon the siding.

"In a moment they were within hailing distance, the fireman was upon my side, down upon the steps of his engine making ready to jump.

"Stick to your engine," I cried. "Run upon the siding, and do your best to stop her. Tell the engineer to stick and stop her for his life."

"It is wonderful that he heard me, much more comprehended my meaning through the rush and roar of the train,

allowed me to free from debt; and, yes, that is the boy running to meet us now—a proud little fellow upon pay-day, as he goes with me to the office, and stands among the men taking their turn to receive their pay—the pet of all. My wife fears they will spoil him with their attention, and the presents of the ladies on that train.

"The operator? Oh! Without stopping to learn the result of his second blunder he deserted his post, and for aught I know, may be running yet; for, certainly, I have no knowledge of his future career. His error lay in replying that the

The man at first repulsed him, and refused entertainment, saying, "I attended a protracted meeting last winter, and became religious. The Lord forgave my sins and I joined the Methodist church. I don't intend to keep company any longer with the class of men that come here to fish."

But the doctor's pleasant manners won him over, and he finally consented to take the stranger in and to show the way next morning to the trout-stream. When they returned late in the afternoon, the man said, frankly,—

"Doc, I like you," and slapped him familiarly on the shoulder.



and hiss of escaping steam, as the engine rolled by at greatly reduced speed; but I saw him climb back and commence setting the break of the tender. With a terrible roar and grinding of the brakes upon the wheels, the train passed.

"I closed and locked the switch upon the main line, and started back for the station. I knew the special must have stopped there, else, ere this, it would have been upon us. Yes! sure enough,—coming in sight of the station,—there she stood, safe and sound, and upon the siding beside it stood the freight, now come to a full stop.

"The platform in front of the little depot was filled with people, passengers of the special and train men. I saw the boy, still holding the red flag, in the arms of the superintendent. Crowded about him were the President, Board of Directors and other notables, invited guests of the road, with their ladies, numbering fully twenty-five people, who certainly, some of them, if not all, owed their life to the little fellow. Upon reaching the station I was at once the center of the excited throng, all eager for an explanation. In as few words as possible I gave, in answer to the superintendent's inquiry, my story,—how the baby had discovered the approaching freight, how I had instantly placed him with the flag, which, it seems, had been the means of stopping them, how I had hastened to the switch, arriving just in time to put the freight upon the siding, and that was all.

"All—no! This was followed by an impromptu directors' meeting in my little seven-by-nine station—a directors' meeting in which ladies took a prominent part. I was called in with my wife, who had run to the station, alarmed by the unusual excitement—and the boy. Speeches were made which brought the blush to my cheeks and tears to my wife's eyes, tears of joy and pride in the boy.

"Yes, sir! They voted me two thousand dollars 'for prompt action and heroic conduct in time of danger,' and at the suggestion of the ladies—who but a woman would have thought of anything so romantic?—also voted to place the boy upon the pay roll as telegraph operator.

"A happy household we were that evening, and with many a kiss the boy was put to bed at night. The next day I was called to the general offices, and the dispatcher having told his story, how the orders had been promptly given to hold the freight, there were no doubts now as to the person who had been remiss in duty upon both occasions. I was reinstated in my old position, and we immediately moved back into the little house you see yonder, which the company's gift

blue was displayed before putting it out, and then neglecting it. When he saw the train pass, he deliberately tore up the orders, trusting in his ability to shift the blame upon me, in the first instance, but the second was too much."

—W. D. HOLMAN in *The Youths' Companion*.

The City of the Dead.

They do neither plight nor wed
In the city of the dead,
In the city where they sleep away the hours;
But they lie, while o'er them range
Winter blight and summer charge,
And a hundred happy whisperings of flowers,
No, they neither wed nor plight,
And the day is like the night,
For their vision is of other kind than ours.

They do neither sing nor sigh
In the burgh of by and by,
Where the streets have grasses growing, cool and long;
But they rest within their bed,
Leaving all their thoughts unsaid,
Deeming silence better far than sob or song.
No, they neither sigh nor sing,
Though the robin be a-wing,
Though the leaves of autumn march a million strong.

There is only rest and peace
In the city of surcease
From the failings and the wailings 'neath the sun;
And the wings of the swift years
Beat but gently o'er the biers,
Making music to the sleepers, every one.
There is only peace and rest;
But to them it seemeth best,
For they lie at ease, and know that life is done.

—Richard E. Burton.

Found Out.

The late Dr. Bethune, of Philadelphia, was "a brother of the angle." With old Izaak Walton he thought, "God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling." No more cheerful companion could be found than he with whom to "whip" a trout-stream. His humor bubbled over, his wit flashed, and the longest sojourn in the woods failed to exhaust his stock of good stories.

On one occasion, however, he found himself an unwelcome guest, and was coldly received by the man who was accustomed to entertain visitors. He had gone to a noted trout-stream in the interior of Pennsylvania, and sought lodgings with a man who had long served as a guide to strangers.

"What do you like me for?" asked the doctor.

"Well, doc, I'll tell you. We've been out a'most all day; we haven't caught much, you fell in and got wet; and I haven't heard you swear once."

The doctor smiled inwardly at this dubious compliment, but said nothing to betray his profession.

After supper, as he was sitting outside the cottage, the man came to him and said, with a little hesitation, "Doc, since I joined the church, I've had prayers every night. We are going to have them now, and maybe you wouldn't object to come in."

Dr. Bethune heartily accepted the invitation. He listened attentively to the stammering reading of a chapter in the Bible, and joined lustily in an old-fashioned Methodist hymn. The host watched him closely, and then said, in a doubtful tone, "Maybe you wouldn't mind leading us in prayer?"

The doctor prayed in the simple and earnest manner which those familiar with him will never forget, and then went out again to the porch and solitude.

The host soon joined him, and looking him steadily in the face, said,—

"Doc, I suspicion you."

"What do you suspect me of? Nothing bad, I hope."

"Oh no, nothing bad. Maybe I'm wrong, but I kind 'o suspect you are a minister."

"What makes you think I'm a minister?"

"Well, I'll tell you. I haven't heard you swear once since you came. Then you joined us in the hymn as though you liked it. Then the way you prayed made me most sure you're a minister."

Dr. Bethune laughed heartily at the man's simple earnestness, and confessed that he had been found out and was a minister. They had good times together, and both of them enjoyed telling the story in later years.

When Day is Done.

When day is done,
The silent shadows, one by one,
On dusky pinions settle down
O'er quiet field and busy town.
With folded petals dreams the rose,
The lily nods in sweet repose,
Hid in the forest dark and still,
Sing hermit thrush and whip-poor-will.
The stars look down with loving eyes,
And sleepily the stork wind sighs—
When day is done.

—Dorothy Grey.