

## A HOLE IN THE WOODS.

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IT was a bright afternoon in the latter end of August that Arthur Stanley stood in his mother's dining-room, reading a telegram which he had just received, containing the information that he had secured the position for which he was anxiously waiting ; it told him that he was to be the Station Master on the Northern Railway, at Woodhurst, which was the terminus, for the time being. He had been away from home before, and had enough experience for the work, and he was very glad to go to it, although the place seemed a little out-of-the-way, still it would be something different from the city, in which he had been brought up. A few days later saw him at his destination, and to say that it was rather desolate-looking, was only the truth. A small clearing had been made in the back-woods, where the railroad met the river, along the banks of which a settlement of

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