

life was so generously supplied—partly, I suppose, because, as the daughter of a travelling man, I was always going from place to place, seeing, hearing and living new experiences; and partly because of my fearless, venturesome spirit which led me into much that the average girl would avoid.

What I called my 'four frights' would especially interest my young audience, who would frequently demand that they be told over and over again. And now while thinking how I could best spend some of the leisure hours I have, as an invalid confined all the time to my bed, and that, too, in the one position (on my face) night and day, it occurred to me that I might not only amuse myself but entertain the little folks again by telling the same little stories I told to the children of long ago. But this time I'll write them and you can read them.

When the first 'fright' happened we were living in Alexandria, La., a quaint, dreamy, old town on the banks of the Red River. The boat-landing was just back of our house. In fact, the river was our 'back fence.' Beyond our house and at the edge of town was a long railway bridge, or trestle, as it was called, spanning a broad, low, swampy place which during the rainy season would be so filled with back-waters from the river as to almost reach the railway ties that ran along the trestle. This trestle was built upon stone pillars, the stones at each corner, jutting out one beyond the other like stair steps.

One pretty day, while the 'back-waters' were at their highest several of us children, boys and girls, were invited to spend the day with a friend who lived a short distance beyond the trestle. After dinner we all went craw-fishing.

'Crawfishing!' I hear some of my little Northern friends, with eyes and mouth wide open in astonishment, say, 'What would you want with "crawfish?"' 'Why! To eat!' my little Southern friends would tell you. And I just wish I had a dish of them right now! But maybe some of you don't know what they are? Suppose then, you get Papa's unabridged dictionary and look up the word, then look at the picture carefully and you will understand what I am going to tell you about how we prepare them to eat.

Of course it takes lots of them, but all you have to do is to put them all into a big vessel, pour boiling water over them, which will turn them a brilliant yellowish-red color, then cut off the tails right close up at the body, take the outside scales all off and there you find a nice little piece of meat, which when chopped fine and seasoned with a nice salad dressing makes a dish fit for a queen. You eat lobster, why not crawfish?

But, oh, dear me! I wasn't to tell you about crawfish at all, and you are thinking that 'fright' story will never be told.

Forgive me if I digress a little further to tell you that in that crowd of boys and girls there was one boy who was my special friend, though I was eight and he was sixteen.

After fishing, or crawfishing, until almost sundown, we bade good-bye to our hostess and started for home. Edward and I were some distance behind the rest when we reached the trestle. Did I tell you the trestle was a very long one and there was a sharp curve in the road just before reaching it?

We were almost at the middle, and the others had crossed, when we were astonished to hear the train whistle, and just then it came into sight around the curve. If you have never been on a long, high railway trestle, with the roaring waters below and a fast approaching train bearing down upon you, from which there

seemed to be no escape whatever, then you can but faintly imagine the horror of our situation.

A glance showed us the impossibility of either going back or forward in time to escape the danger.

For a moment we stood there almost paralyzed with fear as we saw the great iron horse, looking like something alive, coming so fiercely towards us, standing so helpless above the raging back-waters which were then so high.

But the presence of mind for which I am noted among those who know me did not desert me, and I was ready to quietly obey when Edward, who was proving himself the hero in so terrible an emergency, after quickly climbing down those stairs—like juts of slippery stone—which supported the trestle, reached up and gave me his hand, telling me to follow.

He sat down on the stone nearest the water and I, on the one above, holding to him with one hand, while I clung to an iron-railing above with the other.

In a moment the train was above us! Oh! the horror and fearfulness of the awful roar of that long freight train as it slowly passed above us! And the swishing and the lapping and roaring of the waters beneath as they swirled around the stones on which we were sitting!

As the engine passed over me, a hot cinder falling, fastened itself upon the wrist of the hand holding the iron rod, and to this day I bear the scar with the tiny holes in it.

'Oh! Miss Jennie! Didn't you let go when it burnt you so?' some of the children would exclaim. But I would shake my head and say, 'No, I didn't let go!'

Our friends, not being able to see how we had disposed of ourselves, naturally supposed we had fallen into the water; so gave the alarm to that effect, and when we at last could straighten our cramped limbs and climb back the whole town nearby was there to meet us.

So fearful was the noise of the train as it passed over my head that for days afterwards I couldn't hear anything distinctly except a constant roaring sound.

I have had many experiences, before and after, with dangers by water and railway trains, but that I believe was the most impressive.

Helped.

(Sally Campbell, in 'Wellspring.')

(In Two Parts.)

PART II.

(Continued.)

Lew had to acknowledge, when he knocked at Mr. Macon's door, next morning, that he did not feel entirely easy as to his visit. Mr. Macon, with trembling nerves, in a fever of hurry, was searching the room desperately.

Lew plunged headlong into his confession.

'There wasn't any time,' he said. 'You know what was written in the letter. So I looked over the other papers for you, and filled in the lists that you had made out, and—sent it off this morning.'

Mr. Macon stared hard at him, as though trying to understand what he had said.

'You mean that you—you corrected the examination papers which I had not looked over?'

'Yes,' said Lew.

'You took my list of names and wrote your judgment opposite to those that I had left blank; you took Professor Dollard's address from his letter and mailed the completed list to him?'

'Yes,' said Lew again, but his voice was very uncertain. He did not dare look at his questioner.

There was a moment's dead pause.

'I presume,' said Luther Macon, bitterly,

'that a boy feels justified in any trick he can play on a drunken man.'

'Oh, no, Mr. Macon!' cried Lew, hastily. 'It wasn't a trick. It was very easy to do. The syllabus was there. You weren't marking them exactly, you know; it was only to say whether they passed or failed. For the two questions that weren't all in the syllabus, I looked at those papers that you had marked already, and I could tell by them whether the answers were right or wrong. Don't you see? It wasn't very hard. Just look at one of the papers that I went over. Here is a copy of the list. You can tell how I did it.'

Mr. Macon ran his experienced eye down the illegibly-written pages with a rapidity at which Lew marvelled. Having finished, he turned almost fiercely to the word which Lew had placed opposite the writer's name in the list, and the muscles in his face relaxed.

Lew, watching him silently, handed him the second paper.

It was the middle of the afternoon before Mr. Macon came to the last name on the list. Lew had gone away to get his dinner and was back again, sitting forgotten on the lounge and waiting.

But when Luther Macon had reached the end of his task, he remembered Lew. He went over to him.

'You have done this admirably,' he said. 'It was a great favor. But why did you do it?'

Lew expected the question. He answered it succinctly:—

'For Richard.'

At the mention of his son's name, Mr. Macon covered his poor, bleared face with his shaking hands. Lew stood up beside him.

'Mr. Macon, one day last winter Richard and I were out skating and I fell in. The ice was very thin. Three times he tried to reach me. Each time the danger was more. But he wouldn't give me up. He would have died, I think, before he would have given me up. He saved me.'

Lew cleared his throat.

'I can't do you a favor. I owe too much to Richard. He was set that I shouldn't tell anybody; it was nothing, and he hated a fuss. I never told, because it was like him not to care for having done it. He wouldn't be Richard if he wasn't like that. Richard is—' Lew hesitated. He was as shy of his feelings as a girl. Richard himself did not dream of it.

'I know what he is,' interrupted Mr. Macon, sharply; 'and I am his father!'

It was a despairing cry. Lew stretched his hand out eagerly to the man beside him. A white, nerveless hand it was, not hardened by work or even by play; scarcely the hand, it might be thought to hold one back from the black gulf of ruin.

'Let me help you, Mr. Macon!' pleaded Lew. 'Let me try!'

At college Richard was recognized from the first as a good student. But it was not until the second term that it broke one night upon his delighted classmates that he was a speaker.

'We might have known it!' said Jerry Moulton. 'These silent fellows always make the orators. They keep the cork in till the right time comes, then they pull it out and off they go with a bang. If I only saved up more, I shouldn't wonder if I could be one, myself.'

'We shall never know, Jerry,' said Alonzo Brown. 'But this is pretty fine—for a freshman to come out first! It took my fancy to see those other men drop their jaws and just squint, after Macon had been speaking about a minute and a half. They weren't just expecting anything of the sort.'

(To be continued.)