

a brown heap of sawdust marked the place. The mill-pond, into which he had taken many a run and jump from the railroad grade, was a slimy, stagnant pool covered with green scum.

"Now look, dear! — here — there! There's where the White Mail got mixed up with me and the mule."

"But where's the bridge, dear? Show me the bridge you used to guard, and the —"

"There, that's it. Is n't it little? Why, I used to fancy that was about the biggest bridge on the road."

"But you're a big boy now, Tommy," said his wife, patting him playfully on the back, "and things look different."

The whistle sounded again, and the "Maid of Erin" whipped round the curve at Hagler's tank.

There was a steady pull against the grade for a few moments, and then the President felt the train falling into the broad bottoms and saw the bluffs lift in their wake. He turned, and stole a look at the handsome woman who had left a luxurious home on the Atlantic to follow him into the West. He