

The young men grew red and embarrassed. Some of them nodded to Knight awkwardly, and seemed inclined to go and meet him.

"I say no!" said Saulter, peremptorily. "If he chooses to leave the companionship of gentlemen, I shall not follow him. I talk to mechanics and that sort of people who never had a chance to be anything better, but Knight is a social suicide, sir!"

"That's true," said McGee. "How well Saulter puts things!" He added aside—"Social suicide!" Well, I shall not bring him to life."

Knight saw that the young men wished to avoid him and turned aside with a bow and heightened color, while they hurried into the train.

It was yet five minutes until the time of starting.

The train of passenger cars was on the main track, (the engine still being detached,) and the people were hurrying in, most of them coming direct from the theatres and other places of amusement. Inside of the cars and in the depot there was a good deal of jesting and gaiety between acquaintances meeting on their way home, the train being a local one, and running only through suburban villages.

Just then, a short distance up the track, there was a hiss and a cry, and a voice shrieked out in horror, a runaway train on the main track! Passengers, into the depot! Out of the cars—out of the cars!"

A runaway freight-train was on the track. The fireman had started it for the purpose of taking it into the freight depot. By some accident, before it had left the main passenger track, the man had stumbled as he was at his work, and had fallen nearly upon the ground. Half stunned, he had jumped up, but could not catch the moving engine, which was gaining speed every second, and had shrieked out his warning.

It so happened that the switch tender, through fright, or from some unexplained cause, did not move his switch to run the train off the main track, and now the huge machine, with its train behind, was rushing toward the train in the depot with a speed that promised fatal disaster.

The few officials who were near had time but to gasp with horror. At the moment when the cry of danger was shrieked out upon the night air Dick Knight was attaching his engine to the passenger train. From the cars and platform rose a yell of frantic terror in which Saulter's voice was the highest. Death seemed rushing upon the people who had not time to get out of the cars before the driving train would be upon them.

The officials in the depot watched Knight with blanched faces.

"He'll be crushed to atoms!" muttered one stout old man, standing by Dr. Pomeroy.

But Dick had put steam upon his engine. Apparently he did not think of leaving his post. There he stood with his hand on the lever, calm and determined.

His huge machine sprang forward. It met with the coming locomotive with a crash that threw both monsters upward, as if they had risen to wrestle and throw each other. Then Dick's engine was thrown on one side, but the force of the runaway train was overcome, and the machinery so injured that all movement was stopped. Dick was hurled senseless several feet from the place of the collision.

The stout old man and Dr. Pomeroy, with all the other men in the depot, ran to Knight, picked him up and carried him into the waiting-room where he was left with the physicians.

"Well, well!" said the old gentleman, impatiently, as Dr. Pomeroy came out, "how is he?—will he live!"

"I think so. God forbid that I should have to take him home dead to his old father!"

"You know him, then? Who is he? Why, do you know what I owe him?" and his voice broke. "My little girl is aboard that train!"

Dr. Pomeroy told Knight's story briefly, informing the old gentleman that he was thoroughly educated, but that he looked upon any work as better than dependent idleness.

"He's the true grit, sir," was the animated reply. "There's no work so humble that a man can not show the best qualities of manhood in it, as we have seen to-night. It is not the daring courage I approved in him as much as the presence of mind, the keen eye, to see what to do and how to do it. Request Mr. Knight, if you please, to call upon me at ten to-morrow," he said to the station-master.

"Who is that?" asked Fred Saulter, breathlessly, of the official.

"The president of the road. Dick Knight, if he lives, has an open road to fortune now, and he deserves it."

Fred Saulter crept into the car to go home. His lavender gloves were soiled, and the wired rose in his button-hole was falling to pieces with a sickly, decayed smell. Life itself was sickly and decayed, he thought, with a yawn, and he threw the wilted rose out of the window. Yes; and to all conceited effeminate natures like his, it is likely to prove what Saulter's imagination pictured it that night.—*Rebecca Harding Davis, in Youth's Companion.*

A BRUTE.

An Ohio exchange relates this example of the kind of man who thinks more of his tobacco than he does of his wife. Where is the boy that will grow up so disgustingly selfish?

Only a short time ago, while we sat in an Osceola store, we saw a man and his wife from the country, trading. The woman had the appearance of being a hard working, industrious, intelligent lady. She was examining a piece of calico or other cheap dress-goods.

The clerk said, "Shall I cut you off ten yards?"

The pale-faced, overworked woman turned to her husband and in a timid, frightened manner asked him if she might buy a dress, as she needed it, and the cost would be less than one dollar.

"No," he grunted, "I can't afford it;" and yet he had just paid as much for a great plug of navy and a paper or two of smoking tobacco.

The poor, illy clad, but neat woman subsided as though this was no new experience, while her rough, coarse, and animal husband bit off a mouthful of the weed, and ordered her to get ready for home.—*Youth's Companion.*

BEGINNINGS OF EVIL.

It was such a *little* thing—

One slight twist of crimson string;
But 'twas stealing all the same!
And the child that took it knew
That she told what was not true,
Just to screen herself from blame;
First a theft and then a lie—
Both recorded up on high.

It was but a *little* sip,
Just a taste upon the lip;
But it left a longing there;
Then the measure larger grew,
And the habit strengthened too,
Till it would no curbing bear,
So the demon *Drink* decoys;
Soul and body both destroys.

It was but one *little* word,
Softly spoken, scarcely heard,
Uttered by a single breath;
But it dared to take in vain
God's most high and holy name,
So provoking wrath and death.
Soon the lips, once fresh and fair
Opened but to curse and swear.

It was but one *little* blow,
Passion's sudden overflow,
Scarcely heeded in its fall;
But once loosed the fiery soul
Would no longer brook control;
Laws it spurned, defied them all;
Till the hands love clasped in vain,
Wore the murderer's crimson stain.

Ah! it is the foxes small,
Slyly climbing o'er the wall,
That destroy the tender vines;
And it is the spark of fire,
Brightening, growing, curling higher,
That across the forest shines.
Just so, step by step, does sin,
If unchecked, a triumph win.

— *Temperance Record.*