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that the words were being roared aloud into his ears.

Gasping, breathing labored, half sobbingly, he stumbled sideways across the steel—the red switch stand was reached.

And near, so near that the hissing exhaust seemed beside him, was the fast driving engine.

With quivering arms he raised the tight clutched hammer and smote the heavy padlock. Twice he struck before it gave. Then grasping the switch bar and raising it off the catch Dolan lunged upon it with all his weight and remaining strength. Old, long disused and rusty, it stuck. Once more Dolan pulled, every last ounce of muscular power despairingly put forth, and it gave, suddenly swinging clear around to the notch so quickly that Dolan slipped and fell but with hands still gripping the bar.

And thus he lay only half conscious of the rushing locomotive that striking the open switch lurched heavily, then still holding the rails, went tearing with screaming of wheels on rusty steel down the sharp inclined track into the gravel pit below.

Dazed and weak as a child, now that the ordeal was over, Dolan got to his feet and resetting the switch started slowly up the track for the shack.

A little regretfully, now that the danger was over, he remembered that the semaphore was set against the passenger. No. 1 was a mail train and with her time was precious. With this thought uppermost the operator quickened his pace a little, though each step now was agony for his

job back again. I am so glad. My hero. Come to me soon. Hazel."

And after he had read this many times and turned it fondly in his hands, Dolan picked up the official letter. It was from the superintendent, curt, laconic, official.

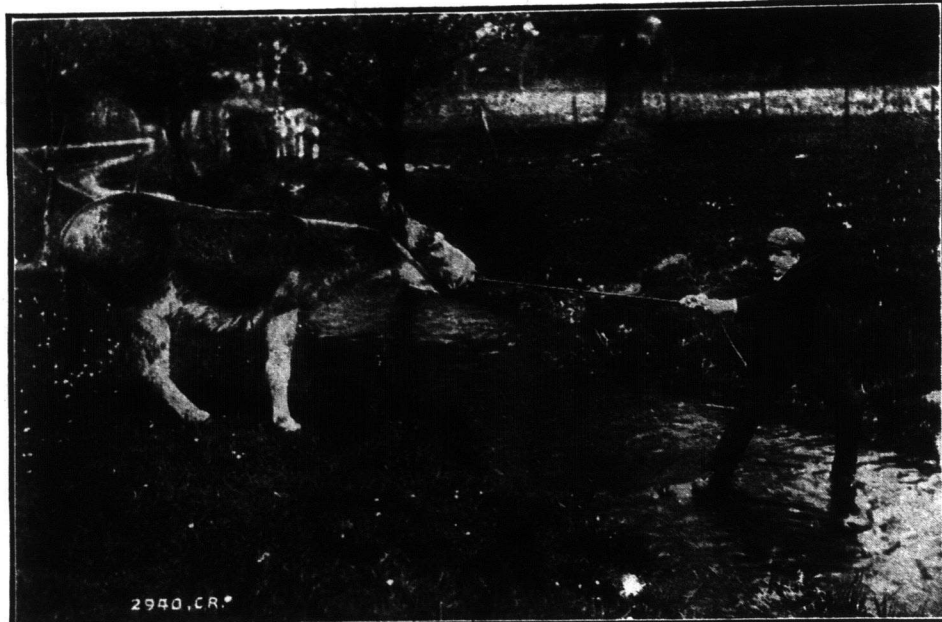
"John Dolan, Operator Butze. Am sending you relief to-morrow. Kindly report to me as soon as possible after his arrival. You are to resume duties as chief dispatcher at Edmonton. H. H. Brown, Superintendent."

And somehow that night as Dolan sat staring out to where the parched, bare hills cut off the horizon, the loneliness was gone from his heart, and the mosquitos feasted upon him unnoticed for strange words were filling all his thoughts to exclusion of even sense of hurt. "My hero, my hero."

The General and the Jug

Gen. Bailloud who commands part of the French expeditionary force in the Balkans, is so well liked by his men that nearly every good story that originates in his corps is either about him or attributed to him. The latest anecdote from an Associated Press correspondent concerns the general and a soldier who was returning alone to quarters near Monastir, with a water jug in each hand. Coming across another mud-stained pouli sitting beside the road, the soldier hailed him:

"Hello, old man!"



Stubbornness personified.

leg muscles ached with a burning ache which increased with every step.

It was a very weary-eyed, blood-spattered creature that greeted the astounded crew and the few passengers from the day coach that were walking up and down the platform, though the passengers for the most part were in their berths, and Dolan with a little tired gesture waved them aside as they started to crowd about him, and went within the shack to wire that the line was clear. As he entered he heard his call being rapidly repeated and opening up he replied and started to send.

It was a terse message and to the point for Dolan was very tired.

To division headquarters he flashed. "Light engine ditched into old gravel pit. No. 1 on main line here awaiting orders."

And when the conductor had received his orders and the train rumbled off into the night Dolan washed the blood from his face, bound his hand, and stripping off the clammy, clinging clothes he rolled into bed to fall asleep to a lullaby of the myriad frog chorus and the long, mournful calls of the night birds, lamenting here and there upon the prairie in note of single and unchanging key, irregular, whimpering, most desolate sound.

It was two days later that the conductor of the accommodation local brought him two O. C. S. letters. One was a long official company envelope, but the other—one glance at the handwriting made him start. With trembling hands he tore it open to read:

"Dear John: I was travelling on No. 1 the other night, but was asleep in my berth when we stopped at Butze and never knew till the next day that I owe my life to you. Father has seen the superintendent and you are to have your old

"Hello!" replied the other. "Say, can't you carry one of these jugs for me?"

"Surely," came the answer, and the two went on together.

"Would you believe it," said the first soldier, as they walked along, "they've chucked me into the grade of corporal!"

"What of that?" replied the other.

"Didn't they chuck me into the grade of general?"

The soldier nearly dropped his jug, then drew closer, and made out three faint stars on a mud-stained sleeve.

He drew himself up at attention and saluted.

"Walk on, corporal," said General Bailloud, and together they trudged into camp, each carrying a jug.

Lysander's Appetizer

Lysander, a farm hand that Everybody's tells about, was recounting his troubles to a neighbor. Among other things he said that the wife of the farmer who employed him was "too close for any use."

"This very morning," said he, "she asked me, 'Lysander, do you know how many pancakes you have of this mornin'?"

"I said, 'No, ma'am, I ain't had no occasion to count 'em.'"

"Well," says she, "that last one was the twenty-sixth." And it made me so mad I just got up from the table and went to work without any breakfast."

"I dreamed last night that I proposed to a beautiful girl," he confided.

"And what did I say?" she queried breathlessly.

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