

pain, save the pang of want and suffering.

It was a sad story filled with tender pathos, that had added the look of many years to this womanly face, and hurled her from an attitude of peace, into a very hell of misery. She had been blessed with a good husband, and they were very happy. Ehrlich himself had a position on the railroad, as nightwatchman at the switch, that yielded him a small salary, but Mrs. Ehrlich was an industrious woman, and often sewed until late after midnight, and thus increased the income, that helped to feed the hungry mouths of her three children. Then misfortune—black as a starless night—entered the happy home and with one stroke destroyed the joy and the hope of five loving hearts.

Ehrlich was an honorable man, much devoted to the post of duty. It happened one night—it was quite late and the sky was dark—that on his way down the track he came upon a lot of boys who thought it great fun to derail the midnight train, which was going to pass through shortly. One of them, the strongest and most daring in the crowd had taken it upon himself to do the dastardly act, and had placed a number of large boulders on the track. They had not seen the switchman creeping up, who now stood before them, his large, night lantern full upon their faces. He called the rascals by name, as they made for the darkness. They were the sons of the city's most aristocratic families.

Ehrlich had barely time to clear the track. The on-coming midnight train had signalled. The last stone had rolled down into the ditch, and Ehrlich stood there, his face turned to the inky heavens above him, panting for breath, when the train rushed past with lightning rapidity, amid the sounds of wheels, the creaking of timbers and the tender prayer that came in interruptions from his trembling lips.

How many lives owe their gratitude to the watchfulness and devotedness of such a man as this! Was it not his duty then to bring these rascals to the bars of justice, or was he to overlook the matter, since the evil-doers bore the names of aristocracy and belonged to well-to-do families? No; the law

would punish them, and make better boys out of them, and they would never resort to such a dastardly act again.

Ehrlich thus brought the case to the lawyers, and the investigation began. He brought no accusation without a proof, and yet the guilty ones lied maliciously. It was a sad state of affairs, and the whole city seemed to be rising in open rebellion. Yet, sadder of all, it seemed to some, was the fact that the ring leader in the band was no other than the grandson of the good and highly respected General Von Rautenschwert. The affair had to be settled in some way. It would never do to find young Rautenschwert guilty and blast his future career, and his friends thus exerted every possible means, and left no stone unturned to accomplish this. The law, however, had to be appeased in some way. Now then it might take the devoted switchman as an offering of expiation. How, after all, thought some, did that fool of a switchman dare to place a descendent of Von Rautenschwert on the same footing with any other ordinary mortal? The remedy presented itself—the prisoners were honorably acquitted by the judge, who, by the way, was a close friend of the old general's, and the poor switchman was accused of having sworn falsely, and of having maligned the characters of these young aristocrats.

The unfortunate man was torn away from his wife and children, accused, examined and sent for trial before the high court. Pale and unswerving in his protest of innocence, in the witness box, sat Ehrlich, the doomed man. Slowly his eyes moved around the large court room, until they rested upon the group of young scoundrels, who sat there staring at him, as if they were his judges. Young Von Rautenschwert alone was as pale as death, and did not dare to lift his eyes. He was afraid that a glance at the innocent man in the box might bring him to his senses. Old General Von Rautenschwert was very ill at this time and his physicians thought it best not to mention his grandson's shameful deed to him. He, therefore, knew nothing of what was going on, and he lay on his sick bed, cut off from all intercourse with the outside world.

Ehrlich stuck to his story, that he had