

before I'd get back to my own run, and I was feelin' glad to get on to the day 'trick' again. We'd some mighty bad weather, and lots of water fell. Our track was in pretty good shape, though, and we didn't much fear wash-outs, so we kept up with the 'card' pretty well. On the night I spoke about I was on No. 2. We had a heavy train, but the machine I had was able to 'get there,' and I was on time till we struck a freight that couldn't take the siding. They 'swung us down,' and we side-tracked until the freight got away. I was pretty warm over losing the time, and when we lit out of there I pulled her right up to the notch, and she went for all she was worth. We were makin' about 45 miles an hour, and when we reached the 'fill' east of Wildcat, I worked steam all the way down. We were 'bout half-way to the creek when the bell rang. I worked mighty quick, but it was down hill, and the rails were wet, and I didn't get stopped until the pilot was almost over the bridge—or where the bridge ought to be—'cause when I stopped, the headlight was shining over a chasm. The bridge was washed away. Gad! You can tell just 'bout how I felt. My fireman nearl, fainted, and I wasn't far behind him. Well, after we stopped, the conductor, a smart chap, with a fancy lamp and rubber collar, came a-runnin' up wantin' to know why I stopped.

"'Cause the bell rang. What did you pull the rope for?" I says.

"I didn't, says he.

"Well, who did?" I says.

"No one," says he, hot like.

"Well, some one pulled it or I wouldn't a stopped," says I.

"The conductor looked at me a minute, and just then the brakeman come up.

"Did you pull the rope, Joe?" said the 'con.'

"No," says Joe.

"Just of a sudden, a thought struck me, and I told the 'braky' to ask the porter. The 'coon' hadn't pulled the bell, and the passengers in his car were all asleep until I jerked them endways with the 'air.' I took the conductor around to the front end and showed him the bridge. He was scared to death, and we went back together through the train to see who pulled the bell-rope, but every mother's son of them swore it wasn't touched. I began to get scared again, and told them about the bridge, and everybody came out to look at it. We couldn't find anybody who gave the signal, and after we'd flagged back to the station, I got to thinkin' more and more, and I came to the opinion that the bell was rung by Providence. There were 150 people on the train, and if that bell hadn't a rung I'd a took them all over into the Wildcat, and dropped them about 100 feet into the water. There would not have been anybody left to tell about it either.

"The superintendent looked into the thing

after I reported, and had me and Joe 'up on the carpet' twice, but we both heard the bell and swore to it. Some chap got out a long explanation that the bell-rope was tight stretched, and we struck a low joint coming down the hill, when one end of the coach sagged, and the rope being tight, it rung the bell, but I don't believe it. It was Providence that did it, and I know it, and I've never sworn an oath since, and never will."

THE SONG OF THE MISSIONARY BOX.

I AM so hungry,
Open-mouthed ever;
Pennies and farthings, too,
Refuse I never.

Room there is plenty,
For great gifts or small,
Only give prayerfully,
To Him who gives all.

Go on, I pray you,
Give till I'm full,
Then open my trap-door
With knife and with pull.

Take out the pennies,
Count out my store,
Then close me up again
To gather more.

Give, as God giveth,
From this time forth—hence
If you can give shillings,
You'll never give pence.

I know well 'tis dark
Inside my trap-door,
But God sees in darkness
What drops from thy store.

Dare you to give Him
What you will not miss!
Give of thy best to God,
Whate'er that is.

Give of thy best years,
Thy youth and thy prime,
Give silver, gold, copper,
Give of thy time.

Of all thou givest
Thou needst not doubt,
God in the reckoning day
Will read it out.

He will repay thee
A thousand times o'er;
Giving thine all to Him,
Entrust thee with more.

Give thou then gladly,
Give freely—give now;
Then the crown He has promised,
He'll place on thy brow.

AN association has been established in England to send colonies of poor Jews to Palestine. So many are going to Jerusalem that it is one of the most rapidly growing cities in the world.