

The old Bible had been discovered that day deep down in a trunk of old trinkets that had been sent to Henry when his mother died, years ago.

The old engineer took the book and held it on his knees, turned its limp leaves, and dropped upon them the tribute of a strong man's tear.

The "old man" called for the letter he had written, erased the date, set it forward four years, and handed it back to Henry.

"Here, Hank," said he, "here's a Christmas gift for you."

So when the Wildwood Limited was limbered up that Christmas morning, Henry leaned from the window, leaned back, tugged at the throttle again, smiled over at the fireman, and said, "Now, Billy, watch her swallow that cold, stiff steel at about a mile a minute."