

It seemed to me it was years while I crouched down beside that track with the cars rolling over him, expecting every minute to have his brains spattered over my face. More than fifty times I said, coaxingly, "Just keep your head down a little longer, they will soon all be over," though my own heart sank as I looked back and saw the long line still sweeping round the curve. Several times he did not put down his head quickly enough, and got a bump on it as the cars passed over him. I almost beggared myself by my promises to him, and only at last succeeded in keeping him still by the promise of a hobby-horse with "wockers" on it, as he himself expressly stipulated in his shrill little voice even amidst all the rumble and roar of that everlasting train.

Well, at last the long torment was over and I crawled forward and picked the child up out of the hole, for now that it was all over he seemed to realize in a measure the danger he had been in, and lay in a kind of stupor, unable to move.

Just at this moment his mother came to the gate, and seeing the pretty head of the child on my arm immediately surmised he must be dead, and fell to the ground as if she had been shot.

Well, there I was in a pretty fix, lady in a faint, child in my arms, and my ankle sprained. Fortunately for me, before I lost my senses entirely, Tom succeeded in stopping the train, and came running back to see if he could be of any service.

He soon put matters right by throwing some water in her face and bringing her to, and then putting the child in her arms, assisted me to the house.

Mrs. Shafer, as soon as she found out her little Charlie was all right, and had leisure to give me a little attention, recognized me at once in spite of the coal dust, and then nothing in the house was too good for me. Her brother and his wife who lived in the same house with them were pressed into the service at once, the surgeon was sent for, and she herself was only too anxious to be useful.

Tom took the engine to the station safely, and reported the affair, so that was all right, and I had nothing further to do than to get well as soon as possible. It was a bad sprain, though, and took several months to heal, but long before that time I had settled the engine-house question in my own mind, and just before I left I proposed, and it is almost needless to say was accepted, for Fannie is here still, and please God, long may she stay.

"Well, Will," he added, walking to the window and lifting up the curtain, "it has cleared up at last. The snow-ploughs will be out early, and you can continue your journey to-morrow, and come in on time after all. I congratulate you, old fellow, on your good fortune, although I'm sorry to lose your company."

"Did your wife ever find out your fraud about the money in the telegram," I inquired, as John bid me good night at my bed-room door.

"Yes," he answered, with a laugh, "about a year after she nearly threw her brother into convulsions by asking him to send some money by telegraph to a cousin out West, and when she indignantly inquired the cause of his untimely mirth, his answer, of course, exposed my fraud at once, I believe, though, it fought half the battle for me when I came to ask the important question, for I believe the loyal little heart would have considered herself in duty bound to be faithful to Charlie's memory if he had been good and kind to her, which he was not.

The next morning I was introduced to Master Charlie, now a hand-