

a bag. A few moments later the train stopped. . . . Then the conductor came into the rear car, laughing, and on L.H.M. asking what the matter was, took him to the rear door and pointed out a man clad only in his night shirt and boots, who was running back to R— along the track.

And, now we must explain that the postmasters along the line have to deliver their mail bags on board the train every morning. If they fail, they are fined; but the stern call of duty exerts a more compelling force on the postmaster at R— than any fine could, or any form of official reprimand.

On Thursday morning last he awoke only the moment before the train moved out of R—. Jumping out of bed he thrust his feet into his boots, grabbed the mail bag and gave chase to the train, climbed aboard the last car, ran on until he found the conductor, thrust the mail bag upon him, and then rushed out on the car platform and jumped off. The startled conductor pulled the train cord, and the train stopped; but the fleet-footed postmaster was already well on his way home, running down the track as hard as he could with his night shirt fluttering in the wind.

"But, surely, you must be mistaken!" we said to M. at the close of his remarkable recital. "The man must have had more on than that!"

"I can take my oath he didn't," declared M., "and so can the conductor." And he named also a freight official, who was on the train. . . . Gentle reader, M. spoke the truth. The postmaster was clad only in his night shirt and his boots.

And as, in our mind's eye, we see him running along the track, does not his night shirt, fluttering in the winter breeze, signal to us that never-to-be-forgotten message that flutters from the flagstaves on the tops of the Free Press building on each Trafalgar Day?

W. J. H.

Most men, when buying a dog, demand that its genealogy be better than their own.

Not a day passes over the earth but men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words, and suffer noble sorrows. Of these obscure heroes, philosophers and martyrs the greater part will never be known till that hour when many that were great shall be small, and the small great.—
Charles Reade.

THE OPTIMIST.

From the Brandon Sun.

Full-gifted, with power to see and understand,

Product of ambition, noblest in the land,

Believing in the future—in the present too—

This is the optimist—does this mean you?

Pure-hearted, with strength to fight and win,

Guided by a purpose—not what might have been,

Aiming at the greatest—nothing less will do—

This is the optimist—does this mean you?

Unmindful of the failures, looking straight ahead,

Outliving disappointment—profiting instead,

Rising above discouragement, beginning life anew,

This is the optimist—does this mean you?

AN INFORMAL KNOT.

From Everybody's.

Major George W. Teideman of Savannah, Ga., tells the following about the old-time Georgia editor who was usually mayor, justice of the peace and real estate agent, as well.

Upon one occasion one of these editors was busy writing an editorial on the tariff when a Georgia couple came in to be married. Without looking up, without once slacking his pen, the editor said:

"Time's money; want her?"

"Yes," said the youth.

"Want him?" the editor nodded toward the girl.

"Yes," she replied.

"Man and wife," pronounced the editor, his pen still writing rapidly. "One dollar. Bring a load of wood for it. One-third pine, balance oak."