

provided with, what was the luxuries of life. Shortly after mother's death, he needed a housekeeper for me, chose a wife from among the squaws—the Princess child only came to them in appearance resembling her mother. In her nature were characteristics of the two dark eyes and wavy chestnut hair. We loved our Ray, as we less was she revered by the settlement who had named her in their own language, "Star." She had an excellent education, was a willing, might have been a pioneer. However, she was in other ways a woman of emotionality, every evening she read to me the books, the luxuries which she brought from her new home. Father, from the first, I had another, really, in her own way, gave me as well as Ray, and care. But she, too, left us. When sister died her twelfth year, she was roaming in the woods, from the rifle of an Indian hunter, and from the hands she never recovered, and I missed her loving presence beyond her years. A silent hand pressure had been her only farewell to Murray, and I felt that in the short time since his arrival they had, almost unconsciously, become more than friends. I stood with her eyes unwaveringly followed the course of the boat which, leaving the shore, moved steadily and easily in the calm water, gradually approaching the rapids. They started from yonder point; you see where the stream begins to descend the water forms an inclined plain; presently it breaks into curling rolls which end off in miniature white foaming abysses, where the water has broken on the racks below. On the brink of the plane the boat seemed to pause for an instant; a push of the oars and then straight and swift as an arrow it shot right down into the treacherous foam. A cross wave twisted her broadside, and then, horrible to gaze upon, the boat, so fragile to contend with the mad forces, cleared straight for a rock.

"All the watchers were breathless in the excitement that knows no word. A rapid turn of the captain's oar at the right time, however, and she rushed past the black mass but in the rushing, overturned. From our point of view one man was seen on the top of a mad wave, and, engulfed for a moment in the raging whirlpool, was seen to descend with the stream. The others, almost incredibly, clung to the boat, and righted it. They might reach land, but one has gone to meet his God, thought I. In my eager watching I had forgotten Ray and now turning to speak to her I found that she had left my side. I saw her snatch an enormous fishing hook that lay on the shore and, jumping into a boat, row toward the basin of the Rapids. Thinking her mind unhinged with the prolonged excitement (as the men had already put out to the rescue) I shouted to her to wait if only till I could accompany her, but heedless of my cries, she steered ahead, and taking the hook whose weight at another time would have been beyond her strength, thrust it into the water. By this time I had seized another boat and was by her side just as she, to my terror and surprise, with an almost superhuman effort, raised the hook and displayed a black mass clinging to it. I hauled it into the boat, seeing as I did so, that it was really the body of a man.

"All this happened in less time than it takes to relate it. Instantly almost we were at the shore with our sad burden, the apparently lifeless body of Murray. Ray watched eagerly but despairingly as an old Indian doctor, with our assistance, began, what I thought the useless task of resuscitation. In the meantime the almost exhausted men, who had tenaciously clung to the remnant of the boat, had been brought to land and attended to by those on the shore. After some minutes, to our joy, but not less to our surprise, the old Indian pronounced the man alive. After many hours of suspense he opened his eyes, which fell upon Ray.

"Weary weeks of suffering somewhat brightened by little sister's presence and ministering care, went by, and Murray, though still very weak, was allowed to quit his bed. Ray had seen what not one of us had noticed—that he who had been dashed in the maddening flood was Murray and that there still might be a chance of saving his life—so she had steered for the point where the body was likely to be driven by the force of the waters and spying the hook had quick-wittedly thought of its usefulness. I shall not dwell on his gratitude to Ray, too deep for words, or the captain's joy that his boy had been so miraculously saved. The captain, thankful for his wonderful escape, vowed never again to endanger his life, and gave up the idea of the steamer.

"After some weeks employed in constructing a new boat, the party left for home; but one was to return. At the close of the year Murray would come for our Ray. I will pass hurriedly over that time in which father and I prepared ourselves for the parting with our treasure. Murray, who had other influential friends besides the captain, obtained a lucrative position in the captain's native town on the banks of the majestic St. Lawrence, and in a beautiful home there by the water, in memory of Ray's birth-place, furnished with no thoughts but those of love, Murray Glendenning and his wife lived the life of a truly noble couple whose union was actuated solely by principles of the truest and purest love.

"Father, at his own request, remained in his old home until his death, some few years later, after which I spent my time between my sister's happy abode and the mines in our Dominion in which I was interested. Four years ago Murray and Ray after a long, loving, useful life together, died within a month of each other, as if 'One could not smile in heaven till the other's kiss had come.' I have returned to the blue waters and the White Rapids to live over again in memory the scenes of my happy, free-from-care youth, awaiting patiently the day when God shall say 'Thy time hath come.'

NAOMI

One of the anecdotes told of Ben Franklin's youth is in connection with his visit to London when he was 19 years of age. He was in search of work, and having learned the printer's trade went straight to a printing office and made known his errand. The foreman said, rather superciliously:

"Ah, a lad from America seeking employment as a printer! Well, do you really understand the art of printing? Can you set type?"

Young Franklin stepped to one of the cases and in a brief space set up these words from John's gospel; "Nathaniel said unto him, can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, come and see." The test conveyed such a delicate rebuke, and the work was so quickly and accurately done that a position was given him at once.

A DISTINGUISHED PRISONER.

It is not generally known to the world at large, says the New York Times, that Emperor Napoleon III., of France, was once behind the bars in Sing Sing prison. In the spring of 1837 Prince Louis Napoleon, afterwards Napoleon III., Emperor of France, made a visit to Washington Irving at Sunnyside, a little north of Irvington-on-the-Hudson, accompanied by a young French count, and escorted by Anthony Constant, of Hastings. Prince Napoleon expressed a desire to visit the prison at Sing Sing, and Mr. Constant drove him there. Upon arriving at the prison, the party was welcomed by Warden Rowell, who, after taking them into his apartments, explained the means that had been attended with the most successful and beneficial results in the government of the prison. The warden told the prince, who had been an interested listener, that he had a convict in the prison, a Frenchman, who was an old soldier, claiming to have fought at Waterloo and to have been in several battles with Napoleon, the first Emperor. The prince naturally asked to see the man. The warden then explained that the prisoner was in a dark cell for misconduct; that it was contrary to prison rules to take him out, but as the guests were going to visit the cells he would open the door of the Frenchman's cell.

Then all followed the warden down the stairs and across the keyroom and the narrow passages to the galleries, where the cells were and are to this day. He paused at the second cell on the right-hand tier of the main galleries and unlocked and opened the door. Louis Napoleon stepped inside. The warden, with a merry twinkle in his eye, turned the key and locked him in. It was too good an opportunity to be lost. The gentlemen were amused and brimming over with fun, when, after a momentary detention, the door was opened and the noble Frenchman joined them once more. They all enjoyed the joke except the subject of it. His sallow countenance reddened perceptibly for a time and then he joined in the laugh raised at his expense.

If there is one thing that a railroad employee believes in more than another it is luck. No matter how clearly a practical man may analyze a certain odd occurrence, they will dubiously shake their heads and contend that it was a case of luck, good or bad, pure and simple. For instance, if one of their number had been ordered out on a certain train and through sickness had failed to report and the man taking his place had been killed, they will, one and all, emphatically declare it was a case of lucky sickness for the man that was compelled to remain at home. They fail to see the fact that the substitute proved negligent in his duty, and had the regular man been in his place it was a 100 to 1 chance that the accident would not have occurred.

It is, however, an undeniable fact that there are more strange and weird occurrences taking place daily in the railroad service than in any other branch of employment. The ponderous rolling stock, the swift flight through the country, over spider-like bridges, under the earth in long dismal tunnels and in weather varying from the pleasant to the most trying, all tend in the direction of beliefs almost supernatural. Then, again, train service is not the kind that calls so much for brain as physical equipment. The element of chance does, to a certain extent, enter into the every-day service of train-men; and that they should be superstitious is only following natural lines.