

Presently the lamp-lighters came and began lighting the oil lamps that stood in brackets along the wall ; but before their gleam reached his face the old engineer slid down and hurried away home with never a backward glance.

That night when Mrs. Hautman had passed the popcorn and red apples, and they had all eaten and the men had lighted cigars, the engineer's wife brought a worn Bible out and drew a chair near the master-mechanic. The "old man," as he was called, looked at the book, then at the woman, who held it open on her lap.

"Do you believe this book?" she asked earnestly.

"Absolutely," he answered.

"All that is written here?"

"All," said the man.

Then she turned to the fly-leaf and read the record of Henry's birth, — the day, the month, and the year.

Henry came and looked at the book and the faded handwriting, trying to remember ; but it was too far away.