

she ran up a jutting rock by the railroad, still waving her scarlet flag, but just as the engine came alongside of her she heard the sharp click of the call-bell in the engine, and she saw the fireman thrust the engineer aside and reverse the engine. The conductor, who had just seen her and excitedly pulled the bell-rope, jumped off and came towards her. But the reaction was too much for poor Nixie, and she could only grasp out "Round the curve," and then she was a white heap, with no sense of anything.

Passengers rushed out, and after some had been to the curve and seen what the little plain girl had saved them from, no lady in the land could be so royally waited upon as she was when she had been lifted into the car and told modestly her little story. It was some little time before the track was ready for the train to proceed, and when Nixie got out at her own station, many kind hands pressed hers in farewell, and the conductor left something in her hand, too, just as the train left, saying, "You are the bravest little woman in the State."

Not until she had been in the office a good half hour with her father, who had got home from his law-suit and wondered what made the train late and where Nixie had gone to—and told him all the story, did Nixie think to look at the packet. Then she read a note, "Will Miss Eunice Markham accept the accompanying from the friends she so bravely saved, August 23, 1880!"

The note was wrapped round \$500 in bank notes.

"Oh, papa! now you can pay off the mortgage on the house," cried Nixie, and the father said:

"I declare, Nick, you get higher wages as agent than I do!"

The superintendent of the Q. and L. railroad company came down to Parkerstown that week, and soon after there was a vacancy in one of the best offices of the company in a neighbouring city, and Mr. Markham was tendered the situation. He accepted, "so Nixie can have the schooling she wants so much," he said, and to-day Miss Eunice Markham is one of the most promising pupils in the high school of that city. But more than ever is she the pride of her father's heart, who never tires of telling of the afternoon "his girl was station agent."

But, after all, you would never take her for an heroine.

THE BABY'S AUTOGRAPH.

THEY gave it to me at Christmas—the pretty new autograph album—and I was very proud of it; the binding was so gay, and the white, gilt edged sheets so spotlessly pure. I could hardly make up my mind who should have the honor of dedicating the album, or what verse was grand enough to be inscribed on its pages, and before I had quite decided, baby found it. She had toddled into the parlor and taken it down from the table before we missed her, and was sitting cross-legged, like a Turk, with the precious book in her lap. That would not have been worth recording, and I should not value my album beyond price now if it were all. But she had a pencil—for she dearly loved to scribble on bits of paper—and she had made her mark on the front leaf (the title page) of my

beautiful book. She had made a dozen marks, criss-cross and zig-zag, and there she sat, her bright hair tossed down over her face, her little demure mouth pursed up, her blue eyes full of mischief, half shy, half defiant, and we three women looking at her.

"Oh, you naughty, naughty baby!" I cried; "you've just ruined my new album, you bad little thing!"

"Bless her dear little heart," said my mother; "doesn't she make a picture?"

"Whip her!" said Aunt Harriet in a vindictive tone. She has no children of her own, and knows just how to bring up other people's.

I was angry enough to do it, and had made one step forward intending to wrest the book out of the clasping baby hands, and then—what beat! my own child! I was saved that degradation by my own good mother, who shook her head at me over Aunt Harriet's shoulder.

How long is it since Christmas? Counting by heart-throbs, I should say years! years! It is only a couple of months and to-day I would give, oh! what would I not give to have those little hands doing their sweet mischief. Peace, foolish heart! "He giveth His beloved rest." The baby is gone, but when I look at the short lines that dedicate my album—the sweetest, saddest lines to me that were ever written—soon ended like her little life—I am glad that I took her in my arms, kissed the rosebud lips, and put the book away without one reproving word—glad that I caused no angry feeling in that baby heart, or left memories for myself that would now have power to wound!

That is why all the leaves of my new album are blank—pure, spotless, just as the fair page of her little life was; but you, who think these characters on the dedicating page unmeaning, have never had the key to them. Mothers can tell what they are. Angels will be glad over this record without blot or stain. There is no handwriting so fine that I would exchange it for the baby's autograph; as for us:

Our lives are albums written through
With good or ill, with false or true.
And as the blessed angels turn
The pages of our years,
God grant they read the good with smiles,
And blot the bad with tears."

THE REV. PAUL DENTON'S APOSTROPHE TO WATER.

THIS is the liquor which the Eternal Father brews for His children. Not in the simmering still over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded by the stench of sickening odours and rank corruptions, doth our Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life.

"But in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders and child loves to play, and down, low down, in the deepest valley, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing.

"And high up on the tall mountains' top where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun; where the storm cloud broods and the thunder storms crash!

"And far out on the wide, wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar the chorus, sweep the march of God.

"There He brews it, this precious

essence of life, the pure cold water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty, sparkling in the dew-drop, shining in the iceberg, sporting in the cataract, dancing in the hail-shower, singing in the summer rain, spreading its soft snow-curtains about the wintry world, and wearing the many-coloured iris in the rainbow, that seraph zone of the sky, made all glorious by the mystic hand of refraction.

"Still always it is beautiful, this blessed life-water. No poison bubbles in its brink, its foam brings not murder and madness; pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its depths; no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave, curses it in words of eternal despair.

"Speak out, my friends. Would you exchange it for the demon-drink of alcohol!"

HOW LOST CARS ARE TRACED.

TRAVELLERS up and down any line of railway see daily, hundreds of fugitive freight cars extending in broken lines along the side tracks and reaching many miles out of the city. They belong to a hundred different railroad companies, each bearing the initials of the proprietary road, and in the general office of the company, whether it be in New York, Pittsburg, or San Francisco, there are records that show just where the car is standing and why it is there. For instance, if the car is detained an unwarranted length of time at Germantown Junction the Pennsylvania Railroad receives a "searcher," either by telegraph or train service, asking why the car is not sent home. In this way a great railway stretching across the continent, and with its rolling stock scattered over every State in the Union, keeps an account of its stock, numbering in the case of the Pennsylvania Railway more than 30,000 freight cars of all kinds. Occasionally one of the number is lost altogether, and the complicated railway detective service is set at work. The last clue to its whereabouts is traced out, and in time the lost car is found somewhere between Texas and Montreal. As soon as a car is unloaded it should be started back to the road from which it came, but in New England they turn it over as the common property of the road and it is run back and forth, carrying local freight. It is not an uncommon thing when a car is loaded and sent to an eastern point that it is not again heard from for three or four months. In the meantime there are more than a hundred clerks employed on the car accounts, and week after week searchers are sent out for the missing car. A fair idea of the magnitude of these accounts may be had from the fact that the entire movement over the Pennsylvania railway exceeds over 40,000 per day. Lost freight cars, which were formerly hunted by travelling agents, are now traced by "searchers," official documents, which contain the number and description of the lost car, and the date of which it was last seen on the Pennsylvania road. These documents are forwarded in the wake of the car, receiving many official signatures on the way.

All railroads to watering places have a right to call themselves great trunk lines.

THE STOPPING OF THE CLOCK.

SURPRISING falls the instantaneous calm,
The sudden silence in my chamber small;

I, startling, hit my head in half alarm—
The clock has stopped—that's all.

The clock has stopped! Yet why have I found

The instant feeling almost like dismay?
Why note its silence sooner than its sound!
For it had ticked all day.

So may a life beside my own go on,
And such companionship unheeded keep;
Companionship scarce recognized till gone,
And lost in sudden sleep.

And so the blessings Heaven daily grants
Are in their very commonness forgot;
We little heed what answereth our wants—
Until it answers not.

A strangeness falleth on familiar ways,
As if some pulse were gone beyond recall—
Something unthought of, linked with all our days—
Some clock has stopped—that's all.

EXPANDING THE CHEST.

MAKE a strong rope, and fasten it to a beam overhead; to the lower end tie a stick three feet long, convenient to grasp with the hands. The rope should be fastened to the centre of the stick, which should hang six or eight inches above the head. Let a person grasp this stick with the hands two or three feet apart, and swing moderately at first,—perhaps only bear the weight, if very weak,—and gradually increase, as the muscles gain strength, from the exercise, until it may be used from three to five times daily. The connection of the arms with the body with the exception of the clavicle with the breast bone, being a muscular attachment to the ribs, the effect of this exercise is to elevate the ribs and enlarge the chest. Nature allows no vacuum, and the lungs expand to fill the cavity, increasing the volume of air, the natural purifier of the blood, and preventing the congestion or deposit of tuberculous matter. We have prescribed the above for all cases of hemorrhage of the lungs, and threatened consumption of thirty-five years, and have been able to increase the measure of the chest from two to four inches within a few months, and with good results. But especially as a preventive we would recommend this exercise. Let those who love to live strive to develop a well-formed capacious chest. The student, the merchant, the sedentary, the young of both sexes—ay, all,—should have a swing on which to stretch themselves daily. We are certain that if this were to be practiced by the rising generation in a dress allowing a free and full development of the body, many would be saved from consumption. Independently of its beneficial results, the exercise is an exceedingly pleasant one, and as the apparatus costs very little, there need be no difficulty about any one enjoying it who wishes to.—*Dio Lewis.*

An open question—*Bridget* (looking at the picture over the mantelpiece): "What's thim, marm?" *Mrs. Dolonart*: "Those are cherubs, *Bridget*." *Bridget*: "Cherubs, is it? Mary Ann says as how they were bats, and I says twins, barrin' the wings."