



ENTERPRISE IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Prof. Torringfishermitz begs to call special attention to his system of imparting a powerful touch to piano students. This system is the exclusive property of Prof. T. and is in use only at *his* Academy. For terms and particulars apply, etc., etc.

THE LITTLE HERO.

JIM MURPHY was a thoughtful melancholy lad, about fourteen years of age. His hair clustered in bright red curls over a broad, noble brow of doubtful color, and if the dirt and freckles had been removed from his features, and the more prominent ones somewhat ameliorated, he might have been pronounced almost handsome. But he had no fond mother to dote over him. He had only a fond father; and his father was not fond of him so much as of whiskey.

Jim's home was in a railway quarry, the scene of his own and his father's labors. It was situated on the brow of a steep bluff, and from the door of the rough board shanty, at the end of a side track, there could be viewed a magnificent sweep of flat country, embracing villages, fields and forests, bounded on one side by the blue waters of Lake Ontario. Here, cut off from the rest of the world save that part of it represented by a gang of quarry hands, and occasional engine-drivers, Jim Murphy spent the summer, engaged in such labors as were suitable for him—that is to say, in anything his father could get him to do. In winter he went to school, where he proved himself an apt pupil. He used to amuse himself in a solitary way by reading stray dime novels and pictorial papers of the thrilling class. These publications did much to enrich his mind and awaken in him a thirst for the sublime and heroic. How he longed to spring at one leap into fame and fortune by some deed of noble daring! His favorite hero was the brave boy who saves trains from broken bridges and yawning precipices, by heroic scramblings in midnight darkness, and is rewarded by the grateful passengers with purses of money. Sometimes he thought it was within the range of possibility that he might yet have a chance to win renown in this manner. Years passed, and so did the trains, without accident. The bridges were sound and the engine-drivers sober. But at last the hour came!

One evening, having been sent by his father to the village store for a bottle of whiskey, he was returning homeward by way of the railroad track, his mind full of moody thoughts, when he heard the far-off whistle of an approaching train. He turned round and saw at a great distance the fiery eye of the locomotive, rising slowly, like an earth-born star, out of the vapors of the valley. A train was no novelty to our hero, and he continued his walk and gloomy meditations. But as he reached the bend in the track which brought him in sight of the paternal quarry, he heard another shriek, and, looking up, saw something which froze his blood with horror. It was another engine coming down the track! His mind took in the situation at a glance. There was going to be a collision. His chance had come at last. He must prevent the catastrophe, and earn the blessings and subscriptions of the rescued passengers.

It was now too dark to signal, but there was yet time for him to run to the switch and turn the down-coming engine from the main track on to the siding which ran into the quarry. This would clear the way for the up train and its precious freight of living souls. It was certainly an extreme measure. If shot into the quarry the rampant locomotive would in all probability bounce into the little shanty where his sire lay locked in the embrace of liquor. It was a terrible alternative, but this noble youth shrank not from what he knew to be his duty. He rushed forward, resolved, like another Cassabianca, to remain at his post, faithful unto death. He knew too well the condition of his father to call to him either for advice or command, but in his own mind fought out the battle between inclination and duty. All the endearing ties that bound him to that rough board shanty, and seemed to lie across the track of his duty, only served, in such a supreme moment of mental concentration, to make his way more plain. With firm, quick movement he pulled the lever. The engine flashed before his eyes,