

pain; but his groans were nothing in comparison with those of the unfortunate around him. Several people were killed, while nearly every one was seriously injured.

"Curse my luck!" muttered Charley. "I'm in a nice fix now. Why the deuce didn't I buy that insurance ticket? It would have brought me in twenty dollars a week till the doctors patch me up again. My leg is broken I'm sure. If I have to lose it I don't want to live."

He shuddered at the thought, as any young man similarly placed would naturally do.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, suddenly, "a thought strikes me. That yellow faced Yank bought a ticket. I wonder if he's killed outright."

Charley managed to sit up, but the movement caused him to groan in agony. He looked up and down the track, and saw some men carrying lanterns, moving about among the frightful wreck. People were calling to each other—some wildly, some feebly; women were shrieking, children crying, men shouting, and all was in confusion.

"I wonder if I could reach that Yank?" thought Charley.

He exerted all his strength, and freed his leg. It was then a comparatively easy matter to move from his exceedingly painful position.

"The old Yank sat a few seats ahead of me," he said to himself. "I'll try and get at him."

He felt his way forward, groaning as he moved, and soon came to the body of a man. Near his head lay a crushed "stove-pipe" hat, which Charley picked up. He felt around the band, but could find no ticket.

"I'll swear this is the Yank's hat; and he certainly stuck the ticket in it. But it isn't here now. There was another man with the Yankee, but I couldn't see his face. Perhaps this is him. Or perhaps the Yank put the ticket in his pocket after getting aboard the cursed train."

He felt about the clothing of the motionless body, and soon found the pockets. In one of them were some papers and two small pieces of paste-board. Charley held the latter up toward an approaching lantern, and saw that one was a ticket for Detroit, and the other an insurance ticket.

"It's all right," he muttered. "I thought I couldn't be mistaken. This is good for twenty dollars a week—for goodness knows how long."

He would have replaced the papers and the railway ticket in the dead man's pocket, but the man with the lantern was then so close to him that he might have observed his movements, so he put them into his own pocket instead.

Two or three hours later Charley Morton and the rest of the wounded passengers were lying on stretchers ranged along the centre of a freight car, which was moving slowly on towards London. There were lights in the car, and Charley could see the pale and, in some cases, disfigured faces of his unfortunate fellow travellers. There were dead as well as wounded people in the car, and one of the former was next to Charley Morton—the body of an elderly man, with iron-gray hair, and dressed in black clothing. The face was horribly gashed, and the man's most intimate acquaintances might have been pardoned for not recognizing his features. And yet there was something about the unfortunate man which caused Charley Morton to gaze at the cold and mangled face in horror—something which seemed to influence such a fascination over him that his eyes were riveted on the sickening sight for fully five minutes.

"This is too horrible!" gasped the young man at last. "I can't believe it. I won't believe it."

"Can't believe *what*, consarn you? It's true enough. Good land a mighty, I'm glad I bought that ar ticket; but, darn me, if I wouldn't sooner hev a hull skin onto me this blessed minute than twenty dollars a week."

On hearing these words, and the voice in which they were spoken, Charley Morton started violently, and a sickening sensation crept over his entire frame.

"The Yank's alive," he said to himself, as the cold perspiration broke out on his forehead. "I've taken the ticket from the wrong man! My head's all in a mist. There's some infernal mistake about it. Ah! the papers!" he suddenly exclaimed. "Perhaps they will help to explain."

He took the papers from his pocket, and held them to the light. They were letters inclosed in envelopes. One glance at them was sufficient. The first envelope Charley looked at was addressed to

*"Philip Morton, Esq.,
Dry Goods Merchant,
Woodstock, Ont."*

"My father!" gasped the wretched young man. "My own father!"

He started up into a sitting position, and tried to get off the stretcher. But next moment he fell back senseless.

When Charley Morton returned to consciousness he was lying on a bed, in a room which was entirely strange to him. He tried to move, but found himself so weak that the slightest exertion caused him intense pain. At the same time he made the startling discovery that one of his legs was gone!

It would be utterly useless to attempt to describe the unfortunate young man's feelings on becoming aware of the dreadful truth. How bitterly he repented his disobedience to his father's parting instructions is beyond the power of pen and ink to express. And then came the thought of the letters he had taken from the dead man's pocket, and of the cold, mutilated face and iron-gray hair of the motionless form on the stretcher in the freight car.

"Oh, my poor old father!" cried the young man; "my punishment is greater than I can bear."

"Why, Charley!" exclaimed a voice at his bedside. "Thank goodness you're alive again. We were afraid you wouldn't pull through."

"Is that you, Tom?"

"Yes, it's me safe enough. But don't be talking, old fellow. You'll hurt yourself."

"But where am I, Tom? I don't understand."

"Oh, you're here in London. This is a room in the Tecumseh. There goes that confounded old Pacific express—fifty minutes late, as usual. You've been here nearly a week. Woodruff had to cut off your leg, you know. It's too deuced bad, but it couldn't be helped."

Charley groaned, and rocked himself from side to side in the bed, like an angry child.

"They found an insurance ticket on you," went on Tom Fenwick, "but some how or other it isn't going to do you any good. Seems to be some irregularity about it. They found two railway tickets on you—one for Detroit and one for London. They don't exactly understand it; but of course you'll be able to explain all right."

"Explain!" said Charley. "Never, Tom—not even to you. I've done something that— Why,