

been blown slightly away from one pane by the violent gale.

"I will surprise them," he said, softly and happily; and with a heart full of love and trust for his wife, and good will for his friend, he forced his way through the huge drift to the window.

His glance first took in the bright, home picture; the lavender walls, the pictures, the shaded lamp, the rosy glow of the firelight over all.

Lida was still sitting in her low chair, but her attitude was no longer listless. Before her stood her husband's friend. What he was saying could not be heard; but Jack Leavett did not need to hear. While he still looked, Jim bent suddenly, passionately, over the girl.

A terrible sound escaped the watcher's lips. His hands convulsively clenched; great veins stood out like iron ropes upon his forehead. He tried to reach his hip-pocket, but he was powerless to lift an arm. And in that moment Haslyn touched the girl's dark hair with passionate lips, and rushed from the room. As the door closed behind him, Lida slid down from her chair to the floor, and lay there, as quiet as any dead thing.

How long Jack Leavett stood there, looking in on what had once been his home, but would never be again, he never knew. He was suddenly aroused by four sharp, shrill whistles. The strong, stubborn sense of duty that had given him the reputation of being the best engineer on the road, pulled him through now. A sound, that was not a sigh, nor yet a groan, burst from him; and, tearing himself from the sight of all that was near to him on earth, he staggered forth into the blinding, freezing storm—a shipwrecked man.

Six hours later, at the top of the hill, near Telocasset, a snow plow jumped the track. The fireman happened to be looking out, and instantly jumped for

life, with a wild cry of warning. But, even at that awful moment, he distinctly saw the engineer shake his head.

Down the mountain side, plunging, tearing, rolling over and over, went the noble engine, "Sixty-three;" and with it, crushed beneath its iron weight, went the man who loved it, after his wife, better than anything else on earth.

He was still alive, when, an hour later, they found him; but horribly crushed and dying. His mind was quite clear.

"Never to let them know," he kept repeating to himself.

They asked, with tears in their voices, if they should try to get him home.

An awful shiver shook his powerful form.

"Home!" he repeated with a sob.

"Home!" Then, knowing that the end was near, and finding now no anger in his great heart against those two who had, all unintentionally—he felt sure of that, from what he had seen—wronged him, he spoke, slowly and falteringly, to the one among them he trusted most.

"Tell her," he said, "that I died content, because I never could have made her happy. Not but what she was all that a true and tender wife should be, John—you all know that; but that she was too delicate and refined for a rough fellow like me. I have seen the tears start to her sweet eyes, John, all because I spoke harshly, or because I forgot her birthday."

Once more he spoke.

"Tell Jim"—he spoke the name with an effort, and as the memory of that long tried friendship rushed over him, he broke down entirely—"to take care o' Lida. I was his true friend always; but he was more, for he saved my life. Tell him *that* cancels all."

He fell back.

"I missed the way," he faltered, "but I'm comin' in ahead o' time!"

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