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How Billy Was Sent to His Mother

By HANNAH HIRSHFIELD

"Tom," said James Gowan to the man in charge of an express car that was about to be pulled out, "here's a package I want you to carry to Milford Center."

Gowan produced a box about three feet long by eighteen inches broad and deep. The lid was hinged and held closed by a hook and staple. The box was perforated and marked: "Perishable. This side up with care."

"I can't take it," said the expressman. "You must put it through the office in the regular way."

Gowan took a ten dollar bill from his pocket book and put it in Tom Murphy's hand.

"Tom," said Gowan, "it's my boy Billy. His mother went to Milford yesterday, and I've got to leave home tonight. Billy must go to his mother. He's too young to travel alone, and the company wouldn't take such perishable property. You'll be alone in the car, won't you?"

"Yes; I'll be alone in the car, and I can let the boy out between stations. Leastways I can let him sit up in his box. How old is he?"

"Five."

"Well, I'll try it on for you, Jim, but I don't want your money."

Gowan took the box into the open car, lifted the lid, and Billy clutched his arms around his father's neck.

"Billy, you must keep very quiet unless Mr. Murphy opens the box. If any one hears you in the box you won't get a ride."

"Yes, daddy. I'll be quiet."

"Well, goodby. Give mother a kiss for me."

"All right, daddy."

"I'll close the lid till the train is off and the car door closed, then Mr. Murphy will let you out."

The father unwound his son's arms with a kiss, closed the lid, slipped the hook through the staple and left the car. In a few moments there was a puffing and a grinding of wheels, and the train pulled out. The lid was again lifted, and Tom Murphy stood looking down at Billy with an amused smile.

"Is it time to get up?" asked the boy.

"I reckon I'll let you get out for twenty minutes. Then when we stop at the station you'll have to get back again."

Billy sat up, and Murphy lifted him out onto the floor of the car. Billy looked about him wonderingly at the boxes and packages piled here and there. Seeing a tricycle, he was much interested and wished to mount it and have a ride. But Murphy objected. When the whistle sounded for the next station Murphy said:

"Now, Billy, you must get back into your crib and keep very quiet until you hear the door shut and the train move on."

When the train stopped a special agent of the express company got in the car. He told Murphy he was going to the next station and would ride in the car. Murphy suggested that he would be more comfortable in a passenger coach, but he was not to be dissuaded. Settling himself on a box near Billy's crib, he lighted a cigar.

When the train moved on Murphy was much disturbed. The next stop would not be made for half an hour, and he feared Billy would not be able to keep quiet so long. But Billy undoubtedly appreciated the situation, for he lay perfectly still. The special agent, who was a supervisor as well, took occasion to say to Murphy that there had been many cases of goods carried by the company's agents the charges for which had gone into the agents' pockets. He had been on the watch for such and had caught several agents in the act. They had at once been discharged. While communicating this fact he looked about him, Murphy thought, with a view to discovering another case.

Finally the supervisor got tired of talking and smoked in silence. Suddenly he cocked his head on one side and listened. Was that some one breathing? He got up from his seat and walked about trying to locate the sound till he finally stopped bending over Billy's crib. He distinctly heard the sound of some one breathing in sleep. Murphy was at a rule desk at an end of the car looking over some way bills. His back was to the supervisor, who unhooked the lid of Billy's box, and, lifting it, there was Billy sound asleep. Glancing at Murphy, the supervisor saw he was not observed. He stood for a moment with his eyes bent on the boy's innocent face irresolute, then softly lowered the lid.

A few minutes later the train stopped at the next station.

"Tom," said the supervisor, "all I want from you is that you haven't made any money that properly belongs to the company."

"I haven't," was Tom's reply.

"So long." And he left the car.

As soon as a new start was made Tom went to Billy to let him out of his box. The hook was not in the staple. He was sure he had put it there at the last stop. Only the supervisor could have removed it.

"Time to get up, Billy," said Tom, raising the lid.

"Are we there?" asked Billy, wide awake.

"No, but at the next station I'll turn you over to your mother."

When the train pulled up at Milford Center Billy was standing at the door of the car. His mother, who was waiting for him, saw him and ran toward him. When she came near enough he sprang into her arms.

"Destroying Jesus." 2:30 p. m. "Two Jail Birds." Announcements will be made Sunday evening for the week.

W. N. BROWN, Pastor.

Discussing a Verb
As an intransitive verb to "materialize" will no doubt be pilloried by purists as an undesirable alien, but with little effect, for it has long since been commandeered for useful service, though it has not yet gained scholastic support. Like the verb to wire, now in general use, this particular intransitive no doubt comes from America, where it is common to "fix up" an appointment with some one who may "fall to materialize" or wait for a conveyance that misbehaves itself in a similar way.—London Chronicle.

Job work at The Argus Office.

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The revival meetings continue with unabated interest. Marshall is preaching strong gospel sermons above the ordinary. There is no clap trap methods in his manner. There have been nine conversions up to Tuesday. Men and women are thinking and weighing this matter as never before. The meetings will continue over Sunday with three big services on Sunday.

Topics: Friday 24, "Suicide." Saturday "Zaccheus." Sunday, 11 a. m.

These sermons are from one who has given his heart and life to this work, and one whom God is using in His work, and everyone will do well to hear them. A hearty invitation is extended to one and all.

D. E. BAKER, Pastor.

UNITED PRESBYTERIAN.

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