A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON

Author of "ROY RUSSELL'S RULE," "GLENROY," "THE FASHIONABLE MOTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

No sleep visited her weary eyes until long after midnight, she was so unhappy and so unnerved by all the events of the last twenty-four hours, and again and again she prayed that all might go well, and nothing terrible result from the loss of that dreadful knife.

Rising with the alarm of the usual bell that rang to awaken the household, the poor girl again commenced to review the problem that had presented itself to be worked out the night before. Once she asked the question:

Should she worry Sir Reginald by telling him the accident that had befallen her, or should she not?

Before deciding positively, she resolved to pay the corridor a morning visit, and by listening, study out, if all was going on as usual.

This resolve she instantly carried into effect. Turning once more from her room, down the corridor, she placed her ear close to the panel, and listened intently to hear if any movement could be discovered within the concealed room.

All was still! Not the faintest motion was perceptible; therefore, feeling greatly relieved, she returned, quite sure that all must be well, and firmly resolved to say nothing of what had happened, and while keeping silent endeavor to drive the entire circumstance from her own mind, and so be at peace.

The day passed on as usual, and when night brought her to the shelves, she once more found to her satisfaction silence reigning, and felt that now, indeed, all was right. Poor Ethel! She little knew the fearful consequences yet to ensue from her first blunder.

The third afternoon had arrived, and nothing had transpired to lead her to apprehend the least trouble from that unfortunate occurrence. She had, therefore, regained the courage she had lost, and was fast driving the entire circumstance from her mind.

This afternoon Sir Reginald had expressed a wish for music, therefore she had brought her guitar to his bedside, and had sung several ballads for his amusement.

"I think," at length he said, interrupting her, "that it grows cloudy. Please look out and tell me if a shower is approaching."

Ethel arose at his bidding, and after examining the sky returned, saying, as she resumed her seat:

"There is, indeed. A very black cloud is lying in the west, which foretells a hard shower."

"Then put aside your instrument and draw close to me, as I have some private instructions to give you in regard to a new work to be done to-night. Are we entirely alone?"

"We are. Mrs. Fredon left the room to prepare you some nourishment, and your wife and niece are in the grounds," replied Ethel, trembling, she knew not why.

"Then listen intently to my instructions. If that storm rages about half-past nine or ten o'clock to-night, you must visit the Haunted Tower and put in motion some machinery I have erected there."

"O, Sir Reginald," murmured the shrinking listener, "please do not ask that of me."

"You just attend to my orders, and do what I tell you to do. Never dare dispute my will."

The baronet then proceeded to give minute directions for the lighting of each light, and also for the movements of the frightful and hideous image there concealed. At its conclusion he remarked:

"Do you think you understand every particular of the work I now require to be done?"

"I do," replied Ethel; "but, sir, my soul revolts from the whole thing. I consider it a wicked deception, and I beg you to excuse me from undertaking it."

"Who cares what you think about it! No one asked your opinion. Do it you shall, so do not dare to utter another word against it."

"Sir Reginald, I have faithfully performed your wishes in regard to feeding the animal, whose life you value so highly, knowing that to preserve the life of even the least of God's creatures is a duty, but I can see no possible necessity for striving to impose upon the credulity of the inhabitants of this quiet place."

"That, I tell you, is my business and not yours," was the angry reply. "You are here simply to attend to my work, and I have well paid you for doing so."

"I know that; but surely I am at liberty to point out an error in your wishes and judgment. Sir Reginald, this thing that you ask me to do is wrong, and I entreat you to carry it no further. You say you have done this yourself for twenty-five years; surely that can answer any purpose you may have to effect by it. Please, then, be satisfied, and let this thing rest!"

"I tell you I will not," replied the baronet, fairly purple from rage; "do you not see that your obstinacy is throwing me into a terrible and injurious excitement? I command you to obey my wishes. If you dare refuse, you shall leave my house this night, even though I know you have not where to lay your head. Do you hear?"

"I do," murmured the distressed girl.

"Will you obey?"

No answer came, the only reply she could make being a burst of tears. Maddened by her silence and sobs, the baronet started up until, leaning upon his elbow, a thing he had been expressly forbidden to do, as it would jar his hip, he shook his fist violently in her face, while he demanded in fury:

"Will you obey?"

"I will!" she at last gasped, between her sobs. Poor girl! seeing his violent excitement, and remembering her aunt's last charges, she dared not refuse.

"Then see that you do it," he returned, more calmly, as he sank back with a groan upon his pillow.

There was no escape from the disgraceful duty that awaited her, so at her usual time she took the lighted candle in her hand and started with tearful eyes to attend to the task before her.

CHAPTER XV.

After Dr. Elfenstein had asked permission of Sir Reginald Glendenning to search the Haunted Tower he felt exceedingly puzzled over his future course. Resolved as he was to penetrate the mystery of that place, he could not understand how the thing was to be accomplished.

In all his visits to Sir Reginald, although reserved in manner, his every nerve had been on the alert. He had been told that the room occupied by the present baronet was the one where Sir Arthur had met his sad fate. Knowing this, he fairly studied that room.

He noted its width, height and breadth; the height of the two windows from the floor, the size of those windows, and particularly he noted the one from which the rope had dangled that had been used to lower the body to the ground.

He had several times walked to that window, as if meditating over his patient's case, and looked out, surveying the ground below, and the distance from it to the lake, which was visible through the trees.

From the house, which he visited daily in his professional calling, he often drove around, examining the stables and outbuildings, and sometimes slowly went around the tower to view the ruined part, and to see if by any means he could ever effect an entrance.

One day, it was the one on which Ethel started for the eventful walk, he in such a drive noticed a small, well-trodden pathway leading up to a clump of bushes. Instantly the thought struck him that behind those bushes, concealed from view, might be an open passage to the place, although he felt certain there was no doorway. The more he thought of this the more he was sure it must be the case.

Why that well used path through the grass if not for some such purpose? Yes; some human feet were in the habit of entering there, and he resolved to return to the place, under cover of darkness, and investigate those bushes.

Full of this discovery, and full of hope that he might yet penetrate to the mysterious tower, he touched his horse with the whip and drove hastily away.

But just as he emerged again into the ramble, he saw Miss Belle Glendenning gazing at him from an upper window, and felt mortified that she should have noticed his ride around the premises, as conscience whispered it must speak to her of a prying nature.

Feeling, however, that it was done, and could not now be recalled, he passed on, and proceeded to visit the homes of several sick persons who needed his advice and assistance.

On his return it was that he suddenly heard a wild shriek of terror, and looking around, had seen Ethel in that dangerous situation, while the nearing train told of the death that awaited her. Springing to the ground, he had rushed to her assistance, and had wrenched apart those stiff fastenings and drawn her from her peril.

After he had left her at the Hall it was hard to recall his truant thoughts to their proper sphere, but with set teeth and a firm resolve, he plunged into study, and active work, in order to be at peace with himself.

The great suffering of a new patient even detained him by his side until, after midnight the second evening, and a third time had night folded the earth before relief came to the weary one, and Earle Elfenstein was at liberty to pay the lonely ruin the desired call.

Then a violent storm was raging! This storm was, strange to say, the first that had occurred in the evening since his night vcew of the haunted tower, and its dancing demon, just five weeks before.

Not wishing to be seen by any of the inmates, he did not venture out until after nine o'clock. Then the wild wind and drenching rain served to retard his progress so much that it was full quarter to ten before he felt the worn pathway and crept behind the clump of thick, wet bushes, where, once concealed from view, he paused to light a small dark lantern he had wisely brought with him.

By the aid of this he proceeded to examine what only seemed a dull, blank wall. Close inspection, however, revealed a large stone that was loose, which he easily drew forth, making a clean, unobstructed passageway, through which a man could creep, and without hesitation in he went, landing directly upon an old, but still passable floor.

Lowering his light, he paused to examine this floor, and found to his surprise, wet tracks upon it, that told plainly that very recent footsteps had passed that way. Following these, the young man walked in a direct line across the building, until he reached a door, which, upon trying, he found to his chagrin, securely fastened.

Even while he paused to reflect upon his next movement, distant footsteps fell upon his ear, just beyond the door, and hurriedly he darted back, extinguishing his light as he did so.

Just in time was this movement made, for a hand unhooked the fastening, opened the door, and there, to his unmitigated surprise, stood Ethel Nevergail, the girl so much the object of his thoughts since that narrow escape of hers, with a lighted candle in her hand, peering into the darkness beyond.

Had she seen him? he asked himself, creeping like a thief towards this unfortunate house, and hearing his steps, had she come to warn him away?

No! the thought was absurd, and he soon saw that she came seeking merely a covered basket, not observed until then, standing just beyond the door.

How pale she looked, as he viewed for one moment her sad face and—yes! surely, those were tears that fell from her beautiful hazel eyes upon her cheek.

The sight of those tears caused him to take one step toward her, but she fortunately did not see him, but drew to the door, after securing the basket, and he then heard her little feet start down the corridor.

Resolved not to be balked in his efforts to unravel this night one mystery at least, Dr. Elfenstein pushed again towards the door, and to his joy, it this time yielded to his touch.

Poor Ethel! this night for the first time had been required by Sir Reginald Glendenning to visit the tower and follow out directions he gave her in full, for producing the illusions that were to terrify the unsuspecting public.

In great agitation then, and still weeping, she had proceeded to the fulfillment of her loathsome duty, and in her grief and excitement, for the first time forgot to fasten the door, after possessing herself of the food.

This forgetfulness accounts for the entrance of the doctor into the corridor, and enabled him to follow her advancing figure, softly in the darkness.

CHAPTER XVI.

Wiping away her tears, poor Ethel placed the basket of food and knife upon the floor, by the entrance of the tower, as Sir Reginald had told her to attend to the business in that quarter before administering to the wants of the concealed quadruped.

At last the weary steps were climbed, and she stood panting on the broad landing, just below the upper windows of the place. It was standing on this landing that her part of the ghostly work was to be performed.

Taking then a long handled torch, with which the colored lights above were to be touched in order to light them, she applied the candle to it, and reaching up soon had every one illuminated and flaming away in the usual unearthly looking glare.

In doing so she never observed the tall, silent figure of the man who had crept after her and now stood in the shade below, intently watching her every motion.

The stuffed form before her was next to be attended to. Taking, therefore, the lamp from within the head she lighted it, and putting it back almost exclaimed at the effect the colored light gave the eyes.

Winding the crang slowly, she saw that it worked as she supposed it would, and soon the impish figure was swung aloft and stood dancing to and fro, to the terror and dismay of all outward beholders.

With tears still falling over her pale cheeks, Ethel stood with her eyes fastened above, upon the swaying motions of that frightful looking image, when her heart almost stopped within her, and a wild cry burst from her lips as these words fell upon her ears:

"Is it possible that this is the occupation of Miss Ethel Nevergail this stormy night?"

Turning, she saw advancing towards her, and fully revealed by the lights above, the form of Dr. Elfenstein.

"Oh, doctor," she wailed, as she buried her face in her hands, and burst into low sobs of shame and dismay, "how came you here to witness my disgraceful work?"

Then suddenly remembering her charge, and true to the interests of her employer, she again seized the crank and, lowering the image, extinguished that head lamp, as well as the others, leaving everything in darkness but for the feeble flare of the one little candle she had placed upon the floor. Then turning, she faced her accuser.

"I came, no matter how; suffice it that I was determined to unmask this daring fraud, and so allay the fears of timid women and children. Certainly in doing this I never expected to discover that Miss Nevergail was the prime mover in this outrageous piece of work!"

Ethel listened to the cold, hard words in utter despair, then fluttering like a wounded bird to the side of the indignant man, she laid one small, white hand on his arm, which was shaken off in disdain before she could utter one of the following words:

"It is the first time I ever did this thing. Oh, believe me; surely you must remember that I was in Liverpool when you saw that sight, the time when it last appeared?"

"Yes, that is true; I had forgotten. But that does not absolve you from to-night's ghastly deception," was the still cold reply.

(To be continued.)

A BABY SQUIRREL OVERBOARD.

With Skill and Gentleness the Mother Rescued the Youngster.

"I was very much amused and very much instructed recently," said a man who lives in the country, "by the antics of a mother squirrel in my section, and while I have grown up, as I might say, among squirrels and cypress trees, it was a revelation to me. The squirrel had nested in a low, dumpy cypress tree close to the edge of a lake, and the nest was probably thirty or forty feet from the ground. The mother squirrel happened to be in the tree at the time, although I had no occasion to notice either the old squirrel or her young until something tragical happened in the family. In some way one of the little fellows scrambled over the edge of the nest and fell to the ground. I heard the noise, and, looking in the direction of the sound, I saw the baby squirrel squirming around in great agony and totally unable to get on its feet. The mother squirrel rushed down the side of the cypress like a streak, and almost in an instant she was by the side of her offspring. She took in the situation at a glance, and set to work to get the youngster back in the nest. She switched the body around and turned it over and then grabbed it with her teeth just under the smaller portion of the back. Instinctively, I suppose, the young squirrel threw its arms around the mother's body, and after she made sure that the hold was good she started cautiously back to the nest. She reached there safely, and I saw no more of the distressed mother nor the youngster. I was very much impressed with the gentleness and skill she displayed in handling the injured baby squirrel, and really it was an inspiring scene."—The Mail and Express.

He Could Play.

It is related that a stranger once entered a cathedral in Sicily and begged to be allowed to try the organ, which was new and a very fine instrument that even the organist did not understand. With some reluctance the organist allowed the stranger to play, and soon the cathedral was filled with sounds that its walls had never heard before. As the stranger played, pulling out stops never before combined, and working slowly up to the full organ, the cathedral filled, and it was not until a large congregation had wondered at his gift that the stranger told his name. He was Dom Lorenzo Perosi, the young priest-composer, whose latest oratorio, "Leo," was performed at the Vatican during the celebration of the Pope's jubilee.

Wanted to See Jefferson Act.

On several occasions last summer Joseph Jefferson had with him as a guide an old colored man, to whom had reached dimly, and from afar, the fame of Rip Van Winkle. One day, when the two were out fishing in a rowboat, he hazarded a few remarks.

"Boss, is it a circus you are in?"

"Not exactly a circus," said Jefferson.

"Was, sar. Ye can act, can't ye?"

Mr. Jefferson made a modest reply.

"Well, sar, I never git to New York, but I'd powerful like to see ye act, sar, and I'll give fifty cents if you'll cut up right now!"

Love in a Newport Cottage.

Tess—Poor May! Jack Mistry asked her if she would care to be satisfied with love in a cottage with him.

Jess—And she refused him?

Tess—Yes, and the next day she discovered the cottage was at Newport.—Philadelphia Press.

Be sure you're wrong; then back up.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE.

HIGH SCHOOL FRATERNITIES AND SORORITIES.

By Prof. Wilbur S. Jackman, University of Chicago.

The most enlightened sentiment of the present time regards the school as a social institution. In making inquiry, therefore, into the value of fraternity life among the children it is necessary to test it entirely in accordance with its power to contribute to the welfare of the school as a social whole. The school, being a social organization, has a right to demand that every individual contribute the best that is in him to the good of all. In making this contribution it is perfectly natural that much should be done through groups around certain centers that have definite ideals. The groups being formed, the school, however, still has the right to exact the same things from them that it does from the individuals. If, now, the fraternities and sororities are so contributing, if they are wielding an influence that is tending to blend all the diverse interests of the school towards one end, the social uplift of all, how does it happen that in schools where these societies exist the class rooms and corridors are thronged with those who are shivering under the frost of ostracism? Here is a system, masquerading as social, which, at best, is indifferent to the good influences which great numbers of the pupils might exert and, at the worst, it deliberately sets about preventing the individual from giving his best to the school. Whether in the fraternity or out of it, there is no difference in principle. The good that the fraternity seeks is the good of the small coterie composing it—it is distinctly selfish and narrow. To assume anything else is ridiculous, for if it were really the good of the whole it could not and would not confine its membership to a few. It is essentially aristocratic, and it must, therefore, come into direct conflict with the proper organization of the school, which is essentially democratic.

The spirit of the American parent is against the spirit of the fraternity. When one contrasts the effect upon the character of his child that a school will have which is broken up into fraternity factions with the effect which a training for a similar length of time would have in an institution founded upon the principles that govern Hull House or which dominated the Cook County Normal School, there is simply but one conclusion possible. The one trains the pupils at this most teachable period of their lives in all the old social prejudices and traditions that the race is doing its best to slough off; the other broadens and deepens the sympathies; it schools the older in the care of the younger, and it teaches the younger to trust the older. It trains the strong to look after the weak, that the strength of the latter may be more surely conserved. In fine, it educates into that broad citizenship which constitutes the true democratic state.

STOCK JOBBING AS A FORM OF PARESIS.

By Prof. James C. Kiernan, M. D., Chicago Post-Graduate School.

Since the days of Juvenal satirists have scored pursuit of speculative wealth as a vice peculiar to modern times. The speculator has had his part, however, in all ages, and forestalling or monopoly has been a crime against which the fanatic law-maker has always launched his legal bolts in vain. Even the corporation of the swindling variety is old. Of the close of the seventeenth century Macaulay draws the following picture: "An impatience to be rich, a contempt for those slow but sure gains which are the proper reward of industry, patience, and thrift spread through society. The spirit of the cogging dicers of white friars took possession of the grave senators of the city, wardens of trades, deputies, aldermen. It was much easier and much more lucrative to put forth a lying prospectus announcing a new stock, to persuade ignorant people that the dividends could not fall short of 20 per cent, and to part with £5,000 of this imaginary wealth for 10,000 solid guineas than to load a ship with a well chosen cargo for Virginia or the Levant. Every day some new bubble was puffed into existence, rose buoyant, shone bright, and was forgotten."

One great barometer of the social pressure resulting on stock jobbing is paretic dementia, or paresis, as it is popularly called. While this disorder has probably always existed, it was first pointed out by the great English neurologist, Willis, in the seventeenth century. It is found only in countries with a speculative commercial atmosphere. The influence of such an atmosphere is excellently shown in the fact that paretic dementia is far more frequent among the negroes in Chicago than those in New York, and is practically unknown among the negroes in the South. This is due to the fact that the negro in Chicago is treated as an equal in commerce and politics and is thoroughly under the influence of the speculative atmosphere which permeates the commerce of the city. The same influence is shown in the undue proportion of paretic dementia among the Irish, which is much greater than in New York City. And this arises from the Irish in Chicago being much more addicted to speculation than those in New York. To my personal knowledge Irish women, who in New York would simply hoard their money and keep away from all speculation, here deal in options on wheat and pork.

Not every organism can take paretic dementia in a speculative atmosphere since there must likewise be acquired predisposing causes, generally what is euphemistically called blood poison, which, whether innocently acquired or not, creates a tendency to paretic dementia. All other things being equal, the man of strong constitution is more likely to be attacked by paretic dementia, since the weaker breaks down in nervous prostration. Fortunately, the patient rarely lasts over four years and the disease is not hereditary. It is, however, the danger signal of commercial civilization.

MEN WHO ABANDON THEIR FAMILIES.

By Minnie F. Low.

Men who abandon their wives and children should be made to answer for their crimes. In May of this year the Forty-third General Assembly of Illinois passed a much needed amendment to our abandonment law. Under the old law a term in the county jail did not benefit the family; and, more unsatisfactory still, the lazy, shiftless man, who never did make any pretense at work, found the idle life, with free food and shelter, entirely to his liking. Now, any person who shall, without good cause, abandon his wife, and neglect or refuse to maintain or provide for her; or who shall abandon his or her minor children, shall be punished by a fine of not less than $100 nor more than $500, or by imprisonment in the county jail, house of correction, or workhouse not less than one month nor more than twelve months, or by both such fine and imprisonment; and should a fine be imposed it may be directed by the court to be paid in whole or in part to the wife or to the guardian or custodian of the minor child or children.

Men who abandon their families without good cause may be divided into four classes. The first includes those who come from foreign shores. They leave without any premeditated thought of final separation. In time, however, with thousands of miles between, the picture of loved ones grows dim in the distance. The men grow to like the ways of our country. New ties are formed, which, unfortunately, supplant the old.

A second class are those who lack the moral courage to face temporary disappointments or troubles. Men go away under pressure of circumstances, conscious in some instances that their presence is more of a hindrance than a help to their families. They are well aware that relief agencies will not help so long as the able bodied men are about; and so they leave, knowing the community will assume the duties which they cannot carry.

A third class includes those who deliberately plan to leave their families, and are known as the criminal type.

The fourth class are the men who leave their wives and children, but who earn a fair livelihood in the city, and make no pretense at leaving it. Moral suasion goes a great way in adjusting the difficulties in cases of this kind.

The man who commits theft has comparatively little chance to escape punishment. If we find it essential to punish the man who steals $10 worth of merchandise, he who deprives his wife and helpless children of their natural rights to his protection and support, thus robbing the home of its sanctity and society of its morals, should not be allowed to atone for all his sins on a mere promise. He should not be dealt with lightly before a tribunal that stands for justice and the enforcement of the law.

A SPRING SONG.

When Love comes to my garden
He walks with dainty tread,
The lilies blaze before him,
The moss-rose lifts its head;
The trim-kept lawns grow greener,
The borders blush with pride,
The buds burst into blossom
When Love walks by my side.

When Love leaves my sad garden
The roses' petals fall,
The jasmine's scented clusters
Fade, dying, on the wall;
The lawns grow dock and thistle,
The paths are rank with weeds,
And all the dainty borders
Are strewn with fallen seeds.

Sweet Love, stay in my garden,
Rest in its rosy shades,
Bask in its scented sunshine,
Dream in its leafy glades;
Sing to the strings of pleasure,
Through all life's penilune;
Make every season summer,
Let every month be June.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

SAVED BY A DREAM.

I WAS sitting in a certain railroad office one evening not very long ago, when a telegraph operator related the following incident, which I will try to repeat in his own words:

"Speaking about dreams," he said, "reminds me of a dream that I had once while I was working at Bricksburg, on the O. C. & B. It was the most remarkable dream I ever had, and I have no doubt it was the means of saving a great many lives. But I will relate the incident, and you may then judge of that for yourself.

"I dreamed I was in my office. 'B'g—B'g—B'g,' I heard the sounder click, and hastily taking up my pen I opened the key, answered the call and received this order:

"'Operator:

"'Flag and hold train seventeen (17) until train sixty-eight (68) arrives.

"'31 ALLISON.'

"When I had repeated it back to the sender and received the signal that my understanding of it was correct, I placed the order-book before me on the table in such a position that the order could not escape my eye, thus making it almost impossible for me to forget it, even for a second.

"Having recorded my understanding of the order and pronounced it correct, or 'O. K.,' the train-dispatcher then sent an order to the conductor and engineer of train No. 82 to run to Bricksburg regardless of train No. 17. This will show the responsibility that rested upon me. If I allowed train No. 17 to pass my station a collision would be the almost inevitable result. But you may be sure I did not intend to let such a mishap occur.

"But how sleepy I was! Before I was hardly aware of it I was nodding in my chair. Seeing the order before me all the time, however, and knowing its awful importance, I tried hard to banish sleep from my eyes. I got up and paced the floor, bathed my face with water, opened the door and stood in the cool night air, and then at length I sat down again and took up a book to read. I read for some time, but at last the words commenced to dance before my eyes. I roused up several times with a sudden start to find that I had lost my place, and had been almost asleep; my head fell slowly forward, my eyes closed, the book dropped from my hands, and soon I was asleep.

"'Toot—toot!'

"It was the train. I sprung up with a start, grasped the safety signals and allowed it to proceed, and then—'Oh, my God! the order!'

'I was wide awake then, and great drops of perspiration rolled down my face as I watched the lights of the swiftly receding train. The engineer of that train, Tom Watson, was one of my best friends, and to know that he was rushing on to almost certain death was terrible. His home was in Bricksburg, and as the train passed his house I heard him sound his whistle signal to his wife to let her know that he was 'on time' and all right.

"It is impossible for me to explain the awful horror that I felt, knowing that I was the cause of what must soon prove a terrible disaster. I could only wait and watch, almost breathless, hoping that the engineers might see each other's headlights in time to stop their trains.

"A short distance from the station there was a sharp curve in the track, and as I looked I saw the headlight of train 68 dash into view; heard the short, sharp whistles for brakes, and the next instant came an awful crash.

"Hatless, coatless, I left my office and ran to the wreck, which was soon all ablaze, and when I reached the spot I almost fainted at the horrible sight that met my view. The engines were both piled together in a heap, bright tongues of flame were darting up toward the sky, while the screams and groans of the unfortunate passengers were awful to hear.

"Hesitating only for a moment, I sprang to the rescue of those whom I could reach and assisted them out of danger, but I could not stand it long. To see men, women, and even little children all crushed and bleeding, and to hear their cries for help to save them from the cruel flames, were more than I could bear, knowing that my carelessness was the cause of it all. The river was near at hand, and with a wild scream I ran to the bridge and jumped off, falling down, down, down, with 'murderer!' ringing in my ears.

"'Fred! Fred! come, Fred, get up!' It was my wife calling me, and how glad I was to know that the awful disaster was only a dream.

"The next day our child was very sick, and I had but little sleep, and consequently was hardly fit for my duties that night. I asked to be excused from duty, but there happened to be no one to put in my place, so I had to work.

"About 9 o'clock I began to feel sleepy, and found it hard to keep awake. A few minutes later, however, when I received an order to hold train 17 until train 68 arrived, I thought of my dream, and was wide awake in an instant.

"I placed the book where the order could not possibly escape my eye, and sat down to wait. But I was soon nodding again. This would not do, decidedly! so I got up, bathed my face, and took a turn around the platform in the cold air, and for a short time I felt better. But Nature was bound to have her way, and I found I could not keep awake. The awful dream was constantly before my mind, and I exerted my will to the uttermost to keep my eyes open, but they would close. I took another turn around the platform, and then a thought struck me. I entered the office again, found a piece of strong wire, and with it I secured the safety signals so that it was impossible for me to move them. Thus protected, I sat down and gave up the fight, soon falling asleep.

"The first I knew a shrill whistle sounded in my ears, causing me to jump up in excitement and alarm and grasp the signals. The next instant the train dashed past, and then, too late, I thought of the order.

"'Oh, God,' I groaned, as I watched the receding train. Then came the headlight around the curve, the sharp calls for brakes, followed by the awful crash.

"'Toot—toot!'

"I awoke with a start, grasped the signals and tried to work them, but soon remembered why they were fastened.

"'What's the matter, Fred?' cried Tom Watson, from his engine. 'What's the danger signals set for?'

"'I have got order to hold you here until train 68 arrives,' I answered.

"Train No. 17 took the sidetrack; the headlight of No. 68 was soon seen dashing around the curve, and a moment later the danger was over. Then I took my wire fastenings from the safety signals and allowed No. 17 to go on.

"That is all, unless I add that I never again received an order of that kind without fastening my signals so that they could not be moved. For, although it happened once, I might never again be saved by a dream."—The Hearthstone.

Dead men pay no doctor bills.

GEO. P. CROWELL,

(Successor to E. L. Smith,
Oldest Established House in the valley.

DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Groceries,
Boots and Shoes,
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