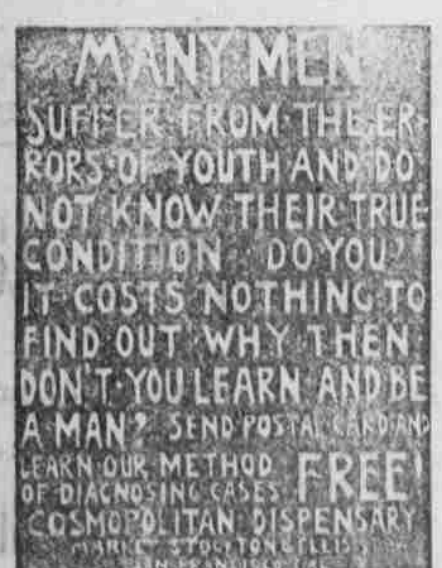
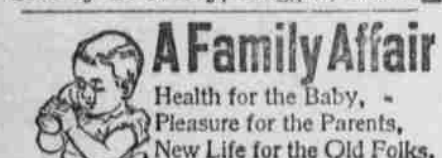
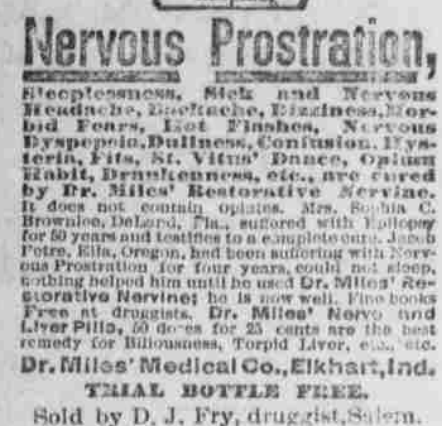


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THE HIGHLAND SHEPHERD. E. Y.

Thro' a tangle of purple hawthorn,
Where a whirling horn ran deep,
A lad in his Highland bonnet
Gazed on his sheep as they slept.

But ere they had reached his border,
Half hidden in shining moss,
Where the sheepwalk sloped to the shiel-
ings
At which they were used to cross—

The flock, in their ally shyness,
Turned suddenly'stly away,
Because in the path before them,
Right over the benten track,
A skelcher sat with her easel,
So busy she had not stirred;
And the nod of the hooft the pattered
Down her side she had not heard.

"Hand out o' my gait!" the shepherd
Brawled lustily from the steep—
"Hand out o' my gait ye scather
And frighten awa' the sheep."

From the complex a liveried gillie
Stepped suddenly to his side—
"Ye'll hae to be ye speckled wadly!"
With a tone of rebuke he cried.

"Why, sure, to the leddy yonder,
Who has na' the sense to know
She's blockin' the sheepwalk sa'ry—
An, sir, ye maun tell her so."

"I tell her?—Why, lad, yon lady
Is the grandest yon we've seen;
Her home is in Palmerston castle,
And she is the English queen!"

"Weel, how could I ken her?"—quaried
The boy with a capacious frown
"Why dinna she hold her shepherds—
Why could na' she wear her crown?"

—Margaret J. Preston in You'lls Companion

It was a beautiful May morning when I awoke. I discovered that I had incurred my legs (I had, still had a habit of curling myself up when I want to enjoy a good novel), tossed my book aside, stretched myself outwardly and looked down the hall toward Woodburn. Although I had done nothing but sit all day reading, I was hungry. "Youth and high heels," I thought, "are a combination to strengthen the demand for breadstuffs. It was time for my dinner had come, I said to myself, glancing at the clock in my bedside room. Just then a faintest sound caused me to rise and open the door.

There, on the path beside the railway, stood Tim Ferris. His golden curls were blowing across his blue curls, dancing up and down in the May wind, bobbing like clavier beads before the breeze. He was patting along barefooted on the clay path made by the workmen who made the deep cut and the bridge. Tim's basket on his arm seemed a trifling heavy. He was puffing energetically when I called to him.

"What's your hurry, Tim?"

He hurried on until he stood at the bottom of the steps leading up to my station, looked up at me with spark-

"I couldn't help it. I'm to go to Woodburn to see the circus, and there's a real live elephant, and a ostrich, and lions and whales and a unicorn!"

Here Tim, relieved of his basket and bucket, drew a long breath, looked at his feet, at his ragged clothes, then up at me, wistfully, and added: "I don't know how many things there is, but Jim Stacy says here never was a nothin like this. And mam said I can go—but I've got to be quick," 'cos Jim Stacy's going to make me in his wagon, and he's more

"In that case, Tim," said I, "you'd best not wait for the things. I'll make them home myself. You just hasten home, young man, and—there."

Tim's eyes grew as big as two saucers as he looked at the coin in his palm, then up into my face. His bright blue eyes were moist; the little fellow was crying with joy all ready. He opened his mouth to thank me, but I cut him short.

"That's all right, Tim. You'd best get home, and tell your mother I will make the damage good if anything happens your new suit. You won't do to go shabby, Tim. You must blacken your shoes and put

"You listen to me. You can get someone through the deep cut!"

"Through the tunnel, Mr. Moore?"

"I said through the tunnel. I will save more than half a mile, and you will be ready before Stacy calls for you."

"I'm glad you told me."

And Tim was off like a bird.

It happened little fellow he was so brave and quickly, and the soul of truth. In his little his bright blue eyes; illuminated his whole face. Nobody could look at Tim Ferrell, staggered, dirty, sunbrowned as he was, without seeing and appreciating all that was most to be admired and loved in a child of eight. That was the sun total of Tim's life.

As his yellow curls glistened in the

It was Bob Somers going home from Woodburn with the morning mail for his father's mill. I knew Bob and Bob's horse well. He rode a pie, dismounted leisurely, as was his wont, and sat down on my steps to rest. The last frolic over the hill was his, the last time he had been in the saddle since Sidley's barn raising. Meantime, I was absorbing Mrs. Ferris' warm heart, biscuit, pies and milk as fast as a hungry man could, talking between bites. The office was as quiet as a churchyard. Bob was describing, in strict confidence, the young lady who was to be Mrs. Bob Somers one day, when Rockford called me in. I paid in the act of nipping up a half of a pie.

and inclined an ear. Rockford w twelve miles west of my station. Usually I called Rockford, and he only to communicate matters of the most serious from the east. Other times I was not to meddle with Rockford. The call from Rockford sounded sharper even than usual. It was so imperative that even Bob Somer remarked it.

"Sounds like as if they were in all first hurry, whoever it is."

I bounded up the steps and answered promptly. Rockford responded in return. Short, clear and sharp came the message:

Such a shock: I never experienced before, and I hope I never will again. A cold chill ran over me. I suppose it was imagination, but I thought my heart ceased to beat for half a minute, and then it gave a mighty throb as I signaled Woodburn, sharply, again and again. Woodburn responded graciously. I repeated the message, then stood just long enough to receive the O. K. In the meantime I had decided upon my course.

I leaped—I did not run—down the short flight of stairs in front of my station, sprang upon Bob. Some horse, spurred him with my hands viciously and galloped along the way as fast as the horse would carry me. I did not pause to explain. I did not speak; all my energy was toward one object—A human life. I had seen human life was at stake and that life was the light of a household.

I had unwittingly sent little Tito Ferris to his death.

To explain, The Woodburn connection was new. Months of elaborate before travel and traffic of considerable volume would be directed over the new branch. In the meantime one passenger and one freight train moved east and west; past Stanley every morning and evening.

The road between Rockford and Woodburn was so silent the greater part of the time that the birds nested near the ties, and squirrels trusted along the rails in the

I imagined, as I galloped mad along the railway, now on one track now between the tracks, now on the other, I could hear the roar of the constriction train thundering around the curves near Lae river. Once, twice I checked the horse, and listened with throbbing heart. The deep cut echoed the sound of the horse's hoofs. I fancied I heard the clug, clug, clug of the locomotive, but I was not sure. All the while I was in the agony of apprehension. The deep cut was a dangerous place for an adult. There were places for children. There were places

where it crumbling bank & so the earth and sand sloped down to the truck. Unless a man or woman had the presence of mind to lie down on the bank, a train passing would grind them to pieces. There were other places where the jutting rocks were so close to the track that not one man in a thousand could have maintained his place while a train rumbled past him, and last, where there was the tunnel. Short of that it is, more than one poor life has been lost in it.

These thoughts occupied my mind to the exclusion of everything else as I rode through the cut. No! I realized my own danger; the risk I subjected Bob Owens' horse to. If I failed to emerge from the tunnel in time, his horse would be ground to dust by the construction train. Even if the engineer shot the train before I entered the tunnel, the curves were so short he would be unable to lessen the speed of the train, and once I entered the tunnel with this locomotive full of men and

And now, I realized how much I demanded of my coolness and poise. I gave place to a coolness and self-possession that surprised me. Time was no doubt about it, I could hear the construction train rounding the curves near the river's edge. The scream of the locomotive sounded in my ears like a warning of death.

At the same instant I beheld little Tim's golden curls waving from side to side as he trotted, all unconscious of peril, homeward. Back of him I glimpsed the brownette, "Nikolai,"

to the angel of death; the subdued roar of the train was like the sound of the angel's wings. My little Tina's life—also depended on the distance the train was from us.

Two plans presented themselves clearly to me. I might spring from the horse, leave it to take its chance galloping through the tunnel, and grasping Tina, hold him against the folding, sandy bank he was tottering past happily. Or I might lift him up and urge the horse to his utmost through the tunnel.

As I thought of Bob Somers' horse, the horrors, that night again,

AN!

ground, light in a force sweep a foot from him before me as I turned the horse onward.

"Get on," he called into midday terror. He clung to me, stilling me by closing his lips firmly. No sound escaped him. The horse started forward fast along at my behest with a dull roar. It was a race between Bob Somers' steel and the horse. Bob Somers' steel faded bounded when the roar of the horse swelled into a warning volume.

On, on he sped, until suddenly a light of day was excluded. The evening roar was silenced for a time.

Suddenly an awful sound struck terror to my heart. Bob Samson's horse snorted, trembled, snorted again, then shot forward so suddenly as almost to unseat me. The locomotive had entered the tunnel!

The eerie, inspiring, band of lightning-fused steel following obliterated all other feelings for time. The earth reeled and rocked beneath me. I pictured to myself atmosphere charged with the heat and glare of the burning iron monster as it rushed down upon hooves and riders; saw in my mind my boy and steed hurled to the side of the tunnel, ground remorselessly for the wheels. Among all the vivid experiences of my life—and I had survived a battle charge, shipwreck and railroad horrors—none ever so pressed me with the horror I felt

I recalled the horrors of a calamity that stunned the nation—a rail-rail disaster where scores were sacrificed. Then as now the earth seemed fast to yawn before me as I clapped my hands to my ears to shut out the screams of my fellows. In a flash the lights in the crowd-coaches were extinguished: there was a shock as of worlds coming together, a crash and a roar of escaping steam, followed by the snapping and cracking of timbers, the grinding

ing of it and stone and wood in a describable confusion. Such a scene as the stars shone on that winter night I trust human eye may never witness again. Shapeless light scorched beyond recognition; faces blackened, ghastly, headless trunks isolated limbs, a woman's long tress waving here, a hand thrust up there, the crackling, seething flames licking up, devouring, overpowering all.

I rode blindly, dazed into daylight with all my senses strained to the utmost tension. Woodchairs lay peacefully in the bright sunlight off to the right. I could see the church spire

I shook my feet free of the stirrup, swung Tim around suddenly to the left, at the same time swinging my right leg over the pommel of the saddle, and plunged rather than leaped into the bank of sand and flint gravel. Our plunging into the sand motion; but I held Tim's face downward; held my head downward while the train thundered past. Then I slid and staggered upon my feet, rubbed the sand out of my eyes, no blurred with tears, and lunged at

As the construction train disappeared from view, and I urged Tom forward to a place of safety, I pointed to an object below us, which I believed a quivering man—all that remained of the gallant horse.

Bob Somers' horse was crushed in a yielding, pulpy, intimate lump, lying there beside the rails, his head twisted back under his neck, shrouded of his fore feet, bleeding, bruised and buffeted beyond recognition.

"We both the railroad, didn't we said little Tim, looking up at me with

"Yes, Tim, by God's mercy."
"But we'd caught what the horse got if we hadn't jumped," the boy after a short pause. "I'm most afraid to go to see the unicorn and tell."

"Oh, but you will, Tim! and you must tell me how many bears or monkeys you see at the circus. I go home with you and see that your mother gets you ready in time."

The company paid Bob Somers handsome sum for his horse, but you'd toss all the land lying on the side of the Woodmen branch, and the branch itself into one lump, I not go through one minute of the day's experience with it.—David Low in Pittsburgh Bulletin.

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