

were needed to start and organise them. So it came to pass that the big, fair man and his trim, swarthy, little second-in-command had wrestled and worried, and shaken up this little West African line into something approaching a satisfactory condition, and the Manager placed nearly all the credit of their success to Woodward's account. For when, as fre-

the last moment when he should have been booking-on for duty at the shed. Drivers and mechanics alike had an irritating faculty of going down with fever at the close of a gorgeous "drunk," which generally occurred whenever a steamer lay off-shore, bringing machinery and supplies for the railway. But the Locomotive Engineer was equal to any and every emer-



Oh! Dem engineer, him lib for die, him lib for die

quently happened, the Manager fell sick of the fever, it was Woodward, the fever-proof, who nursed him and dosed him with quinine, and attended to his work, and made out the endless reports for the Board in London. It was Woodward who stepped into the engine-cab and drove the trains when word came along that the driver had died at

gency; and was happy until upon an evil day there came ashore a supercilious, drawing stranger, armed with credentials from the Board, setting forth that he was the newly-appointed Chief Engineer, ranking second to the General Manager, and consequently senior to the invaluable Locomotive Engineer. The little man had speech