

thrilling experience. His very faculty was at once on the alert. The languor of the summer day, fell from him like a discarded garment. Unconsciously he began to quicken his pace nervously.

He had hardly gone half a block when he saw a man dash across Sixteenth street and Avenue B. Then another, and another. People stopped and gazed a moment, then ran in the same direction as the others. Men jumped from cars and waggons and followed. Every eye in sight seemed to be hurrying toward some point on Avenue B.

By this time McDonough was running, too. As he turned the corner into Avenue B, he saw at once that his intuition of a moment before was true. Here, indeed, was work cut out for him. A street car was standing on the track (almost opposite his flat, he noted), and around it surged a maddening crowd, cursing and threatening the motorman, who, white with fear, stood at bay on the platform.

McDonough as he ran took in the whole situation. The all too common street car accident had occurred. Some child had been run down, probably killed, by the heavy car, and the excited crowd, enraged by the thought of the poor little mangled body beneath the wheels, were on the point of wreaking wild vengeance on the motorman. The scene was not unfamiliar to McDonough. He had helped to save a motorman once or twice before from similar danger. His opinion was verified by a newsboy whom he knew, who approached him breathlessly, crying that 'a kid had fell under the wheels.'

The policeman saw at a glance that single-handed he could not cope with this infuriated crowd. On the corner was a patrol box. He stopped a moment to call up the station for help. Then, slamming the door shut, he plunged into the crowd, whirling men right and left out of his way as he made for the platform where the motorman, now bleeding from a wound in the forehead, was clinging wildly to the door handle, resisting desperately the efforts of half-a-dozen brawny teamsters to drag him to the ground, while shouts of 'Lynch him!' 'Kill the murderer!' filled the air.

The crowd was by no means willing to let McDonough come to the rescue. He had to fight every inch of his way to the car platform. He reached it at last, and not a moment too soon. There was no time for argument. His club, wielded with effect, caused the motorman's assailants to loose their grip. They fell back snarling and cursing. McDonough planted himself before the motorman and drawing his revolver faced the angry crowd.

'Stand back!' he cried. 'I'll attend to this man. He is under arrest. Give me a chance to take him to the station house.'

The mob had no intention of doing this. Somebody yelled, 'Kill the cop!' And the cry was taken up and repeated in a way peculiar to mobs. A moment before it had been satisfied with maiming or killing the motorman. Now its passionate hatred included the policeman. McDonough knew that in a few minutes the reserves from the station would arrive, but he also knew in those few minutes much might happen. He must stand off that crowd and try to keep it from mischief a little longer. Moreover, the thought flashed across his mind that in the unreasoning madness the crowd had forgotten the poor little victim of the accident, now lying beneath the ponderous car wheels. There might still be life in the little broken frame. Every moment was precious. He made an appeal to the better nature of the crowd.

'For God's sake,' he shouted, 'what are you fellows thinking of? Clear out, the whole pack of you, and give some decent men a chance to see what can be done here! If you have any manhood in you, thin' of the little chap under the wheels and keep your hands from doing murder!'

But the mob, momentarily bel'ed of its vengeance, was sullen. It made no move to disperse. On the contrary, there was an ominous closing up of the crowd. McDonough, experienced to scenes like this, sensed the meaning of the movement. He saw that a crisis was at hand. He knew that some of the more desperate spirits were going to 'rush' him. He levelled his revolver and shouted:-

'I'll shoot the first man who puts a foot on this platform!'

Almost as he spoke a well-aim'd cobblestone struck him a numbing blow on the wrist. The revolver flew from his grasp, and the next moment the crowd was upon him, and he fell to the ground, borne down by the weight of numbers, but still fighting desperately. Half stunned he lay while the mob swarmed over him to get at the unfortunate motorman. Then, amid the

uproar, there, broke sharply upon his ear the clang of the patrol wagon gong, and he knew that the reserves had arrived, and that his prisoner was saved.

When helped to his feet by the sergeant, McDonough saw the crowd melting away before the not very gentle attention of a dozen of his brother-officers. He saw, too, that an ambulance had arrived, and that a number of men were 'jacking up' the front of the car, so as to reach the victim of the accident.

'A close call for you that time McDonough,' remarked the sergeant. 'I thought you were all in.'

'Me, too,' answered McDonough, with a grim smile, as he knocked the dust off a much-battered helmet. 'I thought for a while it was my finish—and right before my own door, you may say. I'm glad Mary and the kids are not due at home till evening, or they might be watching that performance of mine from the parlor window and scaring themselves to death over it. How about the motorman?'

'Oh, he's all right; only a scratch or two. More scared than hurt! I'd almost say it served some of these fellows right to scare them once in a while. They're altogether too reckless speeding up in a street crowded with youngsters.'

The sergeant frowned. He had children of his own. Then he went on:

'I wonder who the poor kid is under the car. Nobody seems to claim him. Usually there's a heart-broken mother waiting for the car to be lifted. Here, they've got it up. Lend a hand there on the other side.'

Used though he was to scenes like this, the sergeant could not repress a groan of pity as the poor little form, all huddled and broken, came to view. McDonough was the first to stoop over that pitiful little heap which was once a lad full of life and promise. And as he did so something familiar in the cloth's struck him, and fear such as he had never known before laid its icy grip upon his heart. Trembling, he uncovered the face from which the cap had fallen. As he did so a heart-broken cry burst from his lips.

'Oh, Father in heaven!' he groaned. 'It is Jimmy! It is my boy, my own boy!'

The scene that followed need not be described. Truly the father's cup of sorrow was filled to overflowing, and he drained it to the dregs. It was indeed his own son whom he had found crushed to death beneath the car. The boy, who was given to playing pranks, had eluded his mother's vigilance and had taken an early car home from the country. His only thought was the surprise he should give his father, whom he was on his way to meet and greet when the car struck him.

The Eucalyptus in California

The spread of the eucalyptus tree in California proves how adaptable it is to that country. Groves of an acre to several thousand acres are dotted over the State, and the beauty of the hills surrounding the bay of Frisco is rendered more attractive by their clothing of gum trees, which grow there with all the luxuriance which characterises them in Australia. It was in 1856 that the first eucalyptus tree was taken there from Australia and planted in California. Stephen Nolan, a nurseryman, a few years later induced a sea captain to bring him some 'blue gum' seeds from Australia. These he planted, and continuing to import and propagate, he found a ready sale for the young trees. Ellwood Cooner, the present Commissioner of horticulture of the State, was another of those who early began to plant eucalyptus. In 1870 he planted some 200 acres, selecting for the purpose exceedingly poor land. To-day he has a fine forest, and estimates he could cut 1000 cords yearly without impairing the volume of growth. The experiment station of the University of California took up the planting of eucalyptus upon the grounds at Berkeley, and has several large groves.

HOW TO PAINT A HOUSE CHEAP.

Carrara Paint In White and Colors, Mixed Ready for Inside and Outside Use. **CARRARA** retains its Gloss and Lustre for at least five years, and will look better in eight years than lead and oil paints do in two. **USE CARRARA**, the first coat of which is no greater than lead and oil paints, and your paint bills will be reduced by over 50 percent. A beautifully-illustrated booklet, entitled 'How to Paint a House Cheap,' will be forwarded free on application.

K. RAMSAY & CO., 19 Vogel Street Dunedin

J. TAIT, Monumental Sculptor,
 273 Cashel Street West, CHRISTCHURCH.

(Just over Bridge and opposite Drill Shed.)

Manufacturer and Importer of Every Description of Headstones, Cross Monuments, etc., in Granite, Marble, and other stones.