

groaning, the engine stopped within a dozen feet of the child.

The fireman jumped out, and in a harsh voice inquired what the 'young un' did that for?

Topsy looked timidly up, but could not say a word.

The engineer then came, and kindly asked her what was the matter. She tremblingly told her story, and at the same time pointed to the bridge a few rods away. Both ran hastily forward, and found the story only too true.

Instantly it became known that the child, scarcely more than a baby, had saved the lives of the passengers.

Their prayer of thankfulness was merged into enthusiastic praise of Topsy. One of the first things they determined upon was to make up a purse for her.

The head of the railway chanced to be on the train, and, of course, was one of the first to hear the story. He came forward, and told them not to trouble themselves, as the girl would be rewarded. The train backed up to the last town, and remained there until the bridge was repaired. It carried all of the passengers from the scene of the 'hold-up,' with the single exception of the head of the railroad, who accompanied Topsy to the home of her parents.

There he told the story to her surprised mother and father, and wondering Tommy. He insisted upon making her a present of a goodly sum of money.

In a few days she also received a gold medal, which bore the simple inscription: 'Awarded to Miss Isabella, on her seventh birthday for heroic conduct in saving the lives of many passengers.'

Ever after that Topsy was the heroine of the neighborhood, and her mother was never weary of telling the story of her youthful bravery. Tommy did not again tease her about being only a girl; instead, he secretly envied her.

WHEN AUTHORS STUMBLE

A line by W. J. Locke runs: 'He talked incessantly all the time.'

Writes Arnold Bennett: 'She won 15,000 francs in as many minutes.' Pretty long session, that!

Another novelist says: 'Her eyes filled with silent tears.' Generally they boom like billows, you know.

According to another, the hero 'brushed her hair with his lips.' Scarcely an improvement on the old method, we think.

Another writer remarks: 'Charlotte Von Stern was, when Goethe first met her, several years older than himself.' But later, of course, 'twas otherwise.

'He rested his feet on the back of a chair and blew smoke rings with half-closed eyes.' We've seen it done with the mouth.

Marjorie would often take her eyes from the deck and cast them far out to sea.' As a caster, old Ike Walton had nothing on Margie, believe us!

'Speechless with horror and loathing, I tottered a helpless jelly against the jamb.' We believe that the mess was cleaned up in the next chapter.

ANCESTORS

Ex-mayor Dunne, of Chicago, in an address to young men, preached the doctrines of sturdy democracy.

'People bother too much,' he said, 'about their ancestors. If you believed all you heard, you'd think that every other man was descended from William the Conqueror or Charlemagne.

'My advice to a young man would be this:

'“Don't bother about your descent unless you are an aviator.”'

A CONTINGENCY

A commercial traveller at a railway restaurant in one of our Northern towns included in his order for breakfast two boiled eggs. The waiter who served him brought three.

'Waiter,' said the travelling man, 'why in the world did you bring me three boiled eggs? I only ordered two.'

'Yes, sir,' said the waiter, bowing and smiling, 'I know you did order two, sir, but I brought three because I jus' naturally felt that one of them might fail you, sir.'

HORACE GREELEY'S WRITING

Horace Greeley's penmanship was so bad that someone always had to translate it into English. Sometimes these translations were blunderingly funny, as in the case of his answer to a lecture committee in Illinois. Here is what Greeley wrote:

'Dear Sir,—I am overworked and growing old. I shall be sixty next February 3. On the whole, it seems I must decline to lecture henceforth, except in this immediate vicinity, if I do at all. I cannot promise to visit Illinois on that errand—certainly not now.'

And here is what the chairman of the committee replied:

'Dear Sir,—Your acceptance to lecture before our association next winter came to hand this morning. Your penmanship not being the plainest, it took some time to translate it. But we succeeded, and would say your time, "third of February," and terms, "sixty dollars," are perfectly satisfactory. As you suggest, we may be able to get you other engagements in this immediate vicinity. If so, we will advise you.'

PUNCH AND JUDY

Punch is the last survival in England of the old mystery or sacred plays, of which the Bavarians retain one in the now noted play at Oberammergau.

The full name, Punch and Judy, is from the two chief characters, Pontius and Judas. Punch as a Roman, speaks with a foreign accent, has a Roman nose, and has on his back a hump.

This is in consequence of the tradition that after the condemnation, Pontius was haunted by the idea that the evil one sat on his back. In his exile, he was always followed by a black dog. Hence the introduction of Toby, so named from the dog of Tobias in the Bible.

Judas has now been transformed into a woman, because he was dressed in a flowing robe, after the fashion of the East.

FAMILY FUN

Match Puzzles.

Place two wax vestas lengthways on the back of a china plate, the brimstone of one touching the end of the other. Light the latter, and ask the company to guess how long it will be before the second match catches fire. Many guesses will be made, but none will be correct, for the simple reason that the second match will not catch fire if the plate is perfectly dry. It will be noticed that when the first match burns half-way it curls, often at a distance of a clear inch, so that the flame does not reach the second match.

Lay a match on the table, and rest across it, alternately on one side and the other, ten or a dozen others. When all are straight, crossing the middle match at the same distance from their own extremes, lay across the top another match, parallel to the bottom one. If you now carefully lift the whole arrangement by the match first laid down—namely, the bottom one, on which all the others rest—you will find that all the matches 'jam' one another in such a way that none will fall.

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