

OTHER DAYS.

"I'm dreaming of days, of other days,
Of a face that's gone forever;
I feel the touch of a soft, white hand
That will come again to me never.
"I'm dreaming of days, of other days,
Brown eyes that are closed forever
And whistling sighs of the wind as it dies,
Moans mournfully, "never! ah, never!"
"I'm dreaming of days, of other days;
Of a voice that's hushed forever,
And the rustling leaves a weird strain
weaves
That murmurs again to me "Never!"
"Dream on, poor heart, of other days;
For the wail of the ceaseless "never"—
When the lonely life gives up the strife,
Shall be changed to a glad FOREVER."

THE SUBSTITUTE.

A LESSON THAT AN ARBITRARY SUPERINTENDENT NEVER FORGOT.

In the railway depot of a busy, bustling town in the southern part of Ohio a locomotive stood panting and snorting as if impatient to speed away on its journey. The fireman was giving his last touch to the brightly polished brass work, while the engineer and the district superintendent stood upon the platform beside the cab. Another train had just drawn into the station and its passengers were emerging from the cars and hurrying away. Some of them overheard a portion of the conversation that was taking place between the two men as they passed, and one, a middle-aged, well-dressed individual, seemed greatly impressed with the few words that fell upon his ear, for he walked only a short distance before he paused, as if desirous of hearing more. "There is no use in talking, Baxter, you have got to make the run to-night," the listener heard the superintendent say in a voice that was by no means pleasant. "It makes no difference to me or to the stockholders of this road what trouble you may have at home. Your place is on this engine, and there you must remain or else quit the service of the company altogether." "But, sir," replied the driver, in a pleading tone, "do you understand, my wife is very ill—perhaps dying—and there is no one with her but our two little children and a kind neighbor, who cannot spend the whole night by her side." "Do I not tell you there is no one about at the present time whom I can put in your place?" returned the official. "There is Sturgis," suggested the other. "He is here in the depot at this moment." "What that miserable inebriate? He never'll run a train another mile on this road." "But, sir, he has not drunk a drop for two months." "That is neither here nor there. He is not qualified to take your place, not even for a trip." "It is hard, very hard," murmured the engineer as he turned away, and was about to mount to his seat in the cab when the stranger, who had loitered near, stepped up saying: "I beg your pardon, gentlemen. Did I not hear you say that you wanted to secure the services of an engineer?" "Well, what if we do?" brusquely asked the superintendent, looking at the man in some astonishment. "Then I should like to offer myself if it would be any accommodation. I am an old railroad man, and an experienced engine driver." "But I do not know you," again returned the official. "It would be too much risk to trust this train in the hands of an utter stranger." "I have papers that will convince you I am competent," and the applicant withdrew from the inner breast pocket of his coat a leather wallet, and took therefrom a document, which, however, was well covered with age, and handed it to the superintendent. "This has reference to yourself, I presume," said the official, glancing over it. "But it bears a somewhat antiquated date." "Very true, and for that reason I value it highly. But if I was a good man then I am doubly so now, for I have had all those years of experience." "You do not know the road." "Oh, yes, I do. Every foot of it." "Well, if you can convince me that you are capable of taking charge of the locomotive I will let Baxter lay off this trip," was the reluctant answer. "Then the only way that I see to arrange the matter is for you and your engineer to take a ride in the cab as far as I—. That is fifteen miles, and there you can meet the accommodation returning here. I think that in that short run I can prove to you that I understand the business."

Just at that instant the two-minute bell struck. "Well, well get aboard, and we'll see what you can do," and the three men climbed into the cab. "You must lend me your overalls and jumper," said the stranger to the engineer, "for I do not care to spoil a good suit of clothes." "Oh, certainly," replied Baxter, who up to this time had been so astonished that he had not uttered a word. After drawing the clothes on, the new engineer grasped the throttle with his left hand, thrust his head out of the window and said: "Now we are ready." Then came the signal to start, and the next instant the complicated machinery was set in motion, but so gentle was the start made that scarcely a person on the train realized that they were under way until the cars had drawn out of the depot. Gradually the speed was increased until they were running upon their regular time. The superintendent could not refrain from casting several glances of approval at Baxter as he noticed how deftly the stranger handled his "iron horse." As they drew near the junction a short distance from L—, the regular engineer reached for the whistle cord to sound the usual blast, but he found the hand of the substitute there before him, who said to him with a kindly smile: "You see I know the road." "Truly you do," replied the superintendent, "and although I am taking great chances I think I will let you go on with the train while Baxter and I will return by the accommodation." As Baxter was about to step out of the cab when the engine stopped at L—, he grasped the hand of the stranger, and said with deep feeling in his voice: "Oh, sir, you have done me a great favor to-night, and rest assured if it ever lies in my power I shall repay it." "Don't mention it," was the hearty rejoinder. "Hurry home to your wife, and don't worry about the train; everything will be all right." Accordingly the superintendent and Baxter returned to their homes on the way train; but the former felt by no means easy in his own mind and remained in his office until midnight, when he received a dispatch from the end of the line saying that train No. 68 had arrived all right and on time. As the official seated himself at his desk the following morning his eyes rested upon a note from the president of the entire system, stating that he would arrive on the 2:15 train and wished to see him on important business. The hands on the clock in the superintendent's office were resting at a quarter past that hour when Baxter entered. "Well," began the official, as he recognized his caller, "are you going to shirk another trip to-night?" "No," sir, my wife is much easier and I shall be at my post. I came up to thank you for letting me off last night." "Oh, it's turned out all right, I'm thankful to say. But—" He would have gone further had not the door opened and two gentlemen entered. One was the president, who, stepping quickly forward, said, in a cheery voice: "Ah, good afternoon, Mr. Curtis; allow me to introduce Mr. Donaldson, the gentleman whom the directors have elected to supersede me in office." As the superintendent arose from his chair to acknowledge the introduction, he almost fainted with surprise, for there before him stood the substitute who, the night before, had run the engine in place of the regular driver. "Why—why—is it possible?" he stammered. "Yes, indeed, Mr. Curtis," replied the new president. "I am the one who drew on the overalls last night for the first time in ten years, but you see I had not forgotten how to run the machine. I overheard your conversation with this poor man here," turning to Baxter. "I pitied him in his dilemma and resolved to assist him. If you had refused to allow me to act as his substitute I should have made known my identity then and there, and requested you even to let the fireman take his place, rather than to keep the faithful engineer away from the bedside of his wife." "And you, sir," continued the kind-hearted railroad magnate to Baxter, "may lay off for a few days. We will find some one to take your place until your wife is recovered. And, Mr. Curtis, there is one thing I should suggest before we proceed to other business, and that is, from this out treat your men kindly." This was a lesson that the arbitrary superintendent never forgot.—Boston Globe.

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