

Cradle Song of the Poor.

Hush, I cannot bear to see thee
Stretch thy tiny hands in vain;
Dear, I have no bread to give thee,
Nothing, child, to ease thy pain!
When God sent thee first to bless me,
Proud and thankful, too, was I!
Now, my darling, I thy mother,
Almost long to see thee die.
Almost long to see thee die.

Sleep, my darling, thou art weary,
God is good, but life is dreary.
I have watched thy beauty fading,
And thy strength sink day by day,
Soon, I know, will want and fever
Take thy little life away.
Famine makes thy father reckless,
Hope has left both him and me;
We could suffer, all my baby,
Had we but a crust for thee.

Better thou shouldst perish early,
Starve so soon, my darling one,
Then in hopeless sin and sorrow
Vainly live as I have done.
Better that thy angel spirit
With my joy, my peace, were flown,
Than thy heart grow cold and careless,
Reckless, hopeless, like my own.

I am wasted, dear, with hunger,
And my brain is all opprest;
I have scarcely strength to press thee,
Wan and feeble to my breast,
Patience, baby, God will help us,
Death will come to thee and me,
He will take us to His heaven,
Where no want or pain can be.
Such the plight that late and early,
Did we listen we might hear
Close beside us—but the thunder
Of a city dulls our ear.
Every heart, as God's bright angel
Can bid one such sorrow cease;
God has glory when His children
Bring His poor ones joy and peace.

A Dark Night.

"Did I ever tell you of my night at the Red Lion?" asked my friend Frank Carson, as we were seated in my library on a wild, stormy night in December.

"No, I am sure you never did," I replied. "And as I don't think you will ever have a better opportunity, suppose you tell me now?"

"Well," he replied, drawing his chair nearer the fire, as a fresh blast of sleet struck the window. "It was on just such a night as this in the winter of '59, that I was on my way from 'Big Gulch' to San Francisco, or 'Prisco,' as the miners would always call it. I had been employed for some time as agent by a large mining company. My business was such that I was frequently intrusted with large sums in coin and gold-dust, and was in the habit of making the trip to and from Prisco as often as once a fortnight—the round trip requiring four days of hard travel on horseback. I had always put up at the 'Three Oaks,' a friendly inn or tavern which was about midway between my two points of travel; but on this night, on account of the storm, I must have left the main road soon after dark, but did not become aware of it until many hours later. I think it must have been ten o'clock when it occurred to me that I might be on the wrong road, and I drew in rein.

"But what was I to do? I sat there in the driving storm a long time revolving the question in my mind, but without coming any nearer a solution, what I was to do still remained unanswered; to go ahead was to go I knew not where; to return was to travel all night, for I could not hope to reach the inn before morning, even if I could find it at all in such a storm; besides, my horse was nearly beaten out, an could not go much further without rest.

"Suddenly I saw, at no great distance ahead, what I took to be a light, and after waiting a few minutes to make sure that I had not been mistaken, I started my horse in that direction.

"The light proved to be nearer than I had at first supposed, for, after proceeding a short distance, and turning a sharp bend in the road, I came suddenly upon it. It came from a large gloomy old building which stood a short distance back from the road.

"Riding up to the building, I was about to dismount, when my attention was attracted by an old, weather-beaten board which hung over the door. Reining back a few paces, I read by the faint light which came from the window 'Red Lion.'

"Instinctively I drew back, for it was a name I had heard many times among the miners, and in a way that meant no good. 'But nothing can be worse than this storm,' I said to myself, and riding up to the door, I gave it three smart raps with my whip.

"After some little time, the door was pushed partly open, and a man put out his head, and growled:

"'What's wanted?'"

"'A night's shelter for myself and horse,' I replied, with as much spirit as I could command.

"'Jake, he growled, turning his head and speaking to some one within, 'fetch out the lantern and put up the stranger's horse.'"

"'Jake, a red-whiskered, villainous-looking individual, soon appeared with lantern in hand. Giving my horse into his keeping I dismounted, and with my saddle-bags— which, by the way, contained a large amount in coin and gold-dust—I followed the landlord, for such he proved to be, into the house.

"He led the way into a large, scantily furnished room, which served as kitchen dining-room, and parlor. A few chairs scattered about the room, a rude table, and an old desk, completed the furniture. At one end of the room was an old-fashioned fire place in which a log fire was smouldering.

"Removing my heavy coat, I took a chair by the fire, in hopes of thawing myself. Throwing on a few more knots, the landlord stepped to a side-door and called:

"'Moll, old woman, stir yourself and get a bite on the table for the stranger.'"

"A sound came from within, and then the door opened, and Moll, a hard-featured, masculine woman, almost an Amazon in size, came into the room. She gave me one searching look, and then went about her work without speaking or taking any further notice of me.

In about half an hour my supper was ready, and the old woman made a motion for me to draw my chair to the table, which I did at once, being partially thawed by this time and pretty hungry. My meal consisted of fried bacon, corn bread, and a cup of black-looking compound which I supposed they called tea.

"After eating a few mouthfuls, I raised the cup to my lips and was about to taste its contents, when I noticed a queer look pass between the old couple at the

fire, whom I happened to be watching at the time.

"Holding the cup to my lips, I pretended to swallow several times, and then returned it to the table unfastened.

"From that look I felt sure the tea had either been drugged or poisoned. But how was I to get rid of it without arousing their suspicions? This I determined to do if possible, and in reaching for a piece of bread I accidentally, as it were, upset the cup, and spilled its contents on the floor. The old woman mumbled out something which I did not understand, and then rose to fill my cup again. Apologizing for my awkwardness, I said I would prefer a glass of cold water, as I seldom drank tea so late at night.

"This did not seem to please her, but she brought it thinking, I suppose, that I had drunk enough of the tea to serve their purpose. I soon finished my supper, and, after warming myself a few minutes by the fire, I expressed a wish to retire.

"Taking a candle the old woman beckoned me to follow her. She led the way up a steep flight of narrow stairs, through a long passage, and, throwing open the door of a small room, handed me the candle, and motioned me in.

"Taking it I passed into the chamber, and deposited it on the window-sill. As I did so, it was nearly extinguished by a gust of wind. I removed it to a chair, which was the only piece of furniture the room contained beside the bed, and then commenced an examination of my room.

"Going to the door, I found it locked on the outside as I had expected, but without a fastening of any kind inside. Determined that no one should enter without giving me warning, I approached the bed with the intention of moving it against the door; but to my surprise, found it firmly fastened to the floor.

"Still revolving on a fastening of some kind, I took my knife, and splitting off a piece of the window-sill, succeeded, after considerable difficulty, in wedging the door in such a way that it could not be opened from the outside without some trouble and noise.

Returning to the bed, I was about throwing myself on the outside without removing my clothes, when my eyes were attracted by a large, dark stain on the floor near my feet. Taking the candle from the chair to make a clearer examination, the light suddenly went out, leaving me in total darkness. But I had seen enough to satisfy me as to the nature of the stain!

"I searched my pockets in the hope of finding a match, but was unsuccessful. As there was nothing more I could do, I placed my revolver beneath the pillow, and threw myself on the bed, hoping to get a little rest, but resolving on no account to allow myself to go to sleep. I was soon obliged to get beneath the covers on account of the cold.

"I think I must have lain there about an hour, and in spite of all my resolutions to the contrary, must have been very near dreamland, when I heard some one try my door. They tried several times, but as it did not give way, they left it, and I heard the heavy shuffle of feet down the passage towards the stairs.

"I sat up in bed a long time expecting to hear them return. But after listening some time and hearing nothing, I concluded they had given it up, and lay down again. Again I felt myself growing drowsy, and tried to shake it off. I don't know whether I succeeded or not, but I was suddenly brought to my senses by feeling myself sinking.

"Horror!"

"I pinched myself to make sure that I was not dreaming. Yes, I was awake and slowly but surely going down; not myself alone, but the bed and that part of their floor on which it stood!

"Throwing my left arm over the saddle-bags which I had placed on the bed on entering the room, I drew my revolver from beneath the pillow with the right, and cocking it, thrust it beneath the bed-clothing in such a way as to completely conceal it. Then I remained perfectly still and waited.

"I did not have long to wait. Soon I saw a faint light, and in a minute more I was lowered into a deep cellar or vault, and the floor on which the bed stood struck the ground. On my right stood the landlord holding a knife. On my left was Jake, the hostler, with a dark lantern in one hand and a knife in the other.

"He is asleep," I heard the landlord say, in a hoarse whisper; and then he continued, speaking to Jake: "You take the bags from under his arm, and if he moves I'll—"

"But he never finished the sentence in this world, for, as quick as a flash, I jerked my arm from beneath the clothing and fired full in his face.

"With a deep groan he fell to the ground, dead. At the same time Jake let fall the lantern, which was instantly extinguished, and commenced a retreat toward the futher end of the cellar.

"I fired twice in that direction without effect, but the third shot, as he was mounting the stairs, must have gone home, if one could judge from the groan he gave. But he continued to ascend, calling to the old woman to open the door.

In a minute more he had crawled into the room above, the door was shut, and I was left alone with the dead landlord and my thoughts, which I assure you were not the best of company.

"After listening some time for further sounds from above, I sat down on the bed to wait for daylight, which I thought could not be a great way off.

"After waiting some little time, it occurred to me that there might be no window in the cellar, and that I should not know when it was light.

"Determining to find out, I arose from the bed, and, groping my way to the wall, commenced an examination with my hands. I had passed around two sides, and had got about midway of the third, when my hands came in contact with something that felt like glass.

"By a further examination I found that I had not been mistaken—that there was a narrow sash containing three small panes. The sash was just above my head. Raising myself I tried to peer out; but I might as well have tried to look through the solid wall, for everything was of Egyptian darkness, and the only way that I could tell where the glass was at all was by feeling. It occurred to me that the window might be boarded or banked up on the outside. There was nothing else for me to do but to find my way back to the bed and wait. This I succeeded in

doing, after nearly breaking my neck in falling over the body of the dead landlord.

"Reaching the bed, I sat down and waited for hours, days, ages, it seemed to me, and I was about giving up in despair of ever seeing daylight again, when I thought I detected a faint light in the direction of the window.

"After opening and closing my eyes several times, I found that I had not been mistaken, and that it was growing light.

"When it became light enough to discern objects about the vault, I rose, and taking the saddle-bags, ascended the stairs. Finding the door locked, I returned to the cellar, and, after searching some time, succeeded in finding an old axe. Mounting the stairs again, I was soon in the room above.

"It was empty. I passed through this into another, which proved to be the one in which I had taken my supper the evening previous.

"This was also empty, and I passed out of doors.

"The sun was just rising. Going over to the stable, to my surprise I found my horse and everything all right.

"I was soon in the saddle, and by hard riding succeeded in reaching the 'Three Oaks' a little before sundown.

"A few days later I visited the 'Red Lion' with two officers, but found no traces of anyone having been there since the morning of my departure.

"What became of Jake and the old woman I never learned. And I was too thankful to know that I was still alive to care.

"I have been in many tight places before and since that time," concluded my friend, rising, and drawing a long breath, "but I don't think I ever came so near leaving this world as I did on that night at the 'Red Lion.'"

A Poor Town for Business.

He was a red-nosed, wild eyed man from the head waters of Sage Run, and looked as if he had not been in town since oil was discovered. His rusty pants were several inches too short for him, and he carried half a dozen coon-skins in his hand.

At the post-office corner he met a South Side lady, and stopping her by holding the bunch of hides before her face, said:

"'Can't I sell you something nice to make a set of furs out of?'"

The lady screamed, and shot across to the other side of the street.

"Does any of your neighbors want to buy anything of the kind?" yelled the red-nosed man.

The lady screamed again.

"Now what's the matter with Hanner?" remarked the red-nosed man as the lady disappeared in the door opposite.

A moment later the man veered into a bank, and threw his hides down at the cashier's window.

"'Got some A. No. 1 coon-skins here that I'll sell cheap. Not a scratch of a tooth any of 'em. Ketched every one of 'em in a box-trap.'"

"We have no use for them," said the president, politely, as he cast an oblique glance at the goods.

"They'll make you a nice vest," said the red-nosed man. "Two hides'll make you a vest, and one'll make you a cap that'll wear you as long as you live."

"My dear, sir," replied the president, somewhat confused, "we don't want hides here. Take them somewhere else, please."

"'Mebbe your wife would like a set of furs, and these—'"

"No, no, no," replied the banker impatiently, "take the things away, they are offensive."

"What's that?" said the red-nosed man sharply.

"Take the blamed things out of this," exclaimed the exasperated banker: "they smell like a slaughter house."

"I'll take a dollar for the lot."

"The people next door buy coon-skins," put in the cashier; "take them up town; take them down town; take them across the river; take them—"

"Give me fifty cents for the lot," persisted the red-nosed man.

"If you don't get out of this, I'll kick your head off," yelled the infuriated president.

"I'll take thirty cents for the six," said the red-nosed man. "D'y'e say so the world?" and he dangled the bunch by the tails.

The president started for the outside. The man with the skins started for the sidewalk, and after having reached it he paused and said:

"And this is the boasted Old City, is it? Greas-a-at Godfrey! If sealskin and sable were selling for a cent a cart-load the hull town could not buy the sand-paper end of a rat's tail."

A Dreadful Mistake.

She gave him a beautiful worked pair of slippers, and, although they were an inch too short, and pinched him dreadfully across the toes, he smilingly submitted to the martyrdom which they imposed, and vowed they never should leave his feet.

This reckless statement must be received by the reader with becoming cautiousness.

And so the young man made a return of her offering. It was his picture, encased in a handsome frame. He wrote a note to send with it, and at the same time replied angrily to an oft-repeated dun from his tailor, with reference to an unpaid-for suit of clothes. He gave a boy ten cents to deliver the notes and package, giving explicit directions as to the destination of each. It was an unusually intelligent boy, with freckled face, and he discharged his errand in a manner that should give him a niche in the temple of fame. The young lady received a note in her adored one's handwriting, and flew to her room to devour its contents. She opened the missive with eager fingers, and read.

"I'm getting tired of your everlasting attentions. The suit is worn out already. It never amounted to much, anyway. Please go to thunder."

And the tailor was struck utterly dumb when he opened a package and discovered the picture of his delinquent customer with a note that said:

"When you gaze upon these features, think how much I owe you."

When the unfortunate young man called around that evening to receive the happy acknowledgements of his sweet-heart, he was very ostentatiously kicked off the steps and over the fence, by the

young lady's father; and the next morning he was waited upon by his tailor's lawyer, and imperatively ordered to settle or suffer.

There is one less freckled-faced boy in the place. He has suddenly and mysteriously disappeared.

A Strange Career.

About the time of the accession of George III to the throne, few domestic events made a greater sensation in the papers and periodicals of the day than the adventures of a sea captain named George Glass, especially in connection with a mutiny on board the brig Earl of Sandwich. This remarkable man, who was one of fifteen children of John Glass, noted as the originator of the Scottish sect known as the Glass's was born in Dundee in 1735. After graduating in the medical profession, he made several voyages as surgeon of a merchant ship (belonging to London) to the Brazils and the coast of Guinea; and in 1764 he published, by Dodeley, an interesting work in one volume, quarto, entitled "The History of the Discovery and Conquest of the Canary Islands. Translated from a Spanish Manuscript."

He obtained command of the Guinea trader, and made several successful voyages, till the war with Spain broke out in January, 1762. Having saved a good round sum, he equipped a privateer, and took command of her as captain, to cruise against the French and Spaniards; but he had not been three days at sea when his crew mutinied, and sent him that which is called in sea phraseology a round robin (a corruption of an old French military term, the *ruban rond*, or round ribbon), in which they wrote their names in a circle; hence none could know who was the leader.

Arming himself with his cutlass and pistols, Glass came on deck, and offered to fight, hand to hand, any many who conceived himself to be wronged in any way. But the crew, knowing his personal strength, his skill and resolution, declined the challenge. He succeeded in pacifying them by fair words; and the capture of a valuable French merchantman a few days after, put them all in excellent humor. This gleam of good fortune was soon after clouded by an encounter with an enemy's frigate, which twice the size of his privateer, Glass resolved to engage; and for three hours they fought broadside to broadside, till another French vessel bore down on him, and he was compelled to strike his colors, after half his crew had been killed and he had received a musket shot in the shoulder.

He remained for some time a French prisoner of war in the Antilles, where he was treated with excessive severity, but upon being exchanged, he resolved to embark the remainder of his fortune in another privateer, and "have it out," as he said, with the French and Dons. But he was again taken in action, and lost everything he had in the world.

On being released a second time, he was employed by London merchants in several voyages to the West Indies, in command of ships that fought their way without convoy; and according to a statement in the *Annual Register*, he was captured no less than seven times. But after various fluctuations of fortune, when the general peace took place in 1793, he found himself possessed of two thousand guineas prize money, with the reputation of being one of the best merchant captains in the port of London.

About that time a company there resolved to make an attempt to form a settlement on the west coast of Africa, by founding a harbor and town midway between the Cape de Verd and the River of the day we find many statements urging Senegal. In the London and other papers the advantage of opening up Guinea trade; among others, a strange letter from a merchant, who tells us that he was taken prisoner in a battle on that coast, and that when escaping he "crossed a forest: within view of the sea, where there were elephants' teeth in quantities sufficient to load one hundred ships."

In the interests of this new company Glass sailed in a ship of his own to the coast of Guinea, and selected and surveyed a harbor at a place which he was certain might become the center of a great trade in teak and cam woods, spices, oil and ivory, wax and gold. Elated with his success he returned to England, and laid his schemes before the ministry, among whom were John, Earl of Sandwich, Secretary of State, and the Earl of Hillsborough, Commissioner of Trade and Plantations.

With truly national patience and perseverance he underwent all the procrastination and delays of office, but ultimately obtained an exclusive right of trading to his own harbor for twenty years. Assisted by two merchants—the company would seem to have failed—he fitted his ship anew and sailed for the intended harbor; and sent on shore a man who knew the country well, to make propositions of trade with the natives, who put him to death the moment they saw him.

Undiscouraged by this event, Captain Glass found means to open up a communication with the king of the country, to lay before him the wrong that had been done, and the advantages that were certain to accrue from mutual trade and barter. The sable potentate affected to be pleased by the proposal, but only to the end that he might get Glass completely in his power; but the Scotsman was on his guard and foiled him.

The king then attempted to poison the whole crew by provisions which he sent on board impregnated by some deadly drug. Glass, by his previous medical knowledge, perhaps, discovered this in time; but so scarce had food become in his vessel, that he was compelled to go with a few hands in an open boat to the Canaries, where he hoped to purchase what he wanted from the Spaniards.

In his absence the savages were encouraged to attack the ship in their war canoes, but were repulsed by a sharp musketry fire opened upon them by the remainder of the crew, who, losing heart by the protracted absence of the captain, quitted his fatal harbor, and sailed for the Thames, which they reached in safety.

Meanwhile the unfortunate captain, after landing on one of the Canaries, presented a petition to the Spanish Government to the effect that he might be permitted to purchase food; but that officer, inflamed by national animosity, cruelly threw him into a dark and damp dungeon, and kept him there without pen,

ink or paper, on the accusation that he was a spy. Being thus utterly without means of making his case known, he contrived another way of communicating with the external world. One account has it that he concealed a penciled note in a loaf of bread which fell into the hands of the British consul; another states that he wrote with a piece of charcoal on a ship biscuit and sent it to the captain of a British man-of-war that was lying off the island, and who with much difficulty, and after being imprisoned himself, effected the release of Glass. The latter, on being joined by his wife and daughter, who had come in search of him, set sail for England in 1765, on board the merchant brig Earl of Sandwich, Captain Cochrane.

Glass doubtless supposed his troubles were now over; but the knowledge that much of his property and a great amount of specie, one hundred thousand pounds, belonging to others, was on board, induced four of the crew to form a conspiracy to murder every one else and seize the ship. These mutineers were respectively George Gidley, the cook, a native of the west of England; Peter McKulie, an Irishman; Andrew Zekerman, a Hollander; and Richard H. Quintin, a Londoner. On three different nights they are stated to have made the attempt, but were baffled by the vigilance of Captain Glass, rather than that of his countryman Captain Cochrane, but at eleven o'clock at night on the 30th of November, 1765, it chanced as shown at their trial, that these four miscreants had together the watch on deck, when the Saadwich was already in sight of the coast of Ireland; and when Cochrane, after taking a survey aloft, was about to return to the cabin, Peter Kulie brained him with "an iron bar" (probably a marine spike), and threw him overboard.

A cry that had escaped Cochrane alarmed the rest of the crew, who were all dispatched in the same manner as they rushed on deck in succession. This slaughter and the din it occasioned roused Captain Glass, who was below in bed; but he soon discovered what was occurring, and after giving one glance on deck, rushed away to get his sword. McKulie, imagining the cause of his going back, went down the steps leading to the cabin, and stood in the dark expecting Glass' return and suddenly seized his arms from behind; but the Captain being a man of great strength, wrenched his sword arm free, and on being assailed by the other three assassins, plunged his weapon into the arm of Zekerman, when the blade became wedged or entangled. It was at length wrenched forth, and Glass was slain by repeated stabs of his own weapon, while his dying cries were heard by his wife and daughter—two unhappy beings who were ruthlessly thrown overboard and drowned.

Besides these four victims, James Pincent, the mate, and three others lost their lives. The mutineers now looted one of the boats with the money, chests, and so forth, and then scuttled the Saadwich, and landed at Ross on the coast of Ireland. But suspicion speedily attached to them; they were apprehended; and confessing the crimes of which they had been guilty, were tried before the Court of King's Bench, Dublin, and sentenced to death. They were accordingly executed in St. Stephen's Green, on the 10th of October, 1765.

Paradis Gloria.

"O frate mio! clascomana e bitadina
D'una vera città." (Dante.)
There is a city, builded by no hand,
And unapproachable by sea or shore,
And unassailable by any band
Of storming soldiery for evermore.

In that pure city of the living Lamb,
No ray shall fall from satellite or sun,
Or any star; but He who said "I Am"
Shall be the Light, He and His Holy One

Nor shall we longer spend our gift of time
In time's poor pleasures—doing petty things
Of work or warfare, merchandise or rhyme,
But we shall sit beside the silver springs.

That flow f own footstool, and be hold
The saints and martyrs, and those blessed few
Who loved us once and were beloved of old,
To dwell with them and walk with them anew.

In alternation of sublime repose—
Musical motion—the perpetual play
Of every faculty that heaven bestows
Through the bright eternal day.

How a Brakeman Became a General Superintendent.

In the earlier years of my experience as a printer in Chicago, more than twenty years ago, our firm did a good deal of printing for the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, and because of this, I came to know a young man who is the subject of my story. He came from Massachusetts, was poor, and had no influential friend to even give him a letter of recommendation. He sought employment on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, and, after waiting a time, at last secured the position of brakeman on a freight train—salary about thirty dollars a month. He was faithful in his position, and, being both intelligent and industrious, he was soon made conductor of the train, with wages nearly doubled. He attracted the attention of his superior officers who saw in him an honest, faithful and conscientious conductor, one not seeking his own ease or pleasure, but constantly devoted to the interests of the company that employed him, so that not many months elapsed before he was made conductor of a passenger train—a more comfortable position, and one yielding a somewhat higher salary. Here I first knew him, and I saw in him a quiet, unassuming young man free from the popular vices, and one who tried to be just as faithful and true and devoted to his work as a conductor as though the position had been that of General Superintendent.

One of the sternest and most exacting, and yet one of the noblest, ablest and most conscientious, men that ever filled a position was then General Superintendent of the road. This man Col. C. G. Hammond, watched every employe of the road with an eagle's eye. He measured every man, knew the ability of each, and seemed intuitively to know which were the lazy shirks. Our young conductor did not escape the keen eye. When he least thought of it his chief was measuring and sounding him, and finding out what kind of metal he was made of; but one never knew whether he was approved or not, for the chief's look was always stern and cold as ice.

One Saturday morning train No. 4

moved slowly out of Chicago under the care of my friend, who, only intent on doing his work as well as he knew how, seemed to have no higher ambition than to be a good conductor—salary \$900 a year. About noon, when he stopped at a station, he found a telegram from the head office ordering him to "leave the train in the care of—" and take the first train for Chicago."

"This was an unusual thing. Wondering what could be the matter, conscious that he had tried to do exactly right, and yet remembering how exacting was the General Superintendent, he feared that unintentionally he had fallen under his displeasure. With a fearful heart he presented himself at the office of the Superintendent.

Good morning, Mr. Hammond; I have received your telegram and come to see what it means."

"Good morning," growled the chief; "I see you have, sir, I have concluded to take your train away from you."

The conductor's heart sank lower than ever. What before was only yearful foreboding was now painful truth. He had served the company to the best of his ability. He had kept the affairs of his train in complete order, his reports had been carefully and correctly made; and yet, after all, lost his position. He dared not hope to reverse the decision of the all-powerful official, yet in as calm a voice as he could command he politely asked the reason for his summary dismissal.

Col. Hammond waited a while before he answered. Then the muscles of his face relaxed a little, and he said: "I want an Assistant Superintendent in my office, and I have called you to take the place."

"True worth is always modest, and our thunderstruck conductor could only stammer: 'But I am not competent, sir, to fill the position.'"

"You can do what I tell you; you can obey orders, can't you? That's all you have to do, sir. You will begin work this morning. That is your duty."

The new duties were not as difficult as he expected. At first he had only to obey orders, and carry out the details of work laid out by the chief; and to these duties he brought the same faithfulness and thoroughness that had made him noticeable as a conductor. His elevation did not spoil him or make him vain. He was as plain and modest and hard-working as before. His salary at first was \$1,800. After a few years' service under Col. Hammond, and an advance of salary to \$2,500, the plain young man was invited to take the office of General Superintendent of a younger road, at a salary of \$4,000. Distrusting his own ability, but determined to do his best, he accepted the call, and succeeded, until the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, realizing how much they had lost in parting from him, invited him to resume his old position, and secured his services by the tempting offer of \$6,000 a year.

In the mean time Col. Hammond had become the General Superintendent of the Union Pacific railroad, running from Omaha to Ogden, where it connects with the Central Pacific railroad. The Central Pacific Road was owned by four or five millionaires, who built it, one of whom was its General Superintendent. However good a business man he was he knew but little about railroading.

But where could they find a General Superintendent who had the ability and would dare to reorganize the road and put its affairs upon a better basis? They consulted Col. Hammond and other railroad men, and the result was that most unexpectedly, our whilom modest and hard-working conductor one day received a telegram asking him if he would undertake the duties of General Superintendent of the Central Pacific railroad, at a salary of 10,000. He was satisfied with and appreciated by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy who proposed to increase his pay to \$11,000, and as he preferred to remain in Chicago he declined the princely offer made by the California road. Then another telegram asked: what salary he would become chief of the Central Pacific. Almost hoping to discourage his tempters he telegraphed: "13,000 a year in gold." At once came the answer: "Accepted." So, taken in his own trap, he had nothing to do but to bid adieu to the city that had served him so well and turn his face toward the land of gold.

This was nine years ago. He is still General Superintendent of the Central Pacific railroad, one of the most important railroads in the world. With its connections in California, this quiet man, not yet forty-eight years old, now superintends 2,734 miles of railroad, and connecting steamers, besides dictating the tariffs of the China, the Australian and the Panama lines of steamships. While other young men, preferring present ease and comfort to the interests of their employers, wasted money and time in billiard halls, theaters and drinking saloons, Albion N. Towne was at work, building up character as well as reputation, and now fills one of the most important positions in California, and instead of \$360 a year as a brakeman on a freight train he now draws the comfortable salary of \$20,000 a year in gold.

"'Lucky man,' says one. 'Luck' had but little to do with it. Modest worth did it. Faithfulness in