

progress, young Wilfrid Brackett, brisk, happy-faced and bright as a dollar, was making his way down a stretch of railroad, whistling merrily.

Wilfrid had made good. Better than that, he had become good. He could laugh over his youthful follies now, and not believe himself very much of a sinner. Still, he experienced a cleanly, chastened sentiment in his heart that made him feel that he would be welcomed at the place he was bound for—home.

"I've done the right thing," he told himself as he trudged along. "Father set me a task. Well, I've learned it. I got a job among the clam shell fishers up Dalton river, had some luck, and I'm going home not only with the fifty dollars, but as much more to the good."

Wilfrid stepped aside to allow a slow moving freight train to pass him. Then he gave a great start as its last cars swung around the long curve. He stared in sheer wonderment at the figure of a little girl not more than ten years of age, clinging to the top of the iron ladder on one side of the car and huddled up against its rounds.

"The mischief!" uttered the astounded boy. "She must be scared to death, or the pluckiest girl I ever saw."

Wilfrid posed to catch at the ladder as the car reached him, swung under the clinging child, and supported her against his arms. She was softly crying.

"See here, little girl," gasped

Wilfrid, "what are you ever doing here?"

"Snowball," was the single response.

"Who is Snowball?" asked Wilfrid.

"She's our own dear cow. They're taking her away from grandma, who is sick in bed. If she finds out that Snowball has been taken away, she'll just die, I know she will. Grandma raised Snowball. She's one of the family, and we get half our living from her milk."

"And where is Snowball?" questioned the bewildered lad.

"She's in this car. I saw the man driver her in here from the cattle pen. I won't leave her till I find out where he's taking her, and I can take her back to grandma."

Just here the train took a siding and halted. Wilfrid made the child climb down to the ground and rest her tired arms, by telling her that he would "see about things."

A brakeman and another man came strolling from the caboose. They stared strangely at the pair. Wilfrid began to explain. The man with the brakeman smiled before the narrative was concluded.

"Poor little thing!" he said. "I'm sorry for her, but she don't understand how affairs stand. I'm a constable from the county seat. Mrs. Granby owed some money, and there's an execution out. I didn't want to disturb her by levying on her household goods, so I took the cow."