

Before the Battle.

On the hill we stood silent. Away o'er the plain...

AN AMBITIOUS BOY.

BY FRANK H. STAUFFER.

The main line had concluded to build a branch road to E. Between the former and the latter were two small towns...

be here one week from to-day, when you can report progress.

CLOSE CORPORATIONS.

How the Railroads Watch Their Money.

"Did you get that job, Mac?" "No, sir," replied the boy...

How the Porter Returned the Joke.

It happened in a sleeping-car, but when or where doth not, for obvious reasons, transpire here.

A Boston Romance.

About eighteen months ago, a young gentleman living on Commonwealth Avenue...

Among the Michigan Pines.

Charles Ellis, in a series of instructive and entertaining articles in the Current...

Some Poet's Horses.

It is a very curious fact that poets see nothing of the natural animal in the horse.

Furbishing up the Details.

It has been noted how cunningly Tennyson can gild and furbish up the most commonplace detail...

The London Express Engineer.

No two engines ever resemble each other, no matter how carefully they may have been built from the same plan...

One Way of Making Money.

The Acting Treasurer of the United States at Washington has received a package of mutilated legal-tender notes...

The Parrot and the Monkey Story.

A well-known American anecdote describes the result of owning both a parrot and a monkey.

The Significance of Gesture.

In his essay on the philosophy of style Herbert Spencer indicates as to writing the same theory that Mr. Irving reduces to practice in acting.

Representative Keel of Maine is quoted by the San Francisco Chronicle...

The Chief Application of Iridium in the Arts has been the painting of gold pens...

Slang: Its Unpleasant Properties.

Our fine mother tongue seems lately to have lost, and to be losing, much of its native dignity and majesty.

Beauty Behind the Tea-Pot.

The tea-pot simmers in scores of Washington houses every afternoon and tea-drinking is now the popular mania and dissipation.

Forward of thirty years a man known as the "old leather man" has appeared in various localities in Western Connecticut.

Suppose we subscribed \$50,000 here at Barnston?

Fred asked, his eyes sparkling. "That ought to bring us the road, don't you think?"

"I am afraid not," replied Fred.

"It can be leased, however."

"For 999 years?"

"Is that the way it's done?"

"Why don't they make it the even thousands?"

"It wouldn't do to seem too grasping," replied Mr. Lynch, laughing.

"Now, my boy, as you have presented an idea that looks eminently practical, I do not propose to do it."

He derived one of the crutches and wooden legs, whose companies wouldn't think they pass over their lines, although they no longer have any service.

Here someone requested an adjournment, and the whole party filed out.

Supposed that the company had a photograph gallery of its employees, like a militia company I was once in, and wanted to have it complete.

"In about five minutes he came back and he says: 'Ain't your name Mac'?"

"The contract isn't valid," Mr. Lynch replied.

"Why not?" asked Fred with a stare.

"Because you are not of age," replied Mr. Lynch, a quizzical look in his eyes.

"I never once thought of that," he said.

"No," replied Mr. Lynch. "You must do all yourself, for I want the road to be entirely yours."

He laughed gleefully, and thrust the lease into his pocket.

"Master Sedgwick, the lease will do," he said.

"Sir, how did you learn my name?" Fred asked, looking a little mystified.

"Ah, now, that isn't sharp in you," rejoined Mr. Lynch with a grin.

"So it is," admitted Fred.

"How about the \$50,000?"

"It is to be an interview, eh? Well, consider me at your leisure."

"I have it all decided to run the road through Shenstone," remarked Fred, without any preliminary skirmishing.

"Yes," replied Mr. Lynch. "The people have agreed to take \$75,000 worth of stock, and have offered to present us with a lot of ground for a station."

"At least as much," was the answer he received.

He was silent for a minute, an intensely thoughtful look upon his face.

"There will be a water station," asked Fred.

"Oh, yes; we must have water. We can get it from the mill pond."

"The plant?"

"The machinery, my boy. The tanks, stationary engine, pumps and so on."

"There must be a man to run the engine," suggested Fred.

"Suppose there was a big spring on the hill yonder?"

"That's the way it's done," he said.

"Eh?" exclaimed Mr. Lynch, suddenly interested, and surprised at the boy's brightness.

"There is," declared Fred. "And the water can be brought here by its own gravitation."

"What you say is indeed worth taking into consideration," Mr. Lynch said, as he stared directly in front of him.

"That, and the less expensive character of the route, would more than offset what the Shenstone people have to offer."

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