A Brakeman's Life.

A long freight-train came to a stop on the siding near Richards, a small station in Dakota, on the north-western railroad. One of the brakemen entered the little office. where we were trying to send a message to Fargo. But the wires worked badly, for it was bitter cold, nearly ten below zero. We turned to the brakeman, and with a nod, said, 'A chilly night!'

'How would you like to swop places with me?' he asked. 'Nice cool ride between here and Junction.'

With a little more interest in the man, we asked, 'You don't mean to say you're going to ride to Junction *on the outside?*'

'Fact!' said he, emphatically. There's nothing easy about a brakeman's life, I tell you! Folks think it's a soft job to ride all over the country for nothin'! But let 'em try it on top of a freight-train, such a night as this, and they'll prefer Raymond's five hundred dollar excursions!'

'We should think so!' we replied, seeing he was in a talking mood. 'But how will you keep from freezing to-night?'

'Run,' he answered, laconically. 'Run up and down the train. Comin' down from the crossing, I ran the whole length of the train a dozen times.'

'Isn't it dangerous?'

'Well, no,—not if you're used to it. The worst time is during a snow-storm, or just after the rain has frozen on the roofs of the cars. A cat with ashes on her feet couldn't keep from slipping then.'

'Did you ever slip?'

"Once I did. We were going about fifteen miles an hour, one dark night, and just as we rounded a curve my foot slipped in jumpin' onto the car next the tender. Down I went between the two, and for a minute I thought I'd reached my terminus. But I caught hold of one of the iron steps as I went down. If I hadn't, the whole train would have gone over me. We had flat cars on mostly that night loaded with railroad iron.'

He spoke with the air of one talking over a reminiscence, shaking, as he talked, the icicles from his shaggy cap.

'Do you work all day and all night, too?'

'Pretty much. This is the first rest I've had to-day. We're waitin' here for the 8.15 mail to go by us, and then we run on to the next siding, sixty-two miles, to Billings.'

'What is the pay of a brakeman in your place?'

'Well, the company gives me a dollar and a half a day. But I'm doin' some night-work.'

'Do you brakemen have any homes of your own, or any holidays, such as Christmas, New Year's or Washington's Birthday?'

'Haven't had a home since I went onto the road, six years ago. You see, we don't stop long enough in any one place to get acquainted, and I cannot even find time to court a girl long enough to get coupled to her. An' as for Christmas and New Year's and Washington's, why, I suppose a freight brakeman is shut out on those roads. He haint the right o' way, or at least, the connections on these routes is mighty onsartin'. But here comes the 8.15. Didn't know I was talkin' so much. But when I get oiled up, I run pretty smooth if the track's clear. Good-night!'

He went out into the bleak night, and we shivered for him.

We have always had a respect for brakemen since that talk, and have written this sketch to create consideration for a brave, uncomplaining class seldom heard of in song or story, yet worthy of honorable mention.

'Understand that you had a fire at your house yesterday,' said a gentleman to his friend, Col. Snagwell.

'Yes, house caught fire.'

'Suppose the firemen did effective work?

'No, they didn't get there in time.'

'You threw water very promptly on the flames, eh?'

'No, didn't use any water.'

'How did you put it out?'

'Went out.'

'That's singular.'

'Not at all. The other day I bought a load of kindling wood from a countryman. I had it cut up and stacked in the kitchen. When I saw the fire burning in that direction I felt pretty safe, and I was not disappointed, for when it reached the kindling wood it went out.

A teacher in a High School, near Boston, met with several queer expressions in the compositions which he had to correct.

One boy wrote upon "Abraham Lincoln," and made the astonishing statement that at such a date the mother of the future President died—*"but married again the next year.*

Lewisburg and Tyrone Railroad Time Table.

LEAVE WESTWARD.

	1	3	5	7	9
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M
Montandon	7 05	9.40	2.05	6.00	7.55
Lewisburg	7.25	10 05	2.20		
Fair Ground	7 30	10.13	2.25		
Biehl	7.40	10.27	2.35		
Vicksburg	7.45	10.36	2.40		
Mifflinburg	8.00 ar	11.00 ar	2.55		
			lv. 3 05		
Millmont	8.22		3.28		
Laurelton	8.33		3.40		
Wiker Run	8.57		4.06		
Cherry Run	9.15		4.25		
Fowler	9.35		4.47		
Coburn	9.48		5.04		
Spring Mills	ar 10.15		ar. 5.30		

LEAVE EASTWARD.

	2	4	6	8	10
		A. M.		P. M.	
Spring Mills		5.50		1.50	
Coburn		6 18		2.20	
Fowler		6.28		2.33	
Cherry Run		6.48		2.55	
Wiker Run		7.05		3.15	
Laurelton		7.30		3.40	
Millmont		7.40		3.52	
			A. M.		
Mifflinburg	8.00		11.45	4.15	
			P. M.		
Vicksburg		8.15	12.10	4.32	
Biehl		8 20	12.17	4.38	
Fair Ground	A. M.	8.30	12.33	4.48	P. M.
Lewisburg	6.35	8.45	12.50	5.10	7.30
Montandon	ar. 6.45	ar. 9.00	ar 1.05	ar. 5.20	ar 7.40

Nos. 1 and 2 connect at Montandon with Erie Mail West; 3 and 4 with Sea Shore Express East; 5 and 6 with Day Express and Niagara Express West; 7 and 8 with Fast Line West; 9 and 10 with Williamsport Accommodation East.