

regardless of the driving rain. Far down the track came a light—yes—two lanterns. How slow they seemed to move to her—now they seemed to stop and stagger—then to start anew on the run. Nearer they came—then a voice cried, “No. 9 in a slide—poles tore cab off engine and hurt fireman—engine down bank—coaches off—no passengers hurt!” May sprang to the keys while the new-comer stumbled up the stairs. The door opened and Phil Weston, with a red bandage across his head and blood flowing from a scalp wound, entered. The red and white lanterns rolled to the floor and Ed Grinwal, catching his old chum as he fell, looked in amazement at the “fair unknown” as she cried. “Oh, Brother Phil! Is it you?”

W. M. S., '01.



## DETECTIVE SMITH.

I HAD been working for Bond & Co., Bankers, for several years and was now their confidential clerk. One morning in December of 19—, I was sitting in the private office working upon the typewriter. Mr. Bond, the senior member of the firm, had just come, and was looking over the morning mail, when one of the junior clerks gave me a card bearing the name of John Smith, Detective. I gave the card to Mr. Bond, who said, “I never heard of the man, but show him in and I will see what he wants.”

The stranger came in, and at once proceeded to talk business. “I called to see you about the robbery, Mr. Bond. I am a detective, have been in the business for twenty years and flatter myself that I am familiar with most of the crooks.”

When he had finished Mr. Bond was facing him with an