

heavens. The girl moved from one side of the room to the other trying to discern the back lights in the tall semaphores, as this was, above all, no night for them to go out. All of the little eyes flashed faithfully before her. A crash louder than usual, that made her shrink back in terror, lighted up the sky and showed her the wet tracks at her feet. Leaving the windows she seated herself at the desk and watched the blue flames dance and crack around the switchboard and over the instruments as they struggled to perform their duties.

For awhile the clicking of the sounders ceased, and May Weston wished again that fate had not dealt thus with her. Johnson, the regular night watchman, had "reported" sick and as no relief came, she had to "double," as they call it. May was however glad that her brother Phil would be with her by one o'clock provided his train was on time. Moreover she consoled herself with the thought that she might be in lonlier places than this to-night. Her office was the junction of the "cut off," a single track but heavily trafficed freight road, and of the double tracked "river" division. Consequently she had lots of work and time did not linger on her hands.

The storm meanwhile had calmed down. The wires were now hard at work, and May caught herself with a tendency for drowsiness. But the big yard up the river was sending out heavy freights one after the other, and she had no time to dream. She glanced at the big clock just as a long shrill whistle from the "cut off" brought her quickly to her feet. The girl quickly and gracefully threw the heavy leaver over and a long coal train slowly crept by and around the curve. Another whistled up the road and she knew the "rush" was here. She let this into the block with the "white" and another a few minutes later under the "green" or "caution" signal. So it went on—first one way and then the other—all hurrying at their best speed over the wet rails.