

BABY LOUISE.

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise!

Why, you never rise your beautiful head!

But some day, little one, your cheek will glow

And the dreamy violet that in them lies.

And the faint, sweet smile you brought from the skies.

God's shining, Baby Louise.

When you fold your hands, Baby Louise,

Your hands like a fairy's, so tiny and fair.

With a pretty, innocent, satinate air.

Are you trying to think of some angel taught

Uncomfortable and faint, your cheeks will glow

I love you, Baby Louise.

Do you hear me, Baby Louise?

I've sung your praises for nearly an hour.

Yet your dark fringed eyelids drop lower and lower.

And you've gone to sleep, like a weary flower.

Ungrateful Baby Louise!

—Hesperus. Reprints in Detroit Free Press.

### DELAYED DISPATCH.

I had never been left alone in charge of the office before. It was a cold, blustering day in January, one of those dreary winter days that make one feel so melancholy and blue, and the snow falling thickly in great white flakes, which seemed to be vying with each other for a comfortable spot on which to fall.

The office building in which I was domiciled was one of those dreary old country stations which seemed to be dropped along the side of the railroad track at intervals without an effort at making them other than what they are, both unbecomingly and unsightly.

The principal street of the village ended at the foot of the long winding hill which served as a coasting place for the merry young people. The only sign of life about the place this memorable afternoon was the occasional jingle of sleighbells wafted to my ears on the frosty air as some farmer's boy took advantage of the deep snow to exhibit his new sleigh, and a merchant now and then coming to the station for his small shipments.

This cold wintry day, as I sat in the little office listening intently to the tick of the two instruments on the table in front of me, little did I dream that it was to be the one eventful day of my life. Looking from the windows, I could see east and west of me the straight line of track stretching away like two silver reptiles running side by side over a vast white sheet.

A short distance north of the office was the old wooden mill of Bartlett & Sons, from which issued the sound of the merry wheels as they hummed in busy unison with the click of the looms, keeping company with my wandering thoughts.

At a distance of perhaps a quarter of a mile on each side of my office were two curves, preventing my seeing a train approach the station from either direction until the shrill whistle of the engine called for my signal or down brakes. I had just learned telegraphy, or thought I had, having studied it about four months, and had become proficient enough, as my sergeant teacher avowed, to fill the place with perfect safety while he made a pleasure trip to Louisville, the center of gravity for him. I remember I had serious misgivings as to my ability to take care of the office work and sat with tears trembling on my eyelashes long after the train bearing my only assistance had disappeared and felt very much depressed, as though on the eve of some great calamity.

to go ahead. Just as they were rounding the east curve, the caboose just disappearing, "M." called me and asked, "Is No. 48 in the siding?" I told him "No," that they had just left the station, giving the time they had passed.

His reply: "My God, has No. 48 gone! No. 111 is pulling out. They will collide. Can't you get No. 48? My heart felt as though it was raising off my head, chilled themselves up and down my spine, and the cold perspiration poured down my pallid cheeks as I rushed with all speed and less grace from the office as frantically waved a white apron I wore and which I tore off as I ran, but the crew of the freight failed to look back as the caboose sailed round the curve, and my heart almost failed me as I realized that the only hope now was to catch No. 111 before they left "M."

I ran back into my office and sank in to a chair, no longer able to stand on my feet, scarcely breathing and in a few hours I seemed dead, but in reality—seconds the dispatcher called me, saying, "We've got No. 111." Were words so sweet to mortal ears? The tick of that little brass rounder as it rang those words through the air was like sweet music, so welcome were they to me.

How did they get No. 111? I will tell you. When I told the dispatcher that No. 48 was beyond recall, he opened the window in great haste and screamed to the people on the platform below him, "For God's sake, stop that train!" And they, realizing that something was terribly wrong, rushed after the rapidly disappearing train, frantically waving handkerchiefs and umbrellas, screaming like madmen, finally attracting the attention of the rear brakeman just as No. 111 was going out of sight and hearing. They backed up on a siding and waited, and soon the freight train pulled into "M." station, the crew as unbecomingly as though they had not just escaped a smashup and the possibilities of instant death a few moments before.

The whole crew was of course discharged, and I—well, which those welcome words were tickled off that old sourdier, telling me that No. 111's crew and passengers were safe, I lost count myself of the number of times I repeated the words, "Thank you, thank you," and coming to the station for his small shipments. One or two disconsolate looking tramps passed my office, trailing along through the snow, casting an envious glance in my direction as I sat in the bow window.

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Signs of Times.

Not the hard times, but those mammoth signs which

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