the old cracked bell sounded in the village, and Gertrud, rising quickly and brushing the tears from her eyes, turned to the young man, and, with a friendly glance, bade him follow her. Arnold was quickly at her side.

"Now we must be no longer sad," said she, smilingly, "for the church-bell has struck, and presently we will go to the dance. You probably think that the Althausen folks are all sober, long-faced Jacks, but this evening will prove the contrary to you."

"But there is the church-door," said Arnold, "and I see no one coming out?"

"That is very natural," laughed Gertrud, "for nobody goes in, not even the minister. Only the old sexton gives himself no rest, and rings the bell for beginning and ending."

"And does no one go to church?"

"No one—not even to mass or confession," said the girl, quietly. "We have had a quarrel with the Pope, and he will not suffer it until we obey him again."

"But I have never heard anything of all this."

"Oh, it has been thus a long time! See, there, comes the sexton, and shuts the door; he will not come to the tavern to-night, but sits quiet and all alone at home."

"And will the minister come?"

"Oh, yes, indeed! and is the jolliest one of all. He does not take it very much to heart."

"And how came this all about?" persisted Arnold.

"That is a long story," said Gertrud, "and the minister has written it all out in a great thick book, which you may see if you can read Latin. But," she added, warningly, "do not speak about the matter to my father, for it is a most unpleasant subject with him. But look," she said—"there come the girls and the young fellows out of their houses, and I must hasten home and get ready, for it will never do for me to be the last one."

"And the first dance, Gertrud?—"

"I will dance with you. You have my promise."

The pair walked quickly back to the village, where now an entirely different life prevailed from that of the morning. Groups of smiling young folks stood about—the girls adorned for the festivity, and the fellows in their best bibs and tuckers; and Arnold, who did not like to be seen among them in his traveling-clothes, went to his knapsack and took out his best raiment, and had soon made a fine toilet, when Gertrud knocked at the door and called to him.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

The Union Bridge Works, Buffalo.

The works of the Union Bridge Company in Buffalo are on the outskirts of the city, near Buffalo River, and not far from Lake Erie, whose blue expanse stretches toward the south-west as far as the eye can see. Situated thus, in one of the great railroad centres of the country, the transportation facilities are very fine. A recent writer has compared the city of Buffalo to a portly and self-satisfied spider repos- ing on its web. The simile is not overdrawn. The railroads radiate from the city much as the numerous filaments of the spider-web.

The Buffalo works were made famous recently by the construction of the "Cantilever Bridge" over Niagara River, below the Falls. This bridge was built for the Michigan Central Railroad, in the incredibly short time of eight months from the awarding of the contract; which time, considering the new principle adopted, was wonderful. Not an accident happened during the construction. It is made of steel, and consists of two great cantilever arms, projecting out over the river from either bank. These arms are connected by a short middle span, and thus made continuous. Each arm is counterweighted by being anchored into the rock on the river-bank, and is supported at the middle by a large steel tower 130 feet high. The bridge was rigidly tested when completed, and found capable of sustaining a freight train on each track the length of the bridge, the trains being so loaded as to weigh one ton per linear foot, and having two seventy-six-ton consolidation locomotives at the head. The factor of safety is five.