glanced out of the cab window, following the track with my eye by means of the light from the headlight of the engine, and to my horror perceived that several lengths of rail had been torn from the track. Trembling all over I alighted from the cab, and going forward, examined the spot; I found about thirty or forty feet of rail torn up, from what cause was never known; and had we not stopped as we did the engine would, undoubtedly, have been hurled into the ravine, dragging the train containing some fifty passengers with it. I shuddered at the thought, but something had to be done; so notifying the trainmen of my discovery we set to work, and in a few hours the track was repaired and I took the train through, arriving about noon of the following day.

When I reached home, my wife, who had not been told of my narrow escape for fear of frightening her, met me at the door, and said: 'O John! I'm so glad to see you; I had an awful dream last night. I dreamed that I saw you in the engine, and right ahead the track was broken; and as you put your hand on the throttle I cried, 'Not that, John, for Heaven's sake—the brakes!'

'I turned sick at the thought of the last night's experience, and my wife helped me to bed, where I was confined for three days.

'But I hear the whistle of the mail train, and we must be getting ready to start;' and with that the little company broke up, and went outside, to attend to their respective duties.

A Message.

'WELL! well!' said Mr. James Harkton, as he turned over in bed. 'Who is it? I do wish you spirits would not take such inconvenient times to manifest yourselves. There now, keep your temper, and stop that infernal rapping and just say what you have to say like a sensible spirit. In the first place, who are you? Are you my sister Margaret's spirit? She generally makes a great row when she comes. No? Well, then, are you the spirit of that noisy old Turk, Abd-el-Selah? Yes? Well, then, get to business as soon as possible. We will use the same old code of signals, I suppose. All right; begin! Y-R-W-T-C-H. What on earth do you mean by such bosh as that? Well, don't lose your temper, but just explain.'

Explain, however, Abd-el-Selah evidently had no intention of doing, for after a violent series of raps which it did not take a very vivid imagination to construe into a sort of spiritual profanity, all was perfectly still, and presumably Abd-el-Selah had returned to the abode of the faithful. Half asleep and half awake, Mr. James Harkton tried to puzzle out the message; but sleep proved master of the situation, and Abd-el-Selah and all other spirits were forgotten for the time being. Next morning, as he was lying in that state of dreamy drowsiness which precedes waking, he was roused into full consciousness by a series of sharp rapping. Looking in the direction whence they came, he saw the shade knocking against the window-frame, as the wind coming in through the partly open window kept it in constant motion. Disgusted at the interruption of his sleep and at the apparent explanation of what he had thought was a spiritual communication, he turned over to finish his interrupted nap; but in doing so, he shoved his watch out of bed onto the floor. He reached out his hand and picked it up again, rather the worse for its fall, and as he did so a rattling series of taps seemed to say, 'I told you so.' Then the meaning of the message flashed across him. Of course it was YouR WaTCH, and Abd-el-Selah, being accustomed to writing Arabic, had left out all the vowels. It was little consolation to have the thing explained after the damage had been done, though it was something to feel sure that it had really been a communication; at the same time, he did hope that next time the spirit would speak more plainly, so that its warning might be of some use.