

Margaret knew the weekly train would pass that day and would be crossing the bridge in about ten minutes. She must save it, for she knew that as soon as the train came on to the bridge it would collapse. She felt in her pocket and drew out string, a nail file, a few lollies, and her little torch. How fortunate she had the torch! Darkness was closing in swiftly, and she took her stand on the bridge. For endless moments she waited and suddenly she heard the shrieking of the whistle as the iron monster rounded the bend. A deadly fear crept over her, but she realised that the lives of many people depended on her. As the train drew near she held her torch above her head and waved frantically. It seemed she waved for hours, and then she remembered only the sound of the wheels grating as the train stopped. Then everything went black.

She revived, to find herself in her own bedroom with her mother bending over her. She was so tired she fell asleep again. When she awoke her mother told her that there was a rich man travelling on the train, and he wanted to give her a present.

"Oh, no!" protested Margaret. But the man was waiting for her and in his hand he held a blue case.

"My dear," he began, "I want you to accept this little present because you saved my life and that of the passengers." He held the case out to her. She took it as in a dream. It contained a gold watch. How proud she was of it. When Margaret grew to be an old lady she gave it to her favourite grandchild.

—MAVIS ASHBY.

## BOGGED.

Some weeks had elapsed since Christmas and our little party was camped at a new bore about forty miles from the homestead and twenty from a flourishing outstation, "Fleetwood." We were five in number, my father and two off-siders, mother, and myself. At last the job was finished and where a few months before a belt of timber had stretched unbroken across the plain, now in a clearing rose a grand new mill.

Next day all was bustle as we broke up camp, all doing our share. Mother and I packed up the cooking gear and took down the tents while the men folk loaded the lorry which was to carry all our belongings. All this was quickly effected and we set off. We had decided to look at "Albion Vale No.